RADICAL PERIODICALS IN THE UNITED STATES

RADICAL PERIODICALS IN THE UNITED STATES

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WILSHIRE'S

Volume 5
1903

Introduction to the Greenwood reprint by

HOWARD H. QUINT
Department of History
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

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1970

Introduction

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

January, 1903

EDITORIAL

Ambiguous .Silas Dutcher — Why We Live — The Divorce Problem—The Impending Political Cyclone —A Glimpse Into Utopia.

A Saxon Household - - Edward Carpenter
The Religion of Humanity - Eugene Del Mar
A Continental Customs Union - Charles Johnston
Millennial Dawn in Massachusetts Hon. John C. Chase

Published Monthly at Toronto, Canada, by the United States Publication Co.

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

January, 1903

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

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Ed: Carpenter

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 54 TORONTO, JANUARY, 1903 50 Cents Per Year

AMBIGUOUS SILAS DUTCHER

THE NATIONAL ECONOMIC LEAGUE

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13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to inform you that the National Economic League will render its services in an impartial educational movement TO OPPOSE SOCIALISM and class hatred; to instruct the people that if we are to continue to lead in the world's industries and keep American Labor and Capital remuneratively employed, it must be through the organization of Industry into large units, directed by the best talent. Also to investigate, study and discuss the fundamental issues which divide Capital and Labor, so as to be helpful in establishing rightful relations between employers and workmen.

In addition thereto, to promote Inter-State Comity in Taxation, likewise a full discussion of "HOW FAR" under present political conditions it is safe for cities in this country to municipalize? These are not only practical, burning questions, but interesting from a sociological and scientific point of view.

We are now organizing a PRESS COMMITTEE to be composed of a few editors and writers who are prominent in the newspaper field and well-known throughout the country. No actual duties are required of the members of this Committee. Your name is desired as an endorsement of the Educational work which the League proposes to carry out. A Board of Associates or Contributing Editors, representing Labor, Manufacturing, Commerce, Church, College, Agriculture, Law, Transportation and Insurance Organizations, Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Authors, etc., etc., will prepare articles on these and kindred topics to be published and issued by the League.

It will afford our Executive Committee great pleasure if you will allow your name to be used as a member of this Press Committee.

An early reply will be appreciated by,

Yours respectfully,
S. B. DUTCHER, Chairman,
President Hamilton Trust Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.

New York, Nov. 28, 1902

HON. SILAS B. DUTCHER,
President Hamilton Trust Co.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Dutcher,—

I have your interesting letter of Nov. 20th requesting editors to form part of your Executive Committee of the National Economic League, said League being organized specifically "to oppose Socialism" and to instruct the people that the organization of industry into large units, directed by the best talent, is a good thing for this nation. It appears to me that in one breath you ask me to oppose Socialism, and in the next, when you propose a programme, you ask me to advocate Socialism. I am at a loss to understand what you really do wish. The Socialists are certainly the foremost advocates of the organization of industry into large and larger units, in fact into the largest possible unit, viz., that of the whole nation; and none but crazy people would think of proposing any system by which the best talent did not direct such organizations. The Socialists thoroughly believe in having the best talent and the greatest organization, so that it is difficult to understand what you mean by opposing Socialism when you ask me to advocate exactly what the Socialists themselves are proposing. If it were Mr. Bryan asking me to advocate the breaking up of the large industrial units into small ones and the handing over of the direction of our industries to inferior men I might possibly understand his position, for he is confessedly opposed to Socialism, and in favor of a return to the inadequate industrial organization of 50 years ago. I, as a Socialist, welcome all the tendencies toward organization which are seen upon every hand, and the tendency to put better and better directors in charge; and the fact that their names may happen to be Dutcher or Morgan does not prevent me from recognizing their genius in that capacity. The whole theory of the Socialist is in consonance with yours—that it is the natural evolution of affairs to unify industrial conditions in larger and larger masses; and before I could oppose such a tendency I would have to be taught that it is worth while trying to oppose the law of gravitation because I do not like things to be so heavy.

I also agree with you that class hatred ought to be abolished, although I am not exactly sure that your definition is the same as mine. The only way to

abolish class hatred is to prevent one class being in a position where the other class will naturally hate it owing to the fact that it is being wronged by that class. You can hardly expect a dog to love its fleas or a man his tape-worm. At the same time, we recognize well enough that the simplest way to get rid of parasites is not by hating them but by applying scientific methods to that end. The condition we are in today is very similar to that of a professional prize-fighter. He knows very well that he never gains anything by getting mad with the other fellow. It is simply a contest of skill, and the less the emotions have to do with this the better. Therefore, when I as a Socialist say that the simplest way for the Socialists to get what they want is to keep their temper and not hate anybody, I am simply applying a well-known scientific truth to an ordinary question in political tactics.

I would suggest that your National Economic League arrange a series of debates between the members of your League and the Socialists, in order that an opportunity may be given the public to judge of the merits claimed by the Socialists for their theories; and in order to assist in this good work I will agree to pay half the expense of any meetings which may be inaugurated upon this basis, provided your League will meet the other half of the expense.

With kind regards, and assuring you that there is no class hatred covered up in this letter, I am,

Very faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

WHY WE LIVE

I HEREWITH reproduce the salutatory of this journal published in the initial number in December, 1900. It still stands good.

SALUTATORY

This journal has been given life in order to voice for this community certain thoughts and ideas of a radical nature that are either suppressed altogether in the daily press or are published in such a desultory manner that those in sympathy with such thought suffer from the lack of continuity.

The editor of this paper thinks that a crisis in the political and industrial history of the United States is rapidly approaching and that it is of the utmost importance for the people to be informed of this fact. Society is an organism, and is governed by the same evolutionary laws determining the development of other organisms. It will be our mission to expound these laws.

Certain people who consider themselves scientific are ready enough to admit an inevitable and evolutionary change in society, but say that the

changes of Nature are so slow that it will take thousands of years before we can expect any considerable change in the form of our human society.

We consider such views as essentially superficial. There is a critical point in all natural movements. Hydrogen and oxygen, if mixed in exact proportions of two to one and brought into contact with an electric spark, will explode and form water. When water is heated to 212 degrees it boils and becomes steam. After the hen sets on her eggs three weeks the shell breaks and they are suddenly hatched into chickens. Apparently in each of these cases there was no outward change until the critical point was reached and then there was a sudden transformation.

We believe that society is approaching its critical point and that a transformation must ensue — that the present competitive system, embracing the private ownership of capital, is simply like the shell of an egg and is protecting the formation of a new and better society within itself. When this new society is ready to be born it will burst its shell and step forth, Minerva like, fully formed and completed.

With such ideas it can necessarily be seen that this journal can hardly be classed under the head of "reform" journals. A "reform" paper is one that hopes to make better present society, and usually thinks we simply have to put honest men into office to secure this betterment. This journal has very little sympathy with such views. It is true we wish honest men in public life, but we also want them in private life and are rather inclined to think that honesty in private life is probably of more importance to-day to the general public than in public life. We look upon the existing form of society as one would look at an old coat about to be discarded. It is not worth much patching, yet as the time for changing to a new coat is not absolutely determined, it is felt that both decency and comfort demand the old one to be kept in as good order as possible until that new coat is actually finished and ready to be worn. It would be folly to spend all one's energies in fixing up the old at the expense of delaying the completion of a newer and infinitely better one.

We think the Trust is the significant sign of the approaching completion of this new social coat. We have no fault to find with the Trust for sending us this message. To attempt to destroy the Trust is as absurd as to batter up one's office telephone because unwelcome news comes over it. All innovations, no matter how good they may be, are usually instinctively rejected, when first proposed, by the innate conservatism of mankind. The opposition which greeted the introduction of railways in England from the educated country gentlemen, the cream of the English people, was almost as great as that exhibited to-day by the Chinese Boxers to the introduction of railways in China. The Trust conveys an unwelcome message to many of us simply because we are of the conservative "Boxer" temperament and are opposed to all innovations upon general principles. The Trust is the most perfect labor-saving device ever perfected by the mind of man, and to a certain extent it is opposed from jealousy simply because it is such a perfect machine, yet such a costly one, that very few can afford the initial outlay to own one.

We can imagine a newspaper man opposing linotypes, not because they are bad in themselves, but because he

is too poor to buy one—and without one he cannot meet his competitors. He will say that there will no longer be a free press when it first requires a man of money rather than of brains to establish a paper. The small business man has long been crying out against corporations on the same ground, viz., that plenty of capital is more of a requisite for success than brains in the business world. The Trust not only still further accentuates this view but has brought him to see that not only is it difficult for the man without money to establish himself but it is now absolutely impossible.

Business to-day has assumed the monarchial form. Any man may be president of the United States, at any rate birth is not a barrier, but a man has as much chance of being the president of the Standard Oil Trust as he has of being called to the throne of England. But it is not so much that the chance of advancement is closed by the appearance of the Trust. Not only does the Trust prevent advancement but it insists upon the outsiders retiring altogether from the field. The Trust has made the knowledge of the dynamic condition of industry too painfully apparent for it to be denied. If a man could hold his own he might consent to lose his ambition, but when he finds his very livelihood threatened by the Trust, he is forced into active opposition. At present it is principally the small business men and jobbers who are in opposition to the Trust. They wish the Trust destroyed and hope for a return to the old days of free competition. However, these are mostly men of business training, and the simple business arguments in favor of the formation and perpetuation of the Trust are so convincing to them that they are ceasing to protest against the inevitable.

The workingman will be the next to feel the results of the economies effected in demand for labor by the Trust. At present, owing to the industrial boom in progress, the Trusts are rushed to their utmost to fill orders and hence there is no opportunity to diminish the use of labor notwithstanding the economies effected by concentration. It has simply resulted in a larger product with the same number of employees. This condition of affairs however will only last as long as times are good. As soon as the boom is over the Trusts will be compelled to discharge unnecessary workers and then will be the time when workingmen will begin to clamour against the Trust. They will act the part of the dog biting a stone that hit him instead of going after the man who threw it. To-day the workingmen as a class are rather favorably disposed than otherwise to the Trust. It has apparently given them more employment and it certainly has given them steadier employment. Let this condition once change, and change it must, and there will no longer be a McKinley carried triumphantly to the presidential chair.

The Republicans played their trump card when they asked to be returned to power because they had made times good and upon the promise that they would continue such good times in the future. They have frankly accepted the onus now of any bad times that the future may bring, and that the future will bring such times is as sure as fate. Then will the Republicans be called to their accounting.

Will the people be so foolish as to return the Democrats to power simply upon a programme of negation? We think not. We think that the political

party of the future must have an intelligent *constructive* programme if it is to be successful.

We will discuss society and politics from the scientific determinist standpoint. We believe that many errors in the conception of men and things would be eliminated, if it were understood that every event is simply an effect of a cause more or less hidden and that it is useless to attempt preventing an effect without removing the cause. In the politics of to-day the most glaring mistake of this nature is exemplified by the politicians who would do away with the Trust without removing the cause of the Trust. Of course it is generally understood by intelligent people that the politicians really mean but little of what they say regarding their intention to destroy Trusts but nevertheless it is well enough to bear in mind that, inasmuch as the politicians never pretend to initiate, so when a policy is enunciated by them it must be one that they conceive the people to have already evolved of themselves. As the politicians follow instead of lead, it is but natural to find them always somewhat belated in their views of what the people want. This is seen very clearly in Mr. Bryan's political career. There is no doubt but that at one time in the country's history a very considerable part of the people did desire free silver coinage, but it was a number of years before they found such an eloquent spokesman as Mr. Bryan. Then about the time they did discover him they had already begun to lose faith in the very proposition he was advocating.

Mr. Bryan was a long time finding out that he was no longer a true political weather-vane, and in fact his lack of the political instinct cost him many votes at the last election. If he had not insisted upon the reiteration of the silver plank he might possibly have been elected. His instinct should have told him that it was a dead issue and that it would be fatal to attempt a resurrection. There is such a thing as being too far ahead of the people and demanding political changes that are impossible of being effected under the existing conditions. This mistake, however, is nearly as apt to be made by a reformer as a revolutionist. For instance, the spoils system is such an integral part of our political life that it is practically impossible to remedy it without other far-reaching changes, yet we have "good government clubs" by the score that attempt to introduce reform without preparing a base for it to rest upon.

It is not to be understood from the foregoing that this journal is pessimistic in its mood. On the contrary we are most optimistic. We believe this country will lead the way in all the great achievements of the human race. While we readily admit that to-day in most of the amenities of life we are apparently far behind European nations, yet we contend that if a grand average is taken the balance will not be much if at all against us. And why should we not be in the lead? The basis of all economic and political movements in a nation will be found to rest upon the particular form and development of the industry in that country. The higher the development of industry the higher the state of civilization, is a general rule and broken by few variations. That American industry is to-day far ahead of that of Europe admits of no controversy. In none of the great staple articles of commerce can the same quota of labor produce nearly the quantity of product as in the United States. Not only are we favored by our unrivalled natural resources, but the

restless energy of our people is unmatched, labor is massed in larger forces and our machinery far exceeds any other in effectiveness. While life presents no greater contrasts between rich and poor than in America, yet on the whole the standard of comfort is higher here than in Europe for all classes. However, the condition of the people generally to-day bears no comparative relation, neither here nor in Europe, to what it should be considering the effectiveness of labor power. It will be our effort to direct attention of the public to measures that will render to the people that produce wealth a fairer share of what they produce than they at present enjoy. As this journal is not published to make money, and as most truly good political measures are apt to be at variance either with the capitalists owning the existing papers or with the capitalists using the advertising columns of such papers, we believe that we are in better position to advocate such measures than any paper that is issued simply for the profit thereof. However, the future will demonstrate our contention better than any present argument.

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM

THE Problem of Divorce is a perennial one, although as divorces grow more frequent the interest in divorce as an institution and in divorced people as peculiar people becomes decidedly less. However, Mr. Hearst seems to think otherwise, and has been running a symposium in his papers for a number of months; and, unless it be the business manager, only the Lord knows how much longer the public will be thus symposed upon.

It's all well enough for people to have "views" upon divorce, and it is my own observation that most people do have "views"; but the whole amount of the matter is that when the particular individual has a particular reason for deciding his own particular case, then his views are blown to the winds, and he decides his case upon its own merits. I have known persons with the most hide-bound and conservative ideas as to the sanctity of the marriage tie, and with a profound aversion for divorced people, and divorced women in particular; yet, when the proper emergency arose, that is, proper in their own eyes, the divorce court was as readily resorted to for "relief" as would have been the post office if the article desired had been a postal card instead of "relief."

On the other hand, I have known persons who have much less regard for the marriage tie than they would have for a contract to board a horse at a livery stable; yet, when circumstances arose that would have driven the first-named persons to the Divorce Court, to Bedlam or to the Grave, they have allowed their lives to continue a Hell

on Earth for the very fear of breaking with those conventionalities which they theoretically despise.

Some people have a theory that Socialists are upholders of divorce; that Socialists and Socialism are accountable for all the divorces of the day. This is about on a par with saying that Socialism is accountable for the Trusts. We Socialists regard both Divorce and the Trusts as the result of the Industrial Evolution, and feel the same toward those who would legislate against Divorce as against those who would legislate against the Trusts. Of course, many evils follow from the lightness with which the marriage tie is put on and off; and likewise, of course, many evil consequences follow from the concentration of industry into the hands of the Trusts. But if there is an irresistible cause of both Divorce and the Trusts, it would manifestly be futile to attempt the cure of the evil without removing this cause.

I believe in the Golden Rule and in the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, but if I attempted to conduct my business affairs entirely upon such theories there would never be another issue of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. I know that until we have the Co-operative Commonwealth, and that as long as we are living under the present system of competition, we must remember where we are and adapt ourselves to our environments. When I am swimming under water I don't try to breathe air, although I am an air-breathing animal. I wait until I get into the air before I attempt to inflate my lungs. It is the same today in social and economic life. I would like to conduct my life upon ideal lines, but I recognize the unideal conditions and hence am simply reasonably ideal.

We in America have in the last few generations become so accustomed to look upon marriage as simply the conventional consent of society that a man and woman who are companionable might live together, that we are apt to forget that such an idea of marriage is a peculiarly modern one, and that it does not obtain to any great extent in Europe and hardly at all in countries other than this.

In Europe the conventional view today is not vastly different from the conventional view of the middle ages. A man marries a woman much as he bought a horse or a cow. She becomes his chattel, together with all her belongings, and she has about as little to say for herself as has his cow. The chief difference is that he can get rid of his cow with much less difficulty than of his wife, or his woman, as she would usually be termed.

In America, the woman has a place superior to that of women in other parts of the world, not primarily because of her own superiority but because the industrial conditions have made it such. At the beginning, in colonial days, and later in the winning of the West, woman was the companion rather than the slave of her husband. Then, when city industries began to crowd upon the farm life which had hitherto had a monopoly, woman again had opportunities to gain an existence independent of any individual association with a particular man. There was a time when in order to get a living at all a woman simply had to find a husband; and when she did find him she very often had to make a living for him as well as for herself. In fact, such things are not entirely relegated to the past as yet.

Today a woman can do about as she pleases, as far as marrying is concerned.

She is no longer confined to being a wife, for a career. She may enter into competition with man at almost any point in the industrial world. It is really a question whether an unmarried woman is not more economically independent than a man. Not only has woman become independent of man owing to her ability to make her way unaided by a husband, but she has also acquired the right of holding property in her own name, which is another road to her economic independence. The result of all this is that whereas at one time when a woman married a man it was absolutely for life, simply because she would starve to death if she left him, today she may leave him and find it easier to get a living than if she remained with him.

It is this facility of becoming independent that causes the facility of divorce; and if the good bishops and others who are vexing their souls out at so much per thousand words to help boom Mr. Hearst's papers, would only consider the divorce question from the economic standpoint rather than from a religious one, they might have a great light break in upon them.

The following extract from an editorial in the New York World is significant of the position I am taking as to economic independence being the basis of a great deal of the divorce of the present day:

FROM POSTAL REFORM, DIVORCE.

The Postmaster-General's order forbidding man and wife to hold clerkships in his department has produced its first fruits. A woman clerk drawing $1,400 a year announces that she and her husband, who draws $1,800, have decided to part. "He has always spent his salary," she says, "and I have spent mine." Neither cares to spend less. So Mr. Payne's "reform" brings forth divorce.

Of course it is easy for strict constructionists to argue that a pair so easily parted are better parted, though it must even be admitted that a cutting of the family receipts almost in half is no small consideration. But the fact remains, as the World has previously intimated, that the anti-marriage order is of more than doubtful wisdom.

Marriage does not rob a woman of the right still to be a wage-earner under approved conditions. Many wives are justly proud of the ability to maintain their own resources and even contribute to the household fund. Government is in petty business when it interferes with any of these. It is in perilous business when by any of its acts it inclines to the discouragement of wedlock and the encouragement of vicious substitutes for home life.

There is only one form of logic which upholds the Postmaster-General. That is the logic of the spoilsmen. The more wives out of office the more chance to reach such civil-service eligibles as have votes.

It does seem too absurd that the United States Postmaster-General should, by an order, augment the number of divorces.

Something very like the above also happens as a result of the U.S. Pension Office withdrawing pensions from soldiers' widows as a penalty for re-marrying. The rule simply leads to illegal relationships. It neither saves money nor morals.

THE IMPENDING POLITICAL CYCLONE

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,
November 21, 1902

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE, — Have you time to write about twelve hundred words for the January "Pilgrim," concerning the gain in the Socialist vote for the nation, the results of it and what it portends? I should like very much to have a brief article from you about it; or, if you haven't time to do that, perhaps you could write me a short letter which I could embody in my Men and Matters department. George Fred. Williams writes me of the talk he had with you recently. I see many evidences that things are coming your way. Perhaps some of the things that come to my attention and that do not come to yours are of even greater importance than those about which the Socialist organization is informed.

Yours very truly,
WILLIS J. ABBOT.

NOV. 25, 1902

WILLIS J. ABBOT, ESQ.,
Editor The Pilgrim.

DEAR ABBOT,—The increase in the Socialist vote in the last election from less than 100,000 to nearly 400,000, while startling to those not informed of the cause thereof, is to me but a slight indication of the tremendous change in the political horizon which is shortly to appear in material form in a still further enormously increased Socialist vote; just as when a sudden freshet makes the water behind the dam flow out of the outlets in higher and greater streams with each rise of the flood, so does the increase in the Socialist vote indicate the rise of the flood of Socialist sentiment; but again, as these small streams which go through the dam do not indicate by any means the full amount of water which is piling up behind the dam and which may eventually flow over it and sweep it away, so the increase in the Socialist vote in the last election is no complete indication of the real rise in the Socialist sentiment of the country. The Socialist vote is simply the expression of a very small portion of the people who have become conscious of the inevitability of great social changes owing to the industrial evolution, and also those who have a desire to effect such a change. However, that those who regard Socialism as inevitable are comparatively few compared with those who are simply unconsciously affected by the industrial evolution and desire a change, without realizing the reasons which have inspired this desire. When the chick in the egg first moves within the shell, a day or so previous to its being hatched, it is very probable that it is not inspired with a desire to get out of the shell because of any knowledge of what is going to happen when it does get out. It simply has an

unconscious desire for movement and liberty. It is the same way with us in the United States. We have been developing our industrial machinery exactly as the chick has been developing its legs and wings; and in each case they have been developed not for use within our present shell, but for use when we have emerged from it. Our great railroad systems and our industrial machinery have been developed for use under Socialism, and not for use today; for, as John Stuart Mill ably said, it is doubtful if all the machinery that has ever been built has lessened the hours of toil of any single laboring man. This machinery which we have has done us no good, as a social organization, so far; nor can it until we as a social organization have assumed a different method of life and become capable of using it, exactly as the chicken cannot use its wings and legs until it gets out of the shell. Hence, when the chick first begins to peck at its shell and try to get out, it might appear to some that it is doing this with a full knowledge of the future before it; yet it has no more knowledge of what its life is going to be than you or I had when the first material manifestation of a separate life and movement came to us when we were yet within our mothers' womb.

This manifestation of a social consciousness is not seen nearly so markedly in the growth of the Socialist vote as it is in the current conversation now prevailing among men and women. Today you cannot find anyone who is not ready to admit that some sort of a social change is imminent. What it may be he may not know, nor be willing to assist in bringing it about. People simply recognize the impending change, without realizing definitely what it is to be. You will find this as markedly in the religious world as in the business world. The ministers today are changing very much in the old philosophy of the necessity of hell, as are the business men in their philosophy regarding the necessity of competition.

The great difficulty which the Socialist Party meets in increasing its vote is the lack of organization and the lack of trained speakers upon economic subjects. America, of course, is full of good speakers, but to become conversant with the economics of Socialism requires a considerable period of time, and also considerable intelligence as well as intellectual honesty, and this combination is as yet much rarer than it should be. Many men who could speak upon Socialism are as yet afraid to do so, and many of those who are not afraid are intellectually incapable of doing it. The result is that we have a vast increase of vote without much, if any, leadership, the increase being due rather to the logic of events than to the logic of Socialist speakers. As soon as Socialism becomes fashionable, so to speak—that is, as soon as it attains such growth that a man does not lose caste with his neighbors nor his job with his employers by espousing it, there is no question but that we are going to have a vast number of people identify themselves with us who are now holding back; and, as I have said, this will come like an avalanche. My own idea is that the vote may increase up to a million within the next two years; and that within the following two or three years it is quite possible that it will jump from one million to three million and possibly five.

Yes, I had a very interesting talk with Mr. George Fred. Williams, of Massachusetts, a few days ago, on the question of the remarkable growth of

Socialism in that State, where, as you know, the vote went from 11,000 to 34,000 in one year. Mr. Williams is an earnest and advanced thinker, and is quite ready to accept the Socialist programme for national ownership of public utilities; and, in fact, this is the attitude which most of the Democratic leaders are now taking. Mr. Williams, however, is of opinion that the Democratic Party may be induced to take such an advanced stand upon the subject of the nationalization of public utilities that it will be unnecessary for the Socialist Party to do the work that it has set out for itself. I believe events will show that Mr. Williams is wrong. The Democratic Party, like other political parties, represents a class. The class it represents is the smaller capitalists, and they are being rapidly exterminated by the growing power of the Trusts upon the one side and the labor unions upon the other. With the disappearance of the smaller capitalist class, it necessarily follows that the Democratic Party, which represents this class, must also disappear. There are, logically, but two classes left—the rich class, which will be represented by the Republican Party, and the working class represented by the Socialist Party. Upon this theory, therefore, there is no logical reason for the Democratic Party being kept alive; and I think this is to be the course of events in this country. The Republican Party will finally absorb those of the Democratic Party with plutocratic tendencies, and at the same time lose from its ranks those of its members who are in real sympathy with our democratic institutions and a change in our social organism, which will result in a higher form of life. We Americans are all idealists; we are only wishing to find some practical method of realizing our ideals; and it will be only the very dull and the very selfish that will remain with the Republican Party. All those who have intelligence enough to recognize that they can realize their ideals through Socialism are sure to join the Socialist Party. I can see no hope at all for any life remaining to the Democratic Party, unless in the next two or three years it adopts the Socialist programme in its entirety, so that the Socialist Party will have no reason left to exist. This, however, would be almost equivalent to expecting that an old man dying could absorb the soul of a child and so continue his own life.

Again, with the increase of the Socialist vote and the discussion which it has already aroused in editorial columns of our press, very much of the antagonism to Socialism will shortly disappear. It is not so very long ago when everyone spoke of Socialism as something that was terribly bad, and they would give up their lives rather than have it; while today it is thought of as such a very good thing that people would willingly give up their lives in order to bring it about. For about fifteen years I have been lecturing on Socialism, and there are few who have had better opportunity than I to judge of this change in public sentiment. I never find an audience today that will not admit that Socialism is a good thing, but they imagine that it is so far off that they cannot get it. When I make a careful analysis of our economic situation, showing that owing to the overproduction of machinery an insoluble unemployed problem must shortly arise which will necessitate the introduction of Socialism, they will admit my economic argument step by step as I proceed; but when I sum up the logical conclusion of the various steps, they are so transfixed by the

beautiful vision conveyed by the sum total, that they often refuse to accept the conclusion. However, this has been the attitude of the world in all past time. Fulton might demonstrate theoretically that steam would propel a steamboat, but until it actually did so the mass of the people would not believe in its possibility; and all the great inventions of the world have been made in the same way, against the opinion of the great majority. It is only the actual facts which seem to convince us of reality. Theory will never be accepted by the mass of the people unless backed by a material manifestation. It will no doubt be the case in this country that until we actually do have the great Unemployed Problem, brought about by the completion of the machinery of production as indicated by the Trust, the American people will regard Socialism as a more or less beautiful theory, and will refuse to accept it until there is seen to be no other way of escaping social destruction.

With kind regards, I am,

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

A GLIMPSE INTO UTOPIA

SOMERSET, ME., Nov. 16, 1902.

H. G. WILSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly give me an answer to the following questions, viz.: (1) How will a man carry on a farm and not work but eight hours a day? (2) Will laborers be paid by a credit slip given them by the Government under Socialism? (3) What will the Government do with the actual cash owned by the Capitalist class?

I would consider it a great favor if you will answer these questions.

Yours respectfully,

PERCY TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1902.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR,—In reply to your first question, I will say that under Socialism agriculture will be conducted upon a very large scale, much the same as the factory system of today, and that there is no reason why the hours should not be as limited upon farm work as in other pursuits. It may be that a man may have to work eight or even ten hours a day upon the farm for one or two months, and then possibly have a holiday for one or two months; or he may work six months and have a holiday for six months. It is impossible to conceive that when mechanical development will have made it possible to generally reduce the hours of necessary labor to two hours a day that a man will not insist upon participating in these advantages simply because he works on a farm. Certainly, if a man in other pursuits works only two hours a day, it would be impossible to get him to work upon a farm unless there were some equivalent made to him for working more than two hours. I believe that in the future men will not be confined to one special line of work. The men who work on the farm will also work in the city, and also be engaged in intellectual and artistic pursuits. I think the future promises a complete development for the universal man.

Replying to your second question, I

would say that the "credit slip" seems to be the simplest method of determining the remuneration of the laborer; that is, he will get a credit slip certifying that he has labored for two hours and this slip will entitle him to commodities from the Government store to the extent of two hours' worth. For instance, he will go into the store for a hat and will see one marked "one-half hour," present his two-hour check, get the hat and have a half-hour punched out of his two-hour check, leaving an hour and a half remaining to his credit. He will purchase commodities upon the basis of their labor cost and will pay for them in labor performed by himself, measured by the length of time he works. It is to be understood that when a hat, for instance, is marked "two hours," the two hours include not only the actual time spent in producing the hat, but also a proportion of the cost of supporting all free Government institutions, such as is involved in the care of roadways, parks, public libraries, the support of those unable to work, etc., etc. In other words, the expenses that are now expressed in taxes would then be concealed in the extra cost of the hat priced in labor time. The hat itself may not have taken over an hour and a-half to make, whereas it will be charged at two hours, the extra half representing the cost of carrying on the government, or rather the administration of such public utilities which do not directly support themselves.

In your third question you ask what will the Government do with the actual cash owned by the capitalist class? I presume you refer to gold and silver, as, of course, paper money, bonds, etc., will become of no value other than that of so much old paper. Gold and silver will be utilized by the community just as existing stores of pig-iron and copper will be utilized, in whatever way it shall be decided is for the good of all.

Hoping the above will answer your questions satisfactorily, I am,

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has given us the usual platitudinarian message, which we expect from our presidents. I have read it over carefully and I can see nothing in it in the way of recommendations regarding the Trust and the Tariff, which has not been in every presidential message for the last twelve years. There is still the same old talk about regulation of Trusts, etc., and we all know there is no possibility of doing anything.

There is one thing I might point out in the President's speech, however, which while it is not new, yet expresses the views of a great many good people as to the right position to take in regard to what they call the rights of labor and capital. President Eliot, of Harvard College, has expressed the view that the "scab" is typical of the noblest product of American civilization. The President in a way practically endorses this position by saying that the laborer has the same right to individual freedom that the capitalist has. He goes on to say that he believes in the utmost organization of both labor and

capital. In order to examine this position let us go to the logical extreme. We would then have all the capitalists organized into one great Trust and the rest of the world organized into a great labor union. It is easy to see that under such a condition of affairs, the capitalists, owning the earth, could dictate their own terms to organized labor, no matter how complete that organization might be. The capitalists would say: "We own the earth, and you can work on our terms or not at all. We are in no danger of starving, as we can go to work and run things ourselves and get what we please, while you are deliberating as to whether you will accept our terms."

If President Roosevelt and President Eliot assume that the capitalist has no superior position to the laborer owing to the ownership of the earth, then they are justified in taking the position that both should have freedom to do as they please with their own, viz., the capitalist with the earth and the laborer with his labor power. They don't seem to recognize that labor power is of no value to the laborer unless he can apply it to the earth, and the capitalist has the power to prevent him getting at the earth and to dictate to the laborer the terms on which he may live. The only solution to this problem is to have complete organization of both labor and capital, have every man a part of organized labor, and have the organization of labor control the capital of the earth. In the future we shall have no capitalists and no separate public—nothing but organized labor—and everybody shall be in it.

President Eliot's assumption that the "scab" represents the true American freeman, would be right enough under a primitive state of society where there was no difficulty in everyone's getting the product of his labor. But he chooses to ignore existing conditions under which labor is able to get wages only by taking what the capitalist gives him; and if labor does not organize and demand a certain wage it is bound to get less remuneration. If a certain number of laborers refuse to join the union, and offer to take less wages than those demanded by the union, it is obvious that the organization of the laborers will be futile, as the capitalist will naturally hire the "scab" labor at the lower rate instead of the union labor at the higher rate. It is a matter of necessity that the union prevent the scabs offering their labor, just exactly as it is a necessity that Mr. Rockefeller should prevent the independent refiners from offering their oil on the market. Rockefeller is just as much bound to prevent competition in oil, as is Mr. John Mitchell to prevent competition in labor. The same conditions which force the formation of the Trusts force the formation of labor unions.

A DEBATE WITH PROFESSOR SELIGMAN

There is to be a debate between myself and Prof. E. R. A. Seligman, Professor of Political Economy at Columbia College, at Cooper Union, on the evening of January 16th. Admission free. The debate is to be under the auspices of the People's Institute. I am able to make this statement in my own magazine, simply because it is published in Canada. The rule of the United States Post Office is that if it were done here it would make the magazine simply an advertising circular for my lectures. It is fortunate that the monarchy of England retains a little control in North America, as it has given us American editors an opportunity to express our views and to speak the truth.

The Board of Trustees of the People's Institute consists of J. G. Phelps Stokes, V. Everit Macy, Charles Sprague Smith, W. H. Baldwin, jun., Frank R. Cordley, John J. Foote, Howard Mansfield, Seth S. Terry and George Tombleson. Some of the incorporators are: Felix Adler, Robert Fulton Cutting, Grace H. Dodge, Abram S. Hewitt, R. Heber Newton, William S. Rainsford, Ernest H. Crosby, Jacob A. Riis, Edwin R. A. Seligman, Albert Shaw, Walter E. Bentley, John S. Crosby, Samuel Gompers, Edward King, J. H. Schiff.

THE TRAGEDY BEHIND THE MASK OF CHRISTMAS

This is the story of a book—a pretty trifle of divers arts. An artist had written its lovely lines and had given to woman's profound and pure love a worthy voice, for it was an edition of the Portuguese Sonnets. An artist had made the type in which it was set, and an artist had bound the whole. Each illuminated initial letter was a work of love and art. Altogether, it was fit, the tender-hearted buyer thought, as she found it in the leather-scented confusion of the book department, to send to Him. She was urgent about the sending. It was already two days before Christmas. She had dallied long over the choosing, and she wanted to be sure that it would reach Him on Christmas Day.

The polite man who had sold her the book—rather as one connoisseur would pass a treasure over for the appreciation of another than as a vulgar bit of holiday barter—bade her be at peace. The book should be delivered at the proper moment, late as was its ordering.

Boxed and protected against possible roughness of Christmas handling, it went its way to the packing-room. Thence, because the great store's own delivery wagons, though numerous, were ridiculously inadequate to the Christmas demand upon them, it went to the delivery company which had contracted to manage part of the holiday rush. At the office of this company—a big barracks with strewn counters and

glaring lights and tired, breathless, irritable men sorting innumerable bundles—it was assigned to its proper division. It was to be delivered on West Seventy-second Street. The local express company to which the big company sublet part of its Christmas trade for that district came along and took the book with many another parcel.

All day long, from the front seat of that wagon, a boy of thirteen leaped with bundles, ran up stairs, caught sight of holly wreaths behind weblike curtains, heard laughter, felt the warmth of comfortable halls upon him as the doors opened to receive what he brought. He had been full of delight in it all earlier in the season. He was still a schoolboy, but he had the customary certificate permitting him to work for the holiday fortnight. He was earning a little money. He would buy gifts on his own account; he would share more closely the joy of giving than as a mere emergency messenger boy. He had read Christmas fiction in his day, and he knew all about the little boys who toil into the starving homes on Christmas Day with the unexpected turkey, reward of their own industry. But by the time the Portuguese Sonnets came to his hand, he was tired.

As the days of the fortnight had passed the vision had dimmed a little. Each day was more of a rush than the one before. Each night saw him stumbling home later. He began to wonder when he should find time to make the Christmas purchases on which he had set his young heart. Then he found that he didn't greatly care whether he made them or not. He was looking forward to Christmas Day as the day when he might stop the leaps from the delivery wagon, the rush up the steps with the parcels, the breathless descents.

It was eleven o'clock when the book was delivered on Seventy-second Street. The maid who received it grumbled a little about the unseemliness of the hour. The boy was too tired to retort, though he usually had a vocabulary which would have done justice to his feelings. There were more parcels to be delivered, however, more steps to climb, more leaps to make from the slowed wagon, more runs to overtake it; for the driver was anxious to get through some time, as he said, and saw no use in waiting for the delivery boy to make leisurely trips to and from the doors.

They got back to the stables a little after the good people of the town had gone home from the midnight masses. The delivery boy was unutterably tired. He rolled a stable blanket about him, crawled into a wagon, and fell asleep.

The night was cold; the stars that the expressman and his aide had not had time to look at were like bits of ice in the far-off sky. It grew colder as the roll of the last belated wagon sounded upon the streets; it was bitterly cold when the clamor of early Christmas bells stirred the world to life and joy and love behind the wreathed windows. But the delivery boy did not stir to any of these again.

The lover who read the Portuguese Sonnets, the girl who blushed at his thanks, and all the other happy givers and happy recipients of gifts of love, never dreamed that a little boy had been murdered by the system which their thoughtlessness had made, and which it continues; that the holiday rush and crush, overworking with pitiless indifference thousands of girls and boys, thousands of men and women, had brought desolation into one house as a Christmas offering.

This is a true story. There was a paragraph in the papers the day after Christmas, telling that a boy had died of cold and exposure in such and such a stable. But it was a tiny paragraph, not nearly as long as the one which told of a Christmas dinner party at a great house, and not anything like so long as the account of the dinner to the friendless newsboys or the homeless bootblacks, in which festivity the buyer of the Portuguese Sonnets played a picturesquely benevolent part.

To blame the great store, or the big express company, or the little one, would be idle. They, after all, are but servants of the great public, and if the great public will leave its shopping to be done in a few feverish, breathless days, they can only seek to meet the demand upon their resources and energies.

Meantime the little boy was dead, and the money he had, in imagination, spent with such marvellous discretion and taste, was scarce enough for his mother to rattle in one hand while her forlorn eyes scanned the bill for his burial.—ANNE O'HAGAN, in Evening Post, N.Y.

WHY DOES NOT THE NATION RISE?

THE following editorial appeared in the Cleveland Press last August, and while it is somewhat out of date inasmuch as the coal strike is settled, it was so thoroughly to the point and written in such virile English that I feel it should not be lost to my readers, and reproduce it with great pleasure:

"As the people begin to directly suffer because of the great anthracite strike, as they see rioting and bloodshed and starvation and bankruptcies, there are presented the usual suggestions for a settlement.

"On one side are those who believe, in greater or less degree, that money might is right; that labor unionism means anarchy; that the lives, the happiness, the progress, the food, the clothes, even the morality of those who toil should be matters of barter in an open market, with indiscriminate, unlimited competition. This side shrinks not at the blood on the militiaman's bayonet. They believe that it is right that one man should have millions and, through a hired agent at New York, control the lives of an hundred thousand half-paid, half-fed, half-clothed men, women and children in Pennsylvania. They believe that one man should have millions with which to buy special privileges and special luxuries, or with which to start a dissipated heir on a career of promoting general vice, while tens of thousands work, from boyhood to decrepitude, hand in hand with Death in the bowels of the earth, and have naught. They may not believe in these things in detail. But they do believe in and support the thing of which these details are the unavoidable and legitimate offspring.

"On the other side are found the great majority of the toilers, firm in their belief that their salvation lies in numerical strength, strong in their hope that their own sufferings and sacrifice must bring relief, ready, in many cases, recklessly to give their blood to the militiaman's bayonet, more and more willing to suffer and die in proving that God Almighty did not make two classes of men, the one with the power and ease that successful greed gets for them, the other the helpless victims of that greed.

"It is the same old alignment. Wealth, resources, greed, indifference, selfishness, power on one side; human suffering, sacrifice, recklessness, hopelessness on the other. And the final settlement will mean what settlements of strikes have meant in the past—an effort for more power on the one hand, more hate on the other hand, loss to the whole. Organized capital will have more militiamen, higher fences around its factories. Organized labor will prepare for a longer period of suffering without work. So long as it is a conflict between greed and human happiness and progress and there is victor and victim in a conflict so predicated, there can be no other fruits of a 'settlement.'

"This is a nation the most patriotic on earth. Attack our government, and rich and poor, alike, spring to the defense with their lives and resources, upon the impulse, with but the thought that the good of all is assailed. The flesh is still on the bones of that

aristocrat, Hamilton Fish, who died a hero in the uniform of a common soldier, for his country.

"Yet the coal baron will slip into his splendid church pew, pray God to forgive his sins and bless his country and go outside and buy a ward-heeler's vote for $2 on the first street corner. Yet this patriotic nation, which can be prosperous and happy only as the average of prosperity and happiness is high, will sit by and see those natural brothers and fellow-workers, Capital and Labor, gnaw one another's throat to a settlement that means death, degradation or still more brutal future conflict.

"For the good of the whole nation, the nation should exercise its power to settle these conflicts. If the capitalists of Wall Street should put on sabers, go over into Pennslyvania, meet an armed body of miners and cut the throats of men, women and children, the nation would act. The thing that is done is that Wall Street degrades and starves and slaughters men, women and children in Pennsylvania with that insidious weapon, monopoly greed, and the nation stirs not over a settlement that means more greed, more hate, more misery.

"Moreover, this is a great Christian nation. It has a million churches, a million school houses, millions upon millions of people who recognize a Good Father who created us all His Children, not some of us. It has God in its thoughts and acts, if not in its statutes. Why does it not rise, as a Christian nation, and, by its Christian political power, put an end to the long-drawn-out conflicts between greed and struggling humanity which mean the starvation of children, the dishonoring of young girls, the imbruting of grown men and women, and, indirectly, all things else on the long list of immorality?"

THE GIRL WHO WOULD

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

TIMES without number I have been asked why I, a woman, happened to become a machinist, and why I chose a trade so far from woman's prescribed sphere of action. When I attempt to answer the question, I find there are a number of reasons, all good and valid, and yet I cannot point to any one of them that quite answers the question fully.

Perhaps it was because Nature, that sly, wise old mother, placed in my brain an unusually strong desire to create.

At any rate I remember that as a little child no pastime sufficed, unless it was the making of something. Mud pies, cob houses, corn silk babies, it was all one to me, so long as I could make my own playthings. Boughten ones were of no value, except to tear up and see how other folks made things. More than once was I punished for tearing up my new jumping-jack, to see what made it go. Finally it was known in our family, that it was useless to give me a toy, but that I would be perfectly happy with a hammer or saw.

As I grew older my brother and I made water wheels, and wind mills galore, and a wonderful saw mill, for which we made a saw out of one of

mother's brightest pie tins, nicely toothed with her best scissors, and for which we secured motive power, by attaching the belt to the sewing machine treadle. Grandmother's knitting needles made first-rate shafts for our spool pulleys; and more than once I had to pick up the stitches on a stocking, as punishment for confiscating her needles. One time I remember being sent to bed in dire disgrace because I cut the whole end off my best Sunday sash to make a kite, and used my hair ribbon to deck the tail. In fact my whole childhood was a series of trials and disgraces, because I insisted on making things, and wasn't particularly scrupulous where I got my materials, or whose tools I used.

At eighteen I found myself an overgrown, slender girl, my physique wrecked by over-study, in miserable health, and the problem of self support confronting me. I had tried successively school teaching at $30 a month, vest making at $1 a day, and stenography at $9 a week, and realized, that with my poor health I could never make a living at any of them. I looked over all the field of women's work and saw no hope; all were over-crowded and under-paid, and I was beginning to wonder if marriage was the only way left for a girl to make a living, when I made the acquaintance of one of those wonderful mechanical geniuses that our present system so effectually crushes.

In his company all my old love for mechanics came back to me, and he, delighted to find so apt and interested a pupil, taught me all he could of the theory of mechanics. Soon my father became interested, and finally we three combined our small capital, and started a little machine shop. I was supposed to do office work, but as our establishment was a very modest one, I could attend to all my duties and still find much time to spend in the shop. I teased, coaxed and cajoled the men into letting me try my hand on their work, until the discipline of the shop was ruined, and in desperation, one day the foreman said that I must either keep out of the shop altogether or come in and work under his orders. I immediately replied that I would report for duty the next morning, and I did.

At first the men laughed at me and teased me, but that had no effect. Then they tried giving me the dirtiest, greasiest work in the shop thinking I would get discouraged and quit, but all of my Irish will was up, and I would not yield. Finally when the men realized that I meant to stick, they grumbled long and loud, and finally threatened to revolt, not because they disliked me personally, but because they feared I was establishing a precedent. If one girl learned the machinist trade, others would, and soon the shops would be overrun by women, and wages would go down as they have in every trade that women have entered.

Teddy had not turned the lime light on the path to the strenuous life at this time, but nevertheless I lived it, the first two years in the shop. Between learning the trade, conciliating the men, and pulling wires for admittance to the Union I was not troubled with *ennui*.

Naturally the dirt and grime was distasteful to me, and I decided it unnecessary. Since I had broken one unwritten law by entering the shop, I decided to break another, and have the floors cleaned, and the windows washed. So by a judicious distribution of gumdrops and smiles, I gained the co-operation of the apprentice boys, and soon we had the shop as clean as a Dutch frau's front steps.

I realized that if I kept pace with the boys I could not be hampered with superfluous clothing. I discarded corsets and long skirts, and wore a short neat suit of blue duck, with the regulation machinists cap. Of all the costumes I have worn since I left the shop, none have ever seemed so comfortable or becoming as my shop uniform. Manual labor in congenial surroundings had given me back my health, and wielding a hammer and pushing a file had developed a pair of shoulders and arms that would have been the envy of many a society belle.

Was not the work hard, heavy and disagreeable?

It was hard; sometimes so heavy that I must needs call some of the boys to assist me; but it was never disagreeable, for I loved it.

There is nothing else that brings the exultation, the consciousness of power, like taking hard, unyielding steel, and conquering it, shaping and forming it to your will. Then the joy of taking an ugly, sodden piece of iron and watching it grow under your hand to a beautiful polished thing of use and beauty. Think what it means to a true mechanic, when with a touch as tender and as gentle as a mother's, he carefully fits together the parts of a delicate mechanism he has created. Weeks, months, aye perhaps for years, he has been forming it piece by piece, and at la t all is done, carefully each part is fitted to the whole. Each tap and screw is tightened, each bearing oiled, and with eager heart and bated breath the power is applied. For an instant the belts slip on the polished pulleys, then look! It's off! It runs! It works! Eureka! We have won! Our hands and brain have given something useful to humanity, added to the comfort of mankind, and lightened the load of the toiler.

No brush can ever paint the glowing tints of the forge, and no artist ever watches his colors with the intensity of the mechanic in tempering his tools.

You wonder, no doubt, why I changed the hammer for the pen, the shop for the platform, if I loved my trade, my art, so much? I'll tell you why I did it. Because my work brought me in contact with the great wage-earning class, and there I saw the wage system in all its accursedness. There I saw men dumb and paralyzed with an unsatisfied longing for the brush, the pen, the soil, or for the whispering forests, bound to a lathe or forge, in the roar of machinery that is music to him who loves it, and hell to him who hates it.

On the other hand I saw men who were born mechanics chained to a desk, or pulpit, miserable misfit failures, because they were denied the opportunity to do the thing Nature intended them for. I saw women denied the right to use their strong creative instinct in healthful work, and forced into the factory, the sweat-shop, the brothel, to earn their bread.

Here I saw manhood and womanhood wither and crumble away beneath the crushing weight of economic servitude. I saw men created in the image and likeness of God fall to miserable, servile, cringing slaves, afraid to hold up their heads and say they were men, because some man had it in his power to take their means of life away—not only theirs but that of their wives and babies. I saw fathers robbed of two-thirds of the products of their labor, and little children's lives coined into profits.

At last my soul revolted at the crime and injustice of it all. I could stand it no longer, so I hung up my cap, laid aside my calipers and rule, and went out in the fight for Socialism. And here I stay until the Co-operative Commonwealth is ours.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

EUGENE DEL MAR

AS LONG as the belief prevailed that man's whole duty was to a personal God who ruled the Universe from afar, and that life here served no purpose other than a preparation for some future existence, there was comparatively little incentive to right living. As those only who were miserable here were to be happy hereafter, small inducement was offered either for the self-attainment of happiness, or the conferring of it upon others. Why make ourselves or others opulent and happy, if this temporary benefit was to be offset by permanent disadvantages hereafter?

But as the identity of God and the Universe came to be discerned, and the worship of God was translated into a love of God's creatures, a transformation took place in religious conceptions. God and Heaven were transported to this earth, and life here assumed a constantly increasing importance. The worship of God was no longer to be satisfied by forms or ceremonies, or through gifts to the Church, but it meant a life consecrated to the interests of humanity in general.

It came to be recognized that Society was a unit, that the individuals composing it were dependent upon each other, and that each might most advantageously benefit others through Self-improvement. And the worship of God, after being translated into the love of humanity, finally resolved itself into the development of the Self. Not merely the physical or material body, but the Self of which this is a manifestation; the individualized Soul which yet remains inseparable from the Universal Spirit that animates and inspires all life.

The vital understanding of the omnipresence of God has converted the spiritual Heaven of the future into present manifestation. We find that we are now in a spiritual world, and living a spiritual life; that all life is spiritual. As the conception of evolution has glorified man in spiritualizing all life, so has the understanding of Unity beautified the physical and material, in everywhere infusing them with the realities of the spiritual.

This translation of ideas typifies the growth of the understanding of Unity, and the corresponding elimination of the conception of Duality. It means the conquest of love over fear. It involves the escape from a Principle of Evil and Malevolence to a Universal Principle of Beneficence. It recognizes a Universe of Love, bound by the ties of common interests and universal harmony.

These fundamental conceptions of life have been suggested by and were the accompaniment of greater physical, mental and material freedom and

prosperity, and they developed with changing social and political conditions, all of which acted and reacted upon each other. In its new significance, religion came to be an essential element of social life, and it is now becoming an important element of the political existence of society.

It is true that, from time immemorial, religious conceptions and systems have been appropriated as political expedients. They have been constantly used as the adjuncts and supports of arbitrary power, the weapons of which have been the fear of God in Heaven, and of His self-constituted vice-gerents on earth. And the powers so assumed have been exerted for the aggrandizement of self, and the slavery of others. The alliance of Church and State has always been for the purpose of securing or retaining special privileges here, in exchange for promises of recompense in the hereafter. And these promises, while people were sufficiently superstitious, continued to be marketable at the face value that was arbitrarily placed upon them.

But the religion of the twentieth century is the Religion of Humanity. It seeks not to enslave, but to free; it aims not to promote the powers and privileges of the few, but of the many; it shows that Heaven and Hell are but conditions of mind that are at our present command; and it combines the Here and the Hereafter into the Eternal Now.

Like everything else, the Religion of Humanity has many contrasting aspects; but these may now be classed under the two great divisions of Socialism and Individualism, the latter being generally known as the New Thought movement. Socialism looks at the individual from the point of view of the mass, while the New Thought regards the mass from the point of view of the Individual.

Up to the present time, these two movements have been distinct and individual. Not only this, but to a large extent their respective leaders have not been amicably disposed toward each other. While the general purpose of each is the same, they necessarily make use of methods as contrasting as are their different points of view. Not only this, but many of the leaders and most of their followers, in advocating and endeavoring to advance some particular system or formulation, have either purposely or impliedly placed themselves in opposition to all who do not accept their special form of teaching.

Neither movement has as yet developed very far along lines of generally accepted principles. In both, the ranks are divided into separate camps, and to a corresponding extent personalities are still looked to rather than principles. Neither movement can hope to exert any great social influence except as it subordinates personality to principle, and accepts the latter as its sole guide. And this condition will gradually be reached as the spirit of harmony intensifies through the agency of association and organization.

The purpose of the New Thought is the development of the individual, through an increased consciousness that he inherently possesses and may bring into manifestation all desirable attributes. And it teaches how, through the cultivation and concentration of desire, the individual may attract and receive what he thus relates to himself. Through his increased consciousness of power, the individual emerges from the mass, and commences an existence that is consciously self-directed.

But this is not all! Back of all this lies *the impelling motive*, and it is the

motive rather than the method that characterizes the New Thought movement. Its essential conception is that of Unity, and it advocates the cultivation of Self and the attainment of desire from the point of view of the benefit of all. Its motives necessarily involve as full a measure of giving as of receiving.

Those who regard the New Thought merely as an instrument whereby to acquire "success" at the expense of others, have failed to comprehend its motives, and are assisting to discredit it. Such people are actuated by the same motives as are those who have become millionaires through extortion and bribery. One who would willingly accumulate and store up useless wealth while millions of his fellow-beings are suffering for lack of sustenance, has not as yet thoroughly absorbed the New Thought conceptions.

New Thought methods and motives are not intended to qualify a few individuals to more readily prey upon the mass. Nor are they designed to enable the individual to attain his desires at the expense of others. But they mean the exaltation of each and all, and they ever centre about the conception of Unity.

When we adopt the Religion of Humanity, we find that what we have called our duty to God is the duty we owe to our Self and our fellow-beings. With the elimination of the conception of an anthropomorphic God, it becomes possible to conceive of a Heaven here, and to understand that man's highest duty is to man.

And with the conception of the essential unity of humanity, man's duty to the Self and to others is seen to be one and the same. If he would receive, he must give; if he would be loved, he must love; if he would benefit the Self, he must be of advantage to others. One may rise only as he raises others with him, and one may fall only as he falls with others.

The individual who looks down upon the mass as separate from himself, is quite as narrow as he who similarly looks up from the mass to the individual. Such an individual is not the perfected or hoped-for product of New Thought motives and methods. Such an individual has failed to comprehend the basic conceptions of the New Thought, and he simply assists to perpetuate the narrowness of class and prejudice.

The introduction to the New Thought is usually characterized by a consciousness of separation from the mass. The individual point of view comes to be accepted to the exclusion of the collective, and individual direction becomes the only solution of social problems. The collective ideal is subordinated to the individual conception; and a still higher plane of growth is required before that which is essentially inseparable comes to be consciously unified.

The essentials of the New Thought and of Socialism are identical, and the religion of Humanity permeates equally the social, religious and political life of the people. The two movements, in some form and at some time, must merge into one. And it would seem as though the initial stages of their coming together had already been entered upon.

From the temporary to the eternal, from the part to the whole, from the unit to the entirety—such is the general tendency! If society is a unit, and if the interests of the individual and of the mass are identical, we may not ignore either the social, the religious or the political aspects of society. These are knit together by ties that are

inseparable. And the individual must ultimately find that he will be unable to abstain from taking part in the liberation of those who have not yet reached his condition of conscious development. Each will, in some measure, be made conscious of his own slavery, in the slavery of others.

The social organism may be likened to the human body. Local ailments and the inharmonies of individual members or organs of the body, may at times be effaced through local treatment; but the disorder, though evidencing itself locally, may be of such a character that general treatment will be essential and necessary. So is it with society. Some of its inharmonies may readily be eliminated through the direct improvement of the individual; but those which are peculiar to the social organization, as such, require general treatment. The social system may at times demand direct consideration. Or both special and general treatment may be simultaneously required.

Socialism represents the general or collective form of treatment, and the New Thought the special or individual. Each has its place and purpose; and certain inharmonies may be adjusted to better advantage through the one or the other method. At times they will supplement each other; and at others they will be complementary. But they are essentially identical in their aims and purposes. One aims to exalt the individual through the elevation of society, while the other seeks to exalt society through the elevation of the individual.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SOCIALIST

John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, wrote: "Independence in politics has always been a characteristic of the Adams family." Evidently this independence has not died out. The Socialist Party of Massachusetts has nominated John Quincy Adams for lieutenant-governor. John Quincy Adams, the Socialist, is a direct descendant of Henry Adams, the ancestor of Samuel Adams, John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, the President. The present John Quincy Adams, who is a doctor and Chairman of the Board of Health of Amesbury, having been elected to that position by the Socialists, was formerly a Republican, as his father before him was. But the Adams independence had to crop out, it seems, and in this case it has taken the form of Socialism. Dr. Adams, who is highly esteemed by his fellow-townsmen, says he is not a politician, but that he cannot help seeing the trend of affairs, and thinks it is time to bring into active operation the principles of Socialism.

The case of John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, serves to accentuate a truth which, though important, has attracted little attention. That a scion of the Adams family is a Socialist is today passed over as a matter of small importance one way or another. A few years ago the conversion of a Massachusetts Adams to Socialism would have been regarded as weird and terrible. It would seem to indicate that Socialism is no longer regarded as another name for Anarchy, and that a man may be a Socialist without suffering social ostracism.—Chicago Record-Herald.

FATHER McGRADY RESIGNS.

The following is taken from the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune of December 8th. Practically the same account appeared in the Cincinnati Enquirer of the same date.

Yesterday morning to a congregation that packed his church, St. Anthony's, in Bellevue, Ky., Rev. Father Thomas McGrady announced that he was no longer their pastor, as he had resigned the charge, left the priesthood and the church in which he had been reared. The announcement, coming at 10 o'clock mass, was the prelude to a statement that took the place of the morning sermon—a statement that recited in full the long-standing controversy between him and his spiritual superior, Bishop Camillus P. Maes, the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Kentucky.

The controversy between Father McGrady and his Bishop has long been known to exist, and the cause therefor was also generally known. For several years Father McGrady had attracted to himself widespread attention because of his radical speeches and writings, his departure from the customary duties and lines of thought of the Roman Catholic priesthood. A man of learning and eloquence, forceful in argument, brilliant and fearless in speech, he has been quoted so often, has allowed the quotations to stand without denial or correction when they were questioned, and has written articles over his own signature so full of the teachings of Socialism and indeed all things radical when aligned with the existing social conditions in church and state, that many who knew the strict line laid down by church authorities for their priests have wondered why these departures by Father McGrady did not long ago bring down upon him the discipline, if not the punishment of the church.

The sudden and rather astonishing event of yesterday in St. Anthony's Church explains this long delay on the part of the higher officials of the church. The Bishop who directs Father McGrady has been many months seeking to recall his priest from the paths forbidden in line of thought, has first admonished, then warned with severity, and now finally, it is believed, had communicated to his subordinate an ultimatum that meant for Father McGrady complete retraction or excommunication. Father McGrady has, on the other hand, answered with challenge and defiance, evidently not at any time intending to retract statements, writings and teachings he seems to have been first firmly convinced of in point of truth and correctness of position before he spoke or wrote of them publicly. From his own statement the controversy has long ago passed the point where there was possible satisfactory arrangement except by his complete renunciation. From those higher in authority in the church there is no statement, neither the Bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, nor Archbishop William Elder, of this city, being willing to make statements or comment on the case.

When Father McGrady made his rather startling statement, yesterday morning, to his congregation there followed a remarkable scene.

"I am no longer your pastor, and this will be my farewell sermon," were the introductory words. It seemed as if all, old and young, knew and fully realized the import of the announcement. There was bowing of heads and men, women and children wept. For let it be said that Father McGrady, no matter how far he departed from the rules and doctrines of his church, was still greatly beloved by his congregation in the little city just across the river. They had come to know him as their spiritual father and adviser, as their fellow man and physician. He comforted them spiritually, but he also had time and again comforted them and others physically. For he went about often doing good

to those of the faith and to those not of the faith. In Bellevue, in the neighboring communities and on this side of the river the man came to be known. His ministrations were to the sick physically as well as the sick spiritually.

After the services almost all of the congregation lingered and crowded about their beloved pastor, weeping and pleading with him not to leave them. It was a scene remarkable in this day and in this country. But the recanting priest remained firm.

As with his open advocacy of doctrines and beliefs his superior in the church deemed heresy, he had first carefully gone over the entire field, concluded that his position was correct, and then, announcing his determination, would not be changed. He told those friends who crowded around him that his farewell was only as a pastor and spiritual leader; that he intended remaining with them, as a citizen of Bellevue, and that the only change is that, instead of being their pastor and friend, he would be their friend.

His life in its remainder, the man announced, would be devoted to lecturing and to writing. He has already written several books and many articles for newspapers and magazines, but he intimated that the subject of his first book since his change will be, "Why I left the priesthood." He also intimated that he intended also watching, although no longer connected with the church, certain developments and certain churchmen of the diocese, who themselves have been watching him closely a long time.

When seen by a Commercial Tribune reporter at the priest's residence, where he will probably remain some time, as his charge is not ended until the 17th of this month, Father McGrady had no hesitancy in talking of his resignation and the causes leading up to it. He said admonishment and orders have been received by him a long time, but the climax approached with the receipt of the letters and replies which he read yesterday morning to his congregation. One of these which he showed is from Bishop Maes and dated November 8, 1902. It contains, he said, these demands:

> First—To fulfil your obligations toward the seminary collections of 1901, within two weeks, and of 1902, before the end of the year.
>
> Second—To bring unto us a letter recalling such praises of Darwin, Zola and Renan, and some other writers whose names are mentioned in your letter published in Wilshire's Magazine, July number, which shall be given the same public notice that your fulsome praises to the detriment ot the church, and the scandal of the faithful, gave. That scandal must be repaired, and an earnest promise given by you that you will obey the directions and conform to the teachings set forth in the encyclicals of our Holy Father, the Pope.
>
> Third—We admonish you not to allow the sale of any books written by you, for which the imprimature has been refused, for cause, or for which the imprimature should be in accordance with the rules of the Holy See.
>
> Fourth—We admonish you not to be absent from your parish so frequently without permission, and to refrain from emitting views on Socialism, either by speech or by letter, which are at variance with the teachings of our Supreme Pontiff or of the church.

On November 12 Father McGrady replied to the above letter, he says, submitting eight propositions, covering the entire teachings of Socialism, and requested Bishop Maes to answer and state in writing whether any or all of said propositions were condemned by him, to which reply Father McGrady offered to answer by the 23rd ult. This proposition, it is claimed, was ignored by the Bishop.

The Bishop saw, Father McGrady claims, that by condemning the propositions submitted he would condemn the teachings of the church of the first four centuries, and if he would endorse those propositions he would approve of Socialism. Therefore, Father McGrady says, the Bishop shifted position, dropped the question of Socialism completely, dropped the question of imprimature on the books, dropped the question of absence from parish on lecture tours, and confined himself to three points, contained in another letter written to Father McGrady on November 26, in which the Bishop says:

> We hereby order you, first, to send to us in writing within a week from this day, a promise that for the future (drops the whole past) you will do your duty toward the seminary and other diocesan collections; second, to take up and forward to our chancery by December 31, 1902, the seminary collections for the current year; third, bring or send to us a retraction in writing of the unqualified approbation of authors condemned by the Holy See, contained in your letter which appeared in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. You shall make retraction in writing within one week, and promise to have the same published, if possible, in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, or in such journals or magazines as I select.

Father McGrady says he replied to the above letter as follows:

"My duty to the collections is to announce them and have the trustees take them up and forward them to the Bishop, after deducting the ordinary Sunday collections. Frequently nothing is left after the deduction, and the Bishop is duly notified, therefore, no delinquency can occur. The Bishop has no right to exact such a promise, unless there is a delinquency. I refuse the promise. It is probable that the Bishop referred to personal donations, when speaking of the seminary collections. Personal donations are a free gift, and cannot be demanded by the canon law. I refuse to consider it. It is true that it is a diocesan statute, but it is illegal.

"I inquired into the origin of the statute and was told by a priest that a synod was held in Covington several years ago. The director of the cathedral mentioned the fact that many priests were invited to take part in the cathedral services on Holy Thursdays. The director was compelled to give them dinner and required a compensation. It was proposed by one of the clergy of the synod that it looked mean to invite guests to the church service and then charge them for dinner. It was then suggested that each priest donate $5 annually to the seminary fund, and the same could be used to pay for the dinner served the guests. I have never been present at the Holy Thursday services, and I refuse to pay for a dinner that I did not eat. In the letter to the WILSHIRE MAGAZINE I referred to a number of brilliant men of world-wide reputation, who had adopted Socialism, and I praised their genius to show that men of vast intellectual acumen had adopted the teachings of Karl Marx.

"This is the second charge which the Bishop calls a scandal, to praise a man of genius, whose writings are not all accepted by the church. Therefore, a Catholic would be guilty of heresy if he praised the Declaration of Independence, which was written by an infidel. He would be excommunicated if he went so far as to state that Thomas Jefferson was a great man. If I submitted to these conditions I would sacrifice my manhood and conscience and stultify myself before the public. Every intelligent man would say that I should be confined in an insane asylum.

"Therefore, I resign to preserve myself from a charge of idiocy and to protect my memory from everlasting infamy. They want to condemn Socialism but my eight propositions were a stumbling block to their proceedings. Therefore, they drop Socialism and confine themselves to the charge of my not paying for a dinner that I did not get and of stating that an infidel can have a great mind. The racy parts of this trouble will come later on and will be given in full through the Commercial Tribune."

Bishop Maes had, of course, been acquainted with the public renunciation made by Father McGrady before a Commercial Tribune reporter sought an interview with him last evening at the Cathedral residence, at Madison Avenue and Twelfth Street, Covington. The Bishop refused positively to be interviewed or give out any statement, especially on the point whether Father McGrady had been ordered excommunicated previous to his declaration, or whether he was threatened with the excommunication.

Vicar-General Brossart, next in authority in the Diocese of Kentucky to Bishop Maes, was seen. He was asked whether Father McGrady had been excommunicated and answered that no such word had been received by him. Asked for a statement, Vicar-General Brossart referred the reporter to Father McGrady.

Archbishop Elder was seen at his residence last night and asked if the action in regard to Father McGrady could be taken as a demonstration of the position of the church with regard to Socialism—whether it meant that all would be treated likewise in the future. The Archbishop refused to make any statement, saying he was not conversant with the case. He expressed some doubt as to whether the penance asked—if it had been asked as the reporter stated—was on account of Father McGrady's Socialistic views. He was inclined to the belief that it might, perhaps, have been on account of the priest's views in regard to the Holy Father, Pope Leo, but repeated that he was entirely unfamiliar with the present trouble. He said that Father McGrady was known to him through the priest's having about a year ago written a book which the Archbishop condemned and which Father McGrady later corrected. But as to the happening yesterday he refused to make any statement whatever, referring the reporter to Bishop Maes or to Father Mackey, who, he stated, was more conversant with Socialistic doctrines, having made them an especial study.

Father Mackey likewise refused to make a statement. The father has been challenged to debate by Father McGrady, has answered some of his arguments, and has been therefore recognized as one of his opponents. Probably on account of this he thought it would appear, if he made a statement just at this time, as though he were kicking a man when he was down, and

refused to talk because he did not care to take that position. Father Mackey is known to be bitterly opposed to Socialism, however, having written and spoken on the subject. He delivered a lecture before the National Convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies just one year ago next Thursday, and from a copy of it published at the time in the Commercial Tribune an extract is taken which shows Father Mackey's opinions, which are given even more strength as representing the church when backed by the recent encyclical of the Pope. He quotes from the most eminent German and French authorities, showing what the tenets of the faith are as expounded by those men, and adds brief comments. In opening he says: "The labor (of writing the address) will be amply rewarded if my efforts preserve one single human being from making shipwreck of his patriotism, his religion and his Christian morals in the abysmal depths of the dark and gloomy moral sink of infamy in our time known indifferently as Socialism or collectivism."

About a year ago a priest in Belgium was excommunicated on account of his Socialistic utterances. There are more Socialists in Belgium as compared with the total population, than in any other country in the world, and it was not strange, therefore, that the priest became a convert. But he carried his views on Socialism to a point where they differed from the tenets of the Catholic religion and cognizance was taken of the matter by the church authorities. The ultimate result was the excommunication of the offending minister.

Here is the letter which appeared in our July number, which caused all the trouble :—

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 Millennium, 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 fields 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 noontide 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 Tolstoi; 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.

Private Investment Impossible.

In estimating the effect upon stock values and movements, consideration has largely centered upon the favorable effect likely to be produced by a concentrated control and a community of interest through the elimination of tariff wars, and increased economies made possible in many directions, where rivalry gave employment to many officials whose services, under the new order of things, ceases to be necessary and whose salaries naturally add to net results.

These features of the new departure in railroad administration have been pretty thoroughly discussed and thrashed over, notwithstanding the fact that railroad earnings both gross and net reflect all the benefits claimed for this new departure in the great railroad business of the country.

In another direction, however, it would seem that it is only now that one of the most important results of this radical change in the railroad interests of the country begins to show.

Community of interest and concentrated control have another most important bearing upon the market value of railroad securities. While the economies and savings to the railroads has a sustaining and strengthening effect upon values, the concentrated control idea has had and must continue to have a potent effect directly upon stock values.

Formerly the vast amount of railroad stocks were held by the army of investors, operators and speculators, and the entire weight, marketwise, of these immense capitalizations was dependent upon the will and operations of the class named.

Now, however, there has in furtherance of the concentrated control idea, a mighty factor come into the security market, and hundreds of thousands of shares of railroad stocks have been bought, paid for and permanently withdrawn from the speculative arena.

They are found in the strong boxes and safe deposit vaults of such roads as the Pennsylvania, New York Central and other leading lines. Here these securities are likely to remain until some new evolution displaces them, possibly through the GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP of the railroads of the country, or until the concentrated control idea shall prove ineffective in producing the results claimed for it.

In the financial articles of the press, in the brokers' offices, in the Exchanges, you constantly hear the comment that stocks seem scarce.

Have we in connection with this scarcity given due consideration to the amount of securities withdrawn by the leading railroad corporation and those great capitalists directly connected with them, all of which are all but sure to remain out of circulation indefinitely?

Probably the most conspicuous instance of such holdings is the Pennsylvania Railroad holding something over $270,000,000 of other railroad securities, and steadily increasing such ownership.

We hear people speaking of leading bear and bull operations, and their transactions as affecting market prices, but who in the Street has heard "concentrated control" spoken of as the largest and most influential bull in the stock market? And yet this is the case, and the amount of securities he has bought in the open market has been on an extraordinary scale.

Until the right to exist is disproved by experience, the new bull in Wall Street is likely to prove the most consistent that has entered the Street.

Above the contingencies of money markets, combinations and market attacks, he serenely holds his purchases for what he sees in them, and is a stranger to sales for turns.

Traders and operators in forecasting the future of market and the supply and scarcity of stocks, will have to give more weight and consideration of this new bull on prices and securities, who has in his proper person and under the style of concentrated control made his presence known and felt in the Exchanges of the country.—Financial Record.

Drawbacks of Poverty.

If Mr. Carnegie means (in recounting the blessings of poverty) that ordinary wealth is no help to happiness, we disagree with him. The poor, and especially the educated poor, have three troubles, any two of which are, we will not say, fatal to happiness, but highly inimical to its enjoyment. They are insecure, they are nearly powerless to provide for their children's future, and they have insufficient freedom. However good in his trade a man may be, he is liable to be thrown out by illness, by misfortune—the failure, for instance, of an employer or—and this cause, to the disgrace of our age, is growing more frequent every year—by the advance of age, which diminishes quickness and suggests possible claims for pension. To say of a man so placed that prosperity will not make him happier is nonsense, admitted nonsense, for

if it is true all our teaching about the virtue of thrift and the utility of saving is but feeble hypocrisy.

The second drawback is positive misery to scores of thousands, who know that at their death their children, and especially their daughters, must descend on the scale of life or suffer the hourly repeated pains of penury. The efforts made on the Continent to avoid this evil mold all the laws of society and all the habits of life, and even here, where it is less fought against, it poisons a multitude of homes. "No," did you say? Then ask the clergy about themselves and hear the tales they tell. There are hundreds of parsonages and manses in England—we quote this class because it is blameless and the facts are known—where men cannot sleep for thinking of their children's future. Is "wealth," by which we mean surplus money, no source of happiness to them?

The third evil of poverty, striking all alike who have insufficient, is a great deal hidden everywhere by habit, but it is a most real one. Not to be able to choose one's work, never to be able to rest from it, never to have one's own way or to gratify one's own tastes, but to be tied, as it were, to a wheel—these are not sources of happiness, and we do not suppose that Mr. Carnegie thinks they are, though some lecturers on the vanity of riches occasionally speak as if they did.—London Spectator.

TO THE MAN BEHIND THE PEN

Would'st thou write for immortality?
Fool!
Be content to think with thine own day,
With thy decade, with thy century.
Trifle not with vast eternity!
Be a mentor to thy kin, thy nation,
And thine age,
But curse not the distant generation
With some creed of thine imagination
Or thy rage.

Onward rolls this world of bliss and sorrow.
Each new day begets a strange tomorrow.
If thou ask
To create anew—nor store nor borrow—
Is thy task.

Let the tongue of history tell its story,
But its creeds are barbarous and hoary;
Life reveals itself in altered glory
To each age.
To thine own thou art assigned alone;
Be its duteous, fearless, thoughtful son,
Faithful to thine heritage.

Every new-born century reveals
Its own tyrants, saviours and ideals,
Thy life's world alone to thee appeals—
Be it servant, be it sage.

—THEOPHILE STANGER.

HON. JOHN C. CHASE

Socialist Candidate for Governor in Massachusetts

A CONTINENTAL CUSTOMS UNION

C. JOHNSTON (Bengal Civil Service, Retired), Eliot, Me.

WE have been told many times since 1896 that the United States has been passing through a period of unparalleled prosperity; nor has it been concealed from us that this is due in the main to the protective policy with which President McKinley so completely identified himself. So much we have been told; we have also, perhaps, been able to divine for ourselves that this prosperity, while in some degree extending to all classes, all levels and degrees of society, all occupations and professions, had nevertheless a marked partiality for our great manufacturing interests, and especially those who worked on from day to day behind the safe shelter of the tariff wall.

So much for the story of the last six years, by one of our great parties. The facts are stated in a somewhat different way by the other party, and a somewhat different atmosphere is shed around the facts, by the different complexion of their views and ideals. But the substantial matter is one of common agreement; the great manufacturing interests, and especially those which have lessened internal friction by amalgamating into Trusts, have been reaping a golden harvest. We need hardly say that, from the standpoint of economy in production, these interests are perfectly right in lessening internal friction and loss of power by forming themselves into Trusts; nor have any of the opponents of the Trusts made evident any moral or social principle which ordains that the Trusts shall not then sell their products to the greatest possible advantage—that is, as dear as possible. The whole of modern commerce—and ancient commerce too, for the matter of that—is and has always been built upon the principle of getting the best possible price for your wares; and one fails to see why this should not be equally good morals for the Trusts, which are simply the most economical producing agency, and are, therefore, a wise and even an inevitable result of all our past development, intellectual as well as commercial. So long as we hold to the old doctrines of supply and demand, of capital and labor, we have not the slightest right to sermonize the Trusts for doing what all our civilization has made it inevitable that they should do.

That, however, is another side of the question. The main point is, that this economical method of production, sheltered behind the tariff wall, has brought our manufacturers such a golden harvest as the world has never seen. Evidence of this need not be brought forward; on the contrary, it "leaps at our eyes," as the French say, at every turn. One has only to read

the lists of the thousands of millionaires, the scores and hundreds of multi-millionaires, to see how the matter stands. These things need no advocate to enforce their claim.

Within the last few weeks, a little cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, has arisen in the East; a cloud which may presently gather into a storm, able to work great havoc in the golden harvest fields of our millionaires; able to injure and check the era of prosperity which we owe to the Trusts and the tariff wall. The story of that little cloud, not bigger than the hand of Minister de Witte, is full of entertainment and instruction; and we think we cannot do better than tell it in full.

A few months ago, a small and unpretentious cargo of sugar came to this country, from Russia, and requested to be admitted on favorable terms. This request was, however, not at once granted; in fact it was somewhat stringently and decisively denied, and a special additional duty was charged on the Russian sugar, besides the tolerably heavy duty already paid, for instance, by Cuba. The grounds for this inhospitable treatment to that Russian sugar cargo were as follows: Our Treasury Department held that Russian sugar was bounty-fed, and that the United States was, therefore, entitled to levy a countervailing duty on it, equal to the amount of the bounty. A countervailing duty was in consequence levied, and our Treasury Department rubbed its hands with satisfaction at having given the Russians a lesson in sound financial methods.

Now it came to pass that the head of things financial in Russia was a person of rather marked gifts and even some experience in just such questions as we had raised; and it seems that our lesson, having safely made the voyage across the Atlantic Ocean and the Continent of Europe, has decided that there is more room for it over here than in the Tsar's dominions, and so our lesson has returned, and has intimated its intention of staying with us for some time to come.

The reason for which was this: Minister de Witte, the financial expert of whom we have spoken, has views of his own about many matters—covering, indeed, nearly the whole range of financial theory and practice; and it happened that the question of bounties on Russian sugar was just one of the points on which, so to speak, he had special knowledge. He wrote a very polite and pleasant letter to our Treasury Department, pointing out in the most painstaking way—for Minister de Witte is nothing if not painstaking—that Russian sugar was not bounty-fed at all. He explained the matter very fully, from his point of view. He said that it was true that an internal excise tax is levied on Russian sugar, being calculated on the entire output of the sugar-mills; just as an internal excise tax is levied, let us say, on salt and tobacco in Austria, or on liquor and game-licenses in England. But, continued Minister de Witte, it is the rule of the Russian government to keep track of all the sugar exported by each manufacturer as it crosses the Russian frontier, and to give a certificate of the amount so exported to the said manufacturer. He may present this certificate to the Government at any time, and recover the amount of internal excise, which he paid on the sugar so exported, since the excise tax is levied only on sugar consumed within the Russian Empire. Now, said Minister de Witte, you see that we do not pay any bounty at all on exported sugar. What we do, is to refrain from levying

the internal excise tax on it; which is by no means the same thing. It is our manner of doing this—by first levying the excise, and then paying it back—which made you think we paid a bounty, while in reality we pay no bounty at all. Our internal excise is our own business; but exported sugar goes straight from the manufacturer to the frontier, and we do not in reality interfere at any point of its journey.

But that was by no means satisfactory to the Treasury Department at Washington. The Treasury Department said: We know a bounty when we see one, and you are paying a bounty, whatever you may say. Is it not the case that, in virtue of this arrangement which you so speciously describe, your Russian sugar manufacturers are able to sell their sugar, and do in fact so sell it, at a much lower rate abroad than they do at home?—so that Russian sugar costs less in London than it does in Warsaw, though Warsaw is in the midst of a beet-growing region, while London is four days' journey away, by fast train?

Minister de Witte admitted that it was so, but still maintained his point—that no bounty was paid on Russian exported sugar. He once more most painstakingly went over the story of the internal excise, the certificates of repayment, and so on; but our Treasury remained obdurate and unconvinced; and from that day to this a countervailing duty has been levied on all Russian sugar imported into this country, to make up for the bounty which we claimed was paid on its export from Russia.

Time passed, and the beet-growing and sugar-manufacturing countries of Europe, all of whom had gradually fallen into the way of paying bounties on exported beet-sugar, found that they were taking money from one pocket to pay it into another, and paying rather high on the transfer. It was found that each was handing over a large sum yearly to its sugar-manufacturers, to encourage them to export; that the manufacturers of each country straightway went to all the other countries, and sold their sugar cheap, underselling the home manufacturers, who thus lost in one way what they gained in another; and that, if each country tried to correct this by countervailing duties on all the bounty-fed sugar, which it imported from other countries, it was losing money steadily, without doing any good to its sugar-producers in any way; while the cost of keeping the accounts, collecting the countervailing duties, distributing the bounties, was a clear loss; so much money thrown into the sea.

Small wonder, then, that all the sugar-producing countries of Europe decided to get together and talk things over; to see whether they could not save money all round by abolishing all sugar-bounties at one fell swoop, each then admitting the sugar of the others on equal terms. The matter is still not quite settled by the Brussels Conference, but it is in a fair way towards settlement.

All was, in fact, growing harmonious, and going on as smoothly as possible, when that unconscionable person, Minister de Witte, did something which threatened to set everybody by the ears. He sat and smiled blandly, in the person of his delegate, and simply assented to everything everybody said; and when they all agreed to abolish the bounties they were paying on sugar, his delegate applauded vociferously. The others were a little surprised; but finally pulled themselves together, and said they were charmed to find Russia

so willing to take off the bounty on her sugar-exports, and that this was a fine example in magnanimity to the others.

Then Minister de Witte rose to a point of order. He said the last speakers had fallen into a verbal error, a mere slip, in speaking of bounties on Russian exported sugar; as, of course, everyone knew there were no such bounties. The matter had already been fully gone over in the matter of the Philadelphia sugar cargo, and the papers had made Russia's case universally known. Therefore the remark of the last speakers was clearly a slip, and, as such, he almost felt bound to apologize for correcting it.

Then things began to grow warm in the Brussels sugar exchange. Delegates hurled figures and facts at each others' heads, and the air was full of tabulated taxes in all kinds of currencies, thick as the leaves in Valombrosa. But Minister de Witte, still in the person of his delegate—who, however, had his ear to the telephone, and kept in touch all the time with the great man at St. Petersburg—kept cool and peaceful, smiling gently to himself the while; and when the storm had somewhat abated, he said his mind was somewhat confused, and he wished to ask the Conference a question. What he wanted to know, was this: He held that he had fully demonstrated that Russia did, in fact, pay no bounties on her exports of sugar, and therefore could not take off the bounties; so that, if other countries put a countervailing duty on Russia's exported sugar, they would be acting in violation of all existent commercial treaties with Russia. That was his view; but possibly he was wrong; possibly the fact that, although no actual bounty on Russian sugar exports was paid, Russia's excise duty yet made it possible for Russian manufacturers to sell their sugar cheaper abroad than at home, did constitute a kind of bounty; in that case—supposing that was the opinion of the majority of the delegates, as it seemed to be—then, he had a further question to ask.

The delegates looked puzzled, but told him to go ahead and ask his question. Minister de Witte smiled a bland and most expansive smile, and went ahead. He said that all present, representing the great powers of Europe, seemed agreed that, if any power made such arrangements of excise—or tariff, or whatever it might be called—as enabled the manufacturers of that country to sell their produce cheaper abroad than at home, this arrangement in fact constituted a bounty, whether it was so called or not; and that this fact would justify all other powers in levying a countervailing duty on the said exports, when imported across their frontiers. Was this the sense of the meeting? The delegates said it was; and that they would, in consequence, all feel justified in putting countervailing duties on Russian sugar.

Minister de Witte smiled again, and said that that was not the point. The point was, that there was a country across the Atlantic, called the United States of America, which some of them had heard of. The delegates admitted that they had, but failed to see the point. Some of them looked bored; they thought Minister de Witte was going to rake up the story of the Philadelphia sugar cargo; so he was, but not in the way they expected. He touched lightly on the said cargo, which, he said, showed that the United States shared their view as to certain advantages constituting a bounty; and, he said, this was particularly fortunate,

as what he had to say had particular reference to the said United States. Then the delegates looked interested—as well they might, considering what was to come.

Minister de Witte then went on in his bland way, and said that he himself was in great doubt as to the principle; but that they all seemed to be agreed, and that the United States was committed to the same view. What he wanted to ask, then, was this: Did it not seem to all of them that certain exports from the United States were in much the same position as Russia's sugar exports?—that is, in a position of advantage which, though not technically constituting a bounty, yet practically amounted to a bounty? Some of them had heard, some of them even knew by painful experience, that the said Americans were selling many of their manufactures abroad—namely in the countries represented by the delegates then present—at much lower rates than they were getting for the same articles at home, within the United States, and behind its tariff wall. Would not the principle which they had all just assented to in the case of Russia, justify them in treating this tariff arrangement as in fact amounting to a bounty, so that they would be entitled to levy countervailing duties on all American goods imported into their countries, if, in virtue of tariff protection, these goods were sold cheaper in Europe than in America.

At last the cat was out of the bag; or, to use a metaphor more worthy of the gravity of the occasion, the thunderbolt was hurled. Minister de Witte, in the most innocent way in the world, and apropos of something quite different, had softly suggested a way in which Europe could successfully fight the American invasion, acting on a principle initiated, adopted, acted on, and upheld by the United States Treasury Department itself. Nothing more striking and brilliant has been done in international commerce since the same Minister de Witte won his great tariff fight with Germany. Having launched his bolt, Minister de Witte remarked that he had pressing business to attend to at home, and, asking the delegates to think the matter over, he bid them all good afternoon.

In this way, though in slightly more technical and involved phrases, Minister de Witte has practically invited all Europe to declare war on American protected imports; to rise up and fight the American invasion with its own weapons. Before we consider the probable outcome, let us turn aside for a moment, and note a very remarkable change which for several months has marked the character and volume of that invasion; a change which has been widely commented on, and almost as widely misunderstood.

The year ending with June 30, 1901, was the high tide of the American invasion; but in the last twelve months that invasion has seemed to waver, to halt, almost to turn back. The returns for the twelve months ending with June of the present year show results that would almost justify a panic. The total exports for the year just ended have fallen off to the enormous extent of more than $106,000,000, as compared with the high tide of the year before. During the same period, ending with June this year, our imports from abroad have increased by more than $80,000,000—a change in our trade balance of nearly $200,000,000.

Let us see which countries are involved in this. The United States, during the year just closed, has made

slight gains in extending its commerce with North America, Asia and Africa; but has lost far more heavily in Europe, as well as in South America and Oceania. Agricultural exports to all countries have fallen off more than $90,000,000. Exports of manufactured articles have decreased more than $10,000,000. During the fiscal year just ended, the products of the United States Steel Corporation—the typical tariff-shielded Trust—were sold abroad to the extent of something less than $100,000,000 — a decrease of nearly $20,000,000, compared with the year before.

At first blush, one would say that the American invasion of Europe is visibly coming to an end; and that Minister de Witte need not take the trouble to meet a danger which is rapidly ceasing to exist. And this would be an admirable instance of the danger of figures, when their meaning is not fully understood. In reality, this enormous change in our trade balance last year does not prove at all what it seems to prove; in fact, it proves almost exactly the opposite. The tremendous drop in our exports during the last fiscal year is not at all a testimony of failing productiveness on the part of America. The largest part of it was due to the abnormally hot spring and summer of 1901, which burned up the corn districts, reducing the amount of corn available for exportation by 150,000,000 bushels, thus causing a reduction in the value of our corn exports of nearly $70,000,000 as compared with the preceding year.

Our iron and steel exports fell off nearly $20,000,000 because the home demand was so enormous that the Steel Trust could not meet it, and it is currently reported that orders for steel rails for home consumption are already booked for two years ahead, and that it is becoming necessary to import steel rails from Europe to meet the sudden and immense growth of the electric trolley system.

When we examine the increase in the value of our imports, we find the same story. Nearly $60,000,000 of the total increase was paid for raw materials, to be used in manufactures in the United States; so that this item also is an evidence of the enormous growth of industrial activity in this country in the last twelve months, while at first sight it seemed exactly the contrary. Therefore, Minister de Witte is by no means preparing to slay the slain, when he makes proposals for fighting the American invasion.

What chance have these proposals of being accepted and put in force? And what is the probable result?

We have had very clear pronouncements on the American invasion from three of the great European powers—Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary. Minister de Witte has put himself on record in the way already described; and he, of course, expresses the fiscal policy of the Tsar's Empire. Kaiser Wilhelm has shown how he feels about the matter, by coining the phrase, "the American Terror," as applied to the industrial invasion of Europe. For Austria, Count Goluchowski spoke, some months ago, very strongly urging that Europe must take action decisively and at once, if the American invasion is not to ruin all the industries of the old world. Switzerland has recently had almost a panic, at the danger to her clock trade. France will incline to follow Russia, while Italy is likely to follow the lead of Germany and Austria, her allies in the Triple Alliance. It is evident, therefore, that Continental Europe is practically

unanimous in the matter; and only the inertia, the inability to act together, which comes from long ages of hostility and war, stands in the way of a Continental Customs Union, expressly aimed at American commerce.

To see what the result would be to this country, we must look at the figures of our foreign trade with different countries. Our exports to Europe have, in the last few years, totalled something over a billion dollars a year. Of this, more than half in each year has gone to England. The next largest purchaser is Germany, which takes about one-sixth of the whole; leaving less than one-third for all the other countries of Europe. After Germany come the Netherlands and France, each taking rather less than half the amount taken by Germany. Belgium and Italy come next, importing together about as much as France. Then follow Denmark and Scandinavia, and only after all these comes Russia. For the last three or four years, Russia's imports from the United States have hardly averaged more than $10,000,000 per year, though there has been a considerable spurt quite recently. Therefore Russia takes hardly one-hundredth of our trade with Europe, as against more than half which goes to England.

Now if we add together the totals of the countries, which have made declarations against the American invasion, and those which are likely to be influenced by these, we shall see that Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Russia together take about one-third of our exports to Europe; if we add Holland and Belgium, the total approaches one-half of the total of our European exports; and it is to this amount, say, between four and five hundred million dollars worth a year, that the policy outlined by Minister de Witte would, if carried out, apply.

It cannot be denied that a heavy countervailing duty levied by these powers on nearly one-half of our total European exports would be a very serious blow to the commerce of this country, and we saw that there is a practically unanimous feeling that this blow ought to be dealt. The one factor which this country has to rely on, is the jealousy and inertia of the European Powers; but recent events have shown that this inability to pull together is steadily giving way before the spirit of modern progress, and he would be a bold man who should say that such a union among European countries is impossible.

Whether or not this policy is likely to be carried out, will depend to a large extent on Russia's attitude towards the Brussels sugar convention, which we have already discussed. At the present moment, Russia is in a position of hostility towards the signatories of the convention, as she regards their action on the alleged sugar bounty of Russia as a violation of their existing commercial treaties with her. If both parties hold to their positions, we shall, of course, have a series of tariff-wars between Minister de Witte and the Brussels convention signatories; and such a war would make the Powers in question very unwilling to listen to far-reaching and momentous suggestions coming from Russia. The prospect of discord in Europe is, therefore, the best hope for our exports.

It is tolerably certain, though, that Minister de Witte will set the other powers a good example by treating all tariff-protected American exports to Russia as bounty-fed; and it is difficult to see what objection this country could raise; as our own Treasury

Department is responsible for the principle and precedent involved.

Our most important exports to Russia are agricultural machines; reapers, harvesters, plows, steel harrows and so forth; and when we consider that Russia is probably the greatest agricultural country in the world, potentially, if not actually, it becomes evident that this trade is only in its infancy, and is destined, should nothing untoward arise, to grow to enormous proportions. This is the spot on which Minister de Witte's blow will fall heaviest, if he decides to strike. For the sake of Russia, as well as for our own sake, we hope that this will not take place. Our agricultural machinery is the best in the world, both in design and in workmanship and economy. We should greatly regret to see the Russian farmers cut off even partially from an article they so palpably need, and which is already working so great a benefit to Russian agriculture. But Russia is constructive and enterprising; and a fine chapter could be written on her advance in all kinds of manufactures, within the last two decades—since the protective policy of Alexander III was initiated. We may, therefore, expect to see Russian factories of agricultural machinery start up, using American models and machinery; and, perhaps, with American foremen; factories whose work will come within measurable distance of our own, both for cheapness and effective power. It is, very probably, the desire to see this brought about, which has been Minister de Witte's unavowed motive in the whole matter of the sugar bounty dispute; and he will almost certainly gain his end, and secure for the factories of his own land the job of furnishing two or three million square miles of agricultural Russia with plows, reapers and harvesters. From his point of view, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Whether his larger aim will also be reached, and an Anti-American Continental Customs Union be formed, depends on certain political forces at present very delicately balanced. The visits of the King of Italy, the Kaiser and the President of the French to St. Petersburg are clearly connected with this idea, even more than with that of disarmament; but we are not yet sufficiently in the secret of the foreign offices to be able to say exactly what has been determined on.

If we were asked for our advice, we should recommend this country to take time by the forelock, and negotiate a series of commercial treaties with the countries in question, along the lines of the Buffalo speech, as early as possible. It seems practically certain that the other great barrier to our trade, that of the Pan-Britannic Customs Union, on which Secretary Chamberlain set his hopes, is not destined to materialize for a long time to come, if at all. So that we still have ample time and opportunity to pursue an advantageous policy. This position, together with the growing dissatisfaction of consumers in the United States, tends to render the question of tariff revision of the utmost moment, both to our home and our foreign trade. It would be pleasant to conclude by saying that we anticipated a wholly satisfactory solution of this complex question.

TOLSTOI AND CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

EDITH SICHEL

MOST generous people, and nearly all idealists, are, at heart, Christian Socialists; or, at all events, they wish for many of the things that Christian Socialism makes for; and this is especially the case with young people, since youth remains ever the altar on which God Himself has lighted the fires of generosity and idealism. It is, indeed, this fact which gives to Leo Tolstoi such immense power over men. While they think that they are being convinced by his keen and uncompromising logic, he is really drawing them to him by every inmost fibre of the heart; he satisfies the common instinct for good which is born in us—the crying need of our complex human nature to be reconciled with itself—for at those moments of our lives when we have to face life and living (and however hard we try to elude them, they must come, even to the least thoughtful), we must all of us confess that we feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Our practice does not square with our precept, and there is in us an inherent demand—very imperious in early life—to make ideal and conduct at one in our own eyes. The more mediocre among us effect this by a kind of unconscious casuistry, by shibboleths about the letter and the spirit, and other easy roads leading them straight back to self-satisfaction —self-satisfaction which is to them the necessary condition of going on. The nobler people suffer more or less, unless they can find a temporary refuge in action—in some form of rebellion or of protest which hides the self-contradiction of things. And it is to such as these that Tolstoi appears as a prophet, because he gets rid for them of that sense of spiritual discomfort — of mental untidiness — which seems almost the one thing that courageous souls have not the courage to endure. He gets rid of it by a short cut to truth and they follow him—only too glad that truth can be reached so quickly. He employs all the methods of intellect, but he uses his intellect itself as if it were a heart; he creates formulae—often inspired formulae—out of emotional intuitions; and, if the heart gains, the intellect, unsuited to short cuts, is bound in the end to suffer.

And in his confounding of brain and feeling lies the great Tolstoi's great weakness. He who preaches that goodness can be achieved by no measure, but only by faithful approximation to the Christian conception of life—he who condemns all known systems, religious or social, because they stultify or distort that conception and try to arrest definitely that which is made for eternal progress—he himself has erred in the same way and has

made an ideal into a system. He has taken a spiritual principle concerned with the feelings of men, and therefore supple and capable of infinitely various developments, and he has moulded it into something almost as peremptory as dogma. "The living man is he who continues advancing in the direction illuminated by the lantern which advances in front of him, and who never attains the limit of the illuminated space continually receding before him —there cannot be any one permanent position"—so writes the man who yet only recognizes one form of doing good: to renounce not only the world, but art, science, intellectual sustenance, and to live as a peasant among peasants. Any other solution of Christ's teaching he dismisses as fallacious—or worse—and he regards almost as in one category all those who have made attempts so to solve it. The earnest, the mundane, the sectarian, the free-thinker, are alike scourged by his sarcasm and censured by him with a conviction of their sin almost as strong as the conviction of a Calvin. In spite of his belief that nothing matters except the "one thing . . . necessary to God, to man, to myself . . . that I should have a heart free from condemnation, contempt, irritation, irony;" he sets up a rigorous code. He forgets that the whole gist of an ideal lies in its elasticity, in its power to admit almost as many forms of good as there are men; forgets, too, in his rather Papal utterances about the life to be led, that deeds, like systems, are but the mortal embodiments of the immortal soul that transcends and escapes them.

An ideal thus treated revenges itself, and the man who takes emotion as the basis of his building and superimposes a closely-built structure of logic must at some time land others in a hopeless dilemma, however well his method suits himself and the few who have kindred minds. Emotional Socialism, all emotional creeds, are made for individuals and create noble personalities, but they cannot be crystallized into institutions or into political formulæ. They are to institutions what poetry is to life—an inspiring force, a promulgator; they may give the first indirect impulse to a movement, may initiate the idea of a system and shape public opinion, but they are not the system itself; and when they step out of their role, we had needs be on our guard, for the peril is by no means inconsiderable. What was the French Revolution but a terribly emotional movement? It was founded on a sentiment of equality which was treated as if it were reason —it was passion carried out by logic— and the result was the deadliest volcanic eruption in the world's memory. It has, no doubt, given the impetus to modern life and modern liberty, but it has done so at an expense of bloodshed which still makes us shudder; and if we compare it with the great English Revolution, based upon a rational principle and constitutional demands, we shall easily measure the difference.

Tolstoi, however, with his immense talent for righteousness and his Christian hatred of resistance, will never directly influence the uncomprehending mob or sway the immediate course of public affairs. It is with private life that he has to do and upon private life that his error takes effect. He has not been the first to blunder in the same way; political and religious romantics have existed before, and will exist after him, as long as the human heart beats warmly and a single poet continues on the face of the weary

earth. The history of Christian Socialism—revived Christian Socialism—has always been much the same in its weakness and its strength. The first scheme of Christian Socialism succeeded just because it was grounded upon pure religious feeling and only laid claim to direct the government of a small and intimate community. It was the Christians' creed and not their communistic code that they wished to become universal. But when men have had the same kind of goal as Tolstoi, they have fallen into the same trap. Rousseau, who required that everyone should return to Nature and live on the soil, laboring and enjoying like peasants (more idyllic peasants than Tolstoi's), lived to see ladies of fashion adorning fictitious chalets at great expense for this purpose—and almost lived to see the carmagnole which was danced by natural instinct when a free rein had been given it. The Communists of 1848 are a nobler and a closer parallel. There is nothing more heart-rending than to read of the visions with which Louis Blanc, Fourrier, Barbes and all their comrades set out. The correspondence of George Land, who for a while shared their views and always shared their sympathies, glows with their sacred fire. They were going to re-constitute the world; poverty and pain were to cease and, for them, the Kingdom of God had come. They were ready to suffer—they did suffer—martyrdom for their cause. Their administrative schemes were ready, full of details that seemed clear and practical; their projects appeared to be something more than mere dreams. And yet the Ateliers Nationaux, those great relief workshops from which they hoped so much, failed ignominiously—working little but harm, and the rest of their fine ideals, once embodied, followed suit, with crash and devastation. They, too, had built their house upon the quicksand of a big sentiment, instead of the intellectual rock of reason—and it was doomed to topple and fall with might into the eternal ocean; they, too, had attempted to imprison an ideal within the four walls of executive government—and the ideal turned to rend them.

Their failure is typical of many others. There have been smaller experiments such as Robert Owen's Village Community, and they have, perhaps, failed in other ways, but always because of sentiment—because they depend upon personal influence and emotional inspiration. And so we get their due result: no set system, no general law for the world to go on with, but something rarer and better—beautiful heroic personalities battling with toil; noble lives purifying their immediate surroundings; light-givers to thank God for.

It is still to be decided whether a practical Socialism will ever prevail, and whether, if so, it will come to us all at once as a complete system, or only in fragments without the name of Socialism—fragments which, as municipal reforms, co-operation and the like, filter down into the normal order of things. Some such there have been already, and it may be progress is destined to move on those lines. But, however this may be, the Socialism which obtains must be an intellectual Socialism founded upon the brain and the interests of the community—a state Socialism (or some part of it) which is based upon business views and the demands of common sense. Sentiment may, in remote years, have given it its first impulse, or rather may have inspired the public

opinion which ends by desiring to apply its measures, but sentiment must have no more to do with it than that, and the system that succeeds will do so by matter-of-factness.

If Christian Socialism reigned universally there would be, as Tolstoi points out, no need of its existence, for a state of things that made it possible would mean that men were too good to require its dictates; and it is as a promoter of this goodness, not as a system-maker, that Tolstoi will live and shine. If he is one-quarter wrong, he is also three-quarters right, and it is easier to note his mistakes than to imitate his virtues. He errs in what he bids us do, but he does not err in what he bids us be; and though he strays from wisdom in what he tells us to renounce, he cannot be far from the truth in saying that we might renounce more; in making us face our love of ease, our coldness, our superficial casuistries, and in preaching with a golden tongue the love of God and of our neighbor, he is an immense moral force, who has helped his age and will still help his successors. But, however he reasons, his real strength is in the something beyond reason—the something no man can account for which makes him greater than himself. He holds an ideal aloft in his hand—an ideal which makes men and not measures—and men will bless him.

42 Onslow Gardens, S.W.,
London, Eng.

THE LAW OF LOVE

Long have ye wrought in ceaseless strife,
Regardless of each other's weal,
Though each alike have common needs—
Bodies to serve and hearts that feel.
Souls, too, that sprang from one great source—
Links of one great eternal chain,
The strength of which depends upon
Each link being tempered to the strain—
Attraction is the eternal law
That planets in their course control—
And tendeth toward harmony—
The same in atoms, worlds and souls.
Proving that through the law of love,
Which seeks just balance to bestow,
Mankind as one harmonious whole
Would soon be lord of all below.
Aiding and aided, served ten-fold,
In giving, finding ten-fold gain—
Aye, more—a hundred-fold in strength
Were added to the wondrous chain.
And time alone could only prove
The wondrous power man might attain.

—ADELAIDE COMSTOCK, Ventura, Cal.

A SAXON HOUSEHOLD

EDWARD CARPENTER

PART I

Not a hundred miles from Manchester, hidden behind the Derbyshire dales, there was a few years ago a household of which the like would be hard to find again. It always seemed to me that it was a survival, with its quaint customs and habits, of very ancient, almost Saxon, days. Now the rapid civilization of the country districts—telephones, parcel posts, electricity, light railways, bicycles, motor-cars, etc.—is transforming the whole face of England; and in a few years the veritable Hodge, and the old agricultural life, for good and for evil, will have ceased to exist.

The occasion of my first acquaintance with the family of the Logans was on my coming to stay for some time in the neighborhood, when I called one day on some errand or other at the picturesque tumble-down old farmhouse, buried among its barns and buildings, into which you dropped down a step or two, as into some old British dug-out. There was a low rambling interior or house-place, whose great ceiling-beam a tall man might have touched with his head, a large fire-place, the usual Dutch clock, and some scanty furniture of settle, chairs and table—the whole scene rather dingy, and close and fusty of atmosphere.

A big woman of over fifty greeted me—a muscular determined-looking customer, with short dress, large feet, and brawny half-bare arms; and I was just thinking that she was the kind of person one might not care to meet in a dark lane at night, when our salutations were suddenly interrupted by the most awful screetches and howls. My dog, a young spaniel, had followed me, all innocence, into the house; when three cats, who dwelt there in maidenly seclusion, resenting the inroad had raised Cain, "As with one complex yell they broke, all claws, upon the foe."

Bruno, whose only feline acquaintance hitherto had been a seraphic white kitten, whom he adored, was scared out of his wits. He fled, yelping and howling, in a circle round the great kitchen; while the three demons fairly hunted him—spitting fire, springing on him from sides and rear and scratching him with cordial severity. Miss Logan, seizing the rolling-pin and shouting, rushed after them; while I, intent on collaring the dog, did the same. Thus in a moment we found ourselves flying round in a kind of whirlpool—Bruno screaming, Miss Logan scolding, the cats receiving fearful knocks, I making ineffectual grabs and lunges—till at last all out of breath we got hold of the dog and hustled him out of the front door.

When order was restored, Miss Logan and I resumed our conversation, but were soon interrupted by the arrival of

the mother (woken probably by the uproar out of her after-dinner nap) an old woman, well over seventy, rather small, but solid, and broad in the beam, and of a somewhat Dutch type of face. She settled herself down in a big arm-chair by the fire, took a long clay pipe out of a niche, and while her daughter gave a graphic account of the scrimmage, proceeded to fill and light it, puffing away with great satisfaction.

After that I used often to come in (without the dog), especially of an evening.

By the light of a tallow dip, stuck in an old brass candlestick, the scene was an old-fashioned one. Besides the old lady, who was generally there in the chimney corner, there were four sons—three of them great strapping fellows—stretched about on the settles after the day's work, asleep or smoking, or clumping across the floor in their great boots. Leather hides (for the youngest, George, did a little business as a tanner) hung down from cramps in the ceiling; a pot-hook in the chimney suspended a cauldron over the fire; and out of the big oven Miss Logan would take one of her gigantic meat-pies made in a washing puncheon, with crust three inches thick, nothing short of which would satisfy the appetites of her brothers.

There was a Herculean, or rather Vulcan-like, air about the household, the effect of which became overpowering when in the semi-darkness across the floor, with straddling uncertain gait and uttering incoherent and sometimes wicked words—came a huge muscular gross-looking man of thirty-three or so, with close-cropped hair and beard a week old; cross-eyed, bow-legged, and obviously an idiot. This was Billy, the cousin who lived with them—an alarming apparition to a stranger, but a real favorite in the family.

"How-de-do, Aunt Mary" he said, with a kind of ironical-sounding upward turn of the voice, "fine mornin', fine mornin'."

"It isn't morning, Billy" said Miss Logan, "can't thou see t'candle's lit?"

"Candle be damned!" was the terse reply. And while the 'boys' laughed Billy's voice was heard rollicking to himself, half talking, half singing, with rapid and growing emphasis:—

"Oh, she war a beauty, she war—a real slick-up fine-'un—no mistake about that—no mistake about that—

She came along the grass
And she came along the green

and you never saw such arms and neck and—oh my!..... "

"Have DONE!" said the old lady taking the pipe out of her mouth—and with a voice like a big drum.

It was getting time she spoke; and she was mistress in that household, there was no doubt. There was a momentary silence and pause—and then Billy's voice was heard as at fi·st:

"How-de-do, Aunt Mary, fine mornin' "—and the calmer atmosphere was restored.

"He gets so excited," said Miss Logan to me apologetically.

"Oh, he's a rum un," said William, rising out of his corner and standing with his back to the fire, a burly fellow with hair already turning a little grey, and an Irish twinkle in his lips and eyes—"he's a rum un is Mister Billy."

"Mister be damned!" muttered Billy.

"Now don't you excite him, William, do you *hear?*" interposed Mrs. Logan.

"Nay, nay, mother, I was only going to tell the gentleman about some of Billy's exploits."

"Gentleman be damned!" reiterated the idiot.

"Now that's not right, Billy, to say that—it's not polite," expostulated Miss Logan in her somewhat strident voice.

"Why don't you leave him alone?" broke in Pym rather sharply, "he's right enough. Billy's right enough if you'd all just leave him alone."

And so presently William, still standing, went on with a history of Billy's exploits—the family chiming in, and the idiot amusing himself by occasionally exploding into oaths, or bursting out into ecstatic rhapsodies which had to be checked.

There was a saturnine look about Billy; but the stories, sufficiently trivial, did not corroborate this more than to a trivial degree. All the same one could not help feeling that his great strength might easily have made him dangerous at times. On one occasion (it appeared) he was quite put out because half-a-dozen ducks which they kept in the yard would not roost on the perches with the fowls. There was an uproar in the fowl-house, and Billy was found there trying to make "the damned things" sit up.

By dint of some persuasion and judicious authority he was induced to leave them alone; but an evening or two later, as he sat in the kitchen, his cousins heard him murmuring to himself "They'll have to now—they'll have to now." Suspecting something wrong one of them went into the fowl-house—and there certainly the ducks were; but all six dead. He had wrung their necks and *laid* them out side by side on the perch!

On another occasion when a boy (and this was a story they were never tired of relating) he had taken the donkey with him into the little out-house, had managed somehow to shut the door, and then when he wanted to come out had found it impossible to open it again. The family was attracted by stentorian shouts—"I've got him in, Aunt Mary—I've got him in," and repairing to the scene of action soon discovered the truth of the remark. But to *get him out* by any ordinary means was more than their united efforts could compass; there was not room for the door to open, and at last they had actually to break down the side wall of the little cabin, stone by stone, in order to release the prisoners!

As is the case with almost all idiots (and animals) the subtle instinct of association of ideas, unalloyed or untroubled by any thinking faculty, gave rise at times to what looked like a quite prophetic knowledge or insight.

When Billy said "Rain"—even tho' the sky was clear the brothers paid attention. At one time mother and daughter were much troubled because whenever the Parson called Billy would speak not a word, except every now and then at a lull in the conversation to jerk out the mystic dissyllable "Money.....Money." The women, with their kind of old-fashioned respect for the holy man, were only vexed, and either could not or would not see the connection; but the brothers discovered some deep and hidden meaning in the remark, which they enjoyed hugely.

Perhaps there was a certain shrewd craftiness in the fellow. Despite his enormous strength they never could get him to do *any* kind of work—except fetching a pail or two of water from the brook. This he would not refuse to do Probably long custom since boyish days had inured him to it. But on any other occasion, however hard-pressed the brothers might be, Billy, if asked to

lend a hand, would simply put his hands in his pockets, straddle his legs, and say; "Don't like work—don't like work!"

Anything more primitive than this whole houshold it would be hard to imagine. It seemed as if they had been dropped in a belated way—Rip-van-Winkle like—into the end of the nineteenth century. Miss Logan, when she went to market on Saturday, would buy a weekly paper—of which she read bits aloud on Sunday (not without difficulty) to the family; but books they had none—with the one exception of Zadkiel's almanac, on which Elizabeth set great store.

"Now doant yo' laugh at Zadki-el," she would say, "I doant see why he shudna be as true as anybody."

"Well, he will be right sometimes, no doubt."

"He's a deal oftener right than wrong. That's what I think."

"What does he say for today, Miss Logan?"

"Why I've joost been looking, and he says 'goosty'."

"Well now, do you call it gusty today? Why, it has been quite hot and calm all the time."

"Yes, I do—and I'll tell yo' why. It was the curiousest thing. I went out this morning into the hay field to speak to Pym, and as yo' say it was as hot as hot, and not a breath of air, and all on a sudden I sees Pym's eyes a lookin' and lookin', and he says 'Sithee, Elizabeth, sithee'—and I looks, and there—well, you never saw—there was t'mown grass i't'corner by the hedge, a going round and round, like a dog running after its tail; it war some kind of a eddy or whirlwind, what do you call it? And then grass begins going oop into the air, and oop and oop, and then more grass after it; and I says to Pym 'Lord a' mercy on us, but it's not going to tak' t'whole crop'. But I do assure you it carried us off a barrer-load or more of good hay—off ever so high—as high, some of it, as you'd see a lark singing—and dropped it in Grattan's fields and all along t'road down towards bridge. And if Zadki-el warn't right to call that 'goosty' I doant know what you would have!"

PART II.

Elizabeth really kept the Logan household going. She was a tremendous worker. What with her huge pies, her dairy-work, buttermaking, poultry, house-work, washing and mending and cleaning, her labors were unending. The mother could not do much. Samuel, the eldest brother, was the only one who helped, and he was a slight, feeble, amiable creature, having quite the appearance of an old man—a great contrast to the other brothers.

The father had died some years before. All the children, oddly enough, had remained unmarried, partly perhaps owing to a naturally strong family feeling, partly because their primitive ways made it difficult for them to find mates. William had been in early days in the army, had been bought out, had learned joinering, and had lived thenceforth at home—under the supposition that he was doing jobbing work and contributing to the household; but being supremely lazy, this remained for the most part a supposition. His great talent was for drinking—and for easy sociability. From perpetually feeling for the under side of the jug his own under lip stuck out like that of a fish; and the ease with which the liquor ran down his throat was only equalled by the slickness with which a kind of episcopal humor ran off his tongue.

Pym did the farming—or what little there was to do—for the land attached

to the place was very limited. With Rosie, the ancient mare, and an equally ancient cart, with an ancient suit of clothes which never changed, and which looked (like the leathern suits of our ancestors) as if they had come down a generation or two, and with a perennial stubby beard, he was a picture of squareness and solidity. As he walked by the cart he whistled, and 'most always the same tune; when he met anyone 'twas mostly the same greeting. If hot weather, he would say, "Can y' keep warm enough today, John?"—if winter, he would ask, "Is't cowld enough for ye, nah?" When he drank —which he did very regularly—it was with the same unchanging cheerful demeanor; and in his case (unlike that of William) it was hard to tell whether he had had a pint or a gallon.

On Saturday afternoons he and his sister (since she could not get her work done earlier) would jog off six miles to market at a snail's pace in the rumbling old heavy cart drawn by Rosie—leaving perhaps at five p.m. and not arriving on the scene before seven or eight. Then they would come in for the tail end of the market, visit round one or two friends; Pym would have his pint or his gallon, and they would jolt back again in the middle of the night, often not arriving before one a.m. How they stood the intense cold and tedium on winter nights is a mystery. It is only known for certain that they did.

Yet notwithstanding all — notwithstanding the lumbering, old-fashionedness and unkemptness of the whole household — there was a wonderful charm about it. It was curious that the Logan's big kitchen—despite its griminess—was quite, for social purposes, the centre of the hamlet. It was about the only house in the vicinity into which the farmers and neighbors would freely go, to sit for an hour's chat. On Sunday evenings there was generally quite a little levee there.

I shall never forget the extraordinary effect of contrast produced by the appearance of an Oxford Don on this scene! He had come to us one afternoon unexpectedly, and the house being full we had found him a room at the Logan's farm. Latish in the evening—towards midnight — we took him around to his lodging. To see this little man—the pink of bookish culture — sitting rather nervously on the edge of his chair—the unwashen giants eyeing him curiously in the obscure light, the old woman, with her long pipe, in the chimney corner, and her daughter, undeniable of voice and of presence, bustling around—was indeed a picture.

She, Elizabeth, was the first to tackle him—which she did in her usual loud, slow tones: "Well, I hope this neighborhood will do yo' good. Yo' doant look very strong."

It was not exactly an encouraging remark, but it was so obviously kindly meant that it had a good effect.

"Our accommodation's none so very grand," she continued, "but we'll mak' you as comfortable as we can, and I hope you'll sleep well."

"Sleep well?" said William in his slick way — (he had evidently been drinking) — "Sleep well? I shou'd think he will. He'll *have* to." Then rising from his corner the jolly monster stood (as he generally did) with his back to the fire, and continued with increasing emphasis: "I tell you what: if this gentleman *doesn't* sleep, if he moves about in the night, if he stirs, aye, even a little finger....."

And then, catching the effect of his words on the "gentleman's" face,

William had just sufficient sense to modify his own conclusion — "We'll look after him, we'll look after him. *But,* if anyone disturbs *him*, or touches *him*, aye even a hair of his head—that man's a dead man."

It spoke volumes for both our academic and rustic friends that the two parties after this sat up till the small hours of the morning, and before they retired established quite a cordial *entente* with each other.

George, the youngest brother, was the most capable and progressive of the family, and one who under favorable conditions might have made his way into the modern world. He was a fine, well-made fellow of thirty-five—could mow a field with a scythe or pleach a hedge against anybody, was a tanner by trade and understood the arts of leather-dressing and curing, could do cobbling and boot-making very passably, and was a past grand-master in woodcraft, peeling and dressing timber, and so forth.

He was not by nature an idler, as his accomplishments showed. On the contrary, with any prospect before him, he would probably have been a vigorous worker; but he was sadly handicapped by his surroundings. Having to be the chief bread-winner for the family, he was disheartened from an early date by his two able-bodied elder brothers, who, instead of bearing their share, seemed to lapse more and more into drink and antediluvian apathy. Then new and rapid processes of tanning by means of chemicals were superseding the old oak-bark method, mowing machines were taking the place of the scythe, farmwork was becoming less and less remunerative. George might possibly have advanced with the days and adapted himself to the new conditions; but he could not drag his whole family after him. There was certainly the chance that he might marry, and so breaking his connection with the old home, make with an enterprising wife an effective start in the world—but somehow this never came to pass.

After the belated fashion of his family he did not set about courting with any very serious intent till he was nearing forty—and then it was too late. His manners, his speech, his clothes, his personal habits, had already by that time drifted down into a kind of slouch, partly the result of mere want of hope and prospect; and none of the girls would have him. Barbara, the daughter of a neighboring cottager, was a nice-looking sensible country lass of twenty, who would have made him an excellent wife. She used to work in the town during the week, coming out only for Saturday evenings and Sundays, and had got some townish notions; but for all that she recognized the sterling sturdy quality of the man.

"If I only had money enough to set him up in business, get him a decent set of clothes, and make him look a little like other folk"—she would say to herself—"I would love to marry him." But she was too practical-minded not to see the plain difficulties in the way.

George looked forward to the week ends with a pathetic wistfulness, and many and many a time, in the thought of her coming, dragged himself with great effort past the public house. Sometimes he would beg a nose-gay from some private garden. But in the woods a mile away there was a patch of lilies-of-the-valley which very few people knew of, and the secret of which he kept to himself—and when they were in flower he preferred to go there.

"I've browt you some lilies, Barbara" (he had known her since a child). "Can you do with them?"

"I *can*, George; I can always do with flowers."

"They're grand now, up i' t' wood—such a many together."

"Whereabouts is it they grow?" said she. "I wish you'ld tell me."

"I'll *show* you where they grow, if you'll come along wi' me." (A similar conversation had taken place before.)

"Not to-day, George, I think."

"It's allus 'not to-day,' Barbara; I reckon you don't care to be seen with a fellow like me."

"That's not it, George."

"You're happen a bit afeared of me"—(she was silent)—"but you needn't be the least little bit afeared, Barbara. I'll be as good as gold."

"How far do you want me to come with you?"

"Eh, I want you to come ever so far."

"What do you mean?"

"I want you to come wi' me allus, Barbara."

"Oh, George, it's no good you're talking like that—and you know it isn't." And she wheeled rather pettishly, and drifted the conversation off to something else.

Then Barbara took to staying in town week-ends, and it was rumored she was keeping company with a more civilized suitor. George after a time took up with another girl. She was of much the same age and type as Barbara, and the result was much the same—unfavorable to him. Then he began to drink more. There was no chance for a fellow like him. His brothers drank; and it was no good him working to keep them while they held the jug to their mouths. So he drank more, and worked less, and the household began to go down and down.

Then the mother died. Things had kept pretty straight up till then; but that was the turning-point; and when shortly afterwards Billy had a succession of violent fits which proved fatal, the household seemed to have lost its centre. It became disorganized. The brothers grew more and more careless; poverty threatened; the landlord pressed for rent; and though Elizabeth slaved harder than ever, she could barely keep the ship from sinking.

There was something tragic in the decay of this family, because however individual members might seem to blame, it was so evident that a main cause lay in the general change of social conditions. The Logans were a survival of a kind of old-world communism. As neighbors no one could be pleasanter to deal with. If help was needed they were always ready with a hand, or a serviceable tool, and a jolly word thrown in. If they were employed to do a piece of work for one, nothing could be farther from their thoughts, in making their charge for it, than the ordinary commercial double-dealing. In fact this was the trouble, that they always referred back to the most ancient traditional customs of payment for work, and so really seldom got a wage adequate to the labor they put in.

It can readily be imagined that a family of this kind planted down in the middle of a commercial society—powerless to take advantage of either the bad or the good in modern life, unable to adopt the ways of competition, and unable to accommodate itself to any 'new-fangled' methods of production, handicapped in fact by its friendliness and handicapped by its ignorance—was from the first doomed to extinction.

It went down and down, till at last, amid the pitying condolences of the

hamlet it had to leave the old farm. Elizabeth and her brothers, now a party of five, all unmarried, retired into a little cottage, and while the sister kept house the brothers hired themselves out as best they could. But the connection between the wages of their labor and the quart pot at the public house seemed to them to become ever more logical and pressing; their footsteps went each year more regularly in the same direction. Their lives were already far spent, and it seemed finally that there was no other use to which they could put them.

THE SOCIAL SPIRIT

Let it be said of me—
Not that my wit was subtlest of them all,
Not that its thrust was keenest; that the fall
Of him, my foe, was compassed by my act;
That I was versed in language, lore, or fact;
Not that I had the gift of speech to sway
A multitude to think the other way;
Not that the world of custom was my guide,
Not that in rich possessions was my pride.

Let it be said of me—
Not that I strove and ran and won the prize,
And blocked the way when others sought to rise;
Not that my voice was heard in wild hurrah
When ancient license posed as higher law;
Not that my eyes were blind when sham was set
To dazzle folly into mild regret;
Not that my ears were deaf to sob and cry
Beneath the wheels when splendor hurried by.

Let it be said of me—
Wherever there was holy cause to serve,
Or hearts that ache, or perils that unnerve;
Wherever there was arduous task to do,
A path to light, a duty to pursue;
Wherever there was child to wrest from wrong,
Or weary souls athirst for love and song;
Wherever slaves of time cried to be free,
My hand was reached—let it be said of me.

—KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

MILLENNIUM DAWN IN MASSACHUSETTS

HON. JOHN C. CHASE*

No election in recent years has been so fraught with significance and deep meaning as the election of 1902. Particularly is this true of Massachusetts, one of the greatest industrial States in the Union.

From all over the nation returns of the recent election prove conclusively that the Socialist Party is now established as a factor in American politics. In a State like Massachusetts—a State of the highest order of culture and enlightenment; a State famed for its loyalty and adhesion to the theory of Individualism as championed by the Republican Party—thirty-three thousand votes for the Socialist candidate for Governor may well cause the defenders of the present order to stop and consider a little more deeply its true meaning. One of the great Boston daily papers says editorially, "That this vote means something most portentous in the history of American politics, there is no room to doubt. What it is, they, the political philosophers (?) of the Republican Party are trying to find out, and the longer they study the facts the more incomprehensible it becomes." Of course, it is not to be understood by the "Republican philosophers" who are wrapt up entirely in the theory of Individualism, or private ownership of industry.

To the student of Socialism and the economic conditions which make Socialism necessary, the results are entirely plain and perfectly comprehensible, for the reason that he understands the immutable laws of evolution and development, industrially and politically.

The present system is the product of ages and we are in the process of evolution still and must take the next step, which will take us out of the present system into one entirely different and one which will give to mankind more freedom than he has ever enjoyed in the past.

Chattel slavery of centuries ago gave way to feudalism. Feudalism later gave way to the present system, which at this stage in its development has come to be known as capitalism. Capitalism while having been necessary and inevitable as a phase of the development of the race toward a higher state of civilization, with absolute freedom industrially and politically, falls far short of giving or allowing freedom for the many.

Capitalism is more pernicious in its oppression and persecution than any

[*Hon. John C. Chase was Socialist candidate for Governor in the recent election in Massachusetts, polling 33,000 votes. He has the distinction of being the first Socialist Mayor elected in America, having been elected Mayor of Haverhill, Mass., in 1899 and re-elected in 1900.]

form of slavery the world ever knew.

While it allows more freedom to those who have any freedom at all, it robs countless thousands, not only of freedom, but of the right even to live. Under all forms of slavery in the past the bondman was entitled to, and received a living from his master.

Under Capitalism, or wage slavery, the toiler, nominally free, is practically a slave, fortunate indeed if he has a master. He cannot find a master or owner, no matter how much he may desire to sell himself, unless the product of his toil, which he sells to the owning class, can be disposed of at a profit. There being no opportunity for the disposal of his products at a profit, by the class which controls his right and privilege to labor, he must starve.

The master class cares nothing about it, for the reason that they lose nothing by his death. Notwithstanding the horror of the present system, it has served a useful purpose in showing the way for a better system of producing and distributing wealth. Gigantic organizations which control the means of life, upon which millions depend for existence, have logically and naturally come into being.

The owners of these combinations exercise a power over the people, greater by far than any like number ever dreamed of exercising at any time in the history of the past. Again can we see that this has been natural, and necessary as well—necessary in order to show the people that if all would be free, that all must own collectively the means of life. The vote for Socialism in Massachusetts and all over the nation was a demand for the abolition of Capitalism and the inauguration of Socialism. It was not a revolt against any one political party, but against the present system, which is championed and fostered by both parties—Democratic and Republican.

This vote came not from one of these parties, but from both, and it is doubtful if from one any more than the other. There is room for but two political movements of strength in American politics—one which makes for Collectivism, or Socialism, and one which seeks to retain Individualism, or Capitalism.

This election marked the real beginning of the alignment of forces.

The Socialist Party is now established throughout the country as the party of Socialism and the party of the working class. One or other of the Democratic or Republican parties must get out of commission as a factor in politics. All signs point to the extinction of the Democratic Party for the reason that it has no definite class interest to conserve. The Capitalist element in the Democratic Party will find its proper place with the same element in the Republican Party.

The rank and file of both, who are victims of the present system, will take their place in the Socialist organization and the battle will be between the two parties one seeking to perpetuate wage-slavery, the other seeking the emancipation of the race from industrial bondage. Of course this will not be believed by the philosophers (?) mentioned earlier in this article, but this does not alter the case at all. History fails to record a single instance where a new political party was not necessary to carry on any emancipation movement. It was always required because the party or parties in control of the government, under and during a system that was afterward overthrown, were owned, body and soul, by the oppressing power.

While we polled thirty-three thousand votes in Massachusetts and four

hundred thousand in the country in the recent election, we may reasonably expect that there will be close to a million next year, thus enabling the Socialist Party to enter the presidential contest in 1904 well prepared to battle for labor's emancipation.

The Socialist Party has nothing in common with any other political movement. It has nothing to do with Populism, Free Silver, Independent Labor, or anything of the kind. It is the organization which stands unequivocally for the emancipation of the working-class through the abolition of private ownership of the means of life, and the working-class is rallying to its support. The greater part of the gain in the Socialist Party vote in Massachusetts came from the ranks of labor, organized and unorganized, but especially from the forces of organized labor, who have been made to realize that Socialism is their movement, and that the Socialist Party is their party.

With the object-lesson afforded them by the attitude of the two Socialist members of the Massachusetts Legislature, Frederick O. MacCartney and James F. Carey, organized labor is rapidly coming to understand that they must contest for freedom in their political organization, as well as industrially through their trades organizations.

That the working-class are to enter politics on class lines is not for one moment to be doubted, and when they take this step there is but one consistent course for them to follow, and that is to support that organization which is already established as a factor politically —the Socialist Party.

Any other course will prove disastrous to those undertaking it.

The battle is now on, and on in earnest, between the forces of freedom and the forces of slavery. Socialism is bound, by all the history of the past, to come; and Massachusetts will, as she has in the past, lead in this, the grandest movement of the race for a better civilization. The spirit of liberty still lives in Massachusetts and the great vote for Socialism in the last election places her in the front in the onward march of the race toward freedom industrially and politically for the humblest citizen in every nation of the world.

Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 25, 1902.

[Since Mr. Chase's article was received, the city elections have taken place in Massachusetts. The city of Brockton has been regained by the Socialists, and the city of Haverhill came within fourteen votes of electing a Socialist Mayor, and the chances are that on a recount, which has already been demanded, the Socialist will be shown to have been elected. The Democratic Party has become practically extinct as a factor in future politics in Massachusetts.]

THE MONEY KING, *or* THE KNIGHT WITH THE SWORD OF GOLD

PROF. CHAS. W. PEARSON

[In the following poem two rich men are delineated; the selfish man as the Money King, and, in contrast, the benevolent man as The Knight with the Sword of Gold. There are, I think, in this country and in Europe, many examples of each kind, but the portraits in the poem are mere types, and have no personal reference.]

The pompous funeral was o'er,
The eulogies were said,
And word was sent o'er all the earth
The Money King is dead.

He was head of twenty syndicates
He had rail and steamship lines,
He had timber lands and cotton fields,
He had gold and silver mines.

A modern Midas, at his touch
All things had turned to gold,
But he was not well off after all,
For his heart was bare and cold.

A museum of curios
(He gave it hasty looks),
A slighted gallery of art,
A lot of unread books,
A city house with brown-stone front,
A palace by the sea,
A racing stud of thoroughbreds
A pack of hounds had he;
He lacked no outward sign of wealth,
But lived luxuriously.

Poor wretch, he had no higher wealth,
He had not greatly cared,
As he went trampling on through life
How other men had fared.

They were his jackals; one and all
Must work and and watch and fear,
But still of everything they got
He took the lion's share.

That he did not pay fair wages
Was the backbone of his sin;
He did not heed the cries of need
While the gold came tinkling in.

He cared not for those in the under-world
Who are under-paid and fed,
Whose life is one ceaseless round of toil
For the barest daily bread.

He only cared for the upper-world
Whose life is a bustling game,
Whose counters are money and bonds and stocks,
And the prize a shining name.

A little sooner than he thought
Had come Death's hated call,
And the multi-millionaire was forced
To die and leave his all.

O men of mighty energy,
O men of godlike brain,
Why will you waste your splendid powers
Such paltry prize to gain?

Would you be really great, there is
An open, easy plan—
Use your superior strength to raise
Your weaker fellowman.

There should not be in this broad land,
Nor yet in all the earth,
A human being in bitter need,
For God has made no dearth.

There should not be a homeless man,
A woman poorly clad,
An unschooled or a toiling child,
E'en in life's morning sad.

Greed, greed, greed, greed,
Is killing the Christ today,
And to brutish Mammon men give their souls,
While to God with lips they pray.

The Christ has said; "It is more blest
To give than to receive;"
Why do you not that faithful word
Implicitly believe?

Employ your wisdom for the good
Of those who are not wise,
Open the path and point the way
By which they are to rise.

God girds for noble enterprise
Alike all noble men,
To some he gives the warrior's sword,
To some the poet's pen.

And in these days He calls aloud
For heroes of new mold
To be the champions of men
With weapons made of gold.

PROF. CHAS. W. PEARSON.

Charles W. Pearson has recently resigned his position as Professor of English Literature at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., as the result of certain charges of heresy. He is the author of The Carpenter Prophet.

Conquer the enemies of man,
Strike down each human ill,
Bring in a truly golden age,
An era of goodwill.

Hail to the quickly-coming day
When wealth shall bless, not curse,
And chivalry's new order be
The knighthood of the purse!

Ye men of strength, put on once more
The snow-white coat of mail,
And ere ye go to battle forth
Drink from the holy grail.

And queenly women richly robed
And decked with gold and gem,
Covet the robe of righteousness,
Wear mercy's diadem.

Grow in the untilled wastes around
The flowers of sympathy,
That Christ, the lily-loving Lord,
Those fairer blooms may see.

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

Evanston, Ill.

A RUSSIAN POSSIBILITY

PIERREPONT B. NOYES

A SHREWD observer of men and of social conditions said to me recently: "The dominant race of the distant future will, in my opinion, be neither Anglo-Saxon nor Celtic, nor any combination of these: It will be Slavic. The Russian character is inherently more altruistic than that of any other people, and altruism is the quality which the progress of civilization is ever rendering more valuable to its possessors." The speaker was an Englishman of wide acquaintance with both men and books, a great traveller, and a profound student, whose conclusions carry weight with all who know him.

Upon first thought this prophecy seems absurd to one brought up among western ideas and prejudices. There is something incongruous in the conception of the Russian peasant bearing the standard of civilization, while his erstwhile more educated and progressive neighbors fall into step behind, or oppose their weight to the march of human progress. The suggestion seems opposed by history; the possibility negatived not only by the present relative conditions of the races, but even more by their comparative rates of development. And yet, how often in the past has the headship in human affairs passed unexpectedly from a nation possessed of well-nigh invincible power to some neighbor despised and overlooked, and but now too weak materially and intellectually to attract the attention, much less arouse the fears of its more powerful competitors.

From Greece to Rome, from Rome to the quondam barbarians of Continental Europe, and more recently from the brilliant nations of Latin stock to the practical Anglo-Saxon race, has the "Star of Empire" passed, regardless of the reasonable expectations of superseded rivals. In each case the transition has been determined by subtle race-characteristics acting upon the ever-changing conditions of civilized life. In the history of nations the "Survival of the Fittest" has not been determined with reference to a fixed standard. The measure of "fittest" has changed so often and so remorselessly that by the time a race has succeeded in raising itself above its neighbors it has already created the conditions for some new rival's success. By

its very struggle upward civilization has advanced. New problems now confront individuals and nations, and new social characteristics—found, perhaps, in some hitherto unnoticed tribe—begin, from their better adaptation to new environment, to carry their possessor forward.

The intellectual Athenian, by his restless energy and his talent for finance and politics, created a civilization wherein the more stable and organic Roman soldier found the very situation best adapted for the play of his genius. Greece was submerged by the Roman Legion. Roman militarism produced, in time, political anarchy and finally feudalism, and in this mediæval chaos the Spaniard and the Frank, with their "dash" and bravery, with their love of fighting and hatred of work, gained the ascendancy. Then the Reformation, the ripened fruit of the dark centuries, made possible that individual liberty of thought and action whose material product was modern industrialism. Anglo-Saxon thrift and steadfastness finding a fulcrum among these new conditions, proved to be levers capable of raising a peace-loving race, in their turn, to the major position in world politics. And now the English-speaking races, leading and accelerating the onward movement, are rapidly carrying civilization to a point where some new race-characteristic may easily become the key to the situation.

Thus a study of the ever-changing conditions of national success in the past may easily deprive of its seeming absurdity the suggestion of Russia's future pre-eminence.

Another turn in the upward road seems near. The increasing rapidity of development and the violent changes in certain departments point to the early approach of an evolutionary crisis. Our entire field of national activities is being examined as with a microscope by the students of sociology for scientific indications as to the nature of these changes. But this search may prove vain. Possibly it will turn out that the factors which really govern the future lie in other lands than our own, and that a telescope is needed rather than a microscope for the successful study of the problem. The vital question may change, in the present generation, from "What next?" to "Who next?"

II.

The present tendency of industrial development is, as everyone knows, toward large combinations of capital. Throughout the manufacturing world especially, the elimination of the individual as the unit of organization, and the substitution of huge corporations, has gone forward latterly with startling rapidity. During the spring and summer of 1899 this re-organization of the leading industries into so-called "Trusts," reached almost revolutionary proportions. The public held its breath, as day after day the State of New Jersey gave birth to these Titans, and turned them loose, full-grown and splendidly equipped, upon a world of small proprietors.

This operation of combining large amounts of capital has continued on an ever-increasing scale, and with ever-increasing complexity of organization—Corporation piled on Corporation—until, towering higher than was ever before conceived, and built on most scientific principles, the huge structure of a "billion-dollar Trust" has been reared before the eyes of an amazed and somewhat terrified world. Its architecture seems perfect for either aggression or defence. No wonder the smaller

units fear the Trusts; and no wonder the Trusts are assuming an air of confidence and contempt. The huge stone fortresses of the early centuries had little to fear from the crude weapons of those times. Their defenses were perfected until all Europe seemed at the mercy of their owners, and a feudal nobility founded on their impregnable strength grew all-powerful in the land, while the people became perforce retainers of these castle-kings. The commercial weapons available to-day for fighting Trusts are equally impotent; nor can hostile legislation prevent the increase of the latter any more than it could stop the building of castles when men saw the power they gave their owners. But just as the power of the mediæval lord crumbled before attacks of gunpowder and steel, so the advance of this industrial feudalism will be checked when, and only when, weapons are invented of greater efficiency, and forged from materials stronger than those from which the Trusts themselves are made.

Much as we may applaud the efficiency and many economies introduced by the Trusts, the most optimistic citizen finds cause for anxiety as to the outcome of the present radical shifting of forces. It is hard to avoid the conviction that in this climax of the development of the competitive system we are, as a nation, hurrying toward a state of commercial despotism, inevitably accompanied and perpetuated by a political despotism. In such an eventuality the effect on the fortunes of the individual citizen must be adverse. His ambition will diminish with his chances of success, while the race as a whole, having lost its moral and spiritual, if not its intellectual energy, will invite attack from without and degeneracy from within. In short, unless some new economic principle supervenes, the present struggle promises to result in an organization of society commercially and politically oppressive in its relations to the individual citizen, and weak to resist any violent attack from without.

III.

So we approach from another direction the question suggested by an historical survey "What next?" What is the next corner to be turned in commercial evolution? For commercial evolution today is political evolution, and commercial supremacy means political supremacy. One man's answer to the question is perhaps as good as another's. The factors involved are too many and their relations too intricate to be grasped by any one mind, so that each of us must answer from his own particular view-point.

To one who has enjoyed and observed the keen delights of associated labor, and who has been able to compare the efficiency of communal industrial organization with that of the system of competitive individualism, the future seems to lie along the line of *voluntary association*.

Men are more important than money. Brains will accomplish more in the long run than capital. The Trusts have "combined" money only, leaving the relations of the men involved more antipathetic than ever. But let only a principle be discovered which will "*combine*" *men*, and the "Trusts" will be immediately "out-Trusted." A strongly organized industrial community is as superior economically to the best of the Trusts, as they seem to be to the smallest individual manufacturer.

In connection with the danger arising from the Trusts, I suggested that

the only possibility of preventing their complete ascendancy lies in devising industrial weapons of still higher efficiency. The converse is equally true: that such weapons having been discovered, they will be "selected" in the course of social evolution with an inexorable certainty and a cold-blooded disregard of vested interests.

The industrial material for such weapons will, I am sure, be found only in a communistic system. Competitive industrial organizations are founded on "gangs" and "foremen" bound together by one force only, *fear*. These are the units. With them are built up larger units under "superintendents," and still the controlling principle is *fear*. However large or complicated these aggregations become, they are always made from the same material, and bound together by the same principle. The cohesion is that of physical force. Throughout the working mass of the structure the efficiency of each individual unit is limited by what he *must* do, not by what he *can* do. The total work performed is the product of scientific, up-to-date slave-driving.

A statement of the economic advantages enjoyed by a successful community would sound hackneyed today —"reduced, co-operative expenses," "elasticity of organization," "interest," "enthusiasm," "*esprit*"—these have been explained so many times, and have been demonstrated so often by practical experiment that I hesitate to go into the subject at all. I wish merely to add the testimony of actual experience to what has already been said. The writer was born and brought up in a Community which arose from poverty to wealth by the intelligent co-operation of many working together for a common home, and the enthusiastic interest of every laborer in his work, a Community which always discouraged "worldliness" and "money-making" as far as possible, and grew rich in spite of itself. Having been for a number of years since the manager of a growing manufacturing corporation of a size only next below the Trusts, and covering various fields of industry, my opportunity for minute comparison of the two systems has been the best. This comparison has resulted in the conclusion mentioned above: that he who first discovers a principle capable of permanently uniting a body of men in a real "community of interests"—producing a relation which shall cause each member to steadily sink individual inclinations for the sake of the common weal, will point the way to a form of industrial organization with which the Trusts cannot successfully compete.

To return to the point from which we started: a prophecy of Russian pre-eminence. I have referred above to the "discovery of a principle," but instead, may not the whole future turn on the "possession of a temperament," or a racial characteristic which shall enable one nation to organize communistically while others cannot? May not such nation be the Russian?

We hear communism discredited on the grounds of common sense and history. Repeated failure and the stubborn facts of our present environment are pointed to. Customs, habits, prejudices, institutions, all stand in the way of such a change. But supposing we grant the existence of these barriers and their potency, is that the end of the matter? Supposing we grant that the character and institutions and the history of the race to which we belong forbid the expectation of voluntary communism, are there no other races? The Anglo-Saxon may well consider whether in giving his verdict against it

he is not pronouncing his own doom rather than that of communism. We may well consider whether we are not posing as judges in a case where we will prove to be only helpless observers of the growth of a new power.

For two hundred years the genius of enlightened selfishness has been carrying civilization forward as never before in the history of the world, and the Anglo-Saxon as the embodiment of this principal has necessarily been the leader of the movement. To educate these same Anglo-Saxons to an enlightened unselfishness, to make them over into practical Altruists, has been the dream of enthusiasts and the despair of philosophers. To expect a people who have achieved their supremacy by the efficiency of their selfishness to become the leaders of a movement based on individual unselfishness may prove futile, but if so, then that point in commercial history where the competitive principle has reached the limit of effective development will be the exact point in evolutionary history where "natural selection" will pick from among the races one more altruistic than the rest and force it inevitably to the front as a new leader of the nations.

It has been a common remark in connection with the Trusts that "no power can stop them, because they make for superior economy and efficiency." Communism will make its way with the same resistlessness, and for the same reason. Considered as an industrial machine its superiority in these respects is granted; at least by those who have investigated the facts. True, no one has yet been found capable of steadily running the machine on a very large scale, and perhaps sufficient material suitable for a strong construction has not been discovered, but once let these be brought together and old-fashioned machines may well look out for themselves.

If the Slavs are possessed of a temperament which will permit them to easily unite in communal organizations, and find individual enjoyment in the welfare of the whole community, they are, I believe, the race of the future.

Imagine the movement once started in that vast country, with its teeming millions, and its enormous natural resources. Found practicable, and its efficiency to produce wealth—both for the individual and the nation—having been demonstrated in one or two instances, it would spread like the "Trust epidemic" in this country. Nothing could stay its advance or compete with its products. America would certainly awake to find herself industrially at the mercy of Russia, just as Europe today finds herself unexpectedly at the mercy of the United States.

All this is on the assumption that the Russians are possessed of certain social qualities in a higher degree than other nations. Tolstoi insists that the great difference between the Russian and the inhabitant of western countries lies in the fact that from his nature the former lives by his "conscience" instead of "law." It is also well known that communal arrangements in the holding of land are very common among the peasants of Russia, but as this is not entirely voluntary the results are not normal, and no certain deductions can be made therefrom.

But whatever are the facts regarding the Russian character, the truth of my general proposition is not affected. Russia or Germany, or even China, wherever this capacity for communism really lies in a superior degree, will be made apparent in the progress of social

evolution, and such nation will be seen taking the lead in the next great forward movement.

[It is with great pleasure I give space to the above notable article by Mr. Noyes, who is a son of one of the original founders of the Oneida Community. Mr. Noyes seems, however, to overlook the fact that we Americans have shown a greater capacity for communism than any other race on earth, not excepting the Russians. Our communism, however, has been exhibited so far only in our capacity for production. We now have simply to exhibit our capacity for communism in distribution, and we will then have solved the problem of poverty.

It is true that the Russians have possibly more conscience than any other nation, and have exhibited great capacity for the discerment of the advantages of communism in distribution. This is exhibited not only in their social and economic relations by the establishment of the *mere*, but also in the aptitude with which the Russians who come to this country become identified with the Socialist movement. I have been impressed repeatedly when travelling through the States in the west with the remarkable fact that in the beginning the Socialist movement was very often initiated by Russian Jews. Of course, after the movement gets started and a large number of Americans come in the Russians lose their predominance. As Winchevsky, a noted Russian exile in the United States, says, "The Russian Jew is to the Socialist movement what the match is to the fire—once the fire is started the match has performed its mission and may be thrown aside."

Socialism in the United States is the result of the economic development of the country; and no matter how much the Russians in Russia are inclined toward Socialism through their conscience, it will be impossible for them to develop Socialism there until they are industrially ready for it, and in that respect Russia is fifty years behind the United States. There can be no question that the advent of Socialism will take place in the United States long before it is possible for any such change to appear in Russia.

However, De Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, and who is the greatest man in Europe in my estimation, is now introducing a system of State Socialism in Russia that may have far-reaching effects. He is making a Morgan out of his Tsar.—H. G. W.]

THE ELECTION RETURNS

THE tremendous increase in the Socialist vote in the United States from less than 100,000 two years ago to nearly 300,000 has called forth an enormous amount of editorial comment from the leading newspapers of the country. Particularly is this seen in the Massachusetts papers where the increase from 11,000 to 34,000 was most striking. The papers there are all printing editorials on the subject. The following is from the Boston Herald:

The increase in the Socialist vote of Massachusetts is looked upon by the leaders of that organization as indicative of a coming great change in the legislative and administrative affairs of this commonwealth. It is certainly no small change for the head of a ticket to poll one year three times as large a number of votes as were thrown for the head of the same ticket in the preceding year; and but for reasons which we will shortly point out, Mr. Chase might have cause to congratulate himself that his vote of this year was simply the forerunner of a political revolution which was shortly to take place. But it has to be borne in mind, in judging of the conditions that led to this large vote, that the industrial situation has been exceedingly peculiar for months past. In the first place, we have had the Trust issue intensified by the high prices which these monopolies have charged for so many of the necessaries of life, and by the apparent uncertainty, at least on the part of the leaders of the Republican party, as to how to correct the evils of the Trusts. Still more, we have had in the recent coal strike, an exceedingly striking lesson given of the manner in which, under existing industrial conditions, a contest between labor and capital may cause great suffering and loss to millions upon millions of entirely uninterested citizens. This last event has led in many quarters to a widespread demand for the application of the Socialist principle in dealing with this question—that is, the seizure of the coal mines by the Government and their operation under the conditions of public ownership and control.

* * * * * * *

We imagine before another year a systematic effort will be made, both by Republican and Democratic campaign managers, to win back the vote which both parties must to some degree have lost, by conducting an anti-Socialist crusade. There is no difficulty in prosecuting this work if it is once entered upon with spirit and determination. Whatever may be the merits of Socialism, they are not applicable to the industrial conditions as we find them in this state or country. The men who are carrying on this agitation are not men possessed with any profound knowledge of the subject. The public arguments that they have made have shown many evidences either of false statement or misstatement, which can be readily turned against them. What is needed, however, is systematic work on the part of those who understand both what present industrial conditions are, here and elsewhere, and what the creed of Socialism actually is. If such instruments are employed, particularly if conditions in other respects change, the Socialist vote is likely next year and the year after to be but a fraction of the vote that was cast last Tuesday.

Surely, if the vote of the Socialist Party can increase so enormously in Massachusetts with such poor leaders as the Herald makes out, then if strong men come into the party, there will certainly be every reason to suppose

that the day is not far off when the Socialists will be in the majority. It is futile to imagine, with economic conditions developing so rapidly as they are now doing and forcing us into the fight for Socialism, that any artificial crusade against Socialism is going to stem the tide. On the contrary, it will help us. The reason we have not made better progress in the past is that we have had to meet, not opposition, but silence. If we can only get somebody out to fight us the day will be won.

SOCIALIST VOTE BY STATES.
FROM LATEST RETURNS.

	1900	1902
California	7,554	15,000
Colorado	654	7,633
Connecticut	1,029	3,000
Delaware	57	600
Florida	601	1,200
Idaho		2,000
Illinois	9,687	20,000
Indiana	2,374	7,137
Iowa	2,778	5,856
Kansas	1,605	3,236
Kentucky	646	7,000
Maine	878	1,964
Maryland	908	1,100
Massachusetts	9,607	32,985
Michigan	2,826	6,000
Minnesota	3,065	14,000
Missouri	6,139	9,157
Montana	708	5,300
Nebraska	832	3,200
New Hampshire	790	1,057
New Jersey	4 609	7,000
New York	12,869	25 000
North Dakota	518	900
Ohio	4,847	14,270
Oregon	1,466	3,500
Pennsylvania	4,831	21,910
Rhode Island		1,091
South Dakota	176	2,000
Tennessee	710	900
Texas	1,841	5,000
Utah	720	1,500
Washington	2,006	6,000
West Virginia	268	600
Wisconsin	7,085	16,000

SUDERMAN'S "JOY OF LIVING"

NEW YORK is still in the throes of hysteria over the continued production of "immoral plays." I spoke recently of Pinero's "Iris," and that has since been followed up by Duse's presentation of d'Annunzio's "La Citta Morta" and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's presentation of Suderman's "Joy of Living," to be read in an excellent translation by Mrs. Edith Wharton, and published by Chas. Scribner's Sons. D'Annunzio's lines are beautiful; his plot is simply a scaffold used to string his garlands upon, without much reference to beauty of structure. All dramatists seem to be under the necessity of presenting a story in which a man and woman who, under normal conditions, would be able to marry, are unable, under existing conventional conditions, to do so, and their trials and tribulations come about from this

—Sarony

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

unfortunate state of affairs. To bring about this situation, d'Annunzio has adopted a plot which is not only unnatural but practically unheard of. Suderman's plot is more conventional. The unusual feature of his deline tion is that he seems to justify a wife's concealment of the breaking ot her marriage vows. In fact, it might almost be inferred that Suderman has so little regard for the marriage relation that he would have it brushed aside at will whenever a woman happened to love a man not her husband. He seems to think that living a double life on the part of the woman was preferable to the scandal of going into a divorce court. It is this proposition of Suderman's which has raised the screech from the critics, and I am not rushing to his defence. I regard Suderman as easily the greatest modern dramatist, both in his capability of dramatic construction and in his deep thought upon the problems of life. It is unfortunate, however, that he has so little knowledge of economic conditions that he is always foolishly putting his cart before the horse. In both "Magda" and "The Joy of Living" his theme is the right of a woman to freedom in her sexual relations. This is all well enough theoretically; but when we realize that modern industrial conditions compel conformance to conventional marriage relationship, we can see the justification the newspapers have in condemning Suderman's plays as "immoral." It is on the same principle that Socialists, while they do not believe in the ownership of the earth by Mr. Morgan, would not encourage the mob to sack Mr. Morgan's house and divide up his silver-plate. As things are, we must recognize certain conventions regarding property as long as society is based upon competition and the rights of private property. I may be certain that the river will freeze over during the winter, but I don't attempt to skate until the ice has formed in sufficient thickness. In the same way, it is absurd for Suderman to idealize a woman who is untrue to her husband, and who lies about it on the plea that she has the right to live. The primal right is for *society* to live, and until the freedom of the individual coincides with what is best for society, it will certainly be regarded as "immoral" to preach contrary ideas. There is no justification to my mind for any condition of affairs which necessitates the misleading of each other by men and women in that which most vitally concerns their happiness. The relations between men and women should be of the most frank and open character, and if, under such conditions, unhappiness results, the remedy is not to conceal the cause, but to remove it. Altogether aside from the solution of such a problem, it might also be observed that Suderman labors under the dramatic difficulty of presenting as his hero for Beata to fall in love with, a man who is represented to have an ideal which appeals to her in the highest degree, but when we examine this ideal we find it is simply a petty ambition to be one of the party leaders of the Conservative group in the German Reichstag. It could hardly be expected that Suderman would sacrifice his dramatic art to go into details as to what the hero's theories are, but certainly he might have given them with sufficient definiteness to explain why his character should appeal more to Beata than did the character of her husband. As it was, the greater part of the audience sympathized decidedly more with the husband and his character than they did with that of Richard, the lover.

MADAME DUSE

One feature of interest in the play was the introduction of a Socialist, and also the continual suggestion of an atmosphere of politics in which Socialism was playing a predominant part. Richard, the Conservative candidate, was in momentary expectation of defeat by the Socialist candidate: and his son had been so impregnated by Socialistic views that he had written a pamphlet which had got him into trouble with his Conservative friends. This pamphlet, however, simply expressed the general hazy theory of freedom which Suderman tries to present to the world through his plays. I am almost inclined to think that a certain haziness of vision is necessary to the writing of either a good modern play or novel. The moment a man thinks clearly he seems to lose his imagination. Certainly there have been no Socialists who have done anything in the way of dramatic work that has been of any great importance, if we except Bernard Shaw's plays, and even they are not important from the standpoint of general public appreciation, which, after all, is the final test.

I was disappointed in Duse as an artist but possibly my disappointment arose from my failure to see how great her art actually is, so closely may she identify herself with her part.

It strikes me, however, that the tremendous rush after Duse seats at the high price of admission charged and considering that the whole performance is in a language, Italian, which few understood, was more of a piece of affectation than any real enthusiasm of the public.

Mrs. Campbell is always a delight to me although it may be that the very point that pleases me in her is what disappoints me in Duse, namely, her inability to hide her own personality in her portraiture. I do not care for the characters d'Annunzio delineates, and it may be that Duse so thoroughly identifies herself with those characters that I have not the pleasure of seeing a fine personality in either herself or in the part she so well assumes.

The difficulty one meets with in in the case of Mrs. Campbell is that her personality manifests itself so palpably superior to her part that you are constantly regretting that her dramatist has not brought the part up to her, so to speak.

For the proper enjoyment of a play the actor and the character portrayed should be so identified that you are not bothered with the thought of two beings. Of course this is an ideal that is practically never attained.

For even when we have a mediocre dramatist and a mediocre actor we are really further from the desired end than when we limp with a play written by a great dramatist and portrayed by a poor actor or with a poor play acted by a great actor. Two wrongs do not make a right in Art any more than in anything else.

I never enjoy seeing Shakesperian plays with a tithe of the enjoyment I get in reading them. My imagination of the parts so far transcends the way I see them acted that I am nearly always bored to death at the actors.

I experienced this feeling to the fullest recently in seeing Richard Mansfield in Julius Ceasar. Now Mansfield is admittedly a good artist, probably the best on the American stage. I enjoy him immensely in his portrayal of non-Shakesperian plays but his Brutus the other night, while fine enough compared with what others might have done, merely made me gasp with *ennui*.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE money market in the United States is now and will be always a thorn in the side of our financiers. They never know just what it is going to do, and even in the times of greatest prosperity they are always in fear of a money panic. The reason is simple enough, and the capitalists themselves are realizing that something must be done. Money is, as has been often said, simply a medium of exchange. It is the oil which greases the wheels of commerce; and, just as a man does not care to have more oil than is necessary on his buggy wheels, so our bankers and business men do not care to have any more money than is necessary to carry on their business. However, there are times when one part of the axle needs oil and the other part doesn't. When a demand for money springs up in one part of the country, the bankers in all parts of the country become alarmed that there is going to be a general scarcity, and instead of the money naturally flowing to the point where it is needed from the banks that have more than they need they often refuse to part with it for fear of an impending panic. The only method by which this can be avoided is to have an elastic system of currency, which would give us an additional supply of money at critical times, and it is now the effort of our bankers to devise some such plan. While as a Socialist, looking forward to the early transformation of our whole industrial system into a co-operative one, and hence not having that intense interest in making the best of the present system that bankers have, yet at the same time I don't mind pointing out to them how things can be made better during our present regime.

It is agreed that we need an elastic currency. It is also agreed that this currency must be based upon a plan of issue that will guarantee the holder of it that he will not lose by taking currency instead of gold—something that will assure him that he will be able to realize gold or its equivalent when he wishes to cash in the paper. The government should be the person to issue such currency, and it must be understood that the government cannot issue above a certain amount of fiat currency without running into the danger of having its paper fall below par, owing to the impossibility of redeeming it in gold on demand. The fiat money men, seeing that the government can issue a certain amount of money and keep it at par, have fallen into the ridiculous error that the government can issue an indefinite amount and keep it at par. This is of course a mistake. It can issue but a certain limited amount. It could issue

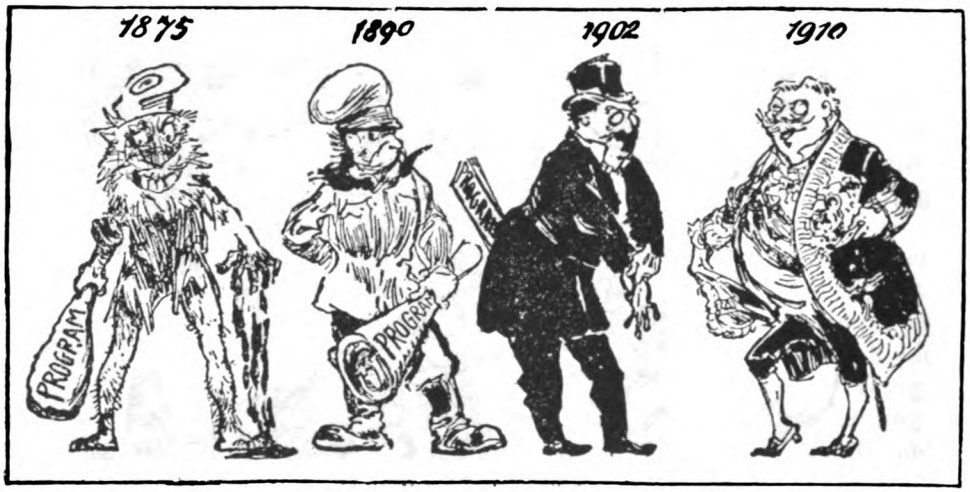
UNCLE SAM—You are a pretty big baby to be fed with a spoon.

—Minneapolis Journal.

a very large amount to people who have proper security to offer, and charge sufficient interest upon its issuance to compel its redemption, when the emergency which caused its issuance was over. Therefore my plan would be for the United States Treasury to issue money to any one that can put up an approved security (say good mercantile paper with good endorsements) for it, and to charge such a high rate of interest upon this issuance of paper money that it will only stay in circulation during certain critical times in our business affairs. For our ordinary currency we should have simply gold and certificates of deposit based upon this gold, and a certain amount of fiat paper money issued by the United States government, but not in excess of an amount which will float easily, without any danger of its falling below par. Speaking off-hand I should say that one thousand million dollars of paper money would easily float without any danger.

The method we now have of relying upon the Secretary of the Treasury depositing government money in our national banks, every time we have a money crisis is recognized by all as being ridiculously inadequate, and as always keeping us in a most dangerous position. It is no answer for our Democratic friends to attack the administration for such procedure, for they themselves are equally involved.

They are supporters of the present institutions of society with all its inadequacies to meet the wishes of the people, and they too would be forced, if a Democratic administration were in power, to do the same thing that President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw are now doing.



A SOCIALIST PARTY FASHION PLATE.

—Jugend (Munich).

The Socialists are the only ones who have a plan of solving the money problem. Let the Nation own the Trusts, the Railway Trusts, the Manufacturing Trusts and the Money Trusts.

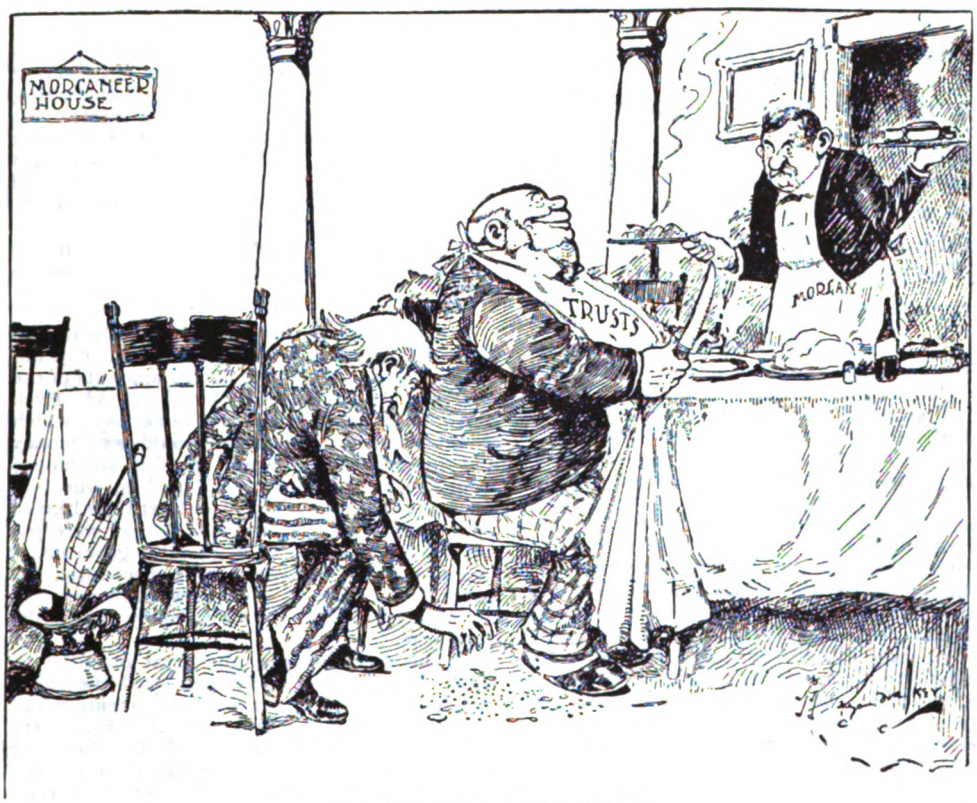
* *

Not only is Socialism becoming fashionable in the United States as evidenced by the vote in our recent elections, but also in Germany it is nearing the dead line of "respectability," if one can determine anything from the cartoon which represents the approach of Sociaism toward the mirror of fashion. In Germany as in this country it is not very long ago

that Socialists were represented as simply tatterdemalions, covered with only sufficient rags to hide the bomb which they were supposed to carry ready to throw into any gathering of peaceful people who didn't happen to agree with their views. It is only to-day in this country that the Socialist is beginning to be recognized as a statesman, and the progress from the tramp to the statesman has become so rapid that some people are now commencing to think the Socialists will be the future Beau Brummels of our civilization.

* *

It is a remarkable thing that we Americans who always loudly proclaim our kingship of the earth in general and of America in particular, admit quite freely between ourselves that we are only living here by sufferance of Mr. Morgan, and that when our cartoonist shows Uncle Sam as a beggar thankful for the crumbs that drop from the rich man's table he is only expressing what everybody knows to be the truth. In the near future Uncle Sam will be seen sitting at the table himself and enjoying the dinner, which rightly belongs to him, and all the beggars in the country will be seated at the table of plenty, transformed into men of independent means by being incorporated into Uncle Sam's personality. There will be no rich, there will be no poor, because riches and poverty are simply a matter of comparative degree.



AT THE MORGANEER HOUSE

UNCLE SAM—"Begum! the only thing I can get to eat in this my house now-a-days are the crumbs I can pick up that the Trusts don't want." —Minneapolis Journal.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A HOUSTON, TEXAS, EDITOR DREAMS

It is very kind of the Houston Chronicle to give me the following flattering notice in its editorial columns, but I would feel still more flattered if I could have recognized in the matter of the editorial that the editor of the Chronicle had read what I said.

THE NEW SOCIALISM.

Free silver originally came out of the West. The West was the home of populism. Socialism, a name which some of its advocates yet fight shy of, on account of its associations, is also Western in origin in the United States, although it was originally hatched in Europe, and in nearly every European country it has attracted to its political and industrial creed men of intellect, of culture and of standing which it is beginning to do in this country. H. Gaylord Wilshire, the editor of the ablest Socialist magazine in this country, is a millionaire, originally from California. In nearly every Western state, and in the East and South, too, the new Socialism, as it is called, has adherents who, by birth, breeding, education and property, are by no means anarchists.

Government and municipal ownership of so-called "natural monopolies" is advocated. Many of the Western cities own their own waterworks, some own their own gas and electric light plants, and municipal ownership of street railways, which has been tried in Great Britain in some cities, is gaining ground. Some of the reformers are single taxers, disciples of Henry George, who believe in a land tax mainly, but who are approximating more and more toward a straight out demand for Socialism, or nationalism, or ultra-paternalism in government.

The theory is that the government should own all property and industry and we should all be government employes. The government is to be constituted like a huge family, regulated in every detail so that each citizen shall do what he is directed to do, of course being directed to do that for which he is most fit.

It is a beautiful theory. Its commendation is not ironically intended. The prospect, if possible, of abolishing poverty, of increasing the country's productiveness by a perfect organization, of distributing the products of labor with exact justice, so that each man would get his fair share, instead of the present system of scrambling for dollars, as children scramble for pennies, is indeed alluring.

But Socialism is not practicable. In the language of the man in the street, it won't work.

Why?

In the first place, because a perfectly organized, completely paternal government can not be organized. Who is to fix the amounts of the salaries if we are all to be office-holders? Even if we were all to draw the same pay, which would be unjust, the thrifty would save money and the improvident would spend it, and money would be lent him who lacks by him who has, even at usury, and riches would still be heaped up. In ten years, if Pierpont Morgan were put on a clerk's salary in a gigantic government counting house, he would have discounted the paper of a million of his fellow employes, and he would practically own as many men as he does now.

In the second place, the great incentive to effort of our present system, that necessity which is the mother not only of invention but of work, would be lacking. If a man were sure that he and his family would be taken care of if he only did a fair amount of work, the average man would do not a jot more than necessary to save him from whatever punitory statutes and rules might be devised. Laziness and sloth would flourish over a nation of sluggards, which, with the advent of Socialism, would begin to be decadent and go into a decline unprecedented in history.

He says: "The Government is to be constituted like a huge family, regulated in every detail so that each citizen shall do what he is directed to do." I am quite certain there has never been anything in Wilshire's Magazine which would lead anyone to think that this is

the United States Steel Co. and the foreign syndicates, but also in numerous other incidents of like character. Probably the most striking instance of world-wide corporations is that of the amalgamation of the American and British Tobacco Companies, and especially that of the great passenger steamship lines of the world. All this international consolidation naturally has its reflection in politics abroad as well as in the United States. The following indicates that the Germans are not unaware of the immense importance that the operations of the Standard Oil Trust have to them.

Berlin, Nov. 21.—The members of the Imperial Commission to investigate German combines have requested the Government to extend the scope of the inquiry to include the more important foreign combinations, such as the Standard Oil and the Shipping Combine.

Count von Posadowsky-Wahner, secretary of the Imperial Home Office, has promised to furnish the commission with the official Washington publications concerning the American inquiry. It has been suggested that witnesses before the commission testify under oath as in England and the United States, but the Government objects to this on the ground that trade secrets would be affected.

The Socialists in Germany have devoted their time and attention so much to the class struggle, as they call it, that I doubt if even they, as well posted as they are upon international development, are aware of the important bearing which the operations of the American Trusts are going to have upon their own German movement. At present there is practically no organized Socialist movement in England worthy of the name; yet I am free to predict that within the next three years England will have as big a Socialist movement as any country in Europe. I do so simply owing to the fact that the industrial crisis is culminating there so fast, as England is by far the most thoroughly developed country industrially, in Europe.

THE PICAYUNE'S DESPOTISM.

There are many people who are fond of setting up a straw man when they argue against Socialism, and then knocking it down. A very good instance of this is seen in the enclosed clipping from the New Orleans Picayune:

There are two sorts of Socialism. One is where all property, all rights and all power have been surrendered to an autocrat who deals out in a sort of paternal way such benefits and favors as may please him. The other is the Socialism of the mob where the people sieze on all rights, industries and property, and parcel them out equally or place them in the hands of a syndicate or committee to manage.

Neither of these methods has ever been successful. In every case the autocrat forgot to ook out for his dependent subjects, and after suffering unbearable oppression they always rose against him and overthrew his power. Mob Socialism is simply anarchy. It has never existed save for brief periods. The most conspicuous example was the French revolution of the reign of terror. When the people could no longer endure it they set up a despot in the person of Napoleon to restore order and stability to public affairs. True American democracy is opposed both to despotic Socialism and mob Socialism. Up to the present time there has never been any other.

Of course the Picayune is talking of something it knows nothing about. There is no programme mentioned by anyone that I know of, Socialists or anyone else, which proposes to put all rights and powers into the hands of an autocrat. On the contrary, the scientific Socialist theory is to place industries in the hands of an executive, representing the people, exactly as the Post Office is now put in the hands of our Postmaster General. It hardly gives a correct idea of the status of our Post Office affairs to say that we have

parcelled out the Post Office to a mob, which is the Picayune's langnage. It says: "American Democracy is opposed to despotic and mob Socialism." The inference then is that it is not opposed to the ordinary plain variety of Socialism. To this extent I confess I am in agreement with the Picayune; and I suppose we may hereafter consider that journal as one of the mouthpieces of Socialism.

It is preaching straight doctrine.

A NARROW MARGIN

The failure of the Socialists to get an indorsement of their views from the American Federation of Labor, and the election of Samuel Gompers to the presidency, shows that the Federation is to remain in conservative hands and that it is to continue its functions as an organization for the protection of the rights of labor. But the narrow majority by which the Socialists lost shows that their cause is growing among union laborers, and that their long fight, intended to turn the Federation into a political organization is likely to win. On a test vote the count stood 4,897 to 4,171. Practically half of the organization is therefore in control of Socialists.

This does not mean, however, that half the members of labor unions are Socialists, and much less does it mean that a half of the laboring population are Socialists. The Socialists in the labor unions are tireless workers. They are sincere, energetic and self-sacrificing. When a laboring man grows prominent in the union, if he is a Democrat or Republican, he is often picked up by the politicians and his usefulness is lost to the union. The Socialist stays, and it is a part of his creed that taking office is treason to the cause. He sticks to the union and works all the while, thus making a showing which, reckoned by ordinary standards, is out of all proportion to his numbers.

But unless the conservative members of labor organizations are awake to the danger, the misplaced zeal of their Socialist brethren will turn their organization from the useful fields it now follows into a rainbow-chasing campaign that will wreck it.

The above is from a Republican paper, the Journal of Lansing, Mich. I give it not only for the interesting facts in the case, but also to show the lack of logic in the argument. The Journal says that the difference between the Socialist and the Democrat or Republican is that the Socialist stays true to the cause of trade unionism, sticks to it and works all the while, and so succeeds in making a showing out of all proportion to his numbers. This is all very well; but why the Journal should immediately proceed to refer to it as "the mistaken zeal of the Socialist brethren" is something I cannot understand; nor can I understand why it says that the Socialists are trying to get the trade unions into a rainbow-chasing campaign. If there is one thing that is perfectly illogical it is the stupidity of the trades unions working 364 days in the year against their employers in industrial combinations, and upon the 365th, election day, turning around and voting against what they have been doing all the rest of the year, instead of continuing their traditional policy by supporting the Socialist ticket.

EIGHT DAYS A WEEK.

Before the investigation of the strike there were a great many conflicting reports as to how much the miners received, notwithstanding that it was a matter to be easily determined by statistics. However, the following report of the examination before the Arbitration Committee is of interest as being absolutely authentic. It is taken from the New York Journal of December 4th:

At one point in the proceedings to-day Judge Gray leaned over to a witness and said:

"Then you work eight days a week?"

"Yes," replied the witness, and the laughter caused by the seeming "bull" was checked as the audience realized that question and answer

were really based on fact. For Jackson Ansbach, formerly a fireman at one of the Coxe collieries, had testified that for six days every week he averaged twelve hours a day, and on alternate Sundays he worked for twenty-four hours.

Ansbach and his relief, between them, had to care for the fires and the boilers twenty-four hours a day, seven days in the week. Each received $1.57 for every twelve hours of work. Ansbach testified that, besides keeping the fires going, he had to watch the ventilating fans and see that the proper amount of air was forced into the mines.

MANY LIVES DEPEND ON HIM.

"And if you fell asleep while on duty twenty-four hours at a time, and the fans did not keep going, what would happen?" asked Lawyer Darrow.

"There would be an accumulation of gas in the mines, explosion, and probably many deaths," replied the witness. The effect of this answer on the commission was apparent.

"Do you ever get any recreation?" Ansbach was asked.

"Well, once in a while, if I asked permission, I could go to church; but any absence of that kind was taken out of my pay."

Ansbach and his helper had to feed five tons of coal to the fires every eight hours, care for three boilers, remove the ashes and keep a general watch on things above ground. The helper received $1.26 for twelve hours' work. Father J. V. Hussie, of St. Gabriel's Church, Hazleton, and dean of lower Luzerne County, who has spent nearly all of his life in the coal region and who has 700 families of miners among his parishioners, was called as a witness, and made a most eloquent plea for the miners.

"The condition of the men in the Hazleton region is deplorable," he said. "They and their wives and children just barely exist. I understand that I am making this statement to the American public, and I want to be conservative, but I have gone into the so-called homes of the miners, and enjoy their confidence. I know the life they lead. They are frugal, conservative, reasonable in their demands, and God-fearing.

"When the men are well, they are not able to keep their families together. The boys are sent to the breakers as soon as they can toddle, the girls are sent to the cities to work in the mills. When sickness overtakes the miner he is denied by poverty the ordinary comforts needed by a sick man; when death overtakes him his friends must pinch themselves more to provide burial. The average child leaves school at a little over eleven years of age.

PEACEFUL, PRAYERFUL PEOPLE

"They have but little furniture in their poor houses, and live on the coarsest of food. They are not quickly raised to anger against their foremen or bosses. They are more inclined to accept their deplorable condition as inevitable.

"During the last strike there were the wildest stories of disorder and riot in Hazleton, but I, who lived among these men, saw none. The soldiers were sent to stand guard over these men, but they were not needed. The troops arrived at Hazleton one Sunday morning, expecting to put down riot, but the miners of my parish were in church at their prayers. During the entire period of the strike I saw but five men under the influence of liquor. At the beginning of the strike I gave the pledge to every miner in my congregation. Ask the brewers how their profits fell during that time."

Former employees of the Coxe Company and the Susquehanna Coal Company testified that those companies had refused to take them back when the strike was called off, declining to do so until the commission had made its award, and in the case of the Coxe Company one man was told that if the award of the commission was against the miners he would not be taken back at all.

W. H. Wright, a timekeeper, employed before the strike by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company, lost his position because he refused to be sworn in as a coal and iron policeman. He was then a non-union man. When the strike ended he was told there was no room for him.

There were many handsomely gowned women at the sessions to-day. Among those at the morning session was the wife of Commissioner Clark, who was accompanied by Mrs. George Fowler, daughter of ex-Superintendent Garret Bogert, of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

It will be noticed that not only were the men very much overworked and exposed to danger in the mines, but the amount received for work was so little that it simply meant a state of chronic starvation for the workers. When a miner dies he doesn't have enough to bury himself with, but, as Father Hussie states above, "his friends must pinch themselves to provide burial."

A TRIBUTE TO ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

It gives one a new reverence for womanhood to meet such a woman as Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It makes one realize anew the potentialities of our humanity. The prevailing ideal held before women is one of self-effacement. We say that it is a woman's business to be a good wife and mother—to be a faithful understudy of her husband. But here was a woman colossal, superb ; a philosopher ; a writer and speaker ; a pioneer ; a queen by natural endowment, and not because of any baubles she held, or of any lineage she could trace.

I paid a visit to Mrs. Stanton's pleasant apartments in New York, in company with a fellow Socialist, about three years ago. She welcomed us graciously, and introduced to us her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch. No one who has looked on Elizabeth Cady Stanton could ever forget her. I have never seen a woman's head so striking. Her brow was massive ; her mouth firm and positive ; her eyes full of conscious strength. She was truly a cosmic woman, one whose brain swept the whole of life, as the ship captain's glasses sweep the sea, to the very horizon. Nothing human was alien to her. She lived in the social thought and had no being apart from it. She spent the last week of her long and honorable life of eighty-seven years writing articles on woman's suffrage and divorce problems. Dominated as she was by her ideals of woman's suffrage, champion as she rightfully felt herself to be of the woman's cause in civil affairs, she was yet much more than that. She realized clearly enough that the so-called "woman's rights movement" is inextricably bound up in the larger social movement, and that woman's problems can never be solved until she has at least the ability and opportunity to become economically independent of man. In economics Mrs. Stanton was quite definitely a Socialist, and she contributed on occasions to the Socialist press. It is worth noting in this connection that her daughter, Mrs. Blatch, acted for some time on the executive committee of the London Fabian Society. In religion Mrs. Stanton was a singularly fearless and impartial investigator, clearly thinking out her own conclusions, and never allowing herself to be deceived by superstitions, however time-honored. On the religious issue, indeed, she alienated the sympathies of some of her nearest friends ; but in this, as in all other things, she had but one concern, and that was to be true to her own ideal of truth.

Taking her all in all, Elizabeth Cady Stanton was one of the most heroic—perhaps the most heroic—woman that this country has produced. She carried on the traditions of those great English women, George Eliot and Harriet Martineau. She was in her own person the prophecy of a coming era in which women shall be honored in the true sense of the word, as they are not honored to-day, and in which they shall occupy a much larger place in the public life and work of the world.—The Comrade.

HOW TO HELP WILSHIRE'S

I have a great many subscribers who write and tell me that they are only too willing to do anything to help along this magazine but that they cannot find a good channel for their activities. They are often too occupied to obtain new subscribers.

There is one way by which anyone can help us. Write a letter of enquiry to advertisers. This magazine depends for its success upon advertising patronage. The price obtained for subscriptions does not pay for the white paper.

I don't ask you to spend money buying what you do not want simply because a man advertises with us, but I do suggest that there are goods advertised in our columns that might interest you if you knew more of their merits. It cannot hurt you to investigate. Write to the advertiser and find out about them. Send for his circular, etc. Even if you never buy you have lost only a postage stamp. The advertiser will credit Wilshire's Magazine with a dollar in advertising value for every cent you may spend in making inquiries. A dollar spent on postage stamps by our friends may be worth a hundred to us. If you wish our advertisers to pay for the spread of Socialism don't economize your stamps. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A MODERN DESERTED VILLAGE

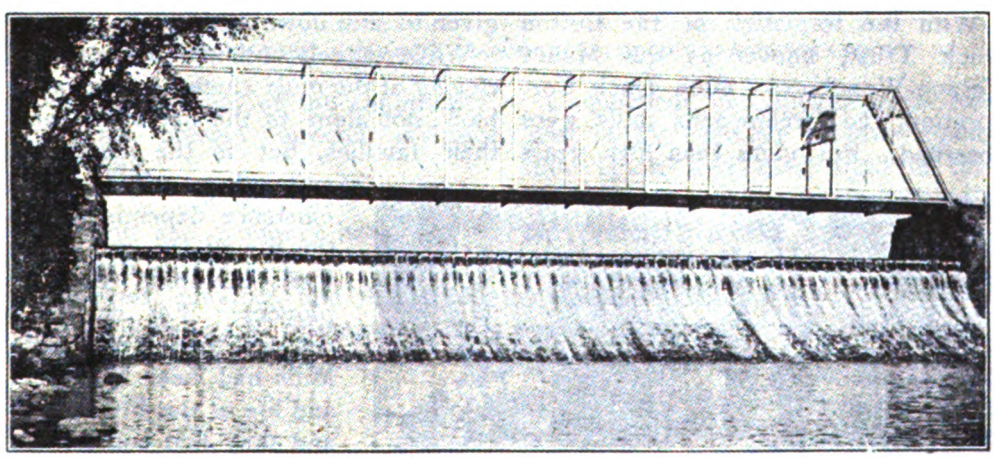
A. G. HUBERT

ONE of the direct results of the employment of white child slaves in the cotton mills of the South which has been far reaching in its effects is the closing down of a number of cotton mills in New England. The operatives, in the latter, have been thrown out of employment and now find themselves confronted with the most serious problem of earning their daily bread.

Skilled in their particular line of work, knowing no other trade, the gradual shutting down of the New England cotton mills has shut off the demand for their labor and they find themselves without work and without the prospect of work in any kindred industry where their skill and knowledge will avail them aught.

A striking case in point, where all these facts are strongly accentuated, is the recent shutting down of the Greenwoods Cotton Duck Mills in New Hartford, Conn., where seven hundred operatives were thrown out of work on short notice and left with their families almost destitute and facing the rigors of a New England winter.

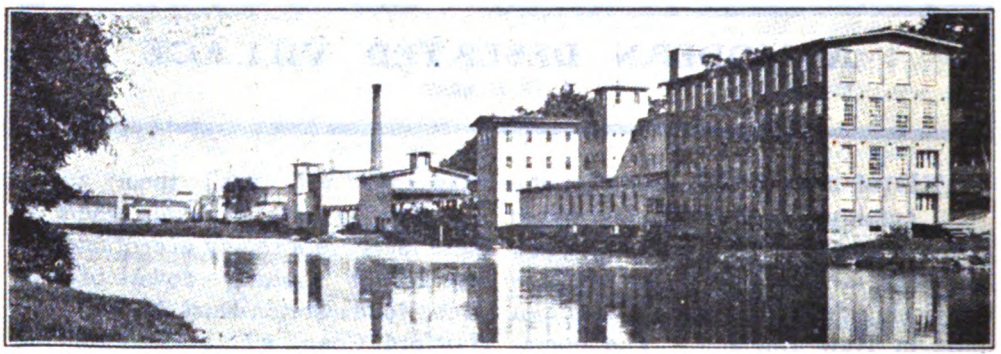
New Hartford is a New England manufacturing town of about four thousand inhabitants, situated in a beautiful valley, on a small river, about seventeen miles west of Hartford, the capital of the State. Unlike most towns of its size in New England, which have a variety of small



CHILD LABOR IN THE SOUTH CHEAPER THAN THIS MAGNIFICENT WATER POWER, ABANDONED BY THE GREENWOODS COTTON DUCK MILLS.

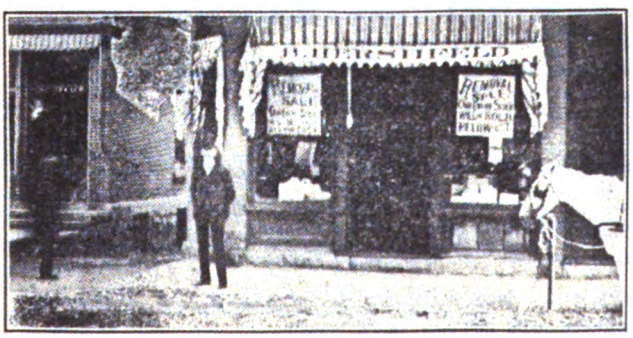
industries to give employment to its inhabitants, New Hartford has been almost solely dependent upon the Greenwoods Cotton Duck Mills for its prosperity.

These mills were opened by the Greenwoods Company, which was organized in 1848, fifteen years after the inauguration of the cotton industry in New Hartford in 1833.



SOUTH END OF THE ABANDONED GREENWOODS COTTON DUCK PLANT.

With the formation of the Cotton Duck Trust, known as the Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Corporation, the Greenwoods mills were absorbed. For more than fifty years the duck manufactured by the Greenwoods Company has been considered among the best in the world, and the trade mark of the New Hartford concern was a guarantee of highest quality.



ON THE MAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO THE POSTOFFICE. IN HEART OF BUSINESS DISTRICT.

The mills were enlarged and improved until the present plant covers an immense acreage on the banks of a large river which furnishes a superb water power.

In line with the policy of the Cotton Trust to gradually transfer its mills to the South, the Greenwoods Mills finally succumbed to the inevitable blow, and last September the order was given to shut down indefinitely.

While vaguely anticipated, the actual closing of the mills came as a stunning blow, not alone to the operatives and their families, but to the merchants and others whose very existence depended upon the life of the mills and their hundreds of employees. For nearly a century the Greenwoods Mills had been the heart and life of the little town, and they had come to be regarded as permanent a fixture as the land upon which they stood.

The operatives and their families, numbering about twelve hundred, or a third of the entire population, found themselves confronted with a serious situation. There was no other industry in the town which could offer them

employment, and they were forced to seek elsewhere. Thereupon a general exodus took place and fully one-third of the population left precipitately, and the once prosperous little town has been left in the commercial doldrums.

Many of the small merchants were forced out of business, and stores and houses are vacant on every hand. The sudden removal of nearly $16,000 a month in wages has well nigh paralyzed the business of the community, and the present outlook is most depressing.

Many of the operatives who, by their thrift and economy had acquired their own homes, now find themselves the greatest sufferers, and the coming winter will be one of privation for their families. Unable to rent or sell their places, unable to move their families, with no prospect of employment, the outlook for them is indeed gloomy.

What is true of New Hartford's experience is also the case in many other New England towns, where, however, owing to a more central location and a variety of allied industries, the effects of the shutting down of the cotton mills have not been so acutely felt.

THIS END OF TOWN ABSOLUTELY DESERTED. NOT ONE HOUSE TENANTED.

Connecticut has always been foremost in the framing of laws against child labor, and most rigid in their enforcement, and the present action of the Cotton Trust in closing its Connecticut mills inflicts a penalty on that State's progressiveness—and humanity—in having enacted and enforced such wise laws.

NEW BOOKS

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS; John Oliver Hobbes; Funk & Wagnalls; $1.50.

In "Love and the Soul Hunters" Mrs. Craigie demonstrates that she not only knows modern life and understands modern men and women, but also is an artist in delineating them. The dramatis personæ are not mere types, nor are they simply tongues to express the authoress' opinions; each one has a distinct and clear-cut personality, and the plot follows naturally because the people are what they are. A few rapid, skilful strokes and the minor actors stand before you as plainly as any person you ever met; while the development of the character of Prince Paul of Urseville-Beyelstein is the main interest in the book. Indolent, pleasure-loving, a sentimentalist whose loves blaze up and flicker for a day, he is placed in fine contrast with Dr. Felshammer, strong, authoritative, loving but once, and that with a coercive, possessive passion that is determined to win. One waits, as did Felshammer in the beginning, to see which one of the two men in him Prince Paul will finally become—"a king in the best sense or an individual in the most futile sense;" and whether the girl who wants the best or nothing will finally bring out the best there is in him. And when in the end she wins, and he, for the sake of love and a real life, renounces his claim to the throne and the aristocratic life which he recognizes is out of date, one cannot help regretting that there is nothing better open for him than the career which he chooses in the financial world of the United States. Mrs. Craigie has an unusually good grasp of the business world, and makes her American financier aptly say, "As for this phase of big combinations, it is a kind of feudalism in money, without any of the romance that seems to have gone with feudalism."

Bernarr MacFadden's New Weekly.

THE CRY FOR JUSTICE. An illustrated weekly paper. Published by Bernarr MacFadden. $1.00 per year.

This paper has many excellent points, but it seems to me that Mr. MacFadden will be unable to make the thing take with the American public unless he recognizes the necessity of organized political action to carry out his views. The following extract from one of his editorials shows that this is not his view; and it seems to me, from my own experience in the political movement of the country for the last fifteen years, that it is quite impossible to make a paper go upon radical lines unless you have an organization to back it up. He will not find Republicans or Democrats helping him, nor will Socialists help him, as they have plenty of publications of their own advocating practically the same thing that Mr. MacFadden is advocating, and at the same time building up an organization to carry out the programme they desire.

Politics are to a certain extent similar to business. The leaders must be thorough business men, and they must have a liberal supply of that uncommon possession called common sense. It may be we will not have to go far in order to vote for such a party, for the two great parties at the present day endeavor to mirror the needs of the majority. They may be slow in taking up new issues. They are clothed with all the conservatism that goes with long-organized bodies, and changes must naturally be slow, but every voter must remember that it is far better for him to vote for a powerful party which promises even minor needed reforms than for another party which advocates all that he desires and which has not an earthly chance of electing its representatives.

However, Mr. MacFadden means well, and he will learn by experience.

JOHN SWINTON. By Robert Waters. Kerr & Co. Chicago. Price 25 cents.

Robert Waters and John Swinton were shopmates in a New York printing office more than forty years ago, and at the time of Swinton's death, within the last year, their friendship had never been interrupted. Mr. Waters now tells us what manner of man Swinton was in the eyes of one who knew him so well. The narration is pleasant reading—cordial, cheery, at times breezy. It describes Swinton as a type-setter among his fellow-craftsmen;

tells how he studied several professions; how he stepped from the composing-room to the editorial department; and then the author pictures the development of the man as he measured himself with the writers and history-makers of the day. The little biography goes further. It attempts to lay bare some of the curious idiosyncrasies which made Swinton one of the bolder figures of New York, or, indeed, of the country. Swinton in the course of one interview could play heroics, transcendentalism, oraculism and farce. He could send away the interviewer thrilled, convulsed and puzzled. He could talk with extraordinary extravagance, and did so to his own enjoyment; but he could also write simply and soberly. Though always kind and gentle with the poor and humble, he was often imperious and arrogant with the haughty and powerful.

Swinton's motive as a reformer was indignation at social injustice; and his principal purpose in raising his voice seemed to be the denunciation of political and economic wrong-doing.

Faithfully
John Swinton

He never harped on a special cure, nor ran after a popular fad. Mr. Waters' story of his "career and conversation" is rich in suggestive incidents of Swinton's life; every page was written with the view of telling something, and the reader is not asked to read irrelevant letters or accounts of tedious trivialties. The facts are poured forth with the spontaneity one might expect

were he to make inquiries for the truth about the man who has passed away and be answered by the man's friend in his best mood. Mr. Waters' good heart prompted him to tell the rest of us about Swinton, and his good brain guided him in his style of presentation; for in arrangement and diction, thought and taste, his talent is manifest. Those radicals who read an overbalance of gloomy matter may recover their poise of mood in the wholesome and hearty strain of Mr. Waters' pages. It is a certainty that the little work will circulate even beyond the ranks of radicals.

J. W. SULLIVAN,
Author of "Direct Legislation."

EDGES. Alice Woods. Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.50.

Alice Woods is an artist, and quite a good one, judging by the illustrations she has made for this book of hers. They are much above the ordinary, and possess, though in black-and-white, a good deal of what she would probably term color. They have a certain style and distinction. The book has a pleasant square page of light brown paper, printed in beautiful, broad black type—a delight to the eye. In addition to the illustrations, there are decorative initial letters at the beginning of the chapters, and the cover of the book is agreeable. With these merits, and because it is written by an artist who is a woman, one takes it up with warm anticipations.

I am bound to say, however, that so much of the book as is not binding, paper, print, decoration, and illustrations, is not of a quality to delight the lover of good literature. One can easily suppose that a young lady of talent goes to Paris, and attaches herself to a studio, and perhaps even lives in the Quartier, and has friendly relations with other students; and that she develops artistic abilities which justify her in having taken so courageous a step; and that, in addition to learning something about drawing and composition, she acquires proficiency in the studio slang, and shows a real gift for referring to everything visible in language which people who lack the artistic eye find difficulty in understanding. And we may suppose that this young lady writes letters home to her friends which are full of the esoteric language above mentioned, and which contain smart bits of would-be humorous description of the things and of the persons she sees; and that she also keeps a journal, in which are entered similar descriptions and epigrammatic observations. And when she comes back to her own country, the recipients of her letters praise them to her quite sincerely and very enthusiastically, and tell her that they ought to be printed; and she re-reads the journal, and finds that also to be full of things quite as good as those in the letters; and what is easier than just to invent a little thread of a love-story on which to string these vivacious scenes and characters? Nothing is easier; and it is pleasant to feel that one's genius is not confined to a single branch of art. Accordingly she sets to work, and she makes the pictures and writes the story, or writes the story and makes the pictures, it may be; and here is the result. She draws her ideal man; and as for the heroine, we may surmise that she does not have to go very far afield for her; and the other personages are ready to hand. It is artistic not to have too crowded a canvas. It only remains to call the structure by some eccentric name—"Edges" will do —and here we are, written, published,

and launched upon the world. I say, it is conceivable that events such as I have indicated might have occurred. There is no harm in it or in the result; it is doubtless educative to write a story; and after all, if one does not like the story, one only has to let it alone.

For my own part, I feel most amiably about the whole matter, and would not for the world, merely because, being a reviewer, I am obliged in ho..or to read the story from beginning to end, make that accidental circumstance the pretext for speaking disagreeably about it. There are, I am sure, many persons who would disagree with me, were I disagreeable; they know the author, and know she is clever and writes cleverly, no matter what anybody else may say. So I shall leave the story to them, merely remarking that if I do not chance to enjoy having persons and scenes portrayed in terms of the palette and paint-shop, that is simply an idiosyncrasy of mine, and may well be kept in the background. I know and like a great many women who are not George Sands or George Eliots, or even Mrs. Humphrey Wards; and I am glad that they are not those august individuals. I may prefer Thackeray or Dante or George Meredith or Daniel Defoe to modern novelettes about American girl art-students in Paris, and the handsome and chivalric men artists who fall in love with them, and whom they distinguish by their love; but what of that? I am not everybody, thank Heaven! and I am old enough to know the wisdom of keeping my preferences to myself.

But there remains one subject to which I may still call attention; and that is, the theme which the story is designed to illustrate. Miss Woods has said in her heart, "I will be unconventional; I won't be satisfied merely with calling my book 'Edges,' but I will have the man fall in love with the girl under unconventional circumstances; it shall be just a little *risque*, as we say in the dear old Quartier; she shall read Whitman, and admire Carpenter, and talk with a delightful freedom, and be very independent, and yet very feminine in the true sense; and she shall seek the hero out in his lonely hut on the sea-shore, where he has come to be a hermit; she shall invade his hut, and burglarize his solitude, and make his tea, and criticize his pictures, and laugh at him, and astonish him with her depth and cleverness, and dazzle him with her beauty, and protest that she can't endure being complimented and made love to; and a storm shall come up, and she shall pass the night in his hut, he in one room and she in another; but still—think of it ye foolish, prudish people!—in the same small hut, all night, far away on the lonely sea-beach, with the storm howling about them! Is she not truly a heroine, and he a very Bayard! Of course, I mean nothing wrong, any more than she and he did; I shall marry them in good time; but they are to have their little fling first, and talk the most wonderful talk you ever heard. In all it shall appear, though she shall never, mind you, in the slightest particular forfeit the respect due to the most virtuous of her sex—she shall appear, I say, as rather taking the management of the thing into her own hands; she shall seek him out, keep on making him visits, even after the storm episode; she shall lead the conversation, and be daring and retiring in the most bewildering alternation; and at the end she shall herself do the proposing; though

not until she is quite sure that he was on the very verge of doing it himself. In short, says Miss Woods to herself, "I will show the world that an artist can do as she likes and come out all right, provided of course that she does nothing she ought not. This is the way the world ought to be—Hear, O Israel!—perfect freedom of intercourse between men and women, only they must be perfect ladies and gentlemen, and never fail to conduct themselves as such. *Voyons!* let us reform society, and get rid of the old pokes and the fogies, and give the community a good, wholesome shock!"

In such a guise does our innocently *risque* little friend come before us. If we are in the least good-natured, we will give a great jump, and pretend very hard to be really scandalized, and so send the child happy to bed. Dear me! Could anything be more daring than that night in the hut? And are we really coming to such things? Well, well! And they were married after all, you say? Well, that's a mercy; but really, you did give us such a start; and then that volume of Walt Whitman! Dear, dear!

Yes; but can't you see the artistic motif—the Socialistic motif—vibrating all through the innocent foolishness? There is in Miss Woods the germ of genuine revolt, in spite of her self-conscious strutting and whistling to keep up her courage. She does not want to be governed, to be hemmed in and drilled, to be told she must and she mustn't. Walt Whitman may seem to her, in her secret soul, monstrous dull reading; but if she is told that he is not a writer whom a well-conducted young lady ought to read, she will read him, if it takes a leg. She may be scared to death at the notion of staying all night alone in the same house with a man; but if she is provoked and dared to it, she will—if not do it herself, yet—make her heroine in the story do it. If she is admonished that no young lady who is a lady will tell a man she loves him until he has told her that he loves her, what will she do? Why, she will go straight and tell him that she loves him—or her heroine will, of course after having satisfied herself that he is all right, and perfectly safe, and desperately in love with her. She will, no matter what you may say; so there!

This sounds terrible, does it not? But, in truth, it is all right, and in line with the general drift of things. People are afraid of Socialism; but what is it, but a desire to be—not wicked—but good in one's own way, and at one's own initiative? We do not intend to break the Ten Commandments, or any of them; but we won't tolerate self-elected persons sitting up in a high seat and telling us that we must obey them whether or not we like it. We will be independent; we will govern ourselves; not because we mean to misgovern ourselves, but because we are conscious of a great truth, to wit, that no goodness is goodness that is not voluntary and unforced. It is not the thing that is done, but the spirit that does, that counts. We will be no longer puppets and slaves, but free men and Socialists; and yet, as you will see, we will get married in proper form at the end of the story. That is the moral of Alice's little book; and it is not a trivial one; far from it, be the book itself what it may!

John Armstrong

5 cents

5 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

February, 1903

EDITORIAL

Crosby, A Thinker Without the "H"—The American Ideal—Crumbs From the Convicts' Table—Our Tariff on Art—Yves Guyot, the Great French Economist, Criticizes Wilshire.

Bishop Huntington Defends Socialism	Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtiss
The Significance of the Trust	H. Gaylord Wilshire
Reminiscences of Archibald Forbes	Wm. Lodtmann, Ph. D.
Socialism Not Materialistic	G. E. Etherton
John Burroughs and Walt Whitman	Joel Benton
What I Saw in a Coal-Mining Town	P. P. Ayer
The Future May Yet Be An Open Book to Man	Maurice Maeterlinck

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Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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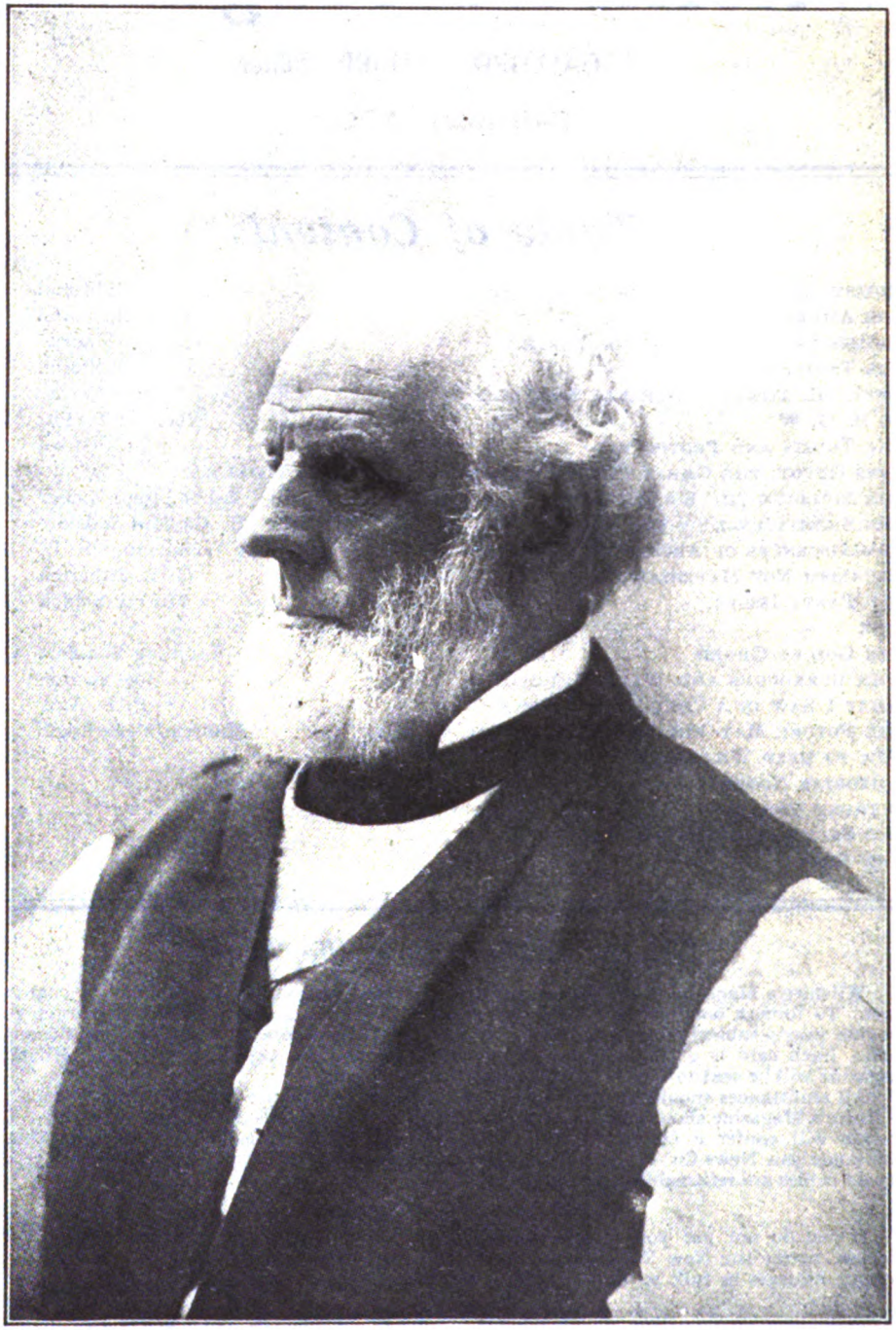


RT. REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON

BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 55 TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1903 50 Cents Per Year

CROSBY: A THINKER WITHOUT THE "H"

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE,—When I read your glowing articles on "scientific Socialism" I feel (as I have sometimes felt in the past while reading the lives of some of the most interesting French Catholics of the last century, Montalembert and Lacordaire and the rest,) what a fine thing it must be to swallow the whole business and belong once for all to this enthusiastic band! I can see the advantages of embracing a party, religious or economic. It is very convenient to have a pope like Karl Marx, a book of scriptures like Das Kapital, to be completely satisfied that you are one of the elect, and to be cocksure of just what is going to happen in the future. I can see the disadvantages of my own position, too. My Utopia is not so very different from yours. It is a world where every man shall have a free field in which to work and get the full value of his labor, and where the private appropriation of rent, interest and profit shall have ceased forever, together with class distinctions and international and race jealousies and antagonisms. But when a new convert comes to me and says, "What must I do to be saved?" I confess that I have nothing very definite to offer. Beyond telling him to love his neighbor as himself and live accordingly, and to do what he can to forward the Single Tax movement as a means of assuring justice in the use of the raw material of the globe, I have nothing to tell him. And as I see no prospect of the adoption of the Single Tax anywhere within a reasonable period of time, I am deeply sensible of the weakness and indefiniteness of my advice. Some of my best friends in the reform movement, who were economic agnostics like myself a year or two ago, have gone into your camp, and I am convinced that they have done it, unwittingly perhaps, with the sole object of having something definite to recommend. "Join the Socialist Party," "Vote the Socialist

ticket," is such easy advice to give! I should like to have such a formula ready in my pocket. It is like the Roman Catholic's call to come into the only true fold, which is salvation for those who can believe that it is; but, alas for me, your infallibility seems to me as questionable as that of the Vatican. I wish to put a few of my doubts before you as a father-confessor. Perhaps you can exorcise the demon of reason which is ever lurking in my heart. And first,

(1) What is meant by the end of the competitive system? Competition seems to me to be a rule of Nature which we cannot escape. In your Socialist state A, B and C will make boots and A will make them better than either of the others. It will follow that C, D and E will prefer to have A's boots. There is competition at once, and it seems to me to be a healthy thing in itself, furnishing a continual incentive to B and C to improve. Your magazine competes with the Century, Atlantic and Socialist Spirit and I do not see how it can help it. I presided once at a public debate on the "Evils of Competition," in which two professors took part, and the Socialist professor, who condemned competition root and branch seemed utterly unconscious of the fact that he had been competing most intensely the whole evening, just as Socialism itself is competing with Individualism. In the co-operative commonwealth you will have your foremen and managers and you will select them from the best workmen and it will be a competitive system whether you call it so or not. When you speak of the end of the competitive system, is it not the evils of competition alone that you mean? Centrifugal force has its evils, but I should hesitate about entering a world in which it had been abolished. If, then, there is good in competition, why should we make a bugaboo of it and attempt to root out a necessary part of our nature?

(2) How can you be sure that state ownership of all the means of production will not be a colossal failure? It seems to me to be a highly artificial way of attaining an end which ought to be attained automatically. It is natural that a man should have the product of his labor. The appropriation of it by others is unnatural. Private rent, interest and profit are, I believe, unhealthy growths upon society, due to artificial restraints. How can you be sure that this is not so? Until you know that free trade, free banking, free land and the other freedoms will fail to assure to every man the full product of his labor, is it wise to build up a complicated machine to achieve the same end? Would not a campaign for the removal of unjust legislative obstacles be far wiser? The healthy man walks automatically without thinking about it. A Socialist state would be like a victim of *locomotor ataxia* who has to apply his mind to every step.

(3) Admitting for the purpose of argument the desirability of a fully organized co-operative commonwealth, how can you be sure that it will develop along political lines? The lesson of history, past and present, clearly indicates that such development will be industrial and not political. The transfer of power in England from the great landlords to the commercial and manufacturing class was a purely industrial movement. The only assistance which it obtained from legislation was the abolition of the corn laws, which were artificial interferences with Nature. By the same token the proper course to pursue at the present time in

America would be in the direction of a similar removal of artificial obstacles to natural industrial evolution—such as the repeal of the protective tariff and the overthrow of the land and banking monopolies. You recognize the development of Trusts as the first step towards your Utopia. It has been a purely industrial development. Not only that, but it has been opposed and is still opposed at every advance by the political world. It owes nothing to legislation, but has been constantly threatened by legislation. Now, is it common sense to suppose that a development which has been exclusively industrial, will suddenly become political? All the vitality of our progress today is in the industrial field. The political world is dead, and its efforts at an appearance of life are merely galvanic. What hope is there for a transference of life from one field to the other? The real life of the working-class movement is in the trade-unions, because with all their faults they are industrial. Your Socialist Party is barking up the wrong tree.

(3) Furthermore, if as you say, the evolution of the Socialist state is inevitable, what is the use of all this expenditure of time and money on the dismal details of partisan activity? Here you are in the same boat with the predestinarians. They believe that the elect were preordained from the foundation of the world, and yet they send missionaries to the ends of the earth. If the Trusts are doing your work so handsomely, why not leave them alone to accomplish it? For in your party-building you are creating all the evils of partisanship and the *odium theologicum* has long been eclipsed in New York at any rate by the *odium Socialisticum.*

(4) The matter of class-consciousness has been so thoroughly threshed out that I do not care to raise it again in its entirety. On that subject we differ hopelessly. But I should like to point out that almost all the class-conscious people I know, and I know some of your principal leaders, including yourself, belong to the opposite class! And I know dozens of wage-earners who have not a class-conscious idea. Here again from your own point of view the trade-unions are fairer representatives of the class movement than your party.

I am not much of a hand at prophesying; I think that modesty is becoming in treating of the future. But if I were forced to hazard a guess at the immediate future of the labor movement, I would say that it seems probable that larger and larger combinations of capital on one hand and of labor on the other will be formed. That before long these twin monopolies will find their interests to lie in the formation of a partnership between capital and labor for the division of the spoils, the division giving the lion's share to capital. At the same time the consumers as such will be forced to combine in self-protection. This combination will not be political because the state will be dominated by capital. That meanwhile a crisis may be caused by overproduction on the lines which you have so vividly predicted is quite likely, but it seems to me very certain that the resulting arrangement will be formed in the industrial field and not in that of politics. And it surely would be far better so, for I do not see how the devil of Officialism will ever be cast out of the State. In turning every individual into a representative of the State, you are in great danger of turning him into a prig.

I suggest these difficulties with all deference, and just as I might politely hint at the inherent improbability of the Immaculate Conception to a Paulist Father. You may be right, but then again you may be wrong, and if all your efforts to secure Socialist state-treasurers and sheriffs are misdirected, does it not behoove you to re-examine the foundations of your faith? It is a great comfort to know everything, but timid minds like mine are forever fearful of knowing things that are not so. Yours sincerely,

ERNEST H. CROSBY.

DEAR CROSBY,

I don't quite like to crucify you by answering your letter publicly, but since it is your desire to be covered with this ignominy, I presume you must be like those individuals in the past, who took their pleasure in life wearing hair shirts and walking with peas in their boots, for the edification of the public.

In the first place, the Socialist no more expects to make or force society to pursue a course of voluntary development because he points out that this is the natural order of things, than did Darwin expect that men must and would develop along the lines of evolution, which he had discovered, owing to the fact that they had read his book. We Socialists are true prophets, because we have been scientific investigators of sociological movements in the past, and only from the past we determine the future. You, my dear Crosby, don't believe in evolution because Darwin is your pope, nor do I believe in Socialism because Karl Marx is my pope. We believe, simply because we understand the reasons from which Marx and Darwin drew their conclusions. It is just as absurd to talk about being converted to Socialism as it would be to talk of being converted to mathematics because you may have been shown that a column of figures added up produces a certain result.

Yes—I say join the Socialist Party and vote the Socialist ticket, but I don't say it as you would say vote for the Single Tax. I simply say it because the people who do this are those who recognize the inevitability of Socialism, and are not vainly trying to bring about any artificial state of affairs, as you Single Taxers are trying to do. We have an ideal of the future Co-operative Commonwealth in which there will be a brotherhood of humanity, and where man's soul will have a chance to live. This is an ideal which appeals to everyone. It may seem to you an impossible ideal, but certainly it is much better than having no ideal at all, which is really the position of you Single Taxers. Your idea is to allow one or two fellows like Morgan to own the earth, and rely on the rest of us taxing them as much as we can; that the large majority of us should live on the outskirts of civilization, on a kind of Pingree potato patch, and enjoy the delights of modern industrial development as best we may by having the privilege of getting a two-acre plot of land without paying rent to any private owner. I will agree at once that the Single Tax would allow a man to be sure of life in a primitive way, say approximating to that of the peasantry of Ireland, if they had no land rent to pay, but such a life has no attractions for me. It's better than starving and that is all you can say for it.

You ask what is meant by the end of the competitive system. You mean, of course, the competitive wage system. By that I mean that we propose ending the ownership of the earth by a few

Morgans and Vanderbilts, and having the rest of humanity competing among themselves as to how cheaply they can afford to sell their services to these owners without starving themselves to death. Every Socialist believes that a man should have the right to his product, subject to the necessary deduction for the support of public parks, libraries, certain free public institutions for the care of the sick, the young, etc.

If under Socialism, A makes better boots than C, and B prefers giving more of his labor time in exchange for A's boots than for C's, there can certainly be no objection ; but such is not the state of affairs today. As it is now, D, in the form of Mr. Morgan, owns the earth and gets approximately everything which is produced above and beyond what is required by A, B and C to live upon. They are simply fighting for the bones that drop off his table.

Again, I believe that in the future almost all necessities are going to be produced by machines. When you buy a barrel of flour today you don't go into all the details as to what miller ground it and as to what farmer raised it. You know there are an enormous number of barrels of flour in the market of a certain standard of quality, and you don't think about the particular individuals engaged in the manufacture of that flour, and it is the same way with the bread from the flour. When you take a car on Broadway, you don't pick out a car with a particular motorman ; the service is all about the same quality. When you want a glass of water and turn on the faucet, one glass of water is as good as another, without reference to what individual has been employed at the pumping station to pump it. You Single Taxers seem to think we have never left the personal stage of production. You are like old ladies, who think no one, but their own particular milliner, can make them becoming bonnets.

You ask, how can we be sure that state ownership of all the means of production will not be a colossal failure? You might as well ask of the unborn baby how he knows that the ownership of his legs by himself is not going to be a failure, and tell him that he should give over the ownership of them to somebody else, some Mr. Morgan. These means of production, which we now see growing into shape on all sides of us, are relatively to our body politic what the body of the unborn infant is to its soul before he is born. They are for our use and joy when we are born into Socialism.

You don't believe that these great industrial enterprises should be owned by the people collectively organized. Then you must believe, as the only alternative, that they should be owned by Morgan. There is no other choice. You talk about us building up a complicated machine. My dear Crosby, the machine is already built up. The question is whether it is going to be used to give freedom to the people or be allowed to be owned by Mr. Morgan and to keep them in slavery. Now, don't let me give you an impression that I have the least feeling against Mr. Morgan. As I have repeatedly said, if we are going to have anybody own this country I don't know of any one we could have elected who would be better suited for the position than Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan is simply a product of our industrial evolution and we are exceedingly lucky in finding such a great man for the place in which Fate has placed him. He can no more prevent being where he is, than we could

have prevented being where we are. When we make still further progress in our industrial evolution we are not going to part with Mr. Morgan; we will absorb him; make him part of our body politic; use his great genius for the public welfare instead of allowing it to be diverted to the piling up of wealth which he doesn't know how to use.

Yes; you say a healthy man walks automatically, without thinking about it, and that the Socialist state would be like a victim of *locomotor ataxia*. You must remember that the healthy man didn't walk automatically when he was an infant, no matter how healthy a baby he was. It is the same way with the Socialist state. When society has emerged from the womb of our present competitive system into the co-operative era, it, too, may be wobbly; but it will be wobbly like the healthy infant that has not yet become accustomed to using its legs. You never yet found a baby that learned to walk by having somebody else do the walking for it. Sometime or other it had to get out of its nurse's arms and use its own legs. We have now about outgrown the period when it is necessary for our nurse, Mr. Morgan, to trundle us around.

You ask me how I feel sure that when the people recognize the desirability of a Co-operative Commonwealth it will exhibit itself in a political movement? I answer that the only method by which the people can consciously and intelligently exhibit their desire for Socialism is by means of a political party having a definite Socialist Ideal. They certainly cannot exhibit it by not voting at all, nor can they exhibit it by voting for the Republican or Democratic parties. The Socialist Party gives us the only medium to express our views.

I agree with you that all the vitality of our progress today is in the industrial rather than the political field. I don't know whether your mind is Hegelian enough to understand that the Socialists really propose making the industrial absorb the political, rather than have the political absorb the industrial. They don't always say so, but they know it all right enough. In other words, we recognize that Mr. Morgan constitutes the real source of political power in this country; and, recognizing this, we propose making the industrial centre coincide with the political centre, and make Mr. Morgan's office an elective one, just as we recognized the necessity, a hundred years ago, of making the autocratic office of king an elective one and changed the name to president.

I can understand how it does not appear to you that there is any reason for us Socialists striving to introduce something which is apparently inevitable without such efforts; but again to return to the illustration of the baby, you know perfectly well that if the baby be dead, and so fails to strive to be born that the mother, without its help, often dies with it. It is necessary if we expect to be born again, for us ourselves to strive toward that rebirth. It is so very necessary that we cannot help doing it. The infant does not strive to be born because it consciously realizes that there is a future before it; it strives in obedience to the inexorable laws of Nature, and cannot help it. We Socialists strive for Socialism because we cannot help it.

As to class-consciousness, my definition is that he is class-conscious who recognizes the necessity of the rebirth of society into a state in which the implements of production shall be owned by the people as a whole instead of by

a class. I would define a man as not class-conscious, no matter whether he is a workingman or a millionaire, if he thinks we can continue as we are at present by tinkering with the taxes, or the tariff, or the banking system, or any other futility in the shape of a reform.

To conclude, I would refer to your remark about the electing of Socialists as treasurers, sheriffs, etc. If you were as conversant with the ideas of the leaders of the Socialist movement as I am, you would know that there is a consensus of opinion that it is our misfortune that the growth of the political movement leads to the election of such officials. We would much rather have a referendum upon the desirability of Socialism than be compelled to work along ordinary political lines and put certain individual Socialists into minor administrative offices; it is almost certain to be a source of great annoyance to us in the near future as the Socialist Party grows in votes. I recognize as clearly as you do the danger of electing men to offices, which have an individual reward attached to them, when the only reason we put them there is to express our desire for the social reward for all. However, under the existing circumstances, it is impossible for us not to accept this risk.

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL

IT is cynically remarked by many that we Americans have lost our ideals. As a matter of fact, it is absolutely impossible for a man to lose his ideals, although conditions may be such that unless he sees or thinks he sees the possibility of realizing them he feels it futile to dwell upon them. We Americans are today largely of the opinion that our old ideal of freedom for the citizen seems to have become an impossibility. There was a time when we all thought that individual energy and talent on the part of the citizen were all that was necessary for him to acquire an independence and be as good as anybody else.

We always realized that economic independence depended upon the possession of wealth; and now, inasmuch as a great part of the wealth of this country has passed into the hands of the Trusts, the individual acquisition of wealth has become an impossibility to the great mass of the people. We have given up hope of any distribution of the wealth held by the Trusts through the enforcement of Anti-Trust laws, and but few of us yet see that this distribution can be effected by State Ownership.

Judge Grosscup, who recently made a very learned speech about the Trusts, a *resume* of which has already been given in this magazine, says that the

first step toward the regulation of the Trusts should be the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. Of course he is right; but since he does not propose any other law to take its place, it is really a confession of a most pessimistic attitude on the part of a man who should be thoroughly competent to judge of the situation. His logic, however, is keener and clearer than that of President Roosevelt, who proposes all sorts of remedies, and each one only more manifestly impossible than the previous one, for the solution of the Trust problem. As between President Roosevelt and Judge Grosscup I prefer Grosscup's position, for he realizes the futility of things as they are, and I take it the great mass of the American people are in agreement with him on this point. We no longer have any confidence in Roosevelt and his political confreres who talk about proceeding against the Trusts on the old lines. We have largely resigned ourselves to Grosscup's position that nothing can be done. We do feel, however, that there is a future which is going to be different from what the present is. This feeling is inborn with us. We cannot get rid of the idea that America means something more than a mere pleasure ground for a few Goulds and Vanderbilts to use as a pleasure park. That the public ownership of monopolies would be a great step toward the attainment of our ideals would hardly be questioned by any one who has given the Trust problem any thought.

I appeal to the young men of America to come forward and help toward the realization of the American ideal of freedom. It is really you who should bear the brunt of assisting in making the change from the present autocratic industrial condition to a democratic one. You realize well enough that the country is certainly rich enough to make the very suggestion of the necessity of poverty a ghastly mockery. If your grandfathers could look to a future of happiness and freedom and wealth, when they had no dream of the labor-saving machinery of today, then certainly it is not flattering to your intelligence if you think that poverty is necessary when we have at hand such abundant means to prevent it.

What is the young man of America doing today to realize the ideal which must be within his breast?

Practically nothing. Instead of paying attention to political and industrial developments he is more apt to be speculating on the result of a football game or what horse will win the race tomorrow. Instead of having pity for the poor of the country who are suffering from unnecessary poverty, he is wasting his life in pool and billiard rooms, smoking cigarettes.

He goes to school and college, and his main idea is not to acquire culture or learning, but to get sufficient credit marks to graduate him with the least possible work, that he may have the greatest possible amount of time to devote to dissipation. This is certainly no flattering picture; and it has a very depressing effect upon those people who, as they view the country, do not see any reason for a change in the sentiment and conduct of our young men. However, I can see that the mode of life of the young man of America today, while most deplorable, has not quite succeeded in utterly destroying his ideals. The trouble is simply that the conditions which may look to their realization seem so impossible to him that he is now dissipating energies which would under other conditions be

turned into better and nobler channels. It is not that the young American does not wish to control his own country and his own destiny, but simply that he does not see how to do it. It is the mission of the Socialist not only to inspire these young men with the ideal of commanding their own destiny but also to show them how this command can be attained. The "reform" school of politics, some twenty-five years ago, attempted to appeal to our young men by holding up to them the ideal of honesty in office as the great ultimate. This movement has failed of its purpose, and in consequence a great many of the men of the Carl Schurz type, and those whose views are represented by the editorials of the New York Evening Post, are becoming exceedingly pessimistic. After all, this is but natural. The average young man of today has no property. He knows if he goes into politics he loses caste with his business associates, the general theory throughout the country being—and it is a well-founded one—that "politics ruin a man." This, of course, refers to going into politics with one of the old parties; for no one goes into politics with one of the old parties except with the idea of getting an office or bettering his *individual* condition. Going into "reform" politics has no attractions, because it only means that certain men are elected to office who pretend to be more honest than the "old party" men and if elected experience goes to show that they do not make good; and, even if they did, the benefit accruing from an honest administration falls largely to the few who own property, rather than to the great mass of the people.

Thus it is easy enough to see why neither "old party" politics nor "reform" politics attracts the young man. Socialist politics would attract him if he had given it sufficient thought to know what Socialism meant, but he hasn't. He regards the Socialist as a crank with some wild visions of an impossible Utopia that is to be reached some time after the next thousand years. He does not understand that the Trust is the greatest argument the Socialist uses to prove the inevitability of Socialism; and the chances are that he will not realize the force of this argument until the Trust itself finally throws him out of his job. There is no doubt that we are now rapidly approaching a great unemployed problem. When this occurs, these young Americans, who now give no attention to Socialism, will give it plenty of attention when they find their own bread-and-butter is at stake.

All mankind has an ideal of a paradise on earth; and if we analyze our idea of paradise it resolves itself into a condition of existence where every one is on an economic equality, where there is no danger of starvation, where there is not too much work and where everybody is happy. Now, in order to banish fear of starvation it is necessary to have the earth on which to raise the food, and to raise food with ease it is necessary to have machinery. We Americans certainly have provided the earth with machinery in a larger degree than has ever been done before. We know how to produce the greatest quantity of wealth with the least amount of human labor that has ever been required in the world's history. We have made the first great step toward our Earthly Paradise. The only thing that remains for us to do now is to devise a plan by which we can distribute this wealth which we so easily obtain. When we achieve that end, we shall realize the American ideal.

Our work is to make the young American see that his ideal can only be reached through the advent of Socialism.

CRUMBS FROM THE CONVICTS' TABLE

DURING the last campaign, on my way from New York to Wisconsin, I had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Tom L. Johnson speak in his famous tent, with which he carried on his Ohio campaign. While the vote of Ohio showed a Democratic loss, upon analysis it will be seen that where Mr. Johnson and his tent went, in the Northern part of the State, there was about 10,000 gain; so that his method of campaigning cannot be deprecated. It is, briefly, to take a tent capable of holding about 5,000 people, from town to town, and relying upon the novelty of the procedure to draw into it a great many people from the opposite political camp, who would not go to one of the regular halls to hear an opponent speak. There is no doubt that Mr. Johnson's methods were eminently successful from this point of view. His failure to gain a larger vote was due rather to the limitations of his

TOM JOHNSON CAMPAIGNING.

appeal to the voters than to his method of making the appeal.

Mr. Johnson is a unique figure in the American political world, and, I feel, generally misunderstood. He is a man almost as free from party ties as is Mayor Jones, of Toledo, Ohio, yet he does not hesitate to use the Democratic Party incidentally to present his views before the public. By this means he is able to gain infinitely more political strength than if he should attempt to upon relieving the smaller owners and capitalists of their taxes and shoving them upon the very rich. This, of course, is fair enough, but after all it only appeals to a very small class, and a class which is rapidly losing whatever influence it ever may have had, for the middle class will soon be extinct in the United States.

It is true that Mr. Johnson in his speech the night I heard him declared that he favored any legislation which

CROWDS WAITING FOR SCRAPS FROM PRISONERS' TABLES, OHIO PENITENTIARY.

get a number of unorganized men to attach themselves to him personally, as Mr. Jones fatuitously hopes to do. While I think that possibly Mr. Jones has a broader conception of social and political problems than Mr. Johnson, and may realize the imminence of greater changes, yet when it comes to practical politics there is no question of Mr. Johnson's comparative superiority. Mr. Johnson's political horizon is unfortunately limited by his Single Tax proclivities. He dwells too much would give to every man the full product of his labor, without deduction for the support of any parasite whatsoever, landlord or capitalist; but I don't think this is a very common conception of Mr. Johnson's programme. As an indication of how free he is from party ties I may mention that he made me a serious offer to furnish another tent, a duplicate of his own, for my own use if I would take up speaking through Ohio, and made no stipulation as to what I should say. It is not so much the expense of

running this tent (about $200 a day) which constitutes the liberality of the offer, but rather the fact that he recognizes that a Socialist can educate the public, even though he is not in agreement with their ideals. It is certainly a striking commentary upon the state of flux in which our national politics are, that a man as prominent in the Democratic Party as Mr. Johnson would dare to make such an offer to a man so well-known to be a Socialist as myself. Mr. Johnson may have been inclined to flattery, but he said in explanation, or possibly in extenuation of his offense, that he really did not know of any one, other than myself, whom he could depend upon to carry the tent meetings through successfully. Of course I had to decline with thanks, and explain to him that I could not think of supporting the Democratic Party, and that even if I could I was already engaged for a series of meetings in Wisconsin, and was even then on my way to take them up.

Mr. Johnson in his speech mentioned an incident illustrating the hollowness of the claim of general prosperity made by the Republicans. It is illustrated graphically by a photograph, which I herewith reproduce, showing a crowd of starving people waiting outside the gates of the Ohio Penitentiary to receive the scraps from the prisoners' tables. It is not so long ago when we Americans thought it was sufficiently humiliating to wait for the scraps which fell from the rich man's table. Now, however, we seem to be glad to get the scraps which fall from convicts' tables.

Mr. Johnson declares that he has no aspirations toward national politics; that he feels that his line is decidedly in municipal politics and that he hardly cares to go into state politics except to protect himself in his municipal politics. He declares he has no ambition in the direction of the presidency, and scouts the idea of the Democrats nominating him for that office. He seems to be perfectly sincere in his protestations, but I think from present indications, notwithstanding the vote in Ohio, that the Democratic Party will be obliged to take him up as the only available candidate who will be able to poll a respectable vote. All things point to the early disappearance of the Democratic Party as a factor in national politics after the next election. In 1908 the line-up will be between the Republican Party and the Socialist Party. The Democratic Party will then hardly have a position equal to that of the moribund Prohibition Party of today.

OUR TARIFF ON ART

I DO not devote much thought to the tariff question, as it has become practically a dead issue, inasmuch as the American manufacturer through the use of improved machinery is rapidly reaching the position where he can dominate the world without any help from custom duties. However, there is one tariff levied by the United States Government which ought to receive the condemnation of every American, viz., the tariff on art. If there is one thing we need more than another in this country it is beauty; and the idea of fining a man for bringing beautiful things in to us from another country is supremely ridiculous. There is absolutely no justification for it. The reason of its being a law lies in the fact that our Congressmen, wishing to curry favor with what they call "the mob," have put a duty on art so that they may say they charge the rich for their goods just as much as they charge the poor for theirs—that they cannot discriminate between classes. The average Congressman looks at art as something that is only for the rich. He does not realize that art should belong to all the people, nor that the very idea of considering art as being for the rich only is in itself an absurdity.

One of the most striking instances of the iniquitous results of this tariff is seen in the case of Millet's Angelus. This was sold to the American Art Association of New York for $116,130. When brought into New York the customs authorities agreed to allow the duty of $35,000 to remain unpaid, provided the picture was sent out of the country within six months. Before the six months had expired a M. Cauchard, of France, paid $150,000 for the picture and took it home with him, and so New York lost The Angelus, and incidentally the customs authorities lost their $35,000. Can anyone imagine anything more ridiculous than that this great picture was lost to us simply because the United States Government threatened to fine us $35,000 if we kept it here?

However, we will have no true art until we have joy in labor, and there never can be any joy in labor until we have Socialism, so that while the tariff on art must be denounced as a supreme absurdity, it is only one of the many absurdities which go to make modern life a paradox.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON DEFENDS SOCIALISM

REV. A. L. BYRON-CURTISS

BY Socialism I mean particularly that political party which appeared on our political horizon some fourteen years ago. Its growth, briefly given, is as follows. In 1888, a presidential election, the vote was 2,068. In 1892, it was 21,157. Again in 1896 the vote was 36,564. The last presidential election saw a significant increase, the vote being over 130,000.*

By Socialism I mean in general, the economic science bearing on both the industrial and social conditions of our country that the authorized exponents of the Socialist party referred to above, claim as entering into the vital elements of society, rendering their position and political action completely justifiable.

In passing let me take the trouble to say that Anarchy and Socialism should not be confounded. The two are diametrically opposed. Anarchy is confusion, Socialism is complete harmony.

The industrial and social conditions which prevail today and which the Socialist maintains as economically and morally wrong, can only be briefly and incompletely treated in this paper.

Under our present competitive system the tools of production of the necessities of life are owned by the capitalist, consequently the wage-earner is, as he never was before, the slave of capital. Labor is exploited with a rude hand. Machinery is displacing hand labor, and being owned by the capitalist, and operated only for profit, the labor market is glutted. There are more men than there are jobs, and until labor began to organize, it was the complete plaything of capitalists, and is practically so now. The theory that prevailed a generation ago, that the world was to be kept as a busy hive of industry by "supply and demand" no longer holds men.

That our industrial affairs are managed for profit primarily, is shown by the frank acknowledgment of Dr. Depew in a speech when he said—"Why must we retain the Philippines, at any price? Why are we knocking at the door of Pekin? Why? To find a market for our goods. The people of the United States produce over a billion dollars worth of stuff a year, which they cannot consume, hence a market must be found abroad." A market found abroad by the hellish system of war! The real truth of the conditions Dr. Depew cited would have been expressed as follows, viz., that the people of the United States produced a billion dollars worth of stuff, which the unholy and pernicious

* The election held the day after the paper was read saw the vote in the U. S. still more significantly increased to something over 850,000.

system we live under does not permit them to consume.

The reports of the Bureau of Labor of the United States will bear out every statement of the Socialist. The wealth of the country has increased, the ratio of wages to wealth produced has decreased in the last ten years. Wealth being retained by capital, instead of being distributed in wages, is it any wonder that poverty does not disappear?

Mr. E. G. Murphy, of Montgomery, Ala., Chairman of the Ex. Committee on child labor in the south, has informed me that the ones who have lobbied in the State Legislatures against the passage of laws looking to a correction of child labor were men from New England, who owned the mills. Among them are men of the leading families of Boston. I wrote to the Bishop of Georgia and North Carolina for their opinion of this situation in the South, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

REV. A. L. BYRON-CURTISS.

I did not hear from the Bishop of North Carolina, but Bishop Nelson wrote that he "regretted to tell me that he could not express an opinion."

The conditions are worse than the black slavery that our clergymen did not hesitate to take a stand against, and they are even worse than the evils of intemperance, concerning which so

many clergymen do not hesitate to take a stand.

You may think me radical, but no more so than Bishop Huntington, whose words I will quote.

"It is intolerable to all right religion that numbers of people should be miserable and needy while there is plenty and to spare in the Father's house. No one who believes in Jesus Christ can believe that it is the will of the heavenly Father that one part of the human family shall go hungry and destitute while another part is living in luxury and ease. The most tragic fact about this poverty and ignorance is not the hunger and suffering, though these are sad enough. The saddest feature about it all is the waste of human life, the fact that the wonderful possibilities in these human brothers are never unfolded and realized. A social and industrial system in which one man controls thousands of lives and is possessed of millions of money; in which able-bodied men willing to work walk the streets in desperation looking for a job; in which thousands of women, owing to oppressive labor and small remuneration, are under a continual temptation to barter womanhood for gain; in which are tenements not fit for pig-sties where women fight with fever, and infants pant for air and wail out their little lives; in which the sweater's den and the grog-shop thrive—such a society is very far, indeed, from that order which God wishes."

My contention is that the clergy ought to take a positive stand in this matter; and as I will try to show, if they take a stand with either of the old political parties they are themselves parties to all the evil and pernicious conditions brought on by unnecessary poverty.

In the first place the Church has failed in her mission in the world. She has been one of the forces in civilizing society, but she has not Christianized society. The principles and precepts of Christ no longer prevail, but instead the principles of the world, the flesh and the devil hold sway.

Let me quote both from those high in the religious world—and too, from those workers of the world, who are beginning to think for themselves, and note their statements.

First from Leo XIII:—"The common welfare (of society) urgently demands a return to Him from whom we should never have gone astray; to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life—and this on the part not only of individuals, but of society as a whole."

Next let me quote from one of the leading Protestant Divines, Dr. Parkhurst, "It is often claimed that church attendance is on the decrease. I do not know, but even if it is so, it may possibly be as much due to the debility of the churches as to the depravity of the people who stay away from them."

Next from Bishop Huntington, being a part of the same article from which I have already quoted.

"The mission of the Church is evident; the Church's credentials are clear; the need of the world is great. Nothing could be more weak and pitiful than for the Churches to confess that whole provinces of life lie beyond their interest. Nothing could be more cruel and cowardly than for the Churches to say that they have no word to offer on the problems which make the peril and the opportunity of our time. Nothing could be more calamitous and short-sighted than for the Churches to leave to outsiders, to unbelievers often, the discussion of current wrongs and the leadership in moral reform."

Now let me quote from a common printer, a member of the Typographical Union of New York, commonly called the "Big Six." In a booklet written by him on one aspect of the social conditions in the United States, he says, "I make no attack on religion—but, in more than one age of man, the work of the world has been the rescue of religion from the church, of equity from the law, and of justice from the courts. One of the most pitiful spectacles of the day is the subserviency

of great churchmen to some very eminent gentlemen."

Any hopes to better the conditions through the old parties, or professional politicians is futile. Efforts through either of them will avail nothing, and why?—because neither of the old party politicians will ever really run the country again. It is run now and forever will be run, so long as the competitive system lasts, by the capitalists and for the benefit of capital. Does any sane man pretend to tell me that Dr. Depew and Mr. Platt represent the commonwealth of New York in reality? The one represents the interests of the Vanderbilt family and the other the interest of the express companies.

Labor Unions have about given up in despair, in their efforts to obtain legislation in their own interest. In New York, bill after bill has been drafted by the labor leaders, looking to the increased benefit of the working class. They have suffered one of two fates. They are either so amended that if passed are as "harmless as babes," or, they are allowed to become a laws, and are then declared unconstitutional. The "Employers' liability bill" introduced last winter was submitted to the former treatment. It was time amended, so that by the time it was passed, it actually made an employer immune from any damages for accidents that might happen to a man in his employ. The committee of union men who had been appointed to "lobby" for the bill saw there was no effort at fair treatment, by the men who had been put in power by the votes of the workingmen and they asked the governor to veto the bill. Is it any wonder that many of them are now among the warmest supporters of the Socialist Party?

That the Capitalists run the Government, and propose to do so henceforth, is evidenced by what anyone can see who takes the trouble to look into the matter. They put millions of dollars into every important campaign. They dictate the policy and action of the Republican party. If it was to the furtherance of their ends, they would do the same thing with the Democratic party.

A year or more ago, Charles Schwab, the president of the Steel Trust, made an address to a club of "Working Boys" connected with a church of our own communion, viz., St. George's, New York. Now what was the advice that fell from his lips, to those boys organized by a Christian and Catholic Church? Was it to follow the teachings of the Great Head of the Church? To love and help one another, to assist the weak, and to be fair and honest? As reported in our own "Church papers" it was as follows: "Now boys, to get on in the world, 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." And I ask, why, if he is a Christian, did he not give the boys some Christian advice? And if he is not a Christian, why is he in the Church?

In closing, I want to speak of what I consider the key note to the situation, referred to by Bishop Huntington. "Nothing could be more shortsighted —calamitous—than for the Churches to leave to outsiders, to unbelievers often, the discussion of current wrongs and the leadership in moral and social reforms." The Bishop probably had no thought of the organization of the Socialists, the Socialist Party, but I know well that his words can justly apply to them. They have taken up the work with a sincerity and religious devotion and intelligence that cannot be gainsaid or denied. They must ultimately succeed. While many are not members of any Church and

some are unbelievers, yet some notable accessions have been made from the Churches. Two Roman priests have been able to see the difference between the Catholic Faith and economic facts, and are now among the warmest supporters of the Socialist Party. But the generality of the men of the party are not prominent Churchmen of any creed. And why? Is it because, as the Socialists allege, the pulpit and altar have been prostituted by the Capitalist? They (the Socialists) certainly are in advance of the Church of today, in its work for humanity. And believe me, the Church will suffer if it lets others take up the work she herself ought to perform.

[This article was prepared and read as an essay or "Paper," on Nov. 3, 1902, before "The Utica Clerical Union," an association of Episcopal clergy of the Counties of Oneida, Herkimer and Madison, State of New York. It has a membership of thirty-three, and holds meetings monthly from October to May, in Utica, N.Y. The essayists are at liberty to choose their own subjects. Instead of selecting some subject on the internal affairs of his church, such as "The Ethics of Ritual" or "Rubrical Directions," etc., the author selected what he considered would be a "live subject," pertinent to the affairs of Society. In the discussion of the Paper that followed its reading, while the clergy present had no kind words to say for it, they uniformly avoided referring to vital questions such as "the extending of commerce by war," "child labor in mills," etc. Among the accusations made concerning it was one that practically impeached the author's soundness in the Faith. The Paper was submitted to the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., etc. The Bishop, over eighty years of age, has during the nearly fifty years of his public life been noted for his eminent fairness in all things and to all men, whether rich or poor, or of high or low degree. His answer in this instance was characteristic. In a most kind letter to the young priest, who had been put under suspicion concerning his orthodoxy by a brother priest older and in a higher position, the Bishop said, "I have read your Paper. There is no idea, sentiment or statement in it which is not in accordance with the teachings of our Lord, the Son of Man, and the New Testament; or to which I do not heartily assent." This did not end the matter, however, for there immediately ensued a long correspondence, bordering almost upon bitterness, and necessitating the submission of the whole matter to the Bishop for the second time. This only resulted in a second vindication of the writer, the serious charge of blasphemy, made when the Paper was read, being withdrawn.

During the controversial correspondence, which was most aggravating, Rev. Mr. Byron-Curtiss maintained a most dignified course, avoiding any indiscreet utterances that would compromise or reflect upon the Socialist cause, or that might work to his own embarrassment. For this he was complimented by Bishop Huntington, who wrote: "As respects your correspondence. It seems to me you can well afford to leave it just where it is. Your position is secure and impregnable. As a prophet of God, in the name of the Saviour of the world, the Carpenter's putative Son, the workingman's companion and friend, you have delivered your message in His Spirit. Nothing need now be added to it or taken from it. Any bitter or harsh or cruel thing said about it will not hurt you."

That this really godly bishop is in complete sympathy with the pure and lofty principles of Socialism is shown by another expression in a letter to the Rev. Byron-Curtis. Speaking of the confusion between Socialism and Anarchy in the minds of so many, he said of Socialism—"If kept clear of this misleading alliance, I have no doubt thousands of minds would accept and perhaps express the views which you and I hold and have received from God's word." It might be added that the Bishop is President of the American branch of the Anglican society known as the "Christian Social Union."

The Rev. Mr. Byron-Curtiss, who has so stirred up such a "mare's nest" by his Paper, is the "Priest-in-charge" of St. Joseph's mission church at Rome, N.Y., having been appointed in 1894. His congregation of some five hundred souls is composed of the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water" in the industrial world. They are mostly operatives of mills and large manufactories. This, and the fact that his sympathies had always been with the working people, caused him to study the industrial and economic problems of Society, and he arrived finally at the conclusion that Socialism was the only solution. He cast his first Socialist vote in 1900. He was one of the original members of the Rome Socialist Party. In his preaching he seldom refers to Socialism, but, as he expresses it, preaches the Gospel, which he declares is purely Socialistic in its principles. He constantly laments the fact that the Church has permitted the present pernicious social conditions to come about, but declares that the advent of Socialism will be the salvation of the Church, freeing her from the present thralldom to the world and the flesh. He believes profoundly in the Church as a Divine institution, and says there will be a greater demand for a Church, purified, under Socialism, than now. During the last campaign he made many speeches in the central part of New York. But here again he found reason to lament the failings of the Church of God. The very fact that he was a clergyman and represented an institution that has "winked" at the sins of the rich, and neglected the necessitous poor, made many of the working people he addressed more or less suspicious of him and his honesty in his espousal of Socialism.]

TO H. G. W.

ETHELBERT D. PITT

I.

THE MAN. I see you now, as when, soul meeting soul,
We walked the quiet city's streets; the night
Close-drawn about us, and the sense of sight
In life and heart grown clear from Day's control,
I met your spirit face to face; the toll
Of life's strong years was shadowed there; the might
Whereby his tireless hours and days have flight:—
The mystery and mastery of goal.
But, Oh! how tired your spirit was; the sense
Grew on me deep and still, if I could reach
My hands to yours—could touch your soul, and teach
The oft unquiet strings new tones, from thence
The harmony of life would throb, intense
And more invasive than the soul of speech.

II.

HIS SOUL. Beneath the shadow of the cleaving years,
Below the mist of things that seem, I see
Your spirit's life as made by God to be,
In strength and silence, nor beset with fears.
Keener than quivering dawn, more deep than tears
Or faith may know, and as the brooding sea,
Your soul beneath the wind of destiny
Thrills and responds to all your spirit hears.
To all the things your life has won, the deep
Eternal peace seems far away; for life
With you leaps to the shock and rush of strife,
Quickened at every pulse; until in sleep
Alone, and some still hours that come, the sweep
And consciousness of rest and peace seem rife.

III.

THE GOAL. What is this power that broods about your soul,
Holding your feet upon the arduous way
Whereby the dawn-fire of the World's New Day
Shall come, and wake all life to Love's control?
The dissonance of Death, the cringing dole
Of Fate ofttimes has held your spirit's sway;
But naught of Fate or Death has power to stay
Your footsteps from the World's Immortal Goal,
From life to birth—from birth to life, the One
Who made your soul to live, left naught undone
To make your faith as strong as life could see;
And till that hour that knows the goal as won,
His sense shall hold your own; His destiny
Shall mark the splendor of the Day to be.

THE TRUSTS AND PROTECTION

YVES GUYOT

Answer to "The Significance of the Trust." (Translated from the French by Richard Kitchelt.)

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, with a liberality which I regret I do not observe him extend to economic questions as well, has requested my opinion of his pamphlet—"The Significance of the Trust;" I thank him for it.

On the first page Mr. Wilshire indicates clearly, the proposition he intends to sustain. "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." But as he is careful to immediately relieve the classical economists of the illusion that he would "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." I doubted it at first.

Mr. Wilshire takes the position sustained by Karl Marx in his Communist Manifesto of 1847. The trusts represent the concentration of enterprises. Thus the Trusts are a natural gradation "of our industrial system from competition under private ownership to monopoly under private ownership, and from monopoly under private ownership to monopoly under public ownership," and the logical consequence of their institution is the "nationalization of industry."

In order to arrive at this conclusion, Mr. Wilshire invokes the following arguments:

1. The Trusts are the result of competition and not of protection.
2. The Trusts have for their object the limitation of production which is in excess.
3. In the United States capital is in excess and the unfortunate capitalists do not know how to employ it.
4. The United States can be all-sufficient for itself.
5. Wages are based upon the cost of living and not upon the productive power of the wage-worker.

I am going to examine these various postulates; for if they are not correct, there is some chance that Mr. Wilshire's conclusions are not.

II.

Trusts are the inevitable result of the competitive economic system.

Mr. Wilshire affirms that "the trusts are now admitted to be the inevitable result of our competitive economic system." To discover whether this assertion is well founded, I read the "Financial Report of the United States Industrial Commission," and found that the great development of the trusts arises from the monopoly of the railroads.

The final report (p. 597) explains that "large shippers often succeed in obtaining special concessions, in receiving either special rates or rebates from the published rates. Among the most active of such shippers favored by rebate arrangements, was the Standard Oil Co. The Standard and these earlier companies not only received rebates upon their shipments over certain lines of railroad, but in some instances, were paid a percentage upon all shipments of oil over the road, including even those of their rivals."

Thus the great power of the Trusts arose from the favor granted them and which is still granted them by the railroad companies.

Mr. Wilshire seems to consider that there is no relation between the Trusts and Protection. The final report says (p. 627) "In some instances the protective tariff may have furnished occasion for combination, when, for instance, a new industry, like the manufacture of tin plate has been started under the direct stimulus of the tariff. If profits are exceptionally high for a time since capital is called into that line of industry, and the strong competition which naturally ensues reduced profits so low that competitors saved themselves by combining."

The report further says—"Witnesses before the Industrial Commission advocating free trade have contended that prices of products in protected industries were higher than imported articles of the same kind would be in the absence of protection.

Competition instead of being generally diffused, is limited to the borders of countries. The final report, far from contesting the consequences of this restriction says—"It is clear that this domestic competition has lost its free power to lower prices. The United States Steel Corporation, which is said by its officers to control something like 80 per cent. of the Lake Superior ores, and most of the coking coal thus far discovered, is cited in illustration. It is contended that such ownership is monopolistic, because the ores in various southern and western states, on account of their distance from the leading markets, are of comparatively little effect in promoting competition throughout the country. It is also contended that the tariff of 40 cents a ton on iron ore effectually prevents the establishment of iron and steel plants on the Atlantic coast, which might use ore from the Canadian Lake Superior country.

* * * * * * * * *

Some protectionists frankly admit that the free admission of raw material might tend to revive the heavy iron industries of the coast, but they say that protection is a national policy, calculated to develop our own natural resources and that to secure equitable adjustment involves the necessity of some concessions."

If the final report does not insist further upon this it is because "from the first, the Industrial Commission has considered the subject of the tariff as belonging outside the realm of its investigation." But since I have not the same motive for reserve, I recall the interesting studies of the reflection of the tariff on prices, and the profits of the Trusts, published by the American Free Trade League of Boston.

The manufacturers of New England are reminded that "iron and steel billets are the chief materials of their industries," and, in a statement it issued in May 1901, it declares that "protection is nothing except support given by the government to monopolies and Trusts."

The producers of iron and steel state that they produce cheaply. "If iron and steel are produced cheaply they are sold dear," replies Mr. J. B. Sargeant, manufacturer of hardware in New Haven, Connecticut, "and this is the condemnation of the tariff." In May, 1902, before the Industrial Commission, Mr. Edward Atkinson and Mr. H. W. Lomb, President of the New York Free Trade League, showed that between the prices demanded in the United States, and those asked in foreign countries, there were differences of sixty and even ninety per cent.

Mr. Schwab has said to Mr. Joseph Lawrence, Member of Parliament, that he could sell steel billets at $16.50 per ton. Why, then, does he sell them for $26 in the United States? Or actually for $30?

Before the Industrial Commission he said he exported steel rails at $23 per ton; then why does he sell them at $26 and $28 in the United States, a difference of twenty-one per cent?

Mr. Byron W. Holt has furnished the following table of the part played by the Tariff in the profits of the United States Steel Corporation:

PRODUCTS	VALUE	TARIFF	TARIFF BENEFIT
Steel Rails (tons)	$ 1,500,000,000	$ 7.84	$12,000,000
Structural Steel (tons)	350,000,000	11.20	4,000,000
Tin Plate (boxes)	7,000,000,000	1.50	10,500,000
Nails (kegs)	8,000,000,000	.50	4,000,000
Barbed Wire (lbs.)	660,000,000,000	.002-5	2,600,000
Other Wire (tons)	900,000,000	.01½	9,000,000
Tubes (tons)	500,000,000	8.96	4,000,000
Plates and Sheets (tons)	1,000,000,000	13.44	10,000,000
Other Steel (tons)	2,000,000,000	.01	20,000,000
Total			$76,100,000

The tariff, then, accounts for more than two-thirds of the 111 millions profits of the United States Steel Corporation. Without the tariff it would not have exceeded 35 million dollars of which the interest on the 304 millions of five per cent. bonds would have absorbed more than 15 millions. There would remain then, 20 million dollars for interest on the 850 million shares of stock valued at 1,100 million dollars. These 20 million dollars would represent on this stock an interest of 1.70 per cent. With the conversion of 200 millions of preferred stock into 200 millions of bonds, voted April 19, 1902, and an increase of 50 millions of bonds, there would remain only 2½ million dollars, that is to say, nothing, with which to pay not alone interest on the common stock, but on the preferred as well.

The "Portland Oregonian" thus aptly characterizes the United States Steel Corporation. "Abroad, it is a formidable colossus; at home, it is a baby crying for protection pap."

From these facts I return to the postulate of Mr. Wilshire, and I say: The Trusts are the result of protection and not of competition.

III.

USEFULNESS OF TRUSTS IN LIMITING AN EXCESS OF PRODUCTION.

Such is the second postulate of Mr. Wilshire; but here appears immediately the relation between protection and the Trusts. The right to protection immediately inspires this idea in a capitalist. Thanks to it I am sheltered from foreign competition and may take the profits which it guarantees me. But if there is one capitalist who reasons thusly another does so too; and there are ten, a hundred, a thousand who do. The protection which prevents foreign competition develops domestic competition and

national overproduction. This national overproduction is the spectre which haunts the dreams of Mr. Wilshire. He cites authors who justify this terror.

"Chauncey Depew says we are producing 2,000 million dollars worth of goods every year more than the home market can absorb." He declares that "in normal conditions the machinery of production will produce more in three days than we can consume in a week. Man's material wants are limited."

I am not quite sure whether these facts, cited by Mr. Wilshire refer to Canada or to the United States or to all the inhabitants of North America. I am pleased to learn that all these happy mortals are possessed of such an abundance that it exceeds the limits of their requirements. I have some difficulty in believing it. I am sure that, were I to question a house-keeper, she would tell me that she has not sufficient linen, that she is obliged to economize on dresses and hats, and even on her shoes and those of her children; that her rooms are a trifle too small. All Americans do not wear silk dresses, and are not covered with lace. I admit that the majority of the inhabitants of Canada and of the United States have at their disposal good beef and good bacon; there are numbers of Frenchmen who would not find such diet sufficiently varied and who would require wine in place of water. Beyond doubt, of all the cereals, wheat is the best.

The wheat crop of 1900 in the United States was 522 million bushels, which, divided among 76 million inhabitants, allows 7 bushels per head. From this must be subtracted 122 million bushels exported during the fiscal year 1900-1901; leaving 5 bushels per head. Now, the consumption of wheat in France is 120 to 130 hectolitres for 39 million inhabitants, which is more than 3 hectolitres per head or nearly 9 bushels. Thus the consumption of wheat in the United States is little more than half as much as that in France. The ability to consume wheat has not, therefore, reached its extreme limit in the former.

When the production of iron in the United States reaches 16 million tons, it allows 200 kilos per inhabitant, whilst the English product of 9 million allows 214 kilos per inhabitant; and in fact, the enormous consumption of iron in the United States, the 1,200,000 tons of rails ordered from there last June, shows that the requirements increase rapidly. The consumption would be still greater were not so large a part of the purchasing power of the people absorbed by the increased prices due to the import tariff.

Mr. Wilshire declares that "Europe will soon be unable to sell anything to the United States." Within three months, England has sent them iron and steel, and at the moment I write these lines, is forwarding them 200,000 or 300,000 tons of coal. In the year ending June 30, 1902, Europe exported 449,604,000 million dollars worth to the United States. This is something, but it is only seven per cent. of her total exportation. Consequently she could lose that market without going bankrupt. Mr. Wilshire may reassure himself on this score. But there are certain things produced by old Europe which the United States will always be obliged to buy of her; such as the silks of Lyons, the costumes of the tailors of the rue de la Paix, feathers and artificial flowers, jewelry and precious stones and champagne. A people can no more be sufficient unto itself than can an individual.

"The wants are limited" repeats Mr. Wilshire. It seems to us that the nineteenth century proves the contrary. It has expanded the limits of comfort to a degree our fathers never dreamed of. If one had spoken to them of trains travelling seventy miles an hour they would have called him a fool who would have dared to make such an assertion. Had one spoken to them of crossing the Atlantic in five or six days in a complete suite of apartments including a bath-room, they would have declared that only some prince could enjoy such a luxurious arrangement. Without doubt every one cannot yet enjoy these. There are emigrants who, lodged in the common compartment, have at their disposal only a mattress and a blanket; but, if they put up with these, they would none the less desire the saloon. It is not the desire which they lack, but the price.

Of the 1,600 million persons who exist on the earth there is only a minute minority, perhaps a sixteenth, whose standard of life is above misery. Mr. Wilshire says: "The Trust being the only producer in the field, produces exactly what the market needs."

The Trusts can, in effect, reduce production by artificially raising the price of their products; but should the consumers felicitate themselves on this manner of regulating the market?

IV.

"SATURATED WITH CAPITAL."

Mr. Wilshire is afraid not only of overproduction, but he is also terrified at the richness of North America. "We are saturated with capital," he says, "and can absorb no more" (p. 14). What a happy country where no one says, "O, that I might be rich!"

Mr. Wilshire continues:

"The present immense flood of capital in the United States is shown by the treasury balance ..... the banks are overladen with money. Interest was never known to be at such a low rate" (p. 14).

The actual facts show the mistakenness of this enthusiasm of Mr. Wilshire about the riches of the United States. At the end of September the rate for money in Wall street rose to thirty-five per cent. Mr. Morgan had, before the end of the stringency, put 14 million dollars into the market; but he borrowed them in Europe. The Secretary of the Treasury was obliged to accept, as guarantee for deposits not alone United States bonds, but also various securities upon which the banks conduct their immediate exchanges; he was obliged thus to release 40 millions of dollars in treasury bonds and the banks consented to a new loan of 130 million dollars. But this did not suffice to bridge the gap; the Secretary of State believed it necessary to have an interview with the Bank of Austria-Hungary for the purpose of borrowing of it 100 million crowns for reserve. Finally, America borrowed of the Bank of England, to an extent that the Bank again raised its rate of discount to four per cent.; and it negotiated also with the Bank of Berlin. The excess of exportation over importation of the United States has been during the following years:

	NET EXPORTS (Including silver) millions of dollars	NET IMPORTS	GOLD EXPORTS
1897 . .	317 6	44.6	
1898 . .	639.6	104.9	
1899 . .	555.5	51.4	
1900 . .	565.9	. .	3.6
1901 . .	692.8	11.3	
	2,741.4	212.2	
		3.6	
		208.6	

Up to 1897 exportation of gold was in excess; during the five years from 1897 to 1901, the total excess of exports of merchandise rose to 2,741 million dollars, though the total importation of gold did not exceed 208 million dollars. Consequently when the excess imports of gold equalled 100, the excess exports of merchandise equalled 1,319.

Let Mr. Wilshire feel at ease. Not only is the United States not so saturated with capital that it must seek to place it in Europe and China; but it even has need for European capital. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has the reputation of being an importer of British capital for the United States. Neither is Canada quite sheltered from financial and industrial crises; and the 7th October, 1902, "the Dominion Steel Company's shares had declined 28 dollars from the highest recent prices." Mr. Wilshire need not be so prodigal of his condolences to the capitalists when he says, "Let us cast a broad, sympathetic look over the surface of the United States, with the perplexed eye of a man with a million of dollars or more looking for a promising and safe investment." Mr. Wilshire says, "If one bridge is sufficient to carry me from New York to Brooklyn, then two will be a surplus." But is this one bridge the last word of civilization? Will we not tomorrow demand means of transport which will make the journey more and more rapidly? Does Mr. Wilshire believe that the tools of production in the United States are so perfect that nothing further can be added to them? Yet its railroad system represents only 3.4 kilometers per square myriametre, while that of Belgium represents 21.5, that of England 11, and that of France 8.

Mr. Wilshire wonders, "Would he care to build another transcontinental railway? I think not?" Does he believe, then, that the present roads are perpetual? That they will never need rebuilding? That they will never be doubled? And does he imagine that travel will never be great enough to warrant the construction of another line, traversing other territory?

He represents Mr. Rockefeller as compelled to absorb everything in order to use his capital. There is a limit to this absorption. His investments cannot always result profitably. Finally, Mr. Rockefeller is only mortal, like everyone else. True, he has a brother as his partner. "Who's who in America," does not tell whether either are married and have children; and if they have none, then their fortune stops with their lives. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is married; he has no children; and actually he is seeking means to dispense his millions so as to benefit future generations. These examples may reassure Mr. Wilshire.

V.

THE WEAK POINTS OF THE TRUSTS.

Mr. Wilshire holds the idea that the constitution of a Trust is sufficient to insure it profits. It insures above all, profits for the financial syndicate which forms it. The Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin of New York, published Dec. 29, 1901, a very interesting study of the profits of the syndicate which formed the United States Steel Corporation. The operation left them $67,300,000 of preferred stock and $59,000,000 of common, by means of the payment of 25 million dollars in cash which they were able to secure by selling a sufficient quantity of their stock. The difference, greater or less according to the price at which it sold them, they received.

Most of the thirteen companies which

formed the nucleus of the United States Steel Corporation, were already majority holders.

According to the Investors' Supplement to the Commercial and Financial Chronicle of March 2nd, 1901, the hundred dollar common stock of these companies was worth from 12 to 79 dollars, the last figure being the highest to which their shares had ever attained. The Engineering and Mining Journal of New York, shows that for seven of these companies Mr. Morgan paid 531,000,000 dollars, although the original capital was but 457,000,000 dollars. The common stock of the United States Steel Co. has fallen to 37. They oscillate at present a little above 40 and the preferred stock is at 90½ and has never reached par.

The common fault of Trusts is their overcapitalization; but this overcapitalization, far from increasing their power, weakens them. The common stock is generally considered pure water; and rightly.

The Final Report of the Industrial Commission says, "Most of the organizers of large combinations are of the opinion that earning capacity, as well as tangible assets, is a proper subject of capitalization. The common stock is broadly said to represent good-will and opportunity."

Large concerns can establish themselves with more economy than small ones, and minimize their general expenses with a larger output. They can profit further in transportation; they are able to economize on freight charges and on advertising; but, on the other hand, the members of their executive boards may have divergent interests and ambitions; their directors have not the same degree of personal interest that the proprietors of industrial concerns have; it is difficult to vary the nature of the products; purchases can be made only in large quantities; and lastly the great industrial combinations are crushed by the high capitalization.

In his enthusiasm for the Trusts Mr. Wilshire says, "The Trust is not only a protection against undue competition but 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 Final Report of the Industrial Commission does not consider this postulate as evident. It remarks that, "Since the organization of the United States Steel Company many of its competitors have increased their capital stock and facilities. Even a small establishment of $200,000 capital, whose raw material is largely scrap steel, claims that it has no reason whatever to fear the power of the great combination, owing to its special line of work."

VI.

THE DIFFUSION OF CAPITAL.

The formation of Trusts does not procure great profits for some financiers except on the condition that they permit the diffusion of their holdings. Now, this diffusion dispenses their capital among numerous holders; it makes more and more capitalists; it thus destroys the assertion of Karl Marx that capital must concentrate in fewer and fewer hands and that the number of proletarians, living only by their labor, must increase. The formation of stock companies, be they small or large, aids this result which, far from bringing on a social revolution, makes it more distant.

Most of those who most ardently desire the nationalization of the property of others, intend to guard their own private ownership. Thus the

Trusts are not a preparation for "the nationalization of industry."

VII.

WAGES AND THE TRUSTS.

As a consequence of the overproduction which he forsees, Mr. Wilshire says, "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." And then he pictures the workingman seeking out the capitalist and saying to him, "If you cannot give me work I will take your raw material and your machinery and will work on my own account!" But, as Mr. Wilshire is very careful to note, each workman in search of work would be unable to go about it in this manner without throwing the industrial system into a state of anarchy, he requires that the State provide work for the unemployed. This is "the nationalization of industry."

Mr. Wilshire has neglected to prove that during half a century the improvement of machinery has decreased the number of workmen in the United States, in England, Germany, Belgium, France, etc.

In the United States the population increased between 1890 to 1900, from 62,800,000 to 76 millions. The total increase was 21 per cent. though the rural population increased only 12 per cent., from 35,800,000 to 40,300,000. Therefore the increase has been chiefly of the industrial population.

Mr. Wilshire says that wages are based on the cost of living. Then the Trusts which raise prices must increase the cost of living and consequently wages.

But, in fact, wages are determined by the consumers. The manufacturer merely advances money and his customers reimburse him. He does not care whether coal comes from a rich or from a poor mine. He buys the cheapest coal, quality being equal. When an increase in wages is reflected in the price of products, the consumers have this alternative: to stand the increase or do without. If they quietly strike, without prearrangement, but persistently, no strike of the wage-workers can establish nor maintain the price of a product above that to which the consumers will consent.

Mr. Wilshire says in conclusion that Democracy must, industrially as politically, replace Autocracy. I am of his opinion; and that evolution will be accomplished when the contract of labor is considered as a simple business contract. In reality it is not labor which is paid by the employer; it is the products of labor or certain services, which he remunerates. When the notions of economic science have penetrated the minds of the wage-payers alike with the wage-earners, there will come a time when these latter will be no more than furnishers of products; they will be sellers by the same title as are sellers of raw materials or of machinery.

The manufacturer will buy at wholesale its products of the labor organizations, just as he buys at wholesale his raw material and his machinery.

The only difference is that he will provide his workmen with the machinery and the raw material for work. This will be the commercial organization of labor which will insure the reciprocal independence of wage-worker and wage-payer.*

Does Mr. Wilshire believe, then, that if work were distributed by functionaries, if all economic life were subordinated to governmental

* See "The Commercial Organization of Labor" by Yves Guyot.

authority, establishing, in place of the commutative justice which results from exchange, the distributive justice which flows from authority it would not degenerate into the worst of tyrannies? Are there many Americans who would consent to endure the life of a Russian commune?

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

1. "The Trusts are not a result of competition, but they are monopolies resulting from the railroad monopolies, and have been able to establish themselves under the shelter of the protective tariff.

2. "Excess of the production is brought about by the protective tariff.

3. "Trusts limit production only to the detriment of the consumers.

4. "When Mr. Wilshire alarms himself about the excess of capital in the United States, he is mistaken as is proven by the crisis on the Exchange in New York, the end of September 1902. No people has too much capital."

Mr. Wilshire concludes with this metaphor: "The ship of state already is in the cataract of a great social Niagara; the only question is, shall we go over the falls or through the canal?"

In reality there is neither ship, nor fall nor canal; there are economic facts which appear as a result of the political economy of the legislators of the United States. In seeking to protect industry they have guarded it from foreign competition, but developed internal competition. In decoying capital toward the protected industries, they have provoked an overproduction. The Trusts may cause local and ephemeral crises; they do not tend to monopolies concentrating all industries in a few hands. If it is permitted some Americans to make enormous fortunes, thanks in part to the absence of guarantees of publicity which all legislation should require of corporations, they at the same time redistribute capital into many hands; and thus, far from preparing the nationalization of industry, they render it impossible.

October 8th, 1902.

YVES GUYOT, THE GREAT FRENCH ECONOMIST, CRITICIZES WILSHIRE

YVES GUYOT is probably the most distinguished economist in France, if we pass over the Socialists, and in fact it is quite possible that he would be classed by some as the most distinguished classical economist in Europe. The article herewith appearing from his pen, was especially written, as he says, in answer to my own article on the "Significance of the Trust," published two years ago, and which is reproduced in this number. It will be noticed that M. Guyot, while making a fairly good superficial statement of my position, really does not touch fundamentally my argument at all. My contention is that our present competitive wage-system, by limiting the laborers to the minimum of subsistence, inevitably creates a condition by which the capitalists are left with a large surplus on their hands over and above what the laborers are able to buy with their wages. This surplus, I contend, has hitherto been transformed largely into new machinery of production, *i. e.*, capital. I further contend that the evidence today is all to the effect that the further investment of this surplus is soon to become impossible owing to the practical completion of the machinery of production. I instance the formation of the Trust as indicating that this stage has about arrived, because every Trust has for its object the elimination of competition, which is the result of over-production.

M. Guyot does not take up my position regarding the competitive system creating this overproduction, but insists that the Trusts result from a protective tariff, or by reason of the advantages afforded them by preferential railway rates. I do not deny at all that certain Trusts have been favored and built up very much by both the tariff and the railways, but I also insist that whatever may have been so accomplished by the railroads and tariff has only hastened the appearance of what was anyway an inevitability. The Standard Oil Trust, the greatest of all Trusts, certainly has no protection from the tariff, although it had great favor from the railroads; but it would be generally admitted that it could be deprived of all preference of every kind and still be able to dominate the oil markets of he United States.

As far as the United States Steel Corporation is concerned, it is true that this corporation is helped by the tariff. At the same time, the mere fact that it is in a position to dictate terms to the steel manufacturers of Europe, and to form an international combination, shows that the tariff only assists in increasing its profits, and by no means affords the basis of its monopolistic position.

M. Guyot points out that the American laborer does not consume as much wheat as the French laborer, and he assumes from this and from the fact that the American laborers' wives don't wear silk dresses and lace, that I am mistaken in thinking that we Americans have such an enormous amount of wealth that we cannot get rid of it. As a matter of fact, his facts simply are corroborative of my theory, viz., that our wage system limits the laborer to the mere necessities of life, so that in the midst of wealth they live in poverty.

M. Guyot gives away completely the whole position when he admits that the American laborer does not eat as much bread as the French laborer. M. Guyot seems to think that when I point out what the Trust means I am delighted at everything it does. He might as well say that when I see the thermometer is at the zero point, I should be satisfied to freeze to death because I know such a temperature must naturally produce such a result.

M. Guyot also claims that America cannot be as rich as I say because the rate of interest on money has recently gone up to such high figures. The rate of interest normally depends upon the rate of profits. A man will borrow money at 10 per cent. if he knows he can invest it at 12 per cent., because he can make two per cent. profit. On the other hand, he won't pay two per cent. if he cannot see a way of investing it at say three per cent. In the United States at the present time there are not only opportunities of investing money in a number of enterprises that will pay a handsome profit, but also the money supply itself is short, which causes the rental of money to rise beyond the legitimate interest rate. The great demand for money which exists, notwithstanding my theory that business is overdone, is accounted for by the fact that there are great industrial transformations taking place, which are temporarily affording a good investment for capital, but this era will soon be ended. We are like a fever patient, where the temperature runs very high just previous to the final collapse.

Money has a value not only according to the profits you may make from it, but it also has a scarcity value of its own which may force you to pay a very high rate of interest for it during the times of stringency or panic. You may not be able to make over five per cent. by borrowing money, and ordinarily you would not pay over four per cent. interest, but if any necessity arise by which you are threatened with bankruptcy, or even a great loss unless you get cash, you would be willing to pay 20 or 30 per cent. or even 100 per cent. for a temporary loan. It is the same as the proposition that a man will not give anything for the air he breathes as long as it is to be had without price, but if it ever becomes a question of suffocation he will give up everything he has in the world for a breath of it. We in the United States have a very stupid, awkward financial system which forces us at times to pay absurd interest rates for money simply because we must have it at any price, and not because we want it to reinvest at a higher percentage than that which we pay for it.

M. Guyot also has the old theory that the question of the distribution of capital depends upon individuals. He thinks that when Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie die it means that their money will be distributed. He overlooks entirely the fact that the great fortunes of today are a result of the system and not the individual. We have a system which piles up more

wealth than can be distributed to the workers, and merely solving the question of which capitalist shall own it does not solve the general problem of a case where the system itself is overburdened with surplus capital, which it cannot rid itself of and which certainly presages a great unemployed problem.

M. Guyot also speaks about the Trusts being over-capitalized. I have before treated this subject and shown that the over-capitalization of a company has nothing to do with its industrial situation; that is purely a financial question. The stockholders may not get as much dividends as they expect from the watered bonds and stock, but that has nothing to do with the Company as an industrial monopoly. If the United States Steel Company does not pay dividends as is expected, it simply means that the stockholders will get less money. It does not mean that the Trust will disintegrate. No separation of the United States Steel Company into its component parts would ever be thought of unless the stockholders were sure the aggregate earnings would be enhanced thereby, and certainly M. Guyot is not arguing that this would be the case; for he himself says: "Large concerns can establish themselves with more economy than small ones and minimize their expenses with a larger output."

M. Guyot says the formation of Trusts does not procure great profit for some financiers unless they diffuse their holdings themselves, a statement without any basis in fact. How would he show that Mr. Rockefeller would make any more money by selling his Oil Trust stock to the public than by holding it? The only reason capitalists ever have for diffusing their stock holdings in a monopoly is that they can use the cash to form some other monopoly.

M. Guyot seems to think that I say that machinery has decreased the demand for workers. I expressly stated that I have no such idea at all. I admit at once that the introduction of machinery has enormously increased the demand for workers by increasing the demand for the production of still more machinery. The machine primarily discharges men, but immediately the man that is discharged is set to work building another machine, and not only is he so set to work, but still other men are set to work helping him who were formerly engaged in other occupations, such as agriculture. This explains how it is that agriculture, having become so much more productive per man on account of machinery, needs the help of a continually increasing portion of the population in its ranks. Hence the reason why the industrial population of the country is continually increasing, and proportionately the agricultural population is continually decreasing. This, however, is evidently a condition which cannot last forever. We cannot expect to have one man out of every hundred working in the fields, and the other ninety-nine working in the city producing machinery for that lone farmer to operate in his field. Some time or other we are going to get more agricultural machines and other kinds than can possibly be utilized by the small number of men who will be left on our farms.

M. Guyot wishes to know if I believe in the distributive justice flowing from authority, and if so if I would not think it would degenerate into the worst of tyrannies. M. Guyot and myself are both undoubtedly theoretically opposed to any autocracy. We both believe in

democracy, both political and industrial. However, I say that the people themselves can arrange their industries democratically by public ownership through the State. M. Guyot seems to think that the best way to do is to let Mr. Morgan own these industries, and then by some method of thought transference we will make Morgan do as we think he ought to do. His argument would hold the same regarding the Czar of Russia and his subjects. I feel that in the light of the experience we have had with autocrats, we had better keep the power in our own hands rather than to rely upon hypnotism as a medium to enable us to control our industrial world.

THE BUILDING THE BUILDERS BUILT

On a hiil, where the builders built
A costly building of marble,
Studded with onyx and beryl,
And stones from the garden of Eden;
There I sought to abide
In the cool of the vaulted chambers,
But as I approached, the sunlight
Hissed at the dazzling jewels,
And the winds that travel from heaven
Groaned through the empty chambers.
Affrighted I rushed to the warden
Standing with sword in the doorway.
"Who groans?" I cried "and hisses
Or mocks at this temple so fair?"
"The stones cry," he said, "and the marble
And the blood that was mixed with the mortar;
And the groan you hear is the groan of the dead
Who died to garner these jewels."

And as he spoke, the bones of the dead
Rattled their hatred and clattered;
And a moan, the moan of untimely souls
Filled the vaults of the temple,
And all who lurked in the cool of the shade
That leans on the walls of the building,
Fled, like me, with a curse on their lips,
Cursing the builder who built it—
And only the warden was left behind,
Flashing his sword at our cursing.

—RABBI JOSEPH LEISER.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRUST

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE

HE real danger of the Trust exists not in what it is today, but in what it promises to be tomorrow. Most writers on tne 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 that conducted on 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 prices may be put up to exorbitant figures. I say all these facts are so evident that it is a waste of time to point 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 is merely 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 long since all our public men and newspapers had but one solution for the problem: "the Trust must be destroyed." Today 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 purpose devoting any great attention to a demonstration of this inevitability of the Trust, as I regard such a task wholly 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 mean 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 proclaiming the impossibility of the permanence of private monopoly, I speak merely from the viewpoint 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 today consumes but little if any more of the necessities of life than did his grandfather 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 comfortable 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 today.

I do not think any fair-minded person can but admit that the modern day-laborer on his $1.50 a 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 whiskey, and absorbing intellectual sewage 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 merely 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 among them have an income something like $200,000,000 a year, perform some economic good in return, but I doubt that 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, which goes into the building of new machinery of production, new railways, canals, iron furnaces, mills, etc. It is this latter 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 age, 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" more than a thousand dollars a day on himself and his household, he finds it probably both pleasanter and easier to "save" the remainder than to lie 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 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 reinvest his earnings.

Others in the business, his competitors, did likewise. 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. Overproduction 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 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 proved by the subsequent formation of Trusts in other branches 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 seems indeed as if the world during all the years since the beginning 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 overcompleted—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 are 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 of both these conditions to manifest themselves in our industrial world is too well known to need 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 more than 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.

Woollen 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 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 today 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 workers' channel is in rock-bound banks that cannot enlarge, owing to the competitive wage system preventing wages from 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 divided into two streams. One stream carries off what the rich "spend" on themselves for the necessities and luxuries of life. The other is merely 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 everflow 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 one too many. When one car line is built in Broadway, there is no room nor 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 and 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 be 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 an industrial combination, but to get 10,000 is manifestly an impossibility.

Is there one single industry which he could find that is of a nature to warrant a large investment 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 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 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 can no longer 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 by 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 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 has 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 overwhelming, in both theory and 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 forced 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 overflowing 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 expense 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

* This article was published as a tract in 1889, a year or so previous to Carnegie's surrender. I let it stand as it read.—H.G.W.

foreign manufacturing fields. Here is a specimen despatch:

Special Cable Despatch to The SUN.

LONDON, Sept. 23, 1901.—The latest American invasion of England is the report of a syndicate in NEW YORK, which is negotiationg to obtain control of one of the largest insurance offices in Great Britain. It is understood that the terms offered are generous enough to win 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 deciaring that foreign markets must be obtained by reciprocity treaties, and that this was absolutely essential to our further industrial progress.

President Roosevelt also has declared that we must have an outlet for our productions abroad, as the domestic market no longer suffices. All this is exactly in keeping 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 can. We still have our wheat to sell, but we no longer find it profitable to take steel rail in exchange. As may 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 recently 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 now 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 pounds 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 such losses as those 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 may 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's 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' worth 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 exponent 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 also 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, it produces exactly what the market needs. There is no more danger of either an oversupply 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 defenceless 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 defence 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 shall then peaceably give up control of the water and let it be taken over by the crew. I shall 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., a general increase of the rate of wages, all such reforms might possibly extend the capitalist system.

The best device of all, however, to bolster up the capitalist system would be a rattling good war among 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 after our late civil war, also following 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 where 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 unless at a loss at present. 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 by yourself run a flour mill that takes a thousand men to run. 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 over-production to scare us again. When we nationalize all industry that bogey man of over-production 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 that one of two events will follow: 1st. The foreigner will destroy the Trust by his ability to sell at a lower cost. 2ndly. 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, they are able to compete successfully with the foreigner in his own country, so that the tariff today is of no use to the Trust unless as a means of allowing it to charge higher prices to Americans than to foreigners. 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. Instead, 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 better a 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 from 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 also possibly extend the time for the final collapse of the capitalistic system by reason of the industrial derangements it would cause. At best all the advocates of silver may 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 farmer could get more profit through silver coinage when the railway stands at hand to take it away if he should get it, by merely 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, &c., *ad infinitum*.

Some have suggested that equality in freight rates obtained by government ownership of railways would destroy Trusts. The slightest investigation, however, would show that many Trusts do not in the least depend upon favors from either railways or government. The taking over of the railways by the government would, however, have far-reaching and revolutionary results. The immense labor-saving that would result 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 railways 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 railway 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 a 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 increase of profit, as it would merely mean that while he would have seven times as many shares, yet each share would have only 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 more than fifty million dollars a year, and the Carnegie Iron & Steel Company (now the U. S. Steel Co.) 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 really political autocracy, expressing itself in the Philippines or in the bull-pen for the Idaho miners, we should not stultify ourselves by striving to prevent a result without first attacking the cause that has produced it.

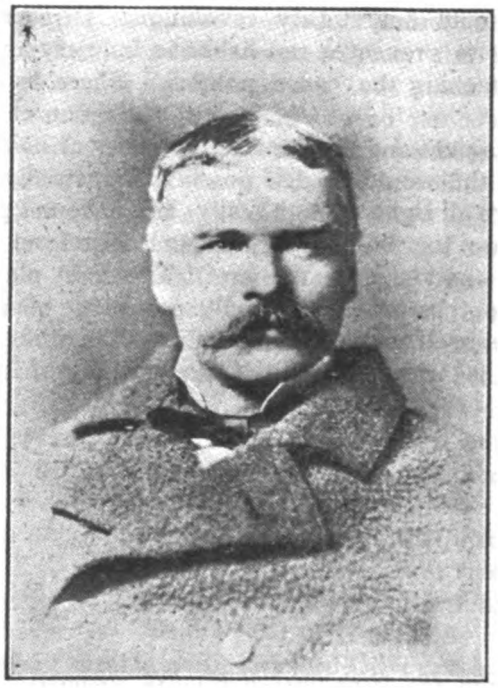
The trade-unionists pure and simple, the anti-imperialists, the would-be destroyer of Trusts, are all right enough sentimentally, but are too limited in their vision. This nation has the mightiest task cut out before it that the world has ever set itself to perform. The Ship of State is already in the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

From J. A. Hobson, the distinguished English economist, now lecturing in the United States, author of "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism": 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.

REMINISCENCES OF ARCHIBALD FORBES

WM. LODTMANN, PH.D.

IT HAS been my good fortune to come in personal contact with war-correspondents of all civilized nations. Of all these the late Mr. Forbes impressed me as being the best informed, the most truthful, and, what is of great importance at military headquarters in wartime, the most tactful. Besides, Forbes was a brilliant writer, which is more than can be said of most of our latter-day war-correspondents, and was kind and considerate to his associates.



ARCHIBALD FORBES

I first became acquainted with Forbes on the battlefield of Gravelotte, August 18th, 1870, soon after the close of that eventful battle. My horse had been killed under me, and had fallen so suddenly that I had no time to extricate my right leg. The accident occurred in the midst of a cavalry charge, which carried my squadron away from me to an entirely different part of the battlefield. The fall had dazed me, and when I awoke from the stupor it was about 8 o'clock p. m. I cried lustily for help, but there did not seem to be any human beings in the neighborhood, not even wounded soldiers, as far as I could discern in the darkness, but any number of wounded horses, to my great dread, pranced frantically about me. I finally espied a cavalry bugle a few feet away from me and managed to draw it towards me with my sabre. The tunes I enticed out of that bugle were ear-rending enough to awaken the dead and to terrify the living; but they brought to my assistance a comrade and a civilian in slouch hat, Scotch checkered suit, high riding boots and a field glass. This latter individual was Archibald Forbes. Unfortunately, the

combined strength of these two did not suffice to lift the horse from off my leg, so my comrade, a lieutenant of dragoons, went to summon help, while Forbes stayed with me, stayed full six hours, till at last my comrade came back with four men and a stretcher, which latter I stood sorely in need of. Forbes and I, meanwhile, had become fast friends. I could speak English—not very good—but it was a little better than his French, and much better than his German. Forbes accompanied me to the nearest field-ambulance, and did not leave me until I was well cared for. That was the last I saw of him in that campaign. His journalistic achievements in that war, and the many important services he was able to render to both Germans and Frenchmen, have been described too often to need further comment.

Seven years later I met Forbes at the headquarters of Grand-Duke Nicholas, of Russia, before Plevna, and I have always considered it a great privilege that then I was enabled to repay him the kindness and courtesy he had extended to me on the bloody field of Gravelotte.

At Plevna I was, like Forbes, a war-correspondent, writing for the Vienna "Fremdenblatt." In this war, it will be remembered, the sympathy of England was strongly on the side of Turkey, and, consequently, the lot of the English correspondent in the Russian camp was by no means enviable; and no privileges, not even common civility, were shown them by the Russians. The Austro-Hungarian correspondents fared but little better; for their country, also, sympathized with Turkey. I, however, made an exception, for I did not tell them that I was writing for an Austrian journal, but had introduced myself by presenting my German military papers. This, and the fact of being an ex-officer, brought me on a quasi-equality with the Russian officers. In this way I enjoyed unusual privileges, while Forbes was heavily handicapped. To make it short, I placed all my notes at Forbes' service and, at the latter part of the siege obtained for him an introduction to King Charles of Roumania, whose headquarters he then joined under much more favorable conditions.

It was years later before I had an opportunity to read Forbes' reports on this celebrated siege. They were colored slightly in favor of Osman Pasha; but they were withal so accurate and intelligently compiled that I do not hesitate to pronounce them by far the best reports of all the many correspondents before Plevna. How he managed to get all the material, while laboring under the above described disadvantages, has always been a riddle and surprise to me.

Many readers will remember Forbes' "Ride around Plevna," which appeared some nine years ago, and which is considered a masterpiece of descriptive war-journalism. The ride, itself, is a fiction, and I could not help quizzing Mr. Forbes about it when I met him in New York in 1894. He laughed and said he had gone amongst the poets and, as such, had taken poetic liberties.

In 1883 during the Egyptian war, both Forbes and myself were in Alexandria while that city was bombarded by the English fleet. Again, Forbes' descriptions of the scenes in and around Alexandria surpassed all others in correctness and vividness of detail.

From a military and statistical standpoint the best article ever written by

Forbes was "The Outlook for War in Europe," which appeared in the North-American Review, April, 1893. In this article Forbes proved himself a strategist of no mean order. He avoided the mistakes of most writers by judging the war-strength of the different nations solely by the number of the trained soldiers each nation could dispose of. He took into consideration every detail appertaining to efficiency, transportation, armament, equipment and quickness of mobilization. From those he drew his conclusions, which were, probably, more correct than the statistics on file in many a war office.

Comparisons are not to my taste, but I wish to cite the acts of two of our war-correspondents of the late war with Spain, merely to show what such correspondents have to avoid. Poultney Bigelow and Richard Harding Davis, both writers of merit in their respective spheres, but without military experience of any kind, were employed by the New York Herald. Bigelow, I believe, never set foot on Cuban soil, but managed, on his way to it, to make himself extremely unpopular by his severe criticism of American army methods. There can be no question, but that everything Bigelow wrote was strictly true and to the point; but the publication of such matters at that stage of the war was inopportune—to use a very mild expression. As soon as Davis saw Bigelow's article he wrote a long and scathing contradiction for the Herald, and so made matters worse. Besides, Bigelow, though his article was in bad taste, knew what he was writing, which Davis, evidently, did not.

Davis went to Cuba on the same transport with Gen. Shafter, and asked the General to allow him to be landed in advance of the other correspondents, claiming that his work was of a "higher order" than that of the other writers. This Shafter refused to accede to. To revenge himself for this supposed slight, Davis now commenced to abuse the commander-in-chief in the most ridiculous and unwarranted manner in all his reports. I do not wish to refer to these matters further than to say that both these correspondents would not have been tolerated by any European army after writing as they did, and, most likely, would have been punished for it.

A war-correspondent is not allowed to criticize the actions of an army, or the commanders, during war-times. In fact, even if he is a military man of ability, he is hardly ever in a position to judge the correctness or incorrectness of the movements, because he cannot know the motives.

Archibald Forbes, in his long and honorable career, never brought himself or his paper in discredit at any of the many headquarters to which he was attached, and will long be remembered as a war-correspondent *comme-il-faut.*

I would recommend those who wish to get their Socialism in the French language to send a dollar for a year's subscription to L'Union des Travailleurs, 730 Washington Ave, Charleroi, Pa

SOCIALISM NOT MATERIALISTIC

G. E. ETHERTON, Kansas City, Mo.

A PROMINENT minister of this city recently characterized Socialism as materialistic. The apparent inability of the professionally religious to comprehend the spiritual genius of the labor movement tempts us to more impatience with this class than with any other. It is the same moral blindness that characterized the professional classes of Palestine in their attitude toward the carpenter of Nazareth and His movement. I have never read anything on Socialism—and I have been a Socialist student for some time—that advocated "a full dinner-pail" as the essential good to be realized through the collective ownership of the things the people collectively use. No Socialist writer or speaker anywhere, or at any time, makes such a definition of the object of Socialism. Any man, who has investigated, knows that Socialism advocates the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth because the wage-system under which we live is a form of economic slavery, and as such is unfair, immoral and inhuman. Were it even possible—which, of course, it is not—for the worker under the wage-system to receive the whole product of his toil, he would still be deprived of that which it is the essential mission of Socialism to give him—his economic liberty. The economic ideal of Socialism is such a democratic organization of the industrial system as will give all men equal access to the means of living a complete life. The collective ownership of the means of production is the only way of realizing equal opportunity to live in our complex society.

But Socialism does emphasize the material basis of all life. Nature was intent for ages on perfecting the physical body for the dawn of the spiritual consciousness in man. Until society is economically organized the spiritual development of the human whole is impossible. Economic co-operation means surplus time and energy for every producing man over and above keeping one's-self alive. It is because the worker is seeing that under the present system he and his children are doomed to an enforced materialism that they are turning toward Socialism. They do not believe that it is the will of Nature that those who produce the wealth of the world should be deprived of it. They do not believe that the life of any man should be a monotonous round of eating and sleeping and working. The Socialist is the only man who stands for an order of things that will make material things a means of life instead of a means of superiority. The man who will not consent to a system that makes it possible for some to have while others have not, for some to take

what others make, is the only man who is not a materialist. Is it materialistic for the worker to desire that all men have the chance to live the life of a human being, a chance to breathe and love, and think, and dream, and serve humanity; and not materialistic for the preacher to be contented with an order of things that makes it possible for his children to be happy by making it impossible for thousands not to be happy?

The Socialist movement is an earth-growth. Not many wise and religious comprehend it. They did not understand the proletarian movement in Palestine some nineteen hundred years ago, except to realize that it was subversive of their private interests. The most living and spiritual thing in the earth today is the Socialist movement. True, it has nothing in common, nor concerns itself with any professionalized religion, but Christ, the teacher of life, it knows, and seeks His kingdom of universal brotherhood. But many of the most sincere of the younger ministry are finding their way down into the human current and are beginning to preach the living gospel of labor.

The growing faith in the actualization of a Co-operative Commonwealth is the same faith that Jesus had in the historical advent of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth. And Jesus was always concerned, not about getting people away from the earth, but about getting heaven to earth. The infidelity and hypocrisy of the religious consist in their denying the possibility of such a thing while professing themselves followers of Jesus.

We know that the people are not ready for Socialism until they want it, and have developed a social consciousness sufficient to unite them for collective action at the ballot-box. Were it even likely it would be a misfortune for Socialism to be given to us by the Capitalists. There grows among us the realization that all human interests are identical, that the welfare of each is bound up with the welfare of all; and out of this develops that social solidarity of the producers which is the spiritual preparation of the world for Socialism. The apostle John represents Jesus as teaching that upon such a social unity alone could a system of social righteousness be realized. When all who could receive His teaching should "be made perfect in one," the victory would be complete over the false force system. "The proletarian movement," says Marx, "is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority in the interest of the immense majority."

Socialism stands for such an application of the social principle of Christ's Christianity to the production and distribution of wealth as will make it possible for all men to live and work without being anxious about what they shall eat and wear tomorrow. Is that materialistic? Is it materialistic for men to wish to organize society so they can give their first thought to the soul and the second to the body. Is it materialistic to destroy the war of competition with its survival of the brutal and destruction of the humane? Is the passion for liberty and comradeship and social service materialistic?

The Socialist agitators whom Rev. C. characterizes as "street fakirs," may be found to be more truly representative of the labor-teacher of Galilee than he who makes soul-saving a profession at a charge of a few hundred or a few thousand a year. Like the early apostles he goes speaking his message upon the open highways, not

only because it is often his only opportunity, but because the compulsion and importance of his mission will not allow him to wait for men to come to him; he must go to them. He has gladly surrendered a life of ease for the greater joy of pioneering through trials and hardships a new and despised cause. There is a large and growing body of workers among Socialists who devote practically their whole strength and means to the movement, and do it knowing that they may never live to enjoy for themselves the fruit of their labor.

It is true that laboring men are not over pious. Many of them have bad habits, for the modern Pharisees are the sinners that caused Jesus to lose his reputation; but with them, as He believed, is the hope of the world.

OLD PARTY ISSUES

MURRAY SCHICK

I—THE TARIFF

FOR nearly a generation Democrats and Republicans have rung the changes on the tariff and it would seem that nothing could remain unsaid on the subject. But I have never seen a thorough analysis made in the clear light of the philosophy taught by Carl Marx, and I shall attempt to apply some of his reasoning to this mooted question.

We have only to do with the protective tariff—the duty imposed to give a home manufacturer an advantage over the foreign manufacturer.

On the protective side it must be assumed that it is desirable for the home laborer to receive a larger reward for his work than the foreign laborer. If the foreign laborer received what the tariffite considered a sufficient wage, the extra cost of transportation from the foreign factory to the home market would be all the protection needed. This is, in fact, the protective argument. They say that wages are lower and the standard of living lower abroad than at home, and that to maintain the home wages and the home standard of living at the higher level, the tariff added to the foreign product must equal the difference between the home and foreign wage scale. This means, of course, that the amount of the duty shall be added to the selling price of home-made goods in order that the home manufacturer shall be able to pay the higher wages.

The protectionist looks at the American laborer only as a producer; the free trader looks at him only as a consumer. The free trader sees that the tariff makes prices higher, and argues that if the tariff were taken off the laborer could buy more.

As the laborer is both a producer and a consumer each school is right as far as it goes. The protectionist

says, however, that if the goods are manufactured abroad and sold at a lower price here the reduction in price will do the home laborer no good, because he will have no work in the factories and no money to buy anything be it ever so cheap.

The free trader retorts that American goods are now being sold in the foreign markets more cheaply than foreign goods, and argues that if the home manufacturer can do this he can keep his factories open, pay the present wages and still sell goods at a lower price than his foreign competitor.

In these arguments both are unanimously wrong. In order to explain why, we must consider the mechanism of foreign exchange. We have only to consider the balance of trade—the excess of goods imported over those exported, or vice versa. If exports and imports exactly balanced each other it would be an even trade and no one would gain or lose. Up to the point where they do balance there is no gain or loss. If all the excess were paid for in money they would always balance, for the gold exported would represent approximately the same amount of labor as the goods imported. But the differences between nations are not paid for in money. Europe has no more desire for our gold and silver than for our manufactured products. Her banks are bursting with money whose owners are seeking investment for it.

International balances are paid in credits. The American money paid for English goods never leaves the country at all. The sellers of the goods either invest it in this country or sell it for English money to some other Englishman who invests it here. Not many years ago there was a great deal said about the purchase of American farms, American railroads, American breweries and American mines by British capitalists. The money with which they made these purchases was the American money paid for British goods. Now that the balance of trade is turning the other way the Americans are using their European coin to buy the titles to American property held in Europe.

Since the American money paid for foreign goods must be invested in America, and since all investment means a demand for labor, the American laborer is as sure to get wages out of the profits of the foreign exporter as he is to get wages out of the American manufacturer. So the protective argument that the tariff is necessary to provide work is a fallacy. The only truth in it is that the tariff makes more work in American factories while foreign investments tend rather to increase the production of raw materials, food products and transportation facilities.

Equally fallacious is the free trade theory that the cheapness of American goods in the foreign market proves that they could be profitably sold as cheaply at home. The fact is that it is the excess of profits in America that enables the manufacturer to sell so cheaply abroad. Rather than cripple the purchasing power of his own public by closing his works, the home manufacturer could well afford to sell goods in the foreign market at the actual cost of production.

No one will question the value of a foreign market to the capitalist, but to the workingman it is of value only because it consumes a part of the goods he makes and gives him work making more. If the goods instead of being exported were dumped into the

sea it would be just as well for him; even better, perhaps, because the home manufacturer would not be accumulating money in foreign lands with which to start factories there. Already we can see that the American is doing the same abroad as the English capitalist did here a few years ago—investing his profits in the foreign market in foreign industrial establishments. It is true that he is merely displacing another capitalist, but he is introducing American methods, which will increase the efficiency of the foreign laborer. The American capitalist abroad is a more dangerous competitor to the American capitalist at home than was the foreign capitalist.

The key to the entire situation is supplied by the discovery of Marx that high profits make good wages, and low profits low wages.

It is self-evident that when industry is highly profitable, the capitalist is constantly adding to his fund for investment; the investment of this fund in productive enterprises creates a demand for labor, and the demand for labor makes higher wages. But when we reach this state the increased supply of commodities causes prices to decline and the demand for labor makes wages higher and higher. Thus the profits of the capitalists are cut down on each side; profits fall off, re-investment halts, the demand for labor declines and the laborer is crowded toward a lower standard of living and a lower wage scale without any foreign competition. The panics that the protectionists delight to lay at the door of free trade are really inherent in the system of production for profit and do not depend on tariff schedules.

If for a time panics seem to have ceased it is not because this law has ceased to act but because war or some other temporary cause has prolonged the period of re-investment and so postponed the crash. Under ordinary circumstances the greater the prosperity the more rapidly output and wages will increase and the nearer is the reaction at hand. This explains why panics burst on us so unexpectedly in the midst of the greatest prosperity.

It has been pointed out that the opportunities for investment are being greatly narrowed through the completion of the world's industrial equipment. As reinvestment is the source of labor's prosperity, lack of opportunity for investment will have the same effect as lack of capital for investment and the result will be the same.

Under this reasoning I arrive at the following conclusions regarding the tariff:

1. A high tariff gives a greater profit to the protected capitalist and creates more money for re-investment.
2. More money for re-investment creates a greater demand for labor.
3. Greater demand for labor causes higher wages.
4. Higher wages involve smaller profits.
5. Smaller profits mean less capital for investment.
6. Less capital for investment means a decreased demand for labor.
7. Decreased demand for labor means lower wages and, for many, no work at all.
8. The same process is enacted under free trade, but the operation is less acute because the rate of accumulation is lower and the advance of wages more gradual.
9. High tariff tends to build up manufacturing enterprises, and free trade tends to encourage investment in

the production of raw material and in transportation.

10. Neither high tariff nor free trade abolishes the causes that must inevitably bring about panics, and the workingman who chooses between them must make his choice between low wages for a long time and high wages for a short time, followed by more or less protracted periods of idleness.

The remedy is to remove production from its dependence on the profits of the capitalist and regulate it entirely by the consuming capacity of the nation. This can never be done so long as the means of production are privately owned, and operated only when a profit is forthcoming.

Salt Lake, Utah, Nov. 28, 1902.

[Mr. Schick's analysis of the effect of the tariff is faulty, inasmuch as he does not recognize that as the tariff raises the cost of goods consumed by the laborer, it necessarily must increase his wages in order that he may get enough to live upon. Wages depend largely upon the standard of living demanded by the laborers. If a laborer demands a new suit of clothes every six months, and the clothes cost $10, he must get enough wages to pay for them. If a tariff is put on and the clothes cost him $20, then he must get an additional $10, in order to supply himself with the same suit of clothes. The mere matter of the tariff increasing the demand for labor is only incidental in raising his wages. Marx's theory is not correctly interpreted by Mr. Schick, for Marx very clearly held to the theory throughout that wages were determined by the cost of living.—H.G.W.]

LIFE

All the world is full of beauty,
Full of happiness and sunshine;
But we miss it looking backward
O'er the past of wasted lifetime.

All the hope and love we cherish
For the future, soon take wings,
If we stop for one vain moment
To repent for undone things.

Close it then forever from you,
Live today and for the morrow,
Love the world and all that's in it;
Then your life can have no sorrow.

—A. C. B.

THE GOD OF GREED

O turgid and sodden usurper,
O ravening scourge of the land,
Thy breath is a vapor of poison,
And leprous the touch of thy hand.
Thy raiment is clotted and reddened
With blood of the people, who cry
And writhe 'neath the knout of oppression,
That thou mayest triumph on high.

With slime-dripping jaws far distended
And yawning, insatiable maw,
Thou rendest the heart of the Nation,
And mockest its God-given law;
Thy pathway is blazon'd with corpses,
The dying make moan at thy feet;
Thou art gorged with the flesh of thy brother;
Thou art God in thine own conceit.

—LEONTINE STANFIELD

JOHN BURROUGHS AND WALT WHITMAN

JOEL BENTON.

THERE are not many writers in America, I am sure, who have won both the affectionate and the literary regard that has come to John Burroughs. There are other authors whom we admire perhaps without qualification; but, when we think of them we find that, for the most part, they touch us solely or dominantly through the intellect. The personal equation presented in their case is mostly that born of mentality. The reader's hold upon Burroughs, however, while it is firmly fixed in the intellect, is also warmed by a distinct thrill of the emotions. As I have never heard this trait of difference mentioned or explained, I shall venture to go a little farther in my preamble and suggest two reasons for it.

Burroughs, in the first place, does not detach himself from his work. He gives you through his pen his rounded personality, and the reader discovers that he gives him what he might have thought himself, if the necessary spark of genius and keenness of observation had been the reader's own. It is therefore a warm, human personality that his readers feel they are confronted with, and that makes the book or essay they have in hand enticing—so enticing indeed that it warms the heart.

The second thing to be noticed in this account is the fact that Burroughs began his writing, which reached the large public, with topics of Nature—topics that are at least half human, and, at any rate, wholly humanizing. Nowhere is this seen more plainly than in his first book, well titled "Wake Robin." I do not have it before me, but I remember that in the opening pages he details for us at once his own ecstatic rapture over our winged brother, the bird. Some one has said that "God had a beautiful thought when He first thought of making a tree," and it might be added a second not less beautiful when he thought of making a bird. From birds as a beginning, Burroughs went through all the departments of Nature, its floral and faunal delights, extorting their remotest and most hidden secrets, and making poetic and idyllic the most obvious, though frequently unnoticed phenomena.

A shower of Nature writers has followed the work of Thoreau and Burroughs, but these two, with White of Selborne, and Richard Jeffries across the sea, stand in the fore-front. They more than any others, twined Nature with literature and their own personalities. Some others, to be sure, have done good and worthy work on not dissimilar lines, and even those who have followed Nature study, as a fashion, deserve credit for rendering

the path to out-of-door wonders easier.

I do not forget that this author has also written a body of purely literary and critical essays and, if he had written nothing else, he would have been sure of high distinction. While I am writing this he has just finished his small book upon "Audubon," and is now reading the proof-sheets (though the book itself will be ready before this article gets in type) of a wholly literary volume, which he titles "Literary Values."

Without naming all that he has done, it will seem sufficient for the purpose of this article to recall his connection and acquaintance with Walt Whitman. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" appeared in 1863, and became at once necessarily famous. It was thought by many, not so much a literary value, though, as it was a literary portent. It was as if a new species had arrived on land or in water, or as if some monstrous saurian had emerged alive from a presilurian epoch. The conventions of poetic expression were here set at naught, poetry was offered without rhyme or melody, and a wild stampede over social rules as adamantine as the Laws of the Medes and Persians was a part of the spectacle presented. A few persons, however, of which number Burroughs was among the first, picked up the book to make a candid study of it. It was a rough chestnut burr in its appearance, but if the simile should hold further, there might be sweet meat within. Emerson, who had seen some of the less blamed passages, applauded certain thoughts in them, and the book's general attitude still more, writing to Whitman among other things this sentence: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career."

No author could have possibly coveted a more wonderful compliment, though Emerson, when he saw later the unparalleled frankness of expression on a few pages of the book, was afterwards ominously silent on this topic. Burroughs, I believe, did not at first see the broad synthesis which Whitman felt and designed, and which Whitman thought, in the spirit of the comment on the creation in Genesis, made all things "good." But he continued his study. Noticing soon that no attack on morals was intended, and that the only assertion implied was that nothing was made for naught, and all is right in its place, the development of these large and inclusive vistas interested him. He became soon an expounder of the new viewpoint and an eloquent interpreter of its artistic and moral meaning.

Out of this examination came, in 1864, that small thin volume of Burroughs', now so rare and little known, titled "Notes on Walt Whitman." It was printed by the American News Company, but cannot now be found except by accident; and even its author, I think, not long before he wrote his later book upon Whitman, was without a copy. In this little book Burroughs put forward a fervor and splendor of advocacy that was fairly unparalleled. It was vastly instructive, too, and this, together with W. D. O'Connor's very able book on "The Good Gray Poet," lifted up Whitman, not only at home, but gave helpful reverberations on his behalf across the sea.

The methods of Whitman's poetry may have assaulted all the canons of criticism, but they triumphed so far that the long rhymeless verses got at last, by piecemeal, into the magazines, and arrested in England Tennyson's

attention as well as winning his praise. W. M. Rossetti, and many other notable authors there, were soon attracted to "Leaves of Grass" and to Whitman's personality, Rossetti making an edition of the "Leaves," though not quite complete, which he prefaced for the English public.

I think Burroughs made Whitman's acquaintance when they were both living in Washington, during the period of the Civil War. I first met Whitman there in 1868 and at Burroughs' house. He had a habit of walking out at nightfall, and never missed two successive nights making a call upon Burroughs, who lived near to O'Connor, who was an author of great force and brilliancy. As I sat by the window after tea, I said to my host, "Are you sure Whitman will come to night?" "There is no doubt of it," he replied. "He failed to come last night." This confident forecast was correct; for within a few minutes' time a tall figure, very erect then, surmounted by a sombrero, and showing the open bosom and flowing collar of the portraits—and with cane in hand—was seen turning toward the gate from the sidewalk.

I did not ask who the newcomer was. That would have been a work of supererogation. When he came in his manner disappointed me. I was looking for something loud, and a trifle brusque—something, at any rate, more assertive. Was this really the bard who boasted of pouring his "barbaric yawp" over the roofs of the world? If it was, he had the gentlest of manners, and a voice with pleasant accents. He was deferent, and did not dominate the conversation. But, when he made a remark, it was graceful and touched with clear thinking. I remember no reference on his part to his own work, or even to authors and literature, though Dickens had just had the New York farewell dinner, which I had attended, and other occasions for literary reference were not lacking.

Whitman I saw afterwards a few times, but never when he was in that superb health. The last time I met him was on the occasion, near the end of his life, of his appearance at the Madison Square Theatre in New York, and I think his very last appearance in that city. He always took to the patriarch's role easily, and with much liking apparently, after he had passed forty-five, but on this occasion his feebleness, and long gray hair, made the representation in that capacity real enough without artifice or additions. As I stood at the close of his speech—which he read, seated—in the box occupied by Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, Lowell said to us something like this, though I cannot now quote his exact words: "Does it seem as if he were three months younger than I am?" Of course it did not. Lowell then looked fairly well, and was straight in stature, having only streaks of gray hair among the original brown or dark. And yet Whitman outlived him one year by the calendar—Lowell dying in 1891, and Whitman in 1892.

It probably was natural, but it is deeply deplorable, that a writer with so much ethical purport, whose broad expressions have such an oriental and pictorial sweep, should be saddled with, and made responsible for, all the pitiable little philosophies afloat—whether they be true or false. And especially is it sorrowful that a few who pose as his interpreters tag him with their labels. But, the truth is, he had no system—no hard and fast creed, and was too free and inclusive, and orbic, to reduce the universe to the size and flavor of a pig-sty. If what all

these small hierarchs say of him could be true, he would be more pied and patched than any conceivable cornfield scare-crow. Mr. Burroughs also laments this frequently repeated performance. Let any of us believe, if we choose, that the moon is made of green cheese, but don't let us insist that we are supported in this tenet by the "Leaves of Grass," or by its author.

One who begins to read Whitman would do well first to read what Burroughs has said of him, and to read at the outset such poems as "My Captain," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," and his other brief and wholly disconnected lyrics. When the beginner later finds that the capital I, so often used, means the reader also, and all humanity, what seemed "colossal egotism" in this author to Bayard Taylor, will vanish, new horizons will emerge, and illumination of a strange force and magnitude will make itself felt.

WHAT I SAW IN A COAL-MINING TOWN

P. P. AYER

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of a man the country turns out.—EMERSON.

SOME years since while listening attentively to the intellectuals of the Single Tax Club in Chicago, proclaiming their belief in the efficacy, when in operation, of the Single Tax philosophy as a remedial agent for the many industrial ills to which human flesh is heir, I noticed one speaker with more eagerness and aggressiveness than the rest, state that the solution of these ills depended entirely upon education.

Wonderful talismanic word—Education—a word to conjure with—a word which practically decides everything which seems to hang in the balance and which seems to need elucidation. This grand thought, which strange to say, at that time, had not occurred to me, rejuvenated me, so to speak, and caused me to go on my way rejoicing that, at last, the key to the solution of all our industrial and economic evils had been discovered, and that from now on our path would no longer be obscured and obstructed, and be what it had been in the past, the "calf path," but would be the path of steady improvement until the millennium had obtained.

After considerable study and reflection on this subject, in the course of time I found myself one of the many active workers in a coal-mining town, where I had ample opportunity for studying the wage workers, their good and bad qualities, and their fitness to become co-operators in the new system of industry now dawning upon the world, and which is much nearer a complete realization for the whole of humanity than most of us think it to be.

With an especial reference to coal-miners or "diggers" as they are called at the mines, I had read extracts from the writings and speeches of Mr. Eugene V. Debs, where with Ingersollian eloquence he described the sufferings of the unfortunate "diggers," under what he was wont to term "the Satanic rule and crimes of Capitalistic Operation."

It therefore became a matter of much surprise to me to find that the "diggers" had obtained the advantage of an eight hour day, and that their interests were carefully looked after, not only by their unions, but by the labor papers representing the interests of the "diggers." In this connection I desire to mention the United Mine Workers' Journal published at Indianapolis as being a stanch friend of the "diggers."

Article I, Section I of their constitution says—"It is the aim of this Union to improve the material, intellectual and moral conditions of the toilers in mines. We hold that these ends may be attained by securing better conditions in the mines, better compensation for the miners' labor and by interesting them in the study of industrial and economic questions. We extend to all miners and mine laborers, without regard to race or color, an invitation to unite with us, that these ends may be attained."

The reader will do well to notice that there is a qualification to the effect that these ends may (?) be attained. Whether they are attained I leave to the reader to decide after a perusal of this descriptive article. As to "interesting them in the study of industrial and economic questions," that is not to be seriously considered, the soil being barren to such an extent as to render it impervious to cultivation.

In the mining of soft coal the minimum rate for "diggers" is 85 cents per ton of 2,000 pounds, and the maximum $1.10, but the average rate is practically 85 cents, and at this rate such of the "diggers" who are willing to work hard and are favored with a good run of coal, which means a three feet vein, make what would be considered in large industrial centres very big wages. Cases came under my observation where "diggers" with the use of a "buddy" (boy twelve to eighteen years old) made five dollars a day continuously for weeks.

By the following is shown some of the results for the last half of October, 1901, working the full time of fourteen days of eight hours each, with the quantity mined and amount paid to each separate "digger" with a "buddy":—

70	Tons	mined.	Amount	paid	$63.00
70	"	"	"	"	63.58
75	"	"	"	"	66.47
77	"	"	"	"	69.30
78	"	"	"	"	70.20
86	"	"	"	"	77.40
86	"	"	"	"	77.40

Some single "diggers" mined 40 tons and others 30 tons during the above time in somewhat inferior locations. It must not be inferred, however, that the above results can be maintained as an average throughout the year, as September, October, November and December are the months in which the output is the greatest, and the demand the most urgent for the year, in the soft coal trade. For instance, during the summer months mining operations are limited to three and four days a week. Apart from this there is also much loss of time, due to various causes, such as the breaking down of machinery and repairs, cancellation of

orders curtailing production, non-delivery of cars owing to scarcity, flooding of mines, etc. And it must also be understood that the above results only obtained where the run of coal was unusually good, for I noticed that where $1.10 per ton was paid, the run was so poor that few "diggers" averaged $1.50 per day.

There is a weighing system, and both the operators and the "diggers" have check-weighers to watch their interests as is done in British mines.

After the coal has been weighed the Capitalist system performs the feat of advancing the price from 85 cents to $2.00 a ton at the mine, which is the price all mine workers have to pay for the coal, as it would be unbusinesslike to allow them to buy back a small portion of what they produce at the same price they were paid for producing it. This, however, is a privilege only accorded to mine workers, as those who do not work at the mine have to pay $2.50 a ton at the mine.

The difference between cost and selling price is called profit, and being resorted to from day to day, week to week, month to month and year to year, is finally christened and takes on a new dress and a new name—capital.

Its proper name, however, is accumulated past stealings.

At a depth of 250 feet the mines are ventilated, and the air, it is claimed, is kept as pure as at the opening of the mines, by a system of powerful fans, which force the air downward from one shaft and pump it upward through another shaft, producing at all times a current of air, which gives every minute the equivalent of 100 cubic feet of air to every man and 500 cubic feet of air to every mule. Thus no gases can be accumulated, they being continually forced to the surface. Yet, in spite of precaution, coal mining is a dangerous occupation, and attended with many accidents in the course of a year, for every mine operated.

The mining operations are carried on day and night, with the exception of coal digging, which is not done at night, and it is necessary to employ a large force of men both day and night to do what is called "dead work" designated as Track Work, Face and Back Brushing, Cleaning Roads, Opening Road Heads, Timbering and Retimbering Entries, Putting in Cribs, Handling Water, Work on Water-pipes and Air-pipes, Entry Driving, Labor on Air Courses, Moving Rocks, Pushing, Driving, Caging, Oiling Cars and Trapping. These men receive wages varying according to the Union scale of wages of $1.60, $1.75, $2.04 and $2.25 per day.

There was practically no friction between the pit bosses and their men and I will say that, as a result of frequent personal association with these bosses, they were without exception a just and humane class of men and not at all given to the exactions which we usually associate with that class of men.

They invariably spoke well of the working capacity of, and seemed to be on good terms with the men under them.

The Company operate a supply or store house where the men can get most everything they require, and, contrary to the general impression which prevails, the writer has not been able to discover aught but what was fair and above board in the Company's methods of dealing with their men under the present system. In their anxiety to sell the men, so as to have less cash to pay them, the Company frequently overstep the bounds of

prudence and extend a credit, which, when the men leave, remains unsettled, resulting in an accumulation of worthless accounts.

As might be expected the element of profit enters into this account and, in the absence of any competition, the Company having a monopoly, the miners are robbed a small matter of twenty-five per cent. more than they should be and they are left to ponder among themselves as to whether their capitalist master and robber is a common or a hostile interest. The remedy for this state of things is the abolition of the wage system of slavery, and the capitalist system of private ownership in the machinery of production; this machinery to be made the joint property of the people.

The frame dwellings in which the men live are of the most flimsy character. Constructed by the Company at little cost and with the apparent aim in view of obtaining income by rentals, they afford poor shelter during the winter season. Indeed, it is a surprise how the wives and children can survive the severity of winter in such dwellings, which, though consisting of but two rooms, require a large consumption of coal, and in extremely cold weather the requirements are more than one ton a week, which, at $2.50 a ton delivered, constitutes quite an item of expense against the men's weekly wages.

These dwellings are all built alike and consist of two rooms, each about fifteen feet square, and a garret with a slanting roof. The rental for each dwelling is $5.00 a month. There is no attempt made in the direction of sanitary conditions.

It becomes my painful duty to record, without which this description of coal mining life would be incomplete, the fact that while many of these miners are sober, industrious and thrifty so far as their means will permit, others are addicted to the use of strong drink to an extent that is debasing. This class are also given to gambling and with the cultivation of these two vices, the welfare of the wives and children of such as are married, is imperiled. Although the greater part of these men contribute much to humanity and humanity gains much in material prosperity from this collective force, yet viewed from any standard of intelligence and education, they represent a poor type and are completely bankrupt educationally and intellectually. They are as poor a type as I have seen as the result of thirty years' observation of the wage slaves of this earth, and although without any knowledge or enlightenment on any subject pertaining to their well being, yet many of them possess the cunning usually associated with man in his savage state. In this motley collection are to be found Americans (white and colored), English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Russians, Swedes, French and Italians about equally represented, and it is worthy to note that centuries of Kingcraft, Priestcraft, Feudalism and Capitalism have done their work but too well.

It was a custom of mine to scrutinize the faces of the children as they entered the school house, and the expression photographed on the faces of many of the little boys left upon my mind a most painful impression. It was clearly a case of being electrotypes of their parents. Many of the faces of these little boys looked old enough to be centenarians, and in placing one hand on their heads and looking into their faces one might well abandon hope for the future safety of a Republic's ideals with such material for citizens. I

ascertained they had little capacity for learning and were disinclined to learn the little tasks alloted to them during school hours. While the little girls reflected a higher type of intelligence and refinement in their countenances than the boys, yet they were rude in behavior and impertinent to the verge of insolence to their elders, and it was quite apparent that their moral training was sadly neglected.

I want to say that this is in theory a prohibition state, but it might be well for the Prohibition Party to look into the administration and enforcement of a law enacted, and the jurisdiction and execution of this law conferred by the votes of the people. It is necessary to obtain the permission of sixty-five per cent. of the voters of a County to obtain a license to open a saloon, yet in this mining district, neither the voters' consent, nor the license is obtained, and saloons are run in open defiance of law and order both day and night.

This state, which is one of the most productive of the agricultural states in the Union, seems to be afflicted with that moral bankruptcy and decay which prevails everywhere, proceeding from the economic order of society. Its cities are teeming with vice and crime and the only remedy it has is to inflict fines and punishments, which brutalize the community more than the crimes actually committed, and which punishments do not in the least diminish crime. In some respects, however, it is not lacking in vigor, and it must be stated to its everlasting credit that it recently passed a law making school attendance compulsory on the part of all children of school age.

This was found not only expedient but imperative, as the school attendance for the past year averaged less than one-half of the children enrolled.

The next thing on its programme should be to exact a high standard of efficiency on the part of its low grade teachers by paying them twenty-five to forty per cent. more than is now paid them. One of its counties recently advertised for seventy-seven teachers and obtained thirty-five, the wages ranging from eighteen to twenty dollars a month for the term of nine months. As board and lodging costs $16.00 a month this would not leave much margin above a bare subsistence.

Reverting to the miners and their desperate intellectual condition, this is a matter well worthy the attention of every earnest man and woman engaged in the reconstruction of society, in view of the approaching co-operative commonwealth. As at present constituted, this branch of the great human family is not available for any good purpose and would be a menace to the aims and purposes of a co-operative state when established.

Owing to their superlative ignorance, they would be liable to be found upholding the present infamous order of enslavement and exploitation of labor, just as the starved peasant of La Vendee, at the time of the French Revolution, voluntarily went out to fight and die for the hideous cause of feudalism.

Therefore, while the Unions are doing a great work in organizing and perfecting the solidarity of the powerful forces of labor at their command, which it will be found necessary to maintain in order to fight the Devil's Dance of Capitalism, until such time as co-operative principles prevail in operation, yet it seems to me the Unions should establish reading rooms in all places outside of industrial centres and see to it that labor papers and Socialist papers are kept on file.

THE FUTURE MAY YET BE AN OPEN BOOK TO MAN

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

PROBABLY a mere nothing, the displacement of a cerebral lobe, the addition of a slender network of nerves to those that form our consciousness, any one of these would be enough to make the future unfold itself before us with the same clearness, the same majestic amplitude as that with which the past is displayed on the horizon, not only of our individual life, but also of the life of the species to which we belong.

A singular infirmity, a curious limitation of our intellect causes us not to know what is going to happen to us, when we are fully aware of what has befallen us.

From the absolute point of view to which our imagination succeeds in rising, although it cannot live there, there is no reason why we should not see that which does not yet exist, considering that that which does not yet exist in its relation to us must necessarily have its being already and manifest itself somewhere.

If not, it would have to be said that where time is concerned we form the centre of the world, that we are the only witnesses for whom events wait so that they may have the right to appear and to count in the eternal history of causes and effects.

It would be as absurd to assert this for time as it would be for space, that other not quite so incomprehensible form of the twofold infinite mystery in which our life floats.

Space is more familiar to us because the accidents of our organism place us more directly in relation with it and make it more concrete. We can move in it pretty freely, in a certain number of directions, before and behind us. That is why no traveller would take it into his head to maintain that the towns which he has not yet visited will become real only on the moment when he sets his foot within their walls. Yet, this is very nearly what we do when we persuade ourselves that an event which has not yet happened does not yet exist.

But I do not intend, in the wake of so many others, to lose myself in the most insolvable of enigmas. Let us say no more about it, except this alone, that time is a mystery which we have arbitrarily divided into a past and a future, in order to try and understand something of it.

In itself it is almost certain that it is but an immense, eternal, motionless Present, in which all that takes place and all that will take place takes place immutably, in which to-morrow, save in the ephemeral mind of man, is indistinguishable from yesterday or to-day.

One would say that man had always the feeling that a mere infirmity of his

mind separates him from the future. He knows it to be there, living, actual, perfect, behind a kind of wall, around which he has never ceased to turn since the first day of his coming on this earth.

In our days the science of looking into the future no longer has the splendor nor the hardihood of old. It no longer forms part of the public and religious life of nations. The present and the past reveal so many prodigies to us that these suffice to amuse our thirst for marvels. Absorbed, as we are, in what is or was, we have almost given up asking what might or will be. However, the old and venerable science, so deeply in man's infallible instinct, is not abandoned. It is no longer practised in broad daylight. It has taken shelter in the darkest corners, in the most vulgar, credulous, ignorant and despised environments. It employs innocent or childish methods; nevertheless, it, too, has in a certain measure evolved, like other things.

I have followed it into its dark retreats. I wished to see it, not in books, but at work, in real life and among the humble faithful who have confidence in it and who daily apply to it for advice and encouragement, but I found nothing conclusive, nothing decisive, and yet I must say that it is almost incredible that we should not know the future.

I can imagine that we stand opposite to it as though opposite to a forgotten past. We might try to remember it. It would be a question of inventing or rediscovering the road taken by that memory which precedes us.

I can conceive that we are not qualified to know beforehand the disturbances of the elements, the destiny of the planets, of the earth, of empires, peoples and races. All this does not touch us directly, and we know it in the past, thanks only to the artifices of history. But that which regards us, that which is within our reach, that which is to unfold itself within the little sphere of years, a secretion of our spiritual organism, that envelops us in time, even as the shell or the cocoon envelops the mollusc or the insect in space; that together with all external events relating to it, is probably recorded in that sphere. In any case it would be much more natural that it were so recorded than comprehensible that it be not.

There we have realities struggling with an illusion, and there is nothing to prevent us from believing that here as elsewhere realities will end by overcoming illusion.

Realities are what will happen to us, having already happened in the history which overhangs our own, the motionless and superhuman history of the universe. Illusion is the opaque veil woven with the ephemeral threads called yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, which we embroider on those realities. But it is not indispensable that our existence should continue the eternal dupe of that illusion.

To-day all this appears to us so profoundly impossible that we find it difficult to imagine how the certain reality of the future would refute the objections which we make to it in the name of the organic illusion of our minds. We say to it, for instance: if at the moment of undertaking an affair we could know that its outcome would be unfortunate, we should not undertake it; and since it must be written somewhere, in time, before our question has been put, that the affair will not take place, seeing that we abandon it, we could not therefore foresee the outcome of that which will have no beginning.

So as not to lose ourselves in this road, which would lead us whither nothing calls us, it will be enough for us to say that the future, like all that exists, is probably more coherent and more logical than the logic of our imagination, and that all our hesitations and uncertainties are included in its provisions.

Moreover, we must believe that the march of events would be completely upset if we knew it beforehand. First, only they would know the future who would take the trouble to learn it, even as only they know the past, or a part of their own present who have the courage and the intelligence to examine it. We should quickly accommodate ourselves to the lessons of this new science, as we have accommodated ourselves to those of history. We should soon make allowance for inevitable evils, and the wiser among us would lessen their total, while others would meet them halfway, even as now they go to meet many certain disasters which are easily foretold. The amount of our vexations would be somewhat decreased, but less than we hope, for already our reason is able to foresee a portion of our future, if not with the material certainty we dream of at least with a moral certainty that is often satisfying; yet we observe that the majority of men derive hardly any profit from this easy foreknowledge. Such men would neglect the counsels of the future, even as they hear, without following it, the advice of the past.

HOW TO HELP WILSHIRE'S

I have a great many subscribers who write and tell me that they are only too willing to do anything to help along this magazine but that they cannot find a good channel for their activities. They are often too occupied to obtain new subscribers.

There is one way by which anyone can help us. Write a letter of enquiry to advertisers. This magazine depends for its success upon advertising patronage. The price obtained for subscriptions does not pay for the white paper.

I don't ask you to spend money buying what you do not want simply because a man advertises with us, but do suggest that there are goods advertised in our columns that might interest you if you knew more of their merits. It cannot hurt you to investigate. Write to the advertiser and find out about them. Send for his circular, etc. Even if you never buy you have lost only a postage stamp. The advertiser will credit Wilshire's Magazine with a dollar in advertising value for every cent you may spend in making inquiries. A dollar spent on postage stamps by our friends may be worth a hundred to us. If you wish our advertisers to pay for the spread of Socialism, don't economize your stamps. A word to the wise is sufficient.

EDITORIAL NOTES

AN ECHO FROM THE ELECTIONS

THE following from the Leader, of Des Moines, Ia., struck me as one of the most philosophical articles I have read for a long while in a Republican newspaper. Capital is so palpably cornered that we don't need to have Morgan slung before our eyes every minute to realize it. For the Leader to say there is nothing new in the apprehension which has alarmed every generation since Utopia was written is absurd. Socialism is based upon the evolution of industry, and certainly if there has not been a revolution in our industrial conditions during the last few years in the United States, then every man who writes about what is going on is mistaken in his judgment. The Leader says it behooves the Republican Party not to assume a defensive attitude. The trouble is that the Republican Party will soon be unable to take anything except a defensive attitude. The Socialists are always aggressive and it would be impossible to conceive of any position which would put them on their defence:

One of the important features of the last election, attracting attention now that the results are being reviewed, was the growth of the Socialist Party. As a political organization it has not heretofore been a factor, for it has never commanded votes enough to hold the balance of power in any one of the close states, but its gains this year have significance. Two years ago the vote for Eugene Debs was only 86,000 in the United States, but at the recent election the party cast about 400,000 votes. In Ohio its vote will make it third on the official ballot next year.

The growth of the party was uniform over the country, showing that it was not accounted for by the candidates or peculiar political conditions of any one locality, but must be attributed to a general trend of popular thought. The success was as large proportionally in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa as it was in the manufacturing districts of the east where the Socialistic doctrines have been more systematically propagated.

The same drift of opinion developed in the recent convention of the Federation of Labor at New Orleans, where an attempt to commit the organization to the principles of Socialism failed by the very close vote of 4,344 to 4,744, with the influence of such leaders as Gompers helping against it.

Undoubtedly the massing of capital that has been going on, the impressive growth of corporations, and the apparent dwarfing of the individual, as an independent factor in the industrial world, have caused this awakening of Socialistic sentiment. The public has been prepared by these developments to receive the doctrines of state ownership of utilities and state management of industries more readily than ever before, and the Socialistic teachers have improved their opportunity.

There is so much that is plausible and attractive in the theories of state ownership and management that the wastes and weaknesses of such a system are overlooked, and it seems to people of hasty judgment the natural and only refuge from the domination of the "trusts." They have the erroneous idea that capital can be cornered, that the owners of capital are rapidly coming to an understanding, and will

soon have the non-capitalistic class at their mercy. There is nothing new in the apprehension which has alarmed every generation since "Utopia" was written and a good many before, but the movements of the time give it special potency just now.

He is a dull observer of events who does not see in this swell of Socialistic sentiment a force that must be reckoned with in the future. The conservative democrats who are congratulating themselves that they have escaped from the leadership of Bryan, and are hoping to get the party back to its old lines, are doomed to disappointment. Marion Butler, chairman of the populist party, boasted in 1896 that the democratic party was "being educated from the inside," and so much truth was there in it that the democratic party can never again be the same party it was before the two Bryan campaigns. It is no longer a conservative party. It no longer opposes every extension of the functions of government and proclaims the largest liberty for the individual citizen. It no longer holds that that people is best governed which is least governed. The democratic party of tradition and history has passed out, and a new democratic party which believes in having the government do everything has come on the stage. The democratic party which declared in New York for government ownership of coal mines will not stand out against the demands of its Socialistic members. If it does it will be hopelessly divided.

The republican party must be the dependence of all who believe in conservative policies, who are opposed to having the government embark in all the impracticable undertakings that the radicals contemplate, who realize that the millennium cannot be inaugurated by a legislative declaration, and that it will be reached only through individual development and by slow stages. The men who left the democratic party when Bryan came to its leadership will never be at home in it again. The political alignment of the future is to be with radicals in the democratic party and the conservatives in the republican party.

The republican party will be wise if it appreciates the new conditions and adapts its course to suit them. It must be conservative without being unprogressive. It must protect industry and property and enterprise and at the same time be mindful of the interests and rights of the humblest members of society. It must protect itself from the charge that it is controlled by wealth. It must scrupulously guard its policies from possible criticism of that character, and from even the appearance of granting governmental favors to a few at the expense of the many. When the point of attack is known it is wise to prepare there for it. This is no time to be fighting for tariff schedules which are notoriously obsolete, or to be voting public subsidies to any private interest on sea or land, even though incidental advantages are possible. This is no time to advise men who believe in tariff changes and oppose ship subsidies that these questions are paramount and that their place is in the democratic party. In the New York campaign the republican party could not have lost all who hold those opinions and still carried the state. In the campaigns that are coming the republican party cannot afford to be on the defensive in these respects. The country cannot afford to have it on the defensive. The issues are too broad and momentous.

Such articles as the above from The Leader are sooner or later going to have a great effect upon the thought of the people of the United States, and as soon as they begin to think and reason about matters the day when the change will be made is near at hand. The reason that Socialists have not made as much progress as they should have made in the past is simply that our opponents have hitherto been able to take the best means of defence available, viz., silence; but the tremendous vote of the Socialist Party and the economic development is now forcing them to come out in the open and fight for their lives. This is the last stage of the conflict, and it cannot be long hidden that the Utopia which the Leader speaks of is at last to be realized.

MADDEN NOT YET MADE JANITOR

I notice my friend Mr. Madden has had another one of his numerous setbacks from the United States Courts. It is a matter of a decision against a man in Missouri who was advertising that he could cure people by magnetism.

I don't assume to know whether he could or could not, any more than I profess to know whether vaccination is a good thing or not, but I do say that people have the right to try magnetism if they please and to pay a magnetic doctor for giving them what they think is magnetism if they want to. I agree fully with the following from the Chicago Chronicle:

As the supreme court justly observes, it is none of Assistant Post Master General Madden's business whether people believe in magnetic healing or not. It is no part of his duty to pass judgment upon the truth or error of people's beliefs. It is not within his province to exclude from the mails on grounds of alleged fraud publications which advocate or which advertise theories to which he does not subscribe.

In other words, Mr. Madden is a hired man, not an autocrat. This has been made pretty clear to him in the decision referred to. If he still fails to comprehend the situation the court will no doubt take measures to further enlighten him.

The curse of the postoffice department—and about the only thing that can be charged against it—is the practice which has grown up of intrusting to some trumpery two penny official the wholly illegal and irritating censorship of printed mail matter. This is not Russia, but America, and any policy which excludes from the mails matter which is not clearly incendiary, fraudulent or unclean is a Russian, not an American, policy.

It may be necessary to get some jacks in office into the street in order to secure the acceptance of this doctrine by the postoffice department, but the decision of the supreme court shows that the doctrine is going to be enforced whether the jacks in office like it or not.

I hope some day the Circuit Court of the United States will make a decision to the effect that Mr. Madden will have no more right to prevent people from buying "ideas" from Wilshire than he has to prevent them from buying "magnetism" from the Nebraska man. This Magazine is still being published in Canada for the reason that Mr. Madden thinks I am perpetrating a fraud upon the postoffice in advertising Wilshire under the guise of publishing ideas.

TOO LATE

Senator Clark of Montana, in reply to some queries of the New York Evening Post, while admitting that the Sherman Anti-Trust law in his opinion exhausted the power of Congress to regulate Trusts, said that he would be in favor of giving Congress additional power, but feared that it would take so long to secure a constitutional amendment that it would be "too late." Evidently Senator Clark imagines that the United States is going out of business in three or four years. What else he can mean by an amendment's being "too late," even if it took a decade to put it through, it is difficult to guess.

The above is from the Pioneer Press of St. Paul. I am not sure that Senator Clark knew just what he meant by using the words "too late," but if he doesn't know I can tell him. The whole amount of it is that we have long passed the stage where any attempt at regulation of Trusts is possible, and it is simply too late now to talk about any such thing as regulation. Senator Clark and Mr. Morgan and the other great capitalists understand this perfectly well. The pigmy politicians of the Roosevelt stripe, not having had any experience in real life, do not understand this, and they are now attempting to bring in legislation which, if enforced, would be disastrous to the progress of industrial development and absolutely futile from whatever aspect we may look at it. There is only one remedy for the Trusts: Let the Nation Own the Trusts. Senator Clark does not know this, but he does know that any attempt at regulation is sheer Rooseveltian stupidity.

EXTREMES MEET

It is striking how after all the difference between extreme conservatism

and extreme Socialism is not so great as some people would think. The German Kaiser recently made a speech as follows:

"We stand" said he "on the threshold of the development of new forces; our age demands a race which understands it. The new century is dominated by science—which includes technical skill—and not, like the last century, by philosophy. We must be men of the age. Great is the German in scientific investigation; great is his capacity for organization and discipline. The freedom of the individual, the strong tendency toward development of individuality which is inherent in our race is conditioned by subordination to the whole for the good of the whole. May the future, therefore, see the growth of a generation which, in the full recognition of these facts, develops in the course of joyous labor individuals who subordinate themselves to the good of the whole, to the good of the people and of the fatherland. Then, and not till then, will the ideal be realized upon which I touched at Aix-la-Chapelle—'outwardly limited, inwardly boundless.' . . . Freedom for thought, freedom in the further development of religion and freedom for our scientific investigation—that is the freedom which I desire for the German people and would win for them, *but not freedom to govern themselves as badly as they please.*"

Except for the wind up all the above is really quite in line with the entire Socialist philosophy; and even where he says that he does not believe in the German people having "freedom to govern themselves as badly as they please," I would hardly disagree, if we were only sure that the Kaiser was any better judge as to their ability to govern themselves than are the people themselves. If the Kaiser were only a little more diffident in his insistence on his own omniscience in running the German nation, there would be very little difference of opinion between him and the Socialists.

A LIKELY GUESS

For a great many years I have been promulgating the theory that American capitalists would sooner or later be forced to invest their surplus earnings in Europe. The correctness of this theory has been proved time and again; but the following note from the New York Commercial of Dec. 26, while it may be untrue, yet indicates the general acceptance of the theory by the public:

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 25.—Reports are circulating that a company is being formed, with a capitalization of $1,000,000,000 to sell gas and electric illumination in European cities. It is said that the People's Gas Light & Coke Co. of this city is a factor in the scheme.

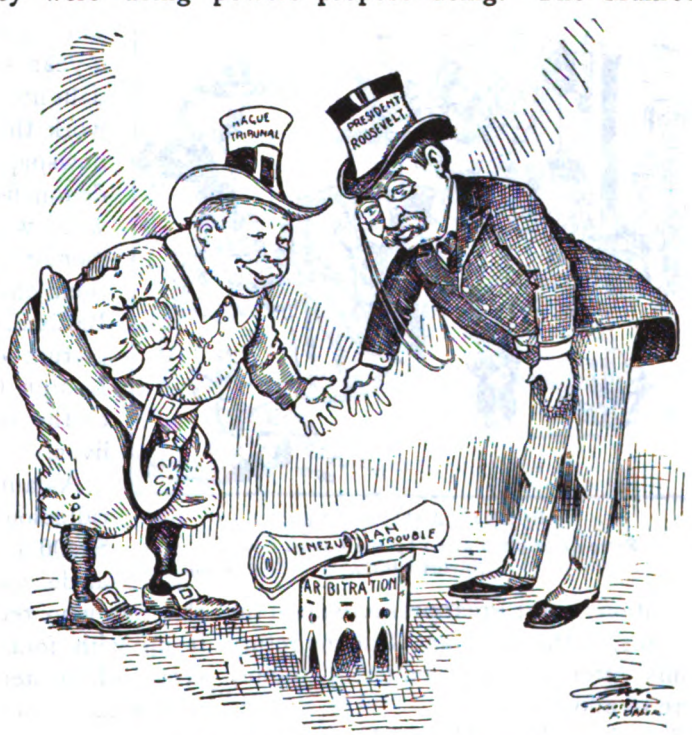
It is asserted that John D. Rockefeller will be sponsor for $300,000,000 of the stock.

A few years ago such a story would not have been given admission into the Commercial, as it would have borne upon its face indisputable evidence of being a canard. Today it is put in because the public will think it very probably true, even though there should not be a foundation in fact in this particular instance.

A newspaper will often print a likely lie where it will fear to publish an unlikely truth.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE foreign creditors of Venezuela played a trump card when they demanded that if this country was not satisfied with what they were doing with Venezuela, they would be glad to have President Roosevelt arbitrate the matter and decide what they should do. Certainly, if their claims are just, and I have no doubt they are, viz., that the Venezuelans have swindled people out of money which was lent to them in good faith and have insulted and outraged foreigners residing there, President Roosevelt would have a very difficult situation to face. He is an upholder of the rights of property and the rights of a nation to protect its subjects from insult while in a foreign country. He is practically bound to say that if Venezuela does not pay up and does not apologize then she must be forced to do so. The only way to force her would be to land troops there and raze her capital, or to institute a blockade about her harbors. This latter is apparently all the European powers propose doing. The Munroe doctrine is all right in theory, but in practice, in this instance, it is found to be merely a shield behind which a South American republic finds opportunities to swindle and insult Europeans.



A POLITICAL ALPHONSE AND GASTON

ALPHONSE ROOSEVELT—You arbitrate it, my dear Gaston.

—Minneapolis Journal.

The old idea of the possibility of colonizing South America by Europeans is now thoroughly exploded. We know that its colonizing days are over. In the first place the birth rate in Europe is diminishing so rapidly that there is no longer the need to hunt new lands. In the next place, most of the people in most of the European countries are now satisfied to stay in them. Of course in the case of the Russian Jews there are political reasons which force them to leave, and economic conditions exert great pressure upon the Italians, although many Italians return home after making sufficient money here to allow a return

HOME OF A COAL MINER.
From description given by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. —Baltimore Herald

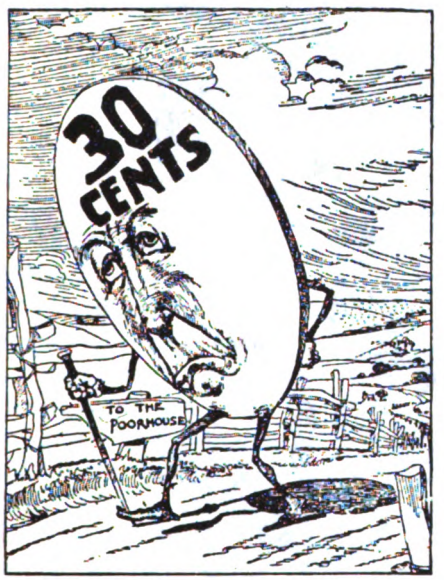
The New York Herald has nailed at its mast-head, for its next presidential candidates, Roosevelt and Dewey, and calls them Anti-Trust candidates. I fear that poor Admiral Dewey's political future is such that we will never hear much more of him. As for Roosevelt he is making more or less spectacular play before the public on the Trust question. Roman Circuses were all well enough if they were accompanied by bread, and just now there is sufficient prosperity to allow a certain distribution of bread; but there is no use in giving circuses, without bread, when there is a necessity for bread, and it is highly probable that before Roosevelt gets into his second term the people are going to demand something more substantial than mere promises.

There was some sensational testimony in the Coal Mining investigation in which it was said that miners getting $1400 a year were driving their little daughters of eight or nine to work the mines. Some of the newspapers went into lengthy denunciations of the miners who were getting so much money and yet were forcing their children to work. The Baltimore Herald gives a good picture of the idea which the Lehigh Coal Co. would present to the public of how a miner lives.

As a matter of course all this ridiculous testimony about the $1400 a year salary is brushed aside by the explanation that the man who receives it has to divide it up with four or five others. Judge Gray administered a scathing rebuke to the mine-owners for allowing such testimony to go in without explaining exactly why it was that a man received such an apparently large wage. We had the same thing in the Carnegie steel strike. Men were represented as receiving thousands of dollars a year as salary, when as a matter of fact hundreds would have better expressed it, as they had to pay

out of the sum they received a large proportion to their helpers.

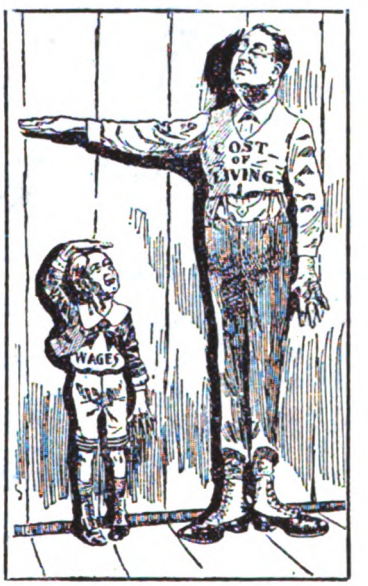
The price of silver seems never to stop falling, and, as the Denver News pictures it, the Bryan silver dollar will



What the Dollar of Our Dads is Getting to Look Like.
—Denver News

soon be down to thirty cents. The lapse of silver serves as an excellent text for the Socialists, who wish to direct attention to the fact that the reason of our economic troubles lies not in the color of the money we use but in the private ownership of the means of production. There is no doubt that eight years ago, if this silver heresy had not been trailed across the path of the voters by Mr. Bryan, we would have had a much larger Socialist vote today. However, it may all work for the best, and I look for Mr. Bryan to be as great a Socialist as he was a silver man before many years roll by.

The Socialist theory is that wages depend upon the cost of living. This is sound theory, but at the same time it must be admitted that when the cost of living rises, wages are slow to respond. This would seem to be the case in this country. Wages certainly are higher now than they have been for some years; but, at the same time, the cost of living is so much higher, that the real wages—that is, the amount of beefsteak and potatoes a man gets—is considerably less than it was three years ago, owing to the high price of food.



They're Both Growing, But——!
—Philadelphia Record

The New York Herald represents the Trusts as being built as inverted pyramids. This is not altogether the case, because the Trust has a perfectly logical basis. At the same time, our condition of trade to-day is such that it may be at any time upset, and the cyclone which the Journal predicts may set in.

Certainly when we have our next period of industrial depression and there is a huge unemployed problem, Mr. Morgan will be in a most perilous

position, he being nominally head of the universe and supposedly in a position to feed everyone, yet being bound by conditions which he cannot control and which will threaten starvation on an enormous scale. As I have said repeatedly in these columns Morgan is as good a man as could have been picked out to fill his position. I regard him as a marvel, but no man can withstand natural law, and the day will come when Mr. Morgan will find that even he, with all his brains and power, will not be able to find a method of feeding the people under our present competitive system. Each new combine that is formed seems to be headed by this same wondrous Morgan, and each one that is merely attributed to him on suspicion or is really under his

THE HOUSE THE TRUSTS BUILT.
—New York American

This is the Cyclone that some fine day
Will sweep all the greedy Trusts away;
'Twill go hard with the Elephant, Bolivar, who
Submissively did what they told him to do;
'Twill astonish the Man with the Giant Purse
Who bossed the entire universe.
But 'twill be a grand and glorious sight
For the honest Man of Muscle and Might,
Whose patience was exhausted quite.
'Twill shake up the Officer sleepy and slow
Who up and down his beat did go,
And firmly and faithfully guarded the Dough
Piled up in glittering heaps and stacks
And bags and barrels and kegs and sacks
That lay in the House the Trusts built.

domination, makes his position more conspicuously perilous, because attention will be concentrated upon him as the central figure of the universe, and the world will one day demand that he shall properly regulate things or abdicate.

A CURE FOR THE TRUSTS.

Congress might send Mr. Morgan on a Long Vacation if it is Really Desirous of Curbing the Great Trusts.

—Minneapolis Journal

We are constitutionally such hero-worshippers that we like to think that great industrial conditions depend upon the agency of one particular man; and, as the Minneapolis Journal suggests, we think that if we could send Mr. Morgan to Jamaica for a year or two's holiday every thing would right itself. As a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan is simply the chief agent of our industrial forces, and no more responsible for them than is the cloud responsible for shutting off the sun's rays. The cloud is simply the result of vapor in the air which must present itself in material shape. Morgan has been a cloud with it is true a certain degree of activity within himself, but we think he is doing much more toward shaping our industrial progress than he really is.

THE SELIGMAN—WILSHIRE DEBATE

Owing to the time of going to press we are unable to give any particulars of Mr. Wilshire's debate with Professor E. R. A. Seligman, which took place January 16th. A full account will appear in the March number. The debate was of especial interest owing to the commanding position in economics occupied by Mr. Seligman. He is Professor of Political Economy at Columbia University, and President of American Economic Association.

NEW BOOKS

REVIEWED BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT. By Oscar L. Triggs. Sold by the Industrial Art League, 264 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Price $3.50.

Professor Triggs has certainly put together here an interesting and useful volume. But it can hardly be called a book, in the full sense of that word. He calls it "Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement"; he might better, perhaps, have given it the title of "Materials" for such a History, or "Studies" for it. It lacks the digested completeness and homogeneousness that such a work ought to have. I suppose Professor Triggs lacked leisure for the enterprise; but he had gathered the elements together, and decided to publish them as they were, roughly connected, and to let them go at that. As it is, the volume is valuable and absorbing; but the subject is much in need of thorough handling, and the Professor seems so competent to do it that it is all the more a pity he did not.

He traces the relations of the movement to three great Englishmen—Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris; and to another not so widely known, Mr. Ashbee; and he adds an address given before the Chicago Industrial Art League on "A Proposal for a Guild and School of Handicraft," and another on "The Industrial League," as well as an essay on "Industrial Consciousness"—these last three chapters being apparently his own composition. The chapters on Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris are made up chiefly of quotations from their writings, connected by a running commentary. Whatever is in the volume is apposite enough; but the whole needs to be taken up and organized and explained; any reader, attempting to get his first conception of the topic treated from this compilation, would probably be puzzled, if not discouraged. A reader already familiar with the general subject, on the other hand, might find Professor Triggs' materials very apt and acceptable. The theme is intrinsically most succulent and attractive. It is an illustration not merely of the expediency of Socialism, but of the inevitableness of it. Natural evolution is at work in the Socialistic phenomenon; let who will oppose or advocate. Socialism has got to be; the course of history has planted the seed in human bosoms, and the time is now at hand when that seed must come to flower and fruit. The arguments of its supporters or projectors are very good reading; but they only serve to make it clear that the thing would happen whether they argued or not. In all developments of this kind, the same method is observable; there is a pressure from the realm of causes into the realm of effects; and this pressure always makes itself felt first in minds especially sensitive to such enlightenments, and appreciative of their significance. The persons of these minds utter, each as best he may, the burden of the message thus impressed upon them, and they are known as the heralds or originators of the "Movement," though, if the truth were known, it originated ages before; or, indeed, it was potential from the very first dawn of human intelligence. Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, and a score more men as good, or nearly so, have done their best to formulate the great truth that came knocking at their doors; but they could not have done it a generation before they did, and they could not help doing it when they did; the time, and they, were ripe, that was all. It will be so with Socialism in its entirety. We can do nothing but talk about it; we cannot bring it to pass; we can at most only oil the wheels so that, when they are ready to revolve, they will do so with less creaking and friction than otherwise. Nobody in the world knows, today, what Socialism will turn out to be, when it does fully and finally arrive. It is a theory only and not as yet a

reformers, or cynics who deny the possibility of good in man. For others, the deception is preferable; for we have learned to make it very smooth, flattering and plausible: and if shocking things do not improve us, we would better ignore them, and continue to be deceived.

But this is an apologue. It was suggested by a novel written by Mr. Jack London, who is a young writer only lately heard of, but already achieving, in the enormous competition of modern literature, a measure of favorable reputation. Mr. London is obviously young; and he still wears upon him the marks of the newspaper reporter; and of by no means one of the most skilful newspaper reporters, either. But he is also more than a newspaper reporter, in that he is beginning to have ideas of his own, and ambitions, and, perhaps, hopes of reconstituting society and mankind. These aspirations still welter unformed and dim in his mind; but there is the promise of growth and sanity in them, by the aid of experience, self-control, and common-sense—of that loyalty to simple nature and truth, too, which, in the end, are found to be so much better than the fine writing and highfalutin in which at present he so frequently indulges. The fact is, Mr. London has not yet digested himself. Hitherto he has restricted himself to short tales, in which he has described with vigor and with a good eye for scenery and the rough outlines of character, the sort of renegade life to which I have referred; taking his cue, one would suppose, from Bret Harte, Owen Wister, and even from Kipling, though at some distance behind the least of these worthies. But, meanwhile, he has been having thoughts of higher things; he has been scrutinizing the foundations of human society and character, has found them not all they should be, and has been inspired by an impulse to indicate what, in his opinion, they ought to be. It is a generous impulse, and it may lead to great things; but at first, the result of his cogitations, as illustrated in this novel or romance, must be pronounced crude and incoherent. The only cure for these shortcomings is to keep on thinking, and observing; and not to make up dialogues and characters from the resources of one's notion-counter, but to trust exclusively to adaptations of what he has heard and seen. It will be a long time, perhaps, before he becomes competent to write such a story as "A Daughter of the Snows" as it ought to be written; but he can always be attempting something towards that end—working systematically up from the less to the more difficult. The time will undoubtedly come when Mr. London will be very sorry he did not wait before doing what he has here done; and he will criticize it far more severely than I care to criticize it; but, after all there is no better teacher than failure, if only we do not allow ourselves to be discouraged by it. Mr. London, I think, has too much vitality and good sense in him to make twice the mistake he makes in this first long story of his; so that, in the long run, he may be said to gain as much as to lose by having perpetrated it.

His object in the story is clear enough; he wanted to draw a woman unhampered by the absurdities of modern conventions; one who had the courage to think and act according to her own views of what was right; who should dare to break with all manner of traditions and orthodoxy and proprieties, and yet should remain pure, clean and lovable. The thing has often been attempted before; Mr. London's attempt differs from most others in his having made his girl the possessor of a thorough education on orthodox lines; having got that, she then goes back to the home of her childhood (which happens to be Alaska), and there conducts herself by the light of nature and healthy impulse—as we are asked to believe. She is beautiful, athletic, and morally as well as physically brave; and she has at her fingers' ends all modern and classic literature and philosophy. Her father, an industrial and commercial power in the raw country, had fears that she would be "spoiled" by her long educational experience in Eastern schools and colleges; but she soon shows him that she is as primitive as ever, in spite of her learning. This is something, by the way, that would not occur in real life; a person, and especially a girl, cannot be subjected during the most impressionable period of her life to years of contact with the machine of civilization, without showing the effects of it in every manifestation of her existence. Mr. London tries to account for her by insisting at great length upon the power of "race"; she has the Scandinavian blood in her; is a sort of Brunhilda brought down to our times; but the explanation does not convince. In spite of all that her creator can do, the young lady betrays at every step the most wearisome self-consciousness and affectation; I cannot recall a single act or word of hers that has a genuine ring to it. She is, indeed, as much a monster—a thing contrary to nature—as the phenomenon constructed by the philosopher Frankenstein. After all the labor lavished upon her, she remains at the end

of the story utterly incredible and even inconceivable; she never materializes—or precipitates, as the Theosophists say. Though she is talking all the time, we never hear her voice; or so much as see her face, though she is always before us. And it must be confessed that the things she is said to do and say are unpleasant, and actually vulgar. Mr. London probably thought to help the matter by adducing the Alaskan background; but this was a misconception on his part; it is in a sense a primitive background, but it is very far from being an ideal one. The only primitiveness is that of nature; the men, as I said before, are degenerates or renegedes. It is true that the father of the girl is represented as being by nature a king of men; but in so far as he is this, he is unnatural; we cannot believe in him. There is a whole chapter of dialogue between him and his daughter which is entirely preposterous. It might pass in a book all conceived in the same highfalutin, transcendental key; but it is sandwiched in between passages of the most uncompromising realism. This incongruity is fatal to the book as a work of art; it is weaving cobwebs and tow in the same fabric The fabric looks absurd, and the value of both its constituent parts is lost.

Frona Welse—such is the simple every-day name of the heroine—is placed between two men, one a villain, the other a hero, who are in love with her; and she is in company with other men who admire her, but do not quite pretend to be suitors. There is also a prostitute who is sought after by Frona, with altruistic and humane views, of course, but with an utter absence of reason and motive. The two women embrace each other, and talk much nonsense; and the upshot is that the prostitute marries an American army officer. Frona herself is much freer in her manner than the prostitute; she handles every man she comes across, and kisses many of them "on the mouth" as Mr. London is careful to mention. When she cuts her foot on the ice one of her lovers strips off his shirt to make footwear for her; and in that condition occupies the thwart in front of hers in the canoe; and she rejoices to see the sun making his back red. When her other lover, the villain, is arrested and tried for murder, she forces herself into the room where Judge Lynch is holding his court, undertakes the defence of the prisoner, cross-examines witnesses, listens complacently to stories of his amatory exploits among Indian squaws, and kisses him good-bye at the foot of the gallows. She thinks nothing of sleeping all night alone with a man in a hut. She grasps a French Baron by the hair, exclaims, "What a ridiculous, foolish, lovable fellow it is!" turns his face up and kisses him on the lips—though the baron was not in the least expecting it. One of her lovers kisses one of her bare toes; she tells him, that if he cares for her in a big-brotherly way, he may kiss "all my toes." "He grunted, but did not deign to reply." This is a virtuous, pure-minded American girl with an Eastern college education! If she is like this in her virgin condition, what will she be when she has been admitted to the free-masonry of married life? Which would you prefer to be:—her husband, or her lover? Or would you not rather give her a wide berth, and avoid nausea altogether? There is not an atom of femininity in her; and if she were physically ugly, nothing could prevent anyone from regarding her as an impudent trollope.

But when Mr. London turns aside from the hopeless enterprise of rendering this phenomenon amenable to human proportions and comprehension, his work is forcible, picturesque and interesting. He knows his scenery well, and can draw it vigorously; he understands his frontiersmen, and can make them credible. He is still inclined to extravagance and caricature; and does not know that a thing which might actually occur in real life is not therefore necessarily possible in fiction, which should be true in a manner and degree which nature often fails to compass. Again, he lacks the judgment or intuition which should tell him when to leave off; he fatigues us with too much of a good thing—as in the prolonged description of the canoe trip across the half-frozen river. Instead of grasping the essential elements of the adventure, and grouping them succinctly, once for all, he strings the story out till it expires for absolute lack of further material. The story of the murder is another instance of prolixity; it is pulled over and over like a mass of tangled string; there is no imagination shown in the treatment. One of the best, and best told episodes in the book is the interview between St. Vincent (the villain) and the old Irishman, McCarthy. It is a little extravagant and sentimental, but not beyond the bounds of possibility; and the point made is a good and new one. Such collisions of inner character are among the best material of novelists; they are seldom improved, because failure is so much easier than success in the handling of them; but Mr. London may be said to have succeeded, in this instance.

Upon the whole, this writer is to be welcomed; for it is much better to fail in doing a difficult

thing than to succeed in doing a trifle. There is bone, fibre and sinew in Mr. London. If his good angels screen him from popular success, during the next few formative years of his career, he may do something well worth the doing, and do it well. But if he is satisfied with his present level of performance, there is little hope for him.

OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM. By W. J. Ghent. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

It is with a feeling of weariness that I take up economic books nowadays. It is so rarely anything is produced that is original in treatment or contains information of value that most of them can be passed by without opening and the world be no loser. However, although I do not agree with Mr. Ghent's conclusions, I must say at once that I regard his book as the most valuable contribution to economic literature that has yet appeared in America. This is a broad statement, but I feel that those who are interested in the evolution of industry will be quite ready to endorse my position when they have read this remarkable book. The wealth of illustration and the multitude of facts he adduces to prove his contention that we have passed into the age of industrial feudalism are simply marvellous. It is a book which I hope no reader of this magazine, who can afford to buy it, will neglect to purchase.

My main difference with Mr. Ghent is, as expressed in my criticism of his Industrial Feudalism, which appeared in The Outlook some time ago, that while he lays his premises very well he does not seem to see the impossibility of the continuation of our industrial feudalism owing to the impossibility of our continuing to employ men in making machinery when it is not needed. Under the feudalism of the middle ages the serfs produced goods which were consumed from year to year. Our industrial serfs to-day produce machines, which are not only not consumed, but which enable them to produce still more machines every year, until we finally come to a point when there will be absolutely no use for more machines, and we will then be face to face with a tremendous unemployed problem, which can only be solved by the abolition of our industrial feudalism, which Mr. Ghent presents so strikingly.

Possibly Mr. Ghent, with whom I have no personal acquaintance, may have the same views that I have, and may feel that it is better to state the case without drawing the conclusion that the change to Socialism is inevitable. He may think it judicious to make people see that they must do something for themselves, if they do not wish to fall into perpetual slavery, even though he may see that this slavery is an economic impossibility. Of course, this is a view of Mr. Ghent's mind which is not satisfactory, but it is difficult to have any other view when otherwise he seems to see the whole economic situation so clearly.

I give a few extracts from Mr. Ghent's book indicating his grasp of the general subject:

The tendencies make not only for combination in specific trades, but for unification—for complete integration of all capital which is susceptible of organization. Capitalistic atoms of low valency—to use a term from chemistry—such as those invested in some of the hand trades, custom and repairing and the like—may continue their course, but those of a high valency are sooner or later brought into association. From this fundamental grouping comes integration, the concentration of the material units which go to make up an aggregate. The lesser gravitates to the larger. It needs no modern Newton to proclaim that in finance, commerce and industry, as in the physical world, all bodies attract one another in direct proportion to their mass. Distance provides a limitation, it is true, to the action of this law in the physical world; but less so in the economic world, for such is the perfection of our means of communication that they provide a

more transmissible medium to capital than is the pervading ether to light and gravitation.

The separate trade trusts are not sufficient unto themselves, but move steadily toward unification. A glance at the directorates of the leading combinations shows many names repeated through a long list of varied industries. The combinations themselves reach out and acquire new interests, often distinct from their primary interests. In Pennsylvania coal is mined and railroads are operated by practically the same companies, and in Colorado and West Virginia nearly as complete an identity is discovered. The steel corporation owns coal lands, limestone quarries, railroads and docks; it is allied with the great Atlantic shipping trust; it is related, not distantly, to the Standard Oil Company; and the beginnings of a public opinion trust are indicated, for already its chief magnate has acquired several newspapers and a prominent magazine. Bishop Potter's prediction, it would seem, is in fair way of fulfilment. "We must fully realize," he said to the Yale students last April, "the danger that mind as well as matter will be at some time in the future capitalized, and that the real thinking and planning for the many will be done by a mere handful." Beet and cane sugar are soon to be joined, we read; paper and lumber, if not already wedded, are at least on excellent terms. Oil and gas on the one hand, coal and iron on the other, have a "common understanding," and each of them holds morgantic relations with one or more of the railroads. All the great combinations recognize a growing community of interest; they tend more and more to a potential, if not an actual coalescence; and in the face of popular agitation, legislative aggressiveness, or the formal demands of labor, they develop a unity of purpose and method. Their support is thrown, in general, to the same candidates for governors, senators, judges and tax assessors. In brief, they tend to the formation of a state within a state, and their individual members to the creation of an industrial and political hierarchy.

Most of the magnates show a frugal and discriminating mind in their benefactions; but it is a prodigal mind indeed which governs the expenditures that make for social ostentation. It is probable that no aristocracy—not even that of profligate Rome under the late Cæsars—ever spent such enormous sums in display. Our aristocracy, avoiding the English standards relating to persons engaged in trade, welcomes the industrial magnate, and his vast wealth and love of ostentation have set the pace for lavish expenditure. Trade is the dominant phase of American life—the divine process by which, according to current opinion, "the whole creation moves"—and, as it has achieved the conquest of most of our social institutions and of our political powers, that it should also dominate "society" is but a natural sequence. Flaunting and garish consumption becomes the basic canon in fashionable affairs. As Mr. Thorstein Veblen, in his keen satire, "The Theory of the Leisure Class," puts it:—

"Conspicuous consumption of valuable goods is a means of reputability. . . . . As wealth accumulates on his (the magnate's) hands, his own unaided effort will not avail sufficiently to put his opulence in evidence by this method. The aid of friends and competitors is therefore brought in by resorting to the giving of valuable presents and expensive feasts and entertainments. Presents and feasts had probably another origin than that of naive ostentation, but they acquired their utility for the purpose very early, and they have retained that character to the present."

The conspicuous consumption of other days was, however, as compared with that of the present, but a flickering candle flame to a great cluster of electric lights. Against the few classic examples, such as those of Cleopatra and Lucillus, our present aristocracy can show hundreds; and the daily spectacle of wasteful display might serve to make the earlier Sybarites stare and gasp. Present-day fashionable events come to be distinguished and remembered not so much on the score of their particular features as of their cost. A certain event is known as Mr. A.'s $5,000 breakfast, another as the Smith-Jones' $15,000 dinner, and another as Mrs. C.'s $30,000 entertainment and ball.

I might mention that there is a limit both to methods of ostentatious display of wealth which Mr. Ghent does not seem to recognize; and I also might point out that to-day Mr. Morgan makes quite as much ostentatious display of wealth when he buys an Atlantic fleet for his profit as when he buys a steam yacht for his pleasure. In other words, where at one time ostentatious display was indicated only in the purchase of useless or merely ornamental things, to-day the rich man can make an ostentatious display of wealth in purchasing industries which pay for themselves, so to speak. This, of course, has again a tremendous economic effect in hastening the termination of our present industrial feudalism. If the great capitalist could spend his income every year upon commodities which would be consumed during the year, then the process would be perpetual; but when he buys a railroad, which not only does not consume itself, but on the contrary earns enough to purchase another railroad, he soon comes to a point where he can no longer utilize his surplus.

SELIGMAN-WILSHIRE DEBATE **5 cents**

MARCH, 1903

THE SELIGMAN-WILSHIRE DEBATE

Yerkes; London's American Lord Mayor

The People of the Abyss - - Jack London

Industrial Feudalism and After Prof. Oscar L. Triggs

Omniism; or We, Us & Co. - J. G. Phelps Stokes

Tolstoi on Art - - - Louville H. Dyer

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

March, 1903

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WILLIAM MORRIS

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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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YERKES—LONDON'S REAL LORD MAYOR

CHARLES T. YERKES, the American who, after making a fortune in Chicago out of building street railways, is now making a still greater fortune building the underground tubes in London, has returned to visit his brother Americans. The following is from the New York Journal of January 11th:

Charles T. Yerkes, who has just returned from London, where he has completed arrangements for the construction of the tube railways in that city, talked interestingly to an "AMERICAN" reporter last night about his plans and about the present condition of affairs, commercially, in this country.

Mr. Yerkes, on his trip away from the United States, received many new impressions regarding the menace to this country from the Trusts and their development, and was inclined to be rather pessimistic regarding the trend of affairs in the United States.

"The condition here, if continued for any length of time, will tend to promote Socialism," he said. "I do not say this carelessly nor heedlessly, but after a careful consideration of all the conditions.

"Within a short time twenty separate systems will own all the railroads in this country, which will be an impressive lesson in the development of Socialism in this country."

Mr. Yerkes also bitterly arraigned the Trusts and like commercial combinations, and placed upon them the responsibility for the conditions tending to cut off the commercial supremacy of the United States. That the commercial supremacy of the United States is being rapidly endangered he is certain, and fears that the end may come sooner than anticipated.

"For certain combinations, I have no criticism," he said. "For instance, a few years ago it cost 10 to 15 cents to travel ten miles in New York City. Now the same distance may be covered for a nickel. This is an illustration of the benefits of wise combination.

"On the other hand, combinations have been made during the last few years which are wrong in principle and which could not have existed this long had it not been for the unusual prosperity in this country. A few

promoters bring into combination a hundred mills, paying for each mill an excessive price in cash or issuing to its owners an excessive amount of stock, or both, necessitating excessive and extortionate prices for the products of the Trust thus formed, in order to pay dividends to the stockholders, and especially to the promoters.

"For this reason I am opposed to Trusts. I have had to buy an immense amount of material, such as is furnished by the Trusts, and I know that by reason of Trust organizations, I have been forced to pay tremendous advances in price. In many cases I have been forced to pay 50 per cent., frequently 20 and 30 per cent. advance.

"For this reason I shall buy all my material in England. In the first place because I want to buy from those with whom I shall deal, and secondly because I couldn't buy at the present advanced prices in this country. *I can buy rails, cars, copper and small machinery, in fact, everything needed, in Europe much cheaper than in the United States.*

"As I have said, I am not opposed to combinations which are likely to be of benefit to the people or the country, but these combinations of capital which aid or benefit only the promoters, and indirectly the stockholders, naturally meet with my condemnation.

"The over-issue of stock, the vast watering that has gone on in every combination of the Trust sort, will be a fearful thing to deal with when values begin to shrink. Only the great prosperity of the country has enabled this great weight to be borne this long. Soon the demand for Trust materials will be begun to be satisfied, and when that time comes and the various Trusts have to get out and hustle for orders, you will see a panic among the Trust folk.

"I am not a calamity howler nor a panic shrieker; the inevitable is apparent to every shrewd observer. There will be no sudden crash in the prosperity in this country, but there will be a gradual decline in prices in Trust products, and when they have dropped as far as they can, they will have to begin to squeeze the water out of their stocks and forego the large dividends they are paying now."

"Would a reduction in the tariff help the situation?" Mr. Yerkes was asked.

"No," said Mr. Yerkes. "The tariff is simply one of the means for providing revenue for the country, and I don't think that any alteration in present tariff arrangements would affect the situation at all. The solution of the present difficulties lies in the law of supply and demand. We have had a period of great prosperity; crops have been good, money has been plentiful, and there has been a great demand for commodities of all sorts. When this demand slacks up the remedy for Trust conditions will begin to develop."

In speaking of his London underground railroad, Mr. Yerkes said that the Baker street and Waterloo road would be completed about next Christmas, a stretch of six miles. Altogether there are four railroads to be built, covering fifty miles. All his material will be built abroad, for the reasons given.

"American steel has risen 40 per cent. in price in the past few years," he said, "and is rapidly becoming a drug in the market abroad.

"This is how our foreign market is being cut from under us. I don't think we can maintain our commercial supremacy very long unless conditions are changed quickly."

It is really amusing how the great capitalists quarrel among themselves over the division of the spoils. Yerkes thinks it all right to buy up legislatures and town councils that he may consolidate his street railways. He thinks it all right for his consolidated railways to rob the public, and he sees no lesson to be learned in Socialism from his consolidations. No; Yerkes would not teach Socialism; it is always the other monopolist who does such pernicious teaching. He may hold up the public for all the traffic will bear but when the other fellows play the same game we are going to have "troublous times."

Yerkes finds fault with our American manufacturers for raising their prices on him 40 per cent. He sees that this greed of our manufacturers betokens a cessation in our march toward the domination of the world's markets. This would be true if the high prices were to be permanent, but they will not be. Today there is a tremendous demand for home products and consequently prices have risen, but this is only temporary. It will not be three years before there will be a glut in the home market. Prices will fall to an unprecedentedly low mark.

We must then flood Europe with our tremendous surplus which we will offer at any price obtainable. Europe will not be able to withstand the deluge. Her tariff walls will be submerged. Her ruin will be only a prelude to the ruin of America. Yerkes will find that it is better to have a 40 per cent. rise in prices than a 90 per cent. fall.

However, in the meantime it is noticeable that notwithstanding the encouragement our manufacturers are deriving from low prices in this country, they are every day seen extending the field of their operations in foreign parts. Very recently American and French capitalists have joined together in the establishment in France of a great shipyard, and another American company has made arrangements to establish in Germany a factory to manufacture radiators. That Americans have gone to England and built a great plant to manufacture electrical machinery is, of course, an old story.

As soon as there is a slackening of demand in America for goods, and prices begin to fall, the tendency will be for Europeans to put up the tariff to prevent the consequent influx of American goods. The next step in the programme then will be for the Americans to still further extend their operations in Europe by mining beneath the tariff walls, by building American plants and manufacturing goods there, finding shelter under the very tariff which the Europeans are erecting for their destruction. This transfer of American capital to Europe, and the building of American factories there, will have, to a certain extent, a tendency to prolong the capitalistic system, inasmuch as it not only gives employment to American labor in furnishing the capital to build this machinery for Europe, but it also gives employment to European labor in building such plants. Of course the great reason why Americans are going to build industrial plants in Europe is that they know how to build machinery which operates more economically than the mediæval stuff still largely in use in Europe. However, it is only a question of time when these plants will be finally finished, and the labor which they will have displaced will greatly increase the difficulty of solving the world's unemployed problem. It is true that the Socialists have made mistakes in setting too early a date for the great unemployed problem which must finally usher in Socialism. The reason is that they did not realize the many developments which capitalists would make in their machinery to render it still more effective. For instance, in the United States during the last three years there has been almost a complete overhauling of our railroads, laying down heavier rails, building larger tunnels, putting up heavier bridges, building larger cars and locomotives, etc., which has given employment to an enormous amount of labor. At the same time, all these

improvements when finished mean ultimately a corresponding economy in labor. Already the locomotive engineers upon many railroads are finding themselves out of a job, because two of the big locomotives haul as much freight as three of the older and smaller ones. Last summer when I was in some of the ports of Lake Erie, I was very much impressed with the enormous number of men who had been thrown out of employment by the use of the "clam-shell iron ore unloading machines." One of these enormous derricks will scoop up ore out of a barge and with the labor of three men do as much as 25 men did formerly. Just now this saving of labor is not noticed so much, because of the enormously increased demand for ore through the great consumption of iron going on today in the United States in the reconstruction of the industries as referred to above. Our industrial structure now is in the condition of a building which is about completed, with the scaffolding all around it which has been erected to assist the workmen in completing the structure, and we are now simply putting on the finishing touches, the cornices and the roof. We have fitted up this building with the most elaborate automatic machinery. You will simply touch a button and get what you wish, when the building is completed; that is, you may if you happen to be the owner of the building.

It happens, however, that we, the people of the United States, decide at every election that we are not the owners of the building called the United States nation, but that it is owned by Messrs. Rockefeller, Morgan & Co. They are the ones who shall touch the button and get what they want through the automatic machinery that we have made for them. The building being completed and the machinery installed, they will have no more use for "us," and so will naturally say: "We are very sorry that you say you must go; we would like to have you stay and visit us for a while." It is quite possible that when we, the American People, start to leave our country, and find there is no place to go, we may reconsider our refusal of Mr. Morgan's invitation to remain in the United States, and tell him that we have changed our mind. We may say to him: "Well, Mr. Morgan, we have decided that inasmuch as this great United States industrial structure is now completed, and furnishes everything that we could possibly desire, if we merely touch the button, we have decided to remain with you and touch the button and get what we want." Of course, if we expect to make any permanent stay in this great National Household, we must expect to make arrangements with Mr. Morgan to have a joint tenancy with him. The best way to do this is to decide to have a joint ownership of the structure. We can own it whenever we decide that we wish to do so, and can make our decision effective by going to the ballot box and voting for the public ownership of the means of production.

Let the Nation Own the Trusts.

CLASSES IN AMERICA

WE Americans have a great advantage over other nations in our unconsciousness of classes. That we have rich and poor is not denied, but that we have classes and class feeling is almost as vigorously denied by the poor as by the rich. And this denial of the palpable has an effect upon the social consciousness that it is hard to over-estimate.

In Europe classes are a recognized institution. The peasant never thinks that he is anything but a peasant, nor does the nobleman ever think he is anything but a nobleman. Even the very rich capitalist feels that he is hardly as good as the poor aristocrat.

In America, while differences in wealth have really made very distinct class cleavages, we refuse to recognize this condition; and there is no doubt that this refusal will sooner or later have a considerable political effect. We deny that Mr. Rockefeller's money was ever given to him except for the benefit of the whole people, and we have been insisting that the wealth of such men would be distributed by natural laws in the course of time, and the sons of other men would be quite as liable to own Rockefeller's wealth as his own descendants. This, indeed, is the stock argument of almost all opponents of Socialism. They insist that while there is great wealth in a few hands, this is simply an ephemeral condition of affairs, and that no one family will hold great wealth any length of time. So long as people generally believe this, it is not difficult to understand why it is they refuse to consider any change of society which would aim at preventing the concentration of wealth, feeling, as they do, that it will regulate itself automatically. However, we are now realizing that this concentration of wealth, and the holding of the natural resources of the country by a few immensely rich families, not only gives no sign of being an ephemeral state of affairs, but has every indication of being a permanency. Every year the very rich are becoming more and more strongly intrenched behind their ramparts of gold, and the public are generally recognizing that under our existing social system there is no possible remedy for the inequality of wealth. It is true we have anti-Trust bills galore introduced in our Houses of Congress, having for their object the levelling of the great fortunes, but these bills are felt by everyone to be of no possible avail in that direction. Concentration of wealth is an inevitable result of our economic system, and we can no more make effective laws to prevent it than we can make laws to prevent the sun shining. However, the introduction of these

anti-Trust bills year after year in our Congress indicates strongly the wish of the people to level wealth and to abolish conditions which make classes. They are also a very reluctant confession that there is such a thing as a class cleavage in the United States. Our sentiments are too strongly democratic to allow any classes to remain if we can possibly prevent it, because we are fundamentally opposed to classes, and to this extent Socialism, which aims to abolish classes, will have a spiritual significance to the people of the United States which it has not in European countries where aristocracy is a recognized institution. There has never been a nation of free people, such as we Americans are, resolving year after year that they wished to do a certain thing, and having every reason to get their wish, and also having every means for carrying it into effect, but what finally succeeded in their desires. While we scoff at the anti-Trust laws as being ridiculous, yet we can see behind them the determination of the people to accomplish the establishment of an economic equality among the people of this country. One hundred years or more ago, in colonial days, and before we separated from England, there was a long period of time in which we kept on passing resolutions and having meetings, and even having physical encounters with her. It was with the greatest reluctance we ever finally considered the possibility of separation from the mother country. In fact, it was once considered rank treason to refer to independence as an ultimate outcome of the agitation against England's tyranny. We expected to make some sort of a compromise by which we would still remain colonies and yet participate in all the advantages of an independent country. It is the same today. We expect to allow the Rockefellers and Morgans to own us, and yet we expect to have all the luxuries of complete independence which can only accompany self-ownership. It will finally be found to be just as impossible for us to remain free and independent under King Morgan as it was for us to remain free and independent under King George. In fact, theoretically, as has been proven by the English colonies—Canada and Australia, New Zealand, etc.—it would have been much more possible for us to remain under King George than it will be for us to remain under King Morgan. King George did not need to have been even a benevolent despot to have kept the American colonies; he needed but to have been sane. King Morgan, with all his benevolence, can never keep his American colonies, simply because the economic system will prevent him from devising a plan which can avert the great unemployed problem. He cannot feed us. Under King George the economic problem was how we could produce *enough* to give us the luxuries and comforts of life. Under King Morgan the problem is:—How can we prevent ourselves producing too much? Our fear is that we will be swamped in a rising sea of wealth.

What we must do is not to try and prevent the sea of wealth from rising, but to construct the bark of Socialism which will float us safely upon it, so that instead of wealth being a menace to us we will be borne forward upon it to the Golden Age of Man.

WHEN THE STONES CRY OUT

I. H. F.

How have you dowered me, City, my mother—
Me, a man, your child?
You who can clothe in silk have left my need to another;
You have fed me, for milk, with the gutter's waste.
Is it strange if the drinker be defiled
When his hunger bids him taste?

You have brought to my manhood's desire
The form of guilt for a bride.
Be it so; at the least she is mine, I say,
And for her I spend with a prodigal's pride
My birthright of passion, my income of unearned shame.
I am your son, recall; you will count the cost one day
Who left me unmothered, unsheltered
And mocked by a nameless name.

Yes, I am son of yours,
Son and slave to your greed.
Do your well-born children blush to see your face in my own?
They toss me a coin, perhaps—cause rather than cure of my need—
As they pass me—not too near—they who are wise and strong.
Pride profiled yellow upon it—gold is meant to be thrown.
If it cut my cheek as it falls,
Can the sting of gold do wrong?

I come to inherit my own,
Since I am born, as it seems—
The wealth that will save me my daughter, will heal my son that is sick.
Give me the sky that my brother breathes, that my children see in their dreams;
The right I merit of food and of fire at the coming of night.
Give me a noontide apart from fever and walls of brick,
For the streets of my life are blind
And unswept and walled from the light.

SELIGMAN : A FIG FROM THISTLES

WHILE Professor Seligman and myself are at disagreement upon our economics, I am proud to class him as my old-time friend. We have known each other for over fifteen years. This goes to show that men may have different economic beliefs and yet not lose their esteem and regard for each other. Professor Seligman is one of the few men of great wealth in this country who, instead of giving their lives to pleasure or to the making of money, have devoted them to enlightening humanity; although, as I have said, the kind of enlightenment he gives it is not exactly the kind I would give. Still, that does not interfere with a general commendation of his course. He belongs to the well-known family of bankers of that name, and in the ordinary course of events would have been accumulating bonds rather than books on political economy. He has the finest private library on political economy in the United States. A great many of those who attended the debate at Cooper Union, and lingered about the door after it was over, were apparently rather astonished to see us two march off together, arm in arm, with a dozen Socialists, to a well-known cafe and all partake of a love feast.

I have no doubt that Professor Seligman will some day be much nearer to the Socialist theory than he is at present, although it may be easily seen from the verbatim report of the debate which is given in this issue, that his position is not so far from ours as is that of most of the other professors of political economy.

His recent book "The Economic Interpretation of History" (The MacMillan Co.), is the most sympathetic account of the Socialist theory and of Marx's great work that has yet appeared by a man not a Socialist. It is a work of great erudition and gives a very fair and complete presentation of Marx's theory and shows up the absurdity of those shallow economists, like E. Benjamin Andrews and others, who try to detract from the lustre of that great man's fame by putting others, such as Rodbertus, above him in the mastership of economic analysis. I advise every one who wishes a concise statement of the Marxian theory, given in a fair and impartial manner by one of its opponents, to read Seligman's book.

E. R. A. SELIGMAN

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THE SELIGMAN-WILSHIRE DEBATE

THE debate on January 16 in New York was a great success, as may be seen from the following extract from the account in the New York Volkszeitung of Jan. 17th:

"The mere announcement that Mr. Wilshire would debate with Professor Seligman was sufficient to bring together 7,000 to 8,000 people in Cooper Institute on the evening of January 16, a sure proof of the strong hold that Socialism has upon the people of the Metropolis. At a quarter before eight the great hall was already over-filled, and still hundreds more clamored for admittance. At eight o'clock aisles, corridors and platform were blocked, and hundreds were not able to gain admittance at all. The discussion was of particular interest, inasmuch as it proved that Professors of Political Economy may perhaps understand everything else except Socialism. Professor Seligman found himself placed on the defensive, and had to make several apologies for his own remarks. His arguments against Socialism, or what he termed the weaknesses of Socialism, were so weak that it was a very easy matter for Mr. Wilshire to refute them all. The audience was largely in favor of Mr. Wilshire, and his remarks were heartily applauded."

The chairman of the meeting, Prof. Sprague Smith, made a short statement of the objects of the People's Institute under whose auspices the debate was being held. Among other things he said that the ideal of the Institute was a complete democracy.

Mr. Wilshire was then introduced to the great audience and after the tumultuous applause had subsided, said:

The chairman has said that the mission of the People's Institute is to further Democracy in its completest form; and I can say that I know of no better definition of Socialism than that it is Democracy in its completest form.

We have today what is assumed to be complete democracy. As a matter of fact, it is simply a political democracy. The Socialist proposes to add to our political democracy, industrial democracy. That is, instead of our merely electing a Mayor of New York or a President of the United States, we propose to elect those men who assume that they have been sent by God to govern us, such as Mr. Baer and others; that instead of having this heaven-given autocracy in our management of industry, instead of having our Mr. Baers and our Mr. Vanderbilts and our Mr. Rockefellers, having hereditary control of our industrial offices, we, the people of the United States, will say that this country belongs to us and that we will determine our own officers as we choose and when we choose. Now then, what good would it do, what benefit would it be to elect our Morgans? There is not necessarily, it is true, any benefit that will accrue

from simply electing different men to these offices, unless industry itself is conducted on a different basis.

As it is today we have a system which certainly produces enough; there is no question of that. What we are terrified about is that it should produce too much. We have indeed periods of over-production, when the Capitalists tell the workingmen, "We cannot employ you; if we do, you will simply be making something that we cannot sell, and you would not have us produce things that cannot be sold. You produce too much food, therefore you have to go without food. You have produced too much clothing and so you must go naked."

What a ridiculous position! Here we are, a tremendously wealthy nation, every year increasing in our productivity; and yet instead of this increased power over Nature being an assurance that we can banish poverty, we are told that the great danger is that we are going to be poverty-stricken, because we have too much wealth.

The Capitalist regards our present competitive system as one which is going to last forever. We Socialists say that the competitive system itself is at fault, and must be done away with. Today how is the laborer paid? Paid according to what he produces? Not at all! The laborer is paid upon the basis of what the unemployed man demands. Labor is sold in the market like any other commodity, bought and sold at what the lowest seller offers his commodity for. If you wish to hire a laborer you do not say, "Well, I can make $10 a day off that man; therefore I will pay him $10." Not at all. You look over the labor market and find that you can hire men for a dollar and a half a day. There are plenty of men who will work for a dollar and a half, because if they do not there are still other men who are willing to take the job at that price Wages being determined by the unemployed man, always remain at the point which just suffices to give the laborer a living. On the other hand we have a system of industry which is constantly being increased in productivity. Every day you hear of some new invention. We harness Niagara. We introduce some labor-saving device which increases the productivity of labor ten times, a hundred times what it was ten years ago, and yet the wages the laborer receives remain where they were—just enough to give him sufficient food and clothing to keep him alive, on the same principle that the farmer out here, back of New York, gives the mules enough oats to keep them in good working condition. It doesn't make any difference how much he may increase the productivity of the farm through the use of machinery, the mule works just as long hours, and gets the same quantity of oats, just enough to enable him to work. Fifty years ago the mule got so many bushels of oats during the month. Fifty years ago the laborer on the farm got so many pounds of beefsteak and so many bushels of potatoes and so many yards of cloth to feed and clothe him. Today the mule gets the same quantity of oats and the laborer gets the same quantity of beef and potatoes, regardless of the increased productivity of their labor. But where has the surplus product gone? The mule doesn't get it, and the laborer doesn't get it. It has been taken by those who own the machinery of production. And what do they do with it? They use some of it in luxury, in buying steam yachts, diamonds and laces for their wives, but the greater part of the surplus has gone into new machinery of production. It has gone to make America what it is today, the greatest industrial nation that the sun has ever shone upon. Here, then, we have a great industrial machine producing more and more every year, through the increased control over Nature that man has attained by virtue of new inventions, and we have the laborers, who do the producing, remaining just where they started from, simply upon a mule diet. The surplus has been transformed by the capitalist into new machinery of production which we see on all hands—new railroads, sugar refineries, flour mills, etc.—but all this machinery has been built for the purpose

of producing commodities to sell back to those laborers who are doing the producing, and they can only buy with their wages a certain limited amount. When they have bought the food and clothing which their wages allow them, they cannot consume any more, because they have not the wages to buy with. Now, the man doesn't consume a railroad like a potato. It is built for the purpose of producing further commodities. We shall finally reach the stage where we have more railroads, more oil refineries, more sugar refineries, etc., than there is any demand for, and the capitalist will say: "Gentlemen, I am producing more oil than can be sold." Quite so; for we cannot buy it with the wages we get. And he continues: "We have so many oil refineries that oil is being produced in such quantities that it is necessary to use means to prevent over-production; and the way to do that is to form a combination of the oil refineries." And behold, the Standard Oil Trust is born! Now, when that Trust first made its appearance upon the financial horizon, you know all the politicians in the country and all the political economists (except, perhaps, Professor Seligman) said, "O, the Trust is a temporary thing. It is ephemeral. Bear with it a little while and you will see it disappear;" but under the analysis that I have given, you can see that the Trust was the perfectly natural outcome of our industrial system. Most people recognize that the Trust is here, and here to stay. We have every day or two a new Trust Bill introduced by our bunco politicians into the Senate or the House of Representatives, but we all know that these Trust Bills will never have any effect. The point that I wish to emphasize tonight is this, that the menace of the Trust is not that it is exterminating the small capitalists; it is not that the Trust has such control over commodities that it can charge what it pleases for them; not that it can control labor as it pleases—these things are true, but they are a minor significance of the Trust. The real significance of the Trust is that it prognosticates the greatest unemployed problem the world has ever seen. Now, if I can make that one single point clear to you tonight, and if Professor Seligman will simply deal with that one particular question, and solve it by any other method than that of Socialism, then I will say that he will have done something that no man has ever done before.

The capitalist has said "Go to work, boys; go on; build up the country; make America the greatest industrial nation that the world has ever seen," and they have done so. Now he is saying, "The work is finished, we must form our Trust," and when he forms his Trust he is saying, "Boys, the work is done and you are out of a job."

But it may be said, "Isn't this a time of great prosperity? Isn't there a great demand for labor?" I will grant that. Just now there is, comparatively speaking, a good demand for labor, and we have "prosperity," yet you cannot pick up your paper but you see that a new Trust is being formed. Would these Trusts be formed from day to day, would there be a constant extension of monopoly, would you have these stories of the capitalist relating how they were forced to form a Trust because there was too much machinery of production, unless there was some basis for those statements? I think not. This state of prosperity, this demand for labor, is most ephemeral. Today you are building the subways of New York. Do you think you are going to build these subways forever? Do you think you are going to continue building machinery of production when every Trust which is formed is a sign, a confession, that that machinery is practically finished?

There then is my position. We have been employed up to the present time building up the country. We have finished it. Now, we say, we have a great country all built up. We have finished it; it produces all that we want. We Socialists now say that we are going to get what we produce by owning the country and taking over the management of our industries. How are we going to do it? By abolishing

this competitive wage system, which limits us to that mule fare I spoke of, and instituting the Co-operative Commonwealth, which will give us what we produce accordingly as we produce it. Let the nation own the Trusts and all the instruments of production.

Now, those four-legged mules on the farm, I suppose, don't know that they are producing any more today than they did fifty years ago; but two-legged mules know all about it. Moreover, when there is an overproduction of oats or corn or potatoes the mules are not thrown out of a job. They are fed any way. We are not. The mules have no vote. We have. But as far as anyone can judge by the actions of the American people, we haven't any more brains nor any more votes than the mules on the farm.

Now, what is the solution? You have read in the papers recently of several towns in the West which were short of coal, and there happened to be half-a-dozen cars of coal lying on the side-track; and the citizens suddenly discovered that the best way to get the coal was to take it. Now, they would never have thought of that if they had not been cold. It so happened that the whole village was cold, the mayor and the board of aldermen and everybody else. So the mayor and his board of aldermen—they would not do anything illegal, O no—passed an ordinance resolving that the coal on the freight cars belonged to them. And they took it.

Now, we, the people of the United States, have simply to get into a position of being cold enough or hungry enough to resolve that we are, as a matter of necessity, going to take possession of the machinery of production and feed and clothe ourselves. That does not take any great amount of brains. It just simply takes a stomach, an empty one.

Some people say "O, yes; Socialism is a good thing; we believe in it; but don't let us have it too quick." Now, those fellows out there who took the coal weren't thinking of coal last July; but in January it is a different thing. It is the same with us. When we are having "prosperity" we can say "Yes, Socialism is a good thing, in a thousand years; let us take it a step at a time." I would take it a step at a time if I could not get it by taking it at one jump. We can, if we wish, nationalize our industries step by step and gradually take in everything and have a complete industrial democracy in one year, in ten years, in a hundred years or in a thousand years; but if we say that we want it done, and know that we want it, why, we can do it as soon as we please. When this great unemployed problem comes upon us, and it will appear within the next five years, I think, the capitalist is simply bound to discover a solution for it or give up his capital. If he cannot employ the people of the United States, if he cannot provide a method of feeding them, then we are bound to change the existing social system. The root of all our trouble exists in our competitive wage system. We are producing far more than we can possibly consume, with our competitive wage system. Therefore I insist that when this great financial crisis occurs there can be but one solution and that is the abolition of this competitive wage system, and we can only abolish it by having public ownership of the means of production. I insist that as we are now progressing Socialism in its entirety is an absolute inevitability. We can have it, by voting for the Socialist Party, whenever we please. We will be forced to do it when we are face to face with the great unemployed problem. If we do not do it, we are going to starve to death—starve to death in a nation of plenty—starve to death because we have produced too much food.

With this Mr. Wilshire concluded his opening remarks, and made way for Professor Seligman, who was received with cheers. The arrangement for the debate was that each contestant should have an opening speech of thirty minutes, and a closing speech of twenty minutes. Professor Seligman said:

After hearing the eloquent address of Mr. Wilshire, and listening to the

magnificent reception you have given him, I feel that I have already delivered myself into the camp of the enemy. The lot of the political economist is indeed a difficult one. The ordinary workingman is apt to call him a minion of capital; many of the conservative newspapers of this city, I am much afraid, after hearing me speak tonight, will call me a dangerous Socialist; and both sides would thoroughly agree that I am nothing but a closet philosopher and a harmless theorist. The situation is by no means an easy one, but with your leave I shall attempt to come at once to what seems to me the core of the problem.

Socialism has been defined for you tonight as democracy in its completest form. Whatever we may think of this, for economic purposes I imagine we should all agree at least that by Socialism we mean the collective ownership of the means of production. Whatever else it may be, it assuredly is that, as Mr. Wilshire has treated it tonight.

Now Socialism is with many people a great deal more than that. Socialism is also an ideal; and with Socialism as an ideal I have not much quarrel. Although perhaps even here, if there were time to dwell upon this phase of the subject, I think it might be shown that even from the purely ethical point of view some flaws might be picked in the ideal of Socialism. Furthermore, I have no concern with the Socialists as such, when I am attempting, as I shall attempt to-night, to show some weaknesses of Socialism as a theory of governmental action. I mean to imply nothing as against the individual upholders of that theory. We all know that among the Socialists, from the time of Plato down to Karl Marx and William Morris, the Socialists have counted in their ranks some of the noblest members of society; men not alone from the ranks of the laborers themselves, willing to sacrifice much of what they had, but men who, like Robert Owen and St. Simon and the rest of them, men of means and substance, who were willing to sacrifice all their wealth and standing in the society about them for the sake of what they believed to be, and what was to them, a holy cause. So we have no contest with individuals. What we are dealing with tonight is a state of society. Individuals as such are not largely responsible for the state of society in which they live; we are all more or less blind tools of the social forces amid which our lot is thrown. Therefore, in our opposition to, or in our defence of, a given industrial order or system of thought, we must argue for or against the system and not for or against the individuals that compose the system. Personalities have no place in a problem so important or vital as this.

Finally, to clear the ground with a last word, let me say that I came here tonight by no means as an advocate of the devil, or as a believer in the unbounded beneficence of everything as it exists at the present time.

We have two different extremes in all social thinking, each of which is legitimate to a certain extent. We have, on the one hand, the man who, perhaps because he has been living in a more fortunate social class, and who has been born amid surroundings where all that he needs is a free field and no favor, believes thoroughly in the principle of extreme Individualism. That principle, carried to its uttermost limits, results in Anarchism. The extreme Individualist, and we have, unfortunately, too many of them, not only in the business world, but among the philosophers, especially of this country —the Individualist contends that everything that is, is good. Let us alone and we shall work out our own salvation. With that phase of belief I have no sympathy. At the other extreme there is the Socialist, who wishes to have everything regulated from above, or to have everything regulated through collective action; who believes that the individual is nothing, and that society is everything, or, at all events, that the individual is so unimportant that society alone should be considered. Now, the Socialist principle is indeed a more philosophic principle, but it seems to me to be not much less lacking in depth

than the Individualist philosophy. For while we are all members of a society without which we should never have become what we are, we are also individuals, with a stomach, as well as a soul. Both the Socialist and the Individualist philosophies are incomplete. The solution of the problem can be found only in a coalescing of these two principles. But to develop this would mean to tread upon a rather dangerous field of abstract theory. I shall, therefore, leave it in order to come to what is the fundamental point in tonight's controversy.

Let us agree that much that exists in the world today is wrong. Let us concede that the industrial system, as it works in individual cases, as it works in most cases, falls far short of what ought to be. Let us concede that no industrial system can ever be declared to be really successful unless it results in a life worth living for the mass of the people—for the people at the bottom as well as for the remnant of whom Matthew Arnold tells us. If I believed that our present system did not have within it the seeds of such possibilities, I should enroll myself under the banner of Socialism. Why is it that the arguments of Mr. Wilshire have failed to convince me? Let us take up, if you will, his particular argument of unemployment before concluding with the general view in reference to what I consider the weakness and even the practical impossibility of Socialism at the present time and for a very long future.

Let us start in, then, with the purely economic argument of over-production. This cry of over-production is not a new one. The political economist has been familiar with it for pretty much all of a century. About a century ago the argument started out in a different shape. It then was called not over-production of goods but over-production of men. It was a famous English philosopher who told us that we could never do away with our present troubles or with the actual results of social discord that we find in the world today, simply because there are too many of us here. There is not enough to go around. It is the over-production of men that is at fault. Hence the only remedy is to have less children. That argument was soon routed, because it was shown that although every individual brings with him a stomach and a mouth, he also brings into the world two hands, and that under proper conditions the hands will be able to feed the mouth. So it happens that for the last two decades we have heard practically nothing of an over-production of men for the long-distant future and that the dangers of over-population no longer seem imminent. It was not very long, however, before other philosophers raised the spectre of over-production of commodities. They told us that we are producing too much, and it is this over-production of things which is responsible for the crises which periodically visit us and which bring in their trail these sad results with which we are unfortunately only too familiar. But what has history shown us? History shows us that ever since science has been harnessed to Nature that although there has been an immense increase in the powers of production due to the industrial revolution and the machinery of modern times, after each industrial crisis the community is only too eager to take all that can be produced. It not only consumes everything that can be produced but it makes a step forward each time, so that after each crisis there still remains a permanent improvement in the economic condition of the country at large and also an improvement in the economic condition of the mass of the people.

This has been denied. It has been said that labor is like the mule that remains today as he has been for the last fifty years. But let us consider. I ask those of you who know anything of the conditions of industry in England during the years from 1800 to 1840, before free trade was introduced; I ask any of you who know anything of the conditions of labor, I will not say in the Middle Ages, I will not say in the middle of the eighteenth century when the domestic

system was being crowded out, but in present day Germany, France, Italy—and I read in your faces that many of you have come from the other side—I ask you, what is your condition to-day? Incomplete as it undoubtedly is, inadequate as your wages or your standard of life may be, what is your condition today compared with what it was on the other side or in former days?

A voice—"Worse than ever."

What is the condition of the laborer today, in the industries which are affected by labor-saving machinery? Are the hours of labor today longer than they were fifty years ago? Is the leisure that you have, limited enough, indeed, entirely inadequate, most certainly—are these hours of leisure today less than they were two generations ago? Are the conditions as bad as those we read of in the mines of England seventy-five years ago? Conditions in the mines of Pennsylvania are certainly bad enough, but I defy anyone who has ever taken into his hands the reports of the English Commissions, the Blue Books of 1830 to 1840, to find anything in this country that can compare with them.

I claim that each crisis is undeniably less in its intensity than in the past. Those of you who are old enough to remember the crisis of 1837 in this country, those who are old enough to recollect the crisis of 1857, will know that the situation then was very different from that in 1883 or in 1894. One of your ablest Socialists, the Russian Baronofsky, parts company half way with Marx on this point. He is still a Socialist, still believes in the ideals of Socialism, but he is forced to concede, as a result of his study, that the crises of today are not so sudden, not so sharp, not so acute, not followed by the same horrible results as was the case half a century ago.

We have heard a good deal about the cataclysm that is to burst upon us, the cataclysm of society out of which Socialism is to emerge. Do you not all know that among the Socialists themselves, among the leaders of Socialistic thought, there is a split in the camp today; that Bernstein and others no longer believe in the cataclysm of society?

The point I want to emphasize is this: I claim that it is impossible to bring about such a condition where we can have a general production of more commodities than can be utilized. Mr. Wilshire contends that the whole country has been built up; that it is complete. Is that true? How many individuals have we in this country? 75,000,000. If the country were populated as thickly as the older countries of Europe we would have, not 75,000,000, but 750,000,000; and 750,000,000 of people will need a great deal more of the means of production, of goods and factories and railroads, than we have today. There will be no such cataclysm as Mr. Wilshire predicts. Many, many crises will have to come before we shall have even begun to fill up this country.

Furthermore, what are the manufacturers doing today? To talk of the completion of economic activity seems to me to fly in the face of all economic law, of all economic science. Concede that we have produced enough railroads and factories for the present needs of this country. How about those untold millions of acres here and abroad that are yet to be cultivated; those untold millions of people that are yet to come into the world, and that will keep us and our activity busy for untold generations to come? It is not until the whole world becomes civilized, not until the whole world becomes industrialized, it is not until the uttermost ends of both hemispheres get into relatively the same economic stage as that in which we now are, that we can begin to hope for or attempt to reach the solution of the great social problem. We have become international in our commerce. We cannot shut ourselves off from the rest of the world. The time is coming when we shall purchase far different kinds of manufactured goods from other nations. The agencies now at work, if we make use of them in the right way, will show us that our real market is not in the

Philippines, not in Asia, but right here at home, that our real market is the mass of our own people, the mass of the laborers, and that the only solution consists in so raising the standard of living as to lead to a perpetual increase of demand and an ever enlarging market for the increased output of these factories of ours.

Now, how are you going to get this increased standard of living? How are you going to get the power to buy all these things? That brings me to the crux of the whole problem. If I believed that we needed Socialism to bring this about I should certainly be a Socialist. But what do we find in this country today? We find that there are two agencies at work, which, while we may not believe they are working as quickly as they might work nor as they ought to work, are nevertheless at work. And these are, first, the Socialization of individual effort through independent activity, from below upward —putting it in common language I mean trades unionism. I mean to say that trades unions have done more to improve the condition of the workingmen in this country and in England than all the theorizing that we have had about Socialism, or even than any of the few attempts that have been made thus far in Socialistic experiment.

The second agency at work is the Socialization of private initiative through government action. We have found indeed that individual initiative in itself is not sufficient. We have found that individuals, if left to themselves, will look after their own interest, but that their own interest is not necessarily always the interest of society, and therefore we have been compelled to introduce the social regulation from above, through factory laws, through legislation of all kinds, which tries to keep in check some of the injurious results of competition by raising it to a higher level. We have been compelled to use this agency and we are using it more effectively every day. It is therefore from these two sources—first, the independent collective action of private individuals apart from Government, and secondly, the social regulation of private initiative through Government that I expect to see that condition of affairs brought about, which is already now slowly beginning to make itself apparent.

Why is it that I do not believe in Socialism? Why is it that people who, like myself, have the most unbounded sympathy with the labor class, who like myself believe that Capitalism has grave mistakes to atone for, who, like myself, have virtually the same ideals that you have, how is it that such men are yet unwilling to accept the practical proposition that you advance? Because, first, whatever may be said of competition, we believe still in the persistence and in the need of the right kind of competition in human society; and secondly, because we also believe that with human beings constituted as they are today, and as they will be constituted for many weary centuries to come, the theory of Socialism puts entirely too heavy a burden upon them; that the inadequacy of government management under actual political conditions in the United States will only be too painfully apparent.

In the few minutes that are left let me try to call attention to these two last points: 1st—Why is it that I believe in the persistence of competition? Because if you look at the history of the world from the beginning you will find that most steps forward that have been taken in harnessing science to Nature, in improving the condition of the country as a whole, by making things cheaper—and, after all, what we want to do is to make things cheaper and men dearer—that pretty much everything that has been done in this world toward progress, has been done through the competition of individual with individual. But—and this is a grave "but"—competition no doubt sometimes brings with it evil results; is sometimes cruel and sometimes arbitrary. But what then? What does the task of the future consist in? It consists in raising competition to a higher plane, not in doing away with competition, but in preserving it and raising it to a higher level. That is what

trades-unionism is doing in part. For while the competition of employer with employer brings down prices, and is a good thing, the competition of workman with workman brings down wages, and is a bad thing. This is when trades-unionism sets in, for through it the wage-laborers, as a class, are put in a position to meet the employers in a fair competition, which will tend to conserve the benefits and to avoid the evils of simple individual competition.

Furthermore, why is government management of all industry inadequate? A few years ago the Postmaster-General of the United States told me that if he were the head of a private corporation running the Post Office business, he could save about $25,000,000 a year for the investors—about one-third of the entire cost. He did not mean that the Post Office ought to be run by private individuals, just as little as he or I believe that the telegraph or telephone business ought to be run by private individuals, but he did mean to point out that government management is wasteful and ineffective. They had government gas in Philadelphia, and it resulted in high prices and poor gas. Don't forget that we have had government industries of old. The greatest of all in history was that of imperial Rome—the greatest Socialist experiment ever made. [Laughter.] That was not particularly successful. While we must keep our eye on the reform of distribution, we must not forget that unless we produce something there will be nothing to distribute. Socialism, I claim, is apt to sacrifice production to distribution. The result of an immediate adoption of the complete assumption by government of all the means of production would be such a falling off in the means of production that the world would not only not be in a better state, but would actually go back centuries in its development. For what is the difference between our civilization and the civilization of the Red Indian? The whole difference is simply that now we have such an immense mass of production that the community as a whole, irrespective of the relation of social classes to each other, has more that it can call its own than it ever had before. We can get oranges from California, cloth from hundreds of miles off—

A voice—"Who is the 'we'?"

The "we" is all of us, rich or poor, who consume boots from Massachusetts, and meat from Chicago and apples from Oregon, whereas our ancestors had neither cheap boots, nor cheap meat nor cheap apples. Will Socialism bring us cheap boots and cheap meat and cheap apples? I have my doubts.

I will close with this one remark. I am not second to any of you in my desires, in my hopes, in my anticipations of change. I agree that there is an ideal to be worked for. I agree that we all, whether Individualists or Socialists, must work for the ideal, but you will permit me to disagree with you as to the best method of reaching this ideal. I have tried to point out in a fragmentary way what my reasons are for disagreeing with you.

In reply Mr. Wilshire said:

I have listened with great attention to Professor Seligman, but I could not determine from his standpoint what good it did us to produce anything at all. He said—"Why, here is all the world wanting our surplus products, after we have produced enough for our own wants." Suppose they do. Suppose that Africa and Asia and all the rest of the world want us to build railroads for them. Is that any reason why we should remain on a mule diet for the rest of time simply in order that we may build railroads in China? Why, of course, if we should live as we do today—you know how we live—you know how the coal miners of Pennsylvania live. We will have a surplus to enrich the world, but why not enrich ourselves now? People may possibly have lived in this country fifty years ago worse than they do today, but I don't believe it. Why, how could they live worse? I say that the wages the men get in the East side of New York, the wages these coal miners in Pennsylvania get, the average wage of the average laborer in the United States, is

simply incapable of reduction without starving the laborer to death. The laborer gets simply a living. Just exactly as the mules on the farm could not have any less oats than they get if they are to do any work. We know how our grandfathers lived. They were well-fed men; good strong, active men. Do you mean to tell me that the men of today get more and better food than their grandfathers did? I don't think we will agree to that. I think that the best you can make out is that we may get a little more luxury, such as being able to travel in an elevated car, or walk on an asphalt pavement; and anyway the percentage of the product he gets is much less It can be granted that if under our competitive system we are willing to live as we are living today, simply upon the dregs of existence, the nation will have a great surplus and we can build up all the world, build railroads all over the world.

We can distribute our surplus in that manner, if we are fools enough to do it. I saw men clap and cheer when Professor Seligman said, "Look at all the world that yet remains for us Americans to build up." You would think those men were the Morgans who were going to own the world when it is all built up. If we have finished this country, if today we are being forced to ship the surplus abroad because it cannot be used here, it seems to me that what we ought to do with that surplus is to let it remain right here with the people who have produced it. Let us feed and clothe ourselves first; charity begins at home.

I won't argue much about what public ownership could do by trying to draw any analogies with what it has done under our present competitive system. Take our Post Office. I think I know about as much as any one about what the Post Office can do. You don't suppose I am not aware of how public ownership works under our present competitive system. Today the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the owners of the country are its real rulers. The men who govern this country are not the puppets we see in the senate or congress or in the presidential chair. The rulers are the men at the head of the great trusts and railroads. These are the men who dictate the policy at Washington. What we Socialists wish to do is to make Wall Street our Washington; to make Mr. Morgan, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Rockefeller hold elective offices, and then we will control our officials at Washington. Wall Street controls Washington, we propose controlling Wall Street.

About Philadelphia, it is not particularly pertinent but Professor Seligman says that Philadelphia gave up public ownership—didn't care for it. It did give it up, yes; but why? Because the aldermen were bribed, and when the people had a chance to vote for it they voted overwhelmingly for public ownership; but notwithstanding that vote, the aldermen sold the franchise to private owners. There is where the Referendum would have been of use.

Now, regarding Imperial Rome being an example of Socialism. I really didn't think Professor Seligman would say that; for, if there is one man in the United States, not a Socialist, who knows what Socialism is, it is Professor Seligman. I think there is no one more competent to state what the Socialist says and thinks and writes than Professor Seligman. He knows that we Socialists all contend for the materialistic conception of history. We say that Socialism depends upon our industrial evolution. We could not have had Socialism before we had the steam engine. We could not have had Socialism when we had simply individualistic production. We could not have had Socialism a hundred years ago, and to talk about the possibility of having it two thousand years ago is simply absurd.

Professor Seligman speaks of Socialism bringing about a falling off in production. Why should it? We would want to produce under Socialism, because we would get what we produced. Today we don't want to produce because we have already produced too much, and we don't get anything at all. Every Trust today is an organization to prevent over-production. The whole tendency today is to have production fall off; so that if there is any

danger of our having too little production the danger exists in our present method of production.

Again, he speaks about the glories and beauties of competition—but for whom? The capitalist doesn't want any more of it. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller, who control our industries, say that competition is dead. The professors of political economy may try to resuscitate the corpse, but they will never do it.

And then he says trades-unionism is a solution. We will grant that trades-unions have done more than the Socialists have to advance wages—simply because the Socialists have had no opportunity of advancing wages, and cannot do it until we have Socialism. But what does the work of the trades-unions amount to? What do you get? The mule may get a little more oats and have his stall swept out. The Socialist says we want all we produce, we don't want a little more. Not a few more crumbs—we want the whole dinner that we have produced. Then again, the trades-unions are all right when there is a job; but when there is no job—(The rest of the sentence was drowned in vociferous applause).

Professor Seligman speaks of the condition of the laborer in England today compared with what it was fifty years ago. I would like him to tell me what he thinks of the condition of those mobs of men today walking up and down the streets of London unemployed. You see cable reports that the tradesmen are barring up their windows in London, fearing the mobs of the unemployed. It may be that when they do get employment next year or next century they may get better wages than their grandfathers did forty or fifty years ago—but they may not be alive.

It is not the average wage that determines how comfortable you are—it is the wage that you get every day. You might turn out a herd of buffalo on a field and you can figure out that in the course of fifty years the field will yield so many tons of hay and that each buffalo would get so much every year and therefore that they will be all right; but one summer there comes a drought and the hay is killed and the buffaloes have nothing to eat and they all die. The average yield of the field is sufficient to keep that number of buffaloes alive, yet they are all dead. So with us. You give us one winter of unemployed men; and no matter what the general average for fifty years may be, the one unemployed winter brings them to starvation. How long can any of us go without dinners? I know one night is enough for me.

As to the difference among Socialists, regarding this so called catastrophic theory as I have given it tonight, which I take it is the Marxian view, the vast majority of Socialists hold it; but whatever minor differences Socialists may have, everyone who is worthy of being called a Socialist sincerely wishes and demands Socialism just as soon as we can get it.

Professor Seligman says, "Look at the millions of people we can take into this country; and every one we bring in will cause greater demands upon us to feed him, and thus will give us employment for labor and thus keep us making new machinery." And yet just a few minutes ago he denounced the Malthusian theory because, while every one was born with a mouth he was also born with a pair of arms. So that on his own theory the more emigrants come in here, the more we will be able to produce and the more severe will be our unemployed problem.

It is true that as each new machine was invented it was said it would throw men out of employment; yet it did not. But why? Because when one machine was introduced we took the surplus labor created by that machine and set it to work making a new machine. If we could keep on doing that forever we would never have any unemployed problem; but we cannot do it forever, and that is the point. The Trust is the sign that we cannot continue making new machinery as we did in the past. The machinery is finished.

Prof. Seligman says we have had crises in the past, and that each crisis as it now comes is less severe than the preceding one. It may be so; but we

have never had a crisis since the Trust and Mr. Morgan got into control of our industry. What difference does that make? A great difference, psychologically and industrially. When we have our next crisis we will know that we have reached the logical end of our industrial system as it is conducted at present. We will know that it is not because the capitalists were ignorant of what the country needed. You don't find the Standard Oil Co. producing more oil than is needed. That recklessness belongs to the days of competition. There may have been a time when we overproduced unwittingly, but we cannot do it when we have the Trust. When the next crisis comes, and there is a great mass of unemployed, what will be the cry? What was the cry in the recent coal strike? We pointed to Mr. Morgan and said: "Mr. Morgan, it is up to you to solve this." Now, I don't know that Mr. Morgan could have solved it. I don't know that he had any more power than some other men. I say that if we were picking out an industrial autocrat we could hardly find a better man than Morgan. But this is a condition that no man can control. It will be absolutely impossible for Mr. Morgan or anybody else to give us employment when we reach our next crisis, except by abolishing the competitive wage system and introducing Socialism.

As soon as the applause had subsided Mr. Seligman stepped forward and said in reply:

Mr. Wilshire has paid me so many undeserved compliments that it really seems too bad for me to have the last word, and thus be given the opportunity to lay bare what appear to me to be flaws in his logic. What does Mr. Wilshire say? Socialism is inevitable because of the problem of the unemployed. The problem of the unemployed is with us because the means of production are outrunning the means of consumption; that we are producing too much and that we do not get our share of it; that we are not able, really, to do anything with this surplus, but that we are putting more and more into the means of production, and that this leads us into a vicious circle. On the other hand, he tells us that the characteristic of the Trusts is that they limit production. Now, how can an industrial system which limits production increase production? How can an industrial crisis which is dependent upon over-production be caused by a system of Trusts which brings about under-production?

But without attempting to push that matter any further, let me say that I think Mr. Wilshire is mistaken in claiming that crises are caused by over-production. Crises are caused by mistaken production, by misdirected production; and the reason that crises are becoming less and less acute is because the world is gradually getting to have its system of production better organized for purposes of production. The time is not so far off when, with a more improved system of competition, a better regulated and better organized method of production, of which the Trust is only the fore-runner, we shall have less and less harmful crises. The present industrial system is not tending to an accentuation of these miseries, but it is tending to an alleviation of these miseries. And toward this end are working, not alone the whole modern development of the Trust, but also the trades-union movement and the legislative enactment movement.

Now, to come to one or two of the other points that Mr. Wilshire made. He spoke of Philadelphia and of the attitude of the people as opposed to the aldermen. Now, gentlemen, when we have government industry, who are going to be in control? Who are going to be the leaders of production? Plainly, the politicians. For political life we must continue to have. The very essence of party Socialism is the intermixture of politics and industry. You cannot possibly have government management without industrial and political problems being interwoven. If we have government management, the managers will not be our Morgans and our Rockefellers, but our Boards of Aldermen. And what then?

Next as to Rome. I don't want to

enter upon ancient history; it is not specially interesting; but I hold to my statement that the condition of the Roman Empire affords us the greatest example of government ownership of industry that the world has ever seen. Pretty much everything was produced by government. There were state factories for producing the articles of daily wear, the clothes of the poor and the luxury of the rich, and for pretty much everything else. Production was virtually goverment production; but the workmen were practically slaves.

Read Roman history; and see what became of the class of the independent workmen of the third and fourth centuries in the *ergastula*, when every workman was bound to become what his father had been before him, and when the unions of workers had become herditary caste-like bodies, bound to the service of the states. Learn what collective ownership means under an autocratic rule. I do not indeed say that we would have precisely the same condition under modern Democratic Socialism. But about the only difference would be that the Roman Emperor would be replaced by our Boards of Aldermen, and I don't think the improvement will be so very marked.

I am glad to see the sentiment in favor of trades-unionism that has been shown here tonight. I rejoice that the extremes are tending to disappear. I am glad to see that the wisest among you Socialists are less violent in your denunciations than you were twenty-five years ago. I am glad to see that the wisest among the Individualists are less extreme than they were twenty-five years ago.

Voice—"How about Baer?"

I said among the wise capitalists.

Among them we don't hear much more of absolute *laissez faire* and the sacred rights of private property and absolute hands-off for the leaders of industry. For even in the employing class there is a great, not very great indeed, but a steadily growing number of wise men. And on the other hand so it is with the Socialists. For what is the attitude of the ordinary Socialist? It is like that of the unwise capitalist. The unwise capitalist denounces labor in general, objects to its organization. So the unwise Socialist objects to trades-unionism—(Cries of No, No, No!)

I am glad to see that only the wise Socialists are here tonight.

There is getting to be a common meeting ground. Socialism in the higher sense of the term is becoming more tolerant of the opinions of others. Socialism is beginning to see that there is something, not much but a little, in the views of the opposite party. We can never hope to bring about social evolution by social revolution. We can never attain social peace until this wisdom becomes more pronounced than it is today, and unless we are all willing to meet on a common ground. This common ground may indeed be found in a belief in the crying necessity for social progress, in the crying necessity for the setting in motion forces which will tend to bring about a more adequate life for the mass of the people, in the crying necessity for means whereby individual and collective action may be taken on the one hand toward the preservation of what is good in competition and on the other toward the Socialization of those things that are in the deepest sense common to all. But not until we get some such common meeting ground as that, where we can all pull together for effective social progress, not until then, shall we be able to produce any lasting results.

[Under a rather unusual arrangement I did not have the closing of the argument, this being usually given to the opening speaker in a debate.

I would have said in my final reply, had I had an opportunity, that Professor Seligman did not seem to see the crux of my argument, which was that the Trusts by the systematization of industry would limit production to meet the demand for their goods, and thus, in preventing overproduction, would create an unemployed problem. He seemed to think that what I feared was overproduction *per se*. It is not overproduction I fear, but it is the fear of the capitalists of overproduction and consequently their throwing great masses of the

workers out of employment. Therefore when Professor Seligman talked about the Trusts preventing overproduction and thus removing the very thing which I am afraid of, he forgets the fact that by the very means they take to prevent overproduction, viz., the limiting or cessation of production, they merely hasten the very unemployed problem which I dwell upon as being sure to create an irresistible demand for the abolition of the competitive system and the introduction of Socialism.

In regard to politicians under Socialism, I would say that the politicians then will be the owners of the machinery of production instead of being parasites upon the owners as are the Philadelphia aldermen and all politicians in general today. Under Socialism we will ourselves own the railroads and therefore will not have any desire or any need to bribe our congressmen in order to get legislation in favor of our own railroads. Our congressmen will be joint owners with us of the railroads.

I do not propose to bring about social evolution by means of social revolution. I make no distinction between the meaning of the two words, other than that the change from the competitive wage system to the co-operative system is such a complete reversal that it certainly might be justifiably termed a revolution. As far as the rapidity of this change goes, that depends entirely upon the truth of my prophecy as to the immense unemployed problem. If this great problem should arise, and if we have no other way of solving it than by introducing Socialism, we are either going to starve to death or have Socialism.

I think the people of the United States, rather than starve, will have Socialism.—H. G. W.]

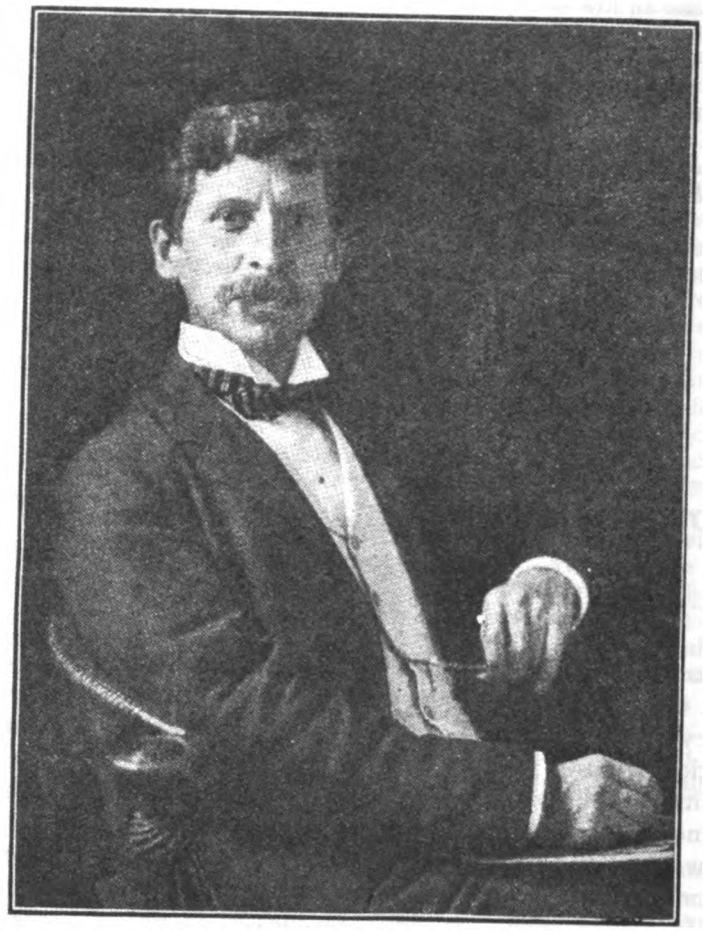
INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM—AND AFTER

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS

I DO not know when and by whom it was first discerned that the modern industrial development of the world is nearly identical as to its main features with the political evolution of an earlier time. It is now almost a commonplace to use the words "Industrial Feudalism" in describing the modern status of industry. Mr. Ghent seems to think that in his essay on "Benevolent Feudalism" he was the first to apply the principle of feudalism* in explaining modern "Capitalism." In truth the conception of a monarchic order in industrialism is a familiar one and is implied in the popular designation of the great owners and directors of properties as "Kings" and "Barons." It is now clear that these terms represent very real facts and that the stage now reached in industrial progress is distinctly feudal and monarchic. The most successful and perfectly controlled businesses in recent years have been those organized and built up on feudal lines. Competition, corresponding to the private wars of the middle ages, has forced the issue from without. Within the competitive groups the wage and salary in regulated scale have

*In my volume entitled "Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement," written early in 1900, I made the following statement: "In the present relationship [between exploiters and exploited] all the features of feudalism are found. And as the world is only at the beginning of its industrial evolution it is likely that the process will run parallel at all points with the development of government. The old domestic system of industry, which the factory system superseded, was simply undifferentiated and unorganized industry. Corresponding to the political era of petty warfare was the period of competition. Competition has been the agent for the selection of the strong and the elimination of the weak. It has created 'Captains of Industry' on one side, and an army of workmen reduced to order, and compelled to service on the other, etc."

furnished the nexus to bind their members together in the relation of master and man. The war-game is played with dollars and not with arms and men. From the combination of groups, principalities are being formed, competition is wholly destroyed and supreme control is placed in the hands of one man. This one man will derive his authority not from the subjects, the workers, but from "God." In order that the magnate's action may



OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS, CHICAGO

(Mr. Triggs has been Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago since its opening in 1892. Perhaps more than any other in his profession he possesses the social sense, and makes a specialty of treating literature from the point of view of Sociology.)

presided over by petty Kings. These pay tribute to the few individuals who constitute the real government. The monarchic state is of course not yet perfected and will not be till the "universal trust" is formed whereby have higher sanction a theory will be formed corresponding to the "divine rights of Kings"—a theory implied by the devout attitude of many industrial potentates and which is already formulated by a certain "coal-baron" in

words that have burned deep into the consciousness of the times.

The monarchic conclusion is inevitable. There will be no great change in the industrial system until the present centralizing tendency is ended—until all are absorbed in the industrial idea, and until all have come to industrial consciousness.

Industrial despotism will be tempered, of course, by occasional benevolence—there will be "good" magnates as there were "good" kings. This class will seek to solve the social problem from above, through various agencies looking toward "industrial betterment." Even now the up-to-date business has a "social secretary" whose function is to improve the conditions of work by providing libraries, lectures, picnics, flower-beds and the like, and by bringing into the corporation that personal element which the corporation as a "legal fiction" cannot presume to contain. The rule of the benevolent will often be thwarted by rebels and protestors who think they want simple justice and not benevolence and flower-beds. But, as the system will prove beneficial on the whole to the masses of the people during the time of its formation the rebellions will be of short life and ineffective.

There will be a growing difficulty also in maintaining feudal authority because of the very perfection of the machinery of production, the enormous increase of products making it increasingly difficult for the owners to consume that which is produced. The industrial baron must work and solve, at the risk of losing his position, the problem of employment. One unemployed person is a menace to the whole order. One unconsumed product is as dangerous to the industrial order as was the outlaw in the mountains of Europe to the political order. Yet I do not doubt that new ways may be devised of spending money and of setting the task for labor.

The advantage of industrial feudalism is two-fold. It brings order into the chaos occasioned by competition—an order greatly to be desired to satisfy our repugnance at social waste. It cannot be denied that the system of individualistic production is attended by enormous loss of every kind. The law of economy requires the co-ordination of effort, such as is attained in the corporation and trust. And as the world is not yet rationalized we must depend for the elimination of waste upon the strong hand of an over-lord. The second gain in feudalism is the education the people receive in industrialism, whereby the way is prepared for the assumption of industrial control by the people when feudalism shall have fulfilled its function.

But now the question presents itself—After feudalism, what? The answer seems clear: Some form of industrial democracy.

In political democracy the world's political evolution is doubtless culminating. After the dispersion of political authority to the individuals of a group the political system as such is subject to disintegration. The ballot-box was once regarded as the "palladium of our liberties"—something to suffer for, to fight for, and to die for. It is now looked upon by the majority of citizens with considerable indifference. The whole scheme of political democracy is upheld largely by tradition. Government has been handed over to politicians who enter into politics because they can get something out of it for themselves. And for the present the

people—again for traditional and sentimental reasons—pay the bills of appropriation: though with increasing bad grace. Long ago Emerson noted that of all expenditures the people paid the taxes with the least willingness. The vital thought of the people is not today in politics. The real problems are not governmental but industrial. Is there a single political issue before the American people today? Is it at all likely that political issues will arise in the future? Doubtless the President of the United States will one day be a political figure-head precisely in the manner of the King of England at the present time. What we are witnessing at the present moment is the transfer of interest from the field of politics to that of industry. But let it be observed that the transfer is made not from a political democracy to an industrial democracy but from a political democracy to an industrial feudalism. This is the real cause of the immense confusion of our time. Men are independent with respect to political government: they are dependent with respect to industrial control. The battle for human freedom has to be fought all over again on a new field and with new weapons. The lesson of political democracy is, of course, well learned. Nevertheless the time is not yet come for the establishment of business upon democratic lines. In the first place the higher ideals of labor have not become universal. In the second place there are too many inefficient workers. A revolution at the present time to effect the destruction of industrial feudalism in the manner of the French Revolution, which brought about the ruin of political feudalism, would result in chaos. Industrial consciousness is too imperfectly developed for all men to assume industrial self-control. But when the feudal order is perfected and when the superior magnate has held control long enough for the people to realize that loyalty to him is in truth loyalty to themselves—that he is nothing by himself, but only as he represents the will of the whole people, then the dispersion of the magnate's authority will be effected gradually—it may be by some revolution.

A sign of the times is that the transfer of interests to industrial feudalism is made by means of "Republican" politics. The rise of the Republican Party to power coincides with the modern evolution of business. This is more than accidental. The Republican Party stands for centralization. It is Hamiltonian in its policy—Hamilton being of all political leaders the most monarchic in attitude. Meanwhile the policies of Jefferson are obscured. The Republican Party stands also for property and property owners do well to contribute to the Republican campaign fund. Meanwhile the people must wait for their recognition at the hands of government until materials are fully organized and the rush for property has subsided. It is doubtful if labor will gain anything by affiliating with the Democratic Party or by forming an independent Labor Party, for the reason that industrial democracy can never be established on the basis of a political system. Business is strategic and centralizes in regions which ignore the artificial boundaries of state and county. The strength of labor lies in its unions and federations—which are federations of men and not governments of laws. The true policy of labor is to maintain and perfect the interior organization of the union, waiting the while for the culmination of the present tendency. History can

but repeat itself. The next step after industrial feudalism is industrial democracy. This means that industries will be conducted by and for the people; and this means, of course, that production will be carried on not for the sake of production or for that power which wealth secures, but for the sake of the people.

Already, in isolated places, the transition from feudalism to democracy has begun. I do not refer to the building of "model" workshops or villages or to any other similar scheme of benefaction, whereby the feudal lords seek to conceal the rigor of their rule. I refer to the beginnings of industrial control in certain factories and stores where proprietorship is nominal and where interior control is effected by ballot. I refer also to the "co-operative movement" which is destined to increase and include both production and consumption. I refer also to the workshops building here and there under the influence of the teaching and example of Ruskin and Morris. Voluntary individual co-operation is, I believe, the ultimate form of industrial democracy.

Assuming that evolution at this stage of life is rationally inclined, what factors, now, can be depended upon to continue and perfect the new tendency? Knowledge, for one thing, or what is called science. By science the monarchic conception of the universe is forever disproved. There is no Absolute Deity which rules the universe as with a sceptre. The universe is a republic and not a kingdom. The more we know of the nature of things the more certain does it appear that intelligence and will reside in the atom and groups of atoms. The law of form is function and service. The human body is a veritable republic, its very life being dependent upon the co-operation of the individual cells composing it. Probably the purest type found in Nature of an industrial community is the bee-hive. Apiarists have miscalled the maternal bee the queen. But the bees at work are controlled not by the queen but by something which Maeterlinck in his wonderful book on The Bee calls "The Spirit of the Hive." It may seem inappropriate to make this reference to knowledge. But the fact remains that any given change will occur in the social order only as the members of that society shape an ideal in which all may share, and to which all will conform. The sanction of a feudal order was found in mediæval theology. The sanction of the new industrialism will be found in science. A democracy more than any other social form is dependent upon education.

A second factor is the love of freedom. This, probably, is the ultimate human impulse. Governors, masters, rulers of every sort, who do not plan their governance with reference to the love of liberty in all hearts, prove their incapacity to exercise authority at all. Said Whitman to the foiled European Revolutionaire:

> Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
> What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
> Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
> Waiting patiently, waiting its time.
> When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
> It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last."

How, then, does the case for liberty stand now? What is lacking in the free scope of free men? Clearly, free action is wanted on just one point. We are free in matters of religion. There are no recent instances of persecution, except in remote places. We are

equally free in matters of political practice. There are, perhaps, more exceptions to political freedom than religious freedom, but still political freedom is practically assured. But no one today enjoys industrial freedom. No one is self-directive in the field of work. Every workman must find an employer. The functions of hand and head are performed by different individuals. So long as this condition exists there will be warfare between the executive and servile agents. Industrial freedom means the privilege of self-control in respect to one's work. It involves the making of every workman his own employer. This is not an easy relation to sustain to oneself, it is admitted. But it is not more difficult than serving as priest and King over oneself. Industrial freedom, like religious and political freedom, depends for its effectiveness upon character and capacity in the individual. Religious feudalism and political feudalism were so ordered as to afford the best possible training in self-control in their respective fields. Industrial feudalism will doubtless furnish a discipline equally effective. When men are ready for the assumption of authority such authority will be readily assumed. The shifting of control will be gradual —so gradual that there will be no break in the unity of industrial life. The work of the world will go on very much as it does now. No one will stop working, but work will be done from a new motive: not under compulsion but voluntarily. This is the very essence of industrial freedom. When Great Britain abrogated the political government of Massachusetts with the intention of forcing submission by this means, the province subsisted for a year without governors of any kind—without governors but not without government. In one of the workshops of the new industrialism surprise was expressed by a visitor that there was not special distinction in the product. The answer of the workman to the query was that the object of the workshop was not to make an unusual kind of chair but to make the usual chair with a new kind of workman. The chair was after a traditional pattern ; the workman was the product of a revolution.

Without elaborating these suggestions further, I may state succinctly the theses I have had in mind to prove.

1. An industrial order is now being established which corresponds in all essential respects with what is known in political history as feudalism.

2. The political order, so far as it is shaped by the same individuals who control industry, partakes also of the nature of feudalism; hence the recrudescence in the United States of the principles of Hamilton and the dominance of the Republican Party.

3. When the feudalistic tendency culminates into the establishment of a centralized control of all industries, then the conscious and deliberate appropriation of that power by the people will begin, till work becomes free and the worker self-directive.

4. Biology and psychology testify to the ultimate triumph of the principle of self-activity. In other words, all the forces of national evolution are on the side of the people.

A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S ESSAY

MISS JESSIE M. TYLER

The interesting experiment of offering prizes to the High School scholars for the best three essays on the subject of Socialism, was recently tried in Whitman, Mass., with gratifying results. The essays were read by the competitors at a public meeting, and everybody in town turned out to hear them. The judges were Hon. F. O. MacCartney, Socialist Representative for Rockland, Hon. Chas. H. Coulter, the recently re-elected Socialist Mayor of Brockton, and Charles E. Lowell of Whitman. The essays showed considerable research and study on the part of the young contestants and their efforts were enthusiastically received by the large audience. The first prize was awarded to Miss Jessie Tyler, who is just fifteen years old, for the really clever essay which follows:

SOCIALISM

IN the first place, what is Socialism?

To many who have never looked into the matter, it suggests disorder, rioting, anarchy and other absurd things. But there is no need of anyone having such an idea of Socialism. Countless good definitions of it are given by standard authorities and eminent men. I think one of the best is given by Worcester's dictionary. This is it: "Socialism is a science of reconstructing society on an entirely new basis by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of industry."

MISS JESSIE M. TYLER

Now what does this mean? It means simply this: Where farms, plantations, mills, factories, mines, railroads, and nearly everything except the roads, schools, and post-offices are now owned by private concerns for private gain, these things would be owned by the people for the people.

It has been demonstrated that wheat can be taken from the soil, ground into flour, and made into bread, when done with the best machinery, and on a large scale, so cheaply that ten loaves of bread could be produced at a labor cost of one cent. Now, under the present system, ten loaves of bread cost at least fifty cents. Where do the other forty-nine cents go? They go to the private owners of the machinery and factories that gathered the wheat and made it into flour, to the private owners of the railroads that transported the flour, to the private owners of the bake-houses, where it was converted into bread. It goes to these people that they may live in idleness while the

poor laborers who did all the work toil day after day for a crust to eat and a hovel to sleep in. It is the same with everything. The products of the toil of the multitudes are employed not for the comfort and enjoyment of the multitudes, but for the luxurious ease of the few who own the tools of labor.

Now is this fair? No one can say that it is. And if the co-operative system was substituted for the competitive system, and the whole country made a large corporation with the government at the head, no such condition of affairs could exist. Clothing, food, and all things could be bought at a price not much greater than the cost of production. There would be no paupers and no millionares. And yet why do not the people strive to have things done on this plan? Why do they not join the Socialists, and try to attain the end of Socialism, the abolishment of the competitive system?

Socialism would solve the labor problem by guaranteeing to the producer the full product of his toil; the prison problem, by removing the incentive to crime; the temperance problem, by taking away the only incentive which ever induced any man or woman to keep a saloon or gambling house; the immigration problem, by establishing a system of industry in which every day of idleness would be (as it is now) a loss to society and in which every day of added labor would be a decided gain to all the inhabitants of the commonwealth. In a word, Socialism would make possible a fulfillment of the teachings of the greatest of all Socialists, in universal brotherhood among men, peace on earth, and plenty for all the children of a common Father.

JESSIE M. TYLER.

Member of Sophomore Class, Abington High School.

THE SOUL OF SOCIALISM

BLISS CARMAN

SOCIALISM is a safe word. Its meaning is so vague and undetermined, for the most part, that even the conservative take it upon their lips without trepidation. They speak indulgently of Socialists as erratic and harmless dreamers, lumping together their many different aims and creeds, much as one speaks of all manner of insects as "bugs."

But the truth is that everyone is something of a Socialist, and many of our institutions are purely Socialistic. Free schools, for instance, and free libraries (where they really belong to a township of free people and are not the gift of well meaning but offensive and misguided affluence) are purely Socialistic. They exist for the good of all, and are supported by the contributions of all, though there may be some to whom they are of no value and by whom they are not wanted. Never mind, we must have them, for

the sense of the community has decided they are good things. If you have no children to be educated, and are a hater of books, it is just the same, you must put your hand in your pocket to buy books for your neighbor and educate his children. That surely is pure Socialism. Also, it is pure Christianity.

And that brings me to the point I wish to make—namely: that the soul of Socialism is love, or Christianity, if you prefer that word. The divers kinds of Socialism are as mushrooms in the morning; they spring up fresh every day, until it seems that every man may be his own prophet in matters pertaining to the commonwealth. Yet all these schemes are alike in aim; they all have for their sole object the betterment of society. However foolish, however wrong-headed, however visionary, or even dangerous they may be, we must still credit them nearly always with nobility of purpose and sincerity of intention. They are so many formulæ for the solution of a difficult problem in the science of life. And though many of them would not solve the perplexing equation for us at all, but would only make matters worse (in all probability), still their disinterested aim must enlist our sympathy, even while we withhold our approval. That is to say, the spirit that prompts them is all right, though the thought that goes to their construction is often faulty.

For Socialism, in whatever form, is after all, only an ingenious device for putting in practice the generous impulses of the human heart. Socialistic schemes are just so many contrivances for the carrying out of our nobler purposes. In themselves they cannot directly foster goodness; they can only promote it, by making its path easier. Under right social and industrial conditions it will be easier to be good than it is now; it will be easier for beauty to touch our everyday life; it will be easier for the truth to find us out and cheer us with illumination.

One would not call the constitution of the United States a Socialistic document, I suppose. And yet it certainly is an instrument invented to facilitate the betterment of mankind in his social state. The American revolution, like the French revolution, like the great rebellion in England, has no other meaning than that. And the mistake we make in thinking of these movements is in putting our final trust in them, rather than in the spirit of freedom and of love in man which produced them. However great and important these events were, they were, after all, only so many steps in this direction or that. We believe in this country that a democratic form of government is better than older, more primitive forms. It is not, therefore, necessarily the best form. It may be itself but a step to another form still better, which will bring us still more enlightenment and happiness. We must be careful not to make a fetich of it, as our fathers made of monarchy long ago. It is the tendency of conservative minds to respect the settled institution, the traditional ideal. Old institutions and established ideals are, indeed, to be respected, but they are not as much to be respected as the spirit of humanity which begot them. They are only inventions of the mind of man, pondering on some plan to give his soul vent in free and beneficent action. It is our business to maintain and guard them only so long as they prove effective for that, and to relinquish them without regret as soon as we outgrow them and find them hindering

our progress or retarding our happiness. We shall have others in their stead, more ample, more adequate, more nearly perfect, and no less worthy of loyalty than they were.

And if we are not to have too great and inflexible a respect for authority and traditional institutions, neither must we be over-confident of the newer plans of social management of our own devising. They, too, we must remember, are only methods or ways of doing things. And the great permanent fact to be remembered and reverenced is the spirit of love which prompted us human creatures from the first. If we are to respect the remembrance of it in those of past ages, surely we must so much more respect it as a living breath in ourselves.

No form of government ever yet devised has been equal to the task of making men perfectly happy. None ever will be. For the simple reason that men are not made happy by outward conditions alone, but by the inward condition of their hearts as well. And if we pin our faith to this or that outward social institution, we are necessarily disappointed. The more stable the institution, the more quickly does it become insufficient. It remains fixed, but man grows. Let us fancy that some admirable and sound social reform, like the Single Tax, for instance, could be put in operation. There is no doubt that we should all derive untold benefit from it. We should be freer, happier, and saner as a people than we have ever been. But we should still be far from being perfectly happy, unless we were sedulous in cultivating our spiritual selves, and in giving effectiveness to our best personality. Socialism, in other words, is only an opportunity to live, it is not life. And we must beware of expecting too much from it. Were it once in operation, we should still have our toil and our leisure, our joys and our sorrows, just as we do now. Our toil and our sorrows would be mitigated, we believe; and our joys and our leisure should be more widespread. But the same old problem of the conduct of life would still confront every mortal alive.

It seems to me, then, evident that while we are giving our energies to the accomplishment of social progress, to the realization of Socialism in some form, we should be careful to hold hard by the spirit of the matter. Let us be Socialists, by all means, of one kind or another, but let us be loving men first of all. For what we are fighting for in Socialism is only the chance for loving kindness to make itself felt. For whether we call it love or loving kindness or Christianity does not matter, so long as we preserve the spirit itself and make it effective. Only if we call it Christianity we must take care not to confound it with any formalism of creed or church. For the churches, also, are only social institutions, outward expressions in which various truths have been embodied, and too often entombed. But Christianity, let us remember, is an attitude of mind, a habit of feeling, a condition of the soul; it is not an institution. And the gist of Christianity may quite as readily be embodied in Socialism as in any formal church. And Socialism, whenever it appears in any sincere guise, always has an aim in accord with Christianity—it aims at giving more freedom to the spiritual side of man, it aims at putting man's life under such outward conditions that he can practice virtue more easily and find happiness more readily in this life. Christianity blazes the trail for man; Socialism cuts down the trees and makes the road more open and practicable. This is something of what I mean by saying that Christianity is the soul of Socialism, and I don't believe it is far wrong.—Chicago Tribune.

A HOUSE DIVIDED

NEW YORK, Dec. 17th, 1902.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE:

Dear Sir,—

My brother, Elbert Anderson Young, as president of the National Credit Men's Association, a powerful organization in this country, delivered the enclosed address at the annual meeting in Louisville, and soon after I wrote him the enclosed reply. As we are two brothers and represent the antipodes of thought in the United States, and as we are both typical Americans, our family on both mother's and father's sides being among the original settlers of New York City and Long Island, the correspondence may interest you.

I am working with all the heart and time that I can spare from my business along the lines of Socialistic ownership of all capital as being the only alternative against Anarchy. I sincerely regret that I cannot afford to give my entire time and study to this question, but having a family to support, only my evenings are at my own command.

Some of my friends tell me that "it is all right, but I am one hundred years ahead of my time," to which I can only reply that my father, who was a Methodist minister, was turned out of the New York East Conference in the year 1853 for preaching the abolition of negro slavery, and that about ten years afterwards the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. We move today even faster than we did then.

Wishing you God Speed in the greatest work that has ever been undertaken by man, I remain,

Yours very truly,

DANIEL K. YOUNG.

[Extracts from an address of Elbert A. Young, Pres. National Credit Men's Association, to the Annual Convention at Louisville, Ky.]

A new era is at hand, the possibilities of which no one can predict. The extension of agricultural, commercial, industrial and financial activity throughout the world has been unparalleled. What part are we to play in its continuance? We must no longer be satisfied with the limits of our local credits, but should adapt ourselves to larger fields. Of all nations the United States has the most unlimited capabilities of production, and has in a brief time taken a commanding position and controlling place in the world's commerce. Consider the following estimates given on the authority of Mr. Henry Gannett.

As respects the mining products of the world we produce fifty-six per cent. of the copper; forty-three per cent. of the petroleum; thirty-four per cent. of the iron ore; thirty-three per cent. of the silver; thirty-one per cent. of the gold; twenty-nine per cent. each of the coal and the quicksilver; and twenty-five per cent. each of the lead and zinc. In copper, iron ore, silver, gold and coal we surpass every other nation. Of the entire

mineral product of the earth we are credited with almost forty per cent., no other nation approaching this output. Of the agricultural products of the world, we produce seventy-five per cent. each of the corn and cotton; thirty-seven per cent. of the tobacco; twenty-six per cent. of the oats; and twenty-one per cent. of the wheat, leading every other nation in all. We produce twenty-three per cent. of the entire agricultural yield of the world, our nearest competitor being Russia with fifteen, and France and Germany with twelve per cent. each. We raise forty-one per cent. of the hogs, and twenty-five per cent. each of the horses and cattle of the world; and our dairy products are twenty-five per cent. and our meat products thirty-three per cent. of the products of the earth. We manufacture forty-six per cent. of the world's paper; thirty-seven per cent. of its steel; thirty-four per cent. of its pig iron; thirty-three per cent. of its glass; twenty-seven per cent. of its linen; twenty-five per cent. of its woollen cloth; and twenty per cent. of its manufactured cottons; in all except the last, exceeding every other country. Of the world's manufactured materials we furnish thirty-four per cent.; those nations nearest to us being Great Britain with fifteen per cent., Germany with twelve per cent., and France with eleven per cent. Our railways are more than forty per cent. of the total mileage of the earth, and our several transportation agencies receive thirty-two per cent. of the world's earnings. In 1890 New York and London clearing house transactions each exhibited about thirty-seven billions of dollars; in 1901 London exchanges had increased to forty-six billions, while New York reached the surprising figure of seventy-seven billions of dollars. Considering the fact that the United States contains only seven per cent. of the earth's land area, and five per cent. of its population it must be acknowledged that we have performed a large part in the world's development.

The productive power of the United States has advanced so rapidly that after our home requirements are supplied a large surplus is left, for which a market elsewhere is of vital importance. The searching out and supplying of these markets has in a few years built up trade balances so enormously in our favor as to astound the world. In 1901 the value of our exports reached one billion, four hundred and eighty-eight millions of dollars, the largest in our history, and greater in amount than any other country in the world, outstripping England, our nearest competitor. Our imports amounted to eight hundred and twenty-three millions of dollars (this sum having been exceeded in four previous years), leaving a balance in our favor of six hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars.

Owing to labor-saving machines, which amply compensate for the higher wages we pay, and the efficiency of American workmen, our exports are not confined as largely as formerly to what we grow. In 1880, eighty-three per cent. of our total exports were the products of agriculture; and only twelve per cent., or one hundred and two millions of dollars were articles of domestic manufacture. In 1901 our agricultural products amounted to sixty-four per cent. of our exports, while manufactured products increased to twenty-eight per cent., or four hundred and twelve millions of dollars.

We must retain in our keeping the commercial advantages we have, and endeavor with earnestness to make

better our position wherever deficient. This will require a comprehensive and enlightened policy. Are we taking advantage of every possibility? Examine our foreign commerce with separate countries for the year just past, all figures being dollars. Our exports to Europe amounted to one billion, one hundred and thirty-seven millions; imports four hundred and thirty millions; balance in our favor seven hundred and seven millions. Our exports to British North America one hundred and eight millions; imports forty-three millions; balance in our favor sixty-five millions. Our exports to Oceania thirty-five millions; imports eleven millions; balance in our favor twenty-four millions. Our exports to Africa twenty-six millions; imports nine millions; balance in our favor fifteen millions. Our exports to Central America, Mexico and the West Indies eighty-nine millions; imports one hundred and two millions; balance against us thirteen millions. Our exports to South America forty-four millions; imports one hundred and ten millions; balance against us sixty-six millions. And our exports to Asia forty-nine millions; imports one hundred and seventeen millions; balance against us sixty-eight millions. Do not these figures show that we are neglecting the central and southern parts of our own continent and Asia?

The Orient, with its population of hundreds of millions, should be the coming market for a large part of the surplus products of our fields and factories. China is an immense country in extent of territory, density of population, and wealth of natural resources, having copper, gold, coal and iron in almost unlimited quantities, and laborers without number. With an end to the period of her exclusiveness, and the advent of demands for railways, will come requirements for more food and materials. Articles of luxury today will become necessities in the near future. With the certain advance of modern ideas the Chinese will insist upon city lighting, sewers, street railways and paving, river and harbor improvements, improved postal and telegraph facilities, and many other features of modern civilization. Owing to the climatic conditions and the simple needs of her people, the quantity of cotton cloth used is almost beyond estimation. Of our total exports of colored and uncolored manufactured cottons in 1901, China used almost thirty-two per cent., a larger amount than any other nation. The United States should supply the greater part of their entire wants, beyond the products of their home manufacturers. China must have capital and credit to develop her resources. These being provided, increased commerce is certain, wages will rise to a higher level, and the ability of her people to purchase will be augmented. Of all the imports into China at the present time the United States furnishes only eight per cent. Practically all her bills of exchange are now drawn on London. With increased trade between the two countries, this could be modified in our favor. Where is there so great an opening for many of our products? No other nation has such possibilities for enjoying the benefits of the future commercial expansion of China as the United States. Self-interest would seem to make it wise for us to unite with England and Japan, and insist on the open door policy. We will do well to study the habits and wants of the Chinese, and examine into their trade conditions, so as to prepare for the increased requirements of four hundred millions of people. They are honest,

intelligent and good merchants. To quote from one of her statesmen: "Let the products of American farms, mills and workshops once catch the Chinese fancy and America need look no farther for a market."

Notwithstanding the advantages in our favor we have no copyright on prosperity, no certainty that our wonderful progress in international commerce will continue. Only by eternal vigilance can we maintain the advantages we have gained. The United States, England and Germany are the great trading nations of the world. England has been the great exporting country, but her commercial supremacy in this regard has been somewhat impaired. Her labor unions, and their system of strikes, are largely responsible for this decadence. By their methods the most incompetent workman becomes the standard of all, a day's work being determined by his capacity. Their efforts for years have been to furnish the minimum amount of labor at the maximum wages; to labor not as well as they can, but only as well as they must. They have practically placed a premium on incompetency, destroyed the value of individual efforts, and discouraged the natural ambition of the intelligent and active workman to produce the best possible results for himself and his employers. They have failed to appreciate that Capital and Labor must unite their forces in furnishing economical production and distribution. Their strikes have, in many cases, so enhanced the cost of manufactured articles that they can no longer compete with the United States and Germany. Our workingmen should take warning from the experience of their fellows in England, and make the ablest and best, instead of the poorest workmen in each branch, their standard. In America it has been possible for many of the captains of industry to rise from the ranks of labor. Let us hope that our better workmen will not subordinate their personal independence and their chances of advancement to the unwise dictates of any labor agitator or union.

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If, by energy and ability, we continue to win the industrial battles now being fought, where will our victories place us under existing conditions? What of the day, not far distant, when we shall no longer be a debtor nation? We cannot do all the selling, without some of the buying; nor can our supremacy continue if we are to receive gold shipments for our enormous excess of exports. For the past few years this has been offset by the estimated payment of one hundred millions of dollars annual interest on the amount we owe to Europe; one hundred millions of dollars calculated as the yearly expenses of our foreign travellers; and one hundred millions of dollars appraised as the amount paid per annum to foreign vessels for carrying our commerce, the balance above gold importations being completed by the return of our securities. Carry the excess of six hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars to its logical conclusion, if continued year after year, and what is the result? The world's recent annual production of gold is about two hundred and seventy-five millions; of silver at commercial value one hundred millions; total three hundred and seventy-five millions. Deduct the industrial consumption of one hundred millions, and the balance of trade in our favor is more than double the earth's total production of money. After the return of all our securities the nations of the world would not only pay us the total yearly output of specie, but in addition thereto the

accumulations of former years. Of what use will be our money and surplus products, except to trade among ourselves, after every other nation has become impoverished?

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Reciprocity is under consideration as the best policy to adopt to further our ends, but is it altogether certain that it will work well in practice? Is there not danger that friction may arise in countries not immediate parties to the treaties? For example, Great Britain is our largest customer, purchasing in 1901 fifty-six per cent. of our total exports to Europe, and forty-three per cent. of our total exports to the world. Great Britain has a revenue tariff, and therefore cannot enter into any scheme of reciprocity. Any concessions in our tariff given to nations like Germany and France, which compete with Great Britain in our markets, would place her at a disadvantage, and perhaps lead her to adopt a preferential tariff favoring colonial goods, as against those from the United States, so that our food products would be at a disadvantage with similar products from Canada, India and Australia. It is certainly to our advantage to treat our best customer on equal terms with the most favored nations.

NEW YORK, June 21st, 1902

MR. ELBERT A. YOUNG, President
National Credit Men's Association,
St. Paul, Minn.

My Dear Brother,

Your presidential address to the Convention of Credit Men at Louisville has been read with much interest as it contains many facts and statistics that are very handy to have in the house.

I consider it a very able presentation of the question from the standpoint at present in vogue, viz., selfish commercial individualism. But this shield has two sides, and I consider your argument as one of the strongest that it has been my good fortune to read when considered from the side of Socialism. You, in common with the majority of our people, take it for granted that the sole object of a country should be to increase its exports and by so doing furnish work to thousands who, under our present form of government, would be idle. And I must admit that under the present system of civilization there are many grounds for this belief. If our present individualism were the highest form of civilization, I should be willing to concede the reasonableness of all your arguments.

But suppose that there were another and a higher form of civilization? Suppose that instead of Individualism, we have Mutualism? Instead of Competition, Co-operation? Instead of War, Peace—Industrial Peace, Financial Peace, Commercial Peace, Agricultural Peace and International Peace? Suppose instead of tearing down, we build up? Suppose instead of trying to rob each other we devote all our energies to mutual protection?

You must admit that in some lines of business Mutualism has proved its advantages over Individualism. Take the co-operation of the so-called Trusts, doing away with the dreadful waste of competition; the mutual protection of the life insurance companies, where the all are saving the few; where the strong many protect the weak individual; the mutual protection and co-operation of armies; the solid organization of political parties, where each works for the general good of the party; the "community of interest" of the railroads, private partnerships and chartered corporations. Suppose that each individual in all these organizations was trying to down every other, as they are in the present-day civilization, how long would they last and be successful?

Were I not a believer in Evolution, I should be a Pessimist. But in my mind there is not the slightest doubt but that co-operation is the next step in evolution. The first co-operation was between a few men who formed firms, then more who formed corporations,

then more who formed Trusts. The next will be a still greater and grander corporation of the nation or government, where all the waste of mercantile, financial, advertising and bankrupting competition will be done away with.

Now I will try to extract the lessons of your address as viewed from the standpoint indicated above.

I quote, "Of all nations, the United States has the most unlimited capabilities of production." No sane man will dispute this statement of yours. But should the production be for the benefit of our own people or for the benefit of the outside world? Should we, like Mrs. Jellyby, send flannel shirts to the poor African heathen and let our own children suffer for the needs of life? Should we, like our foreign missions, send the Gospel to China and let our own New York East Side be without its ministrations? Should we, like our exporters, send millions of bushels of wheat to other countries, while we read every day of someone starving to death in New York? Should we export sewing machines, bicycles and the thousand and one manufactures, while our own people are compelled to go without them? Does not civilization, like charity, begin at home?

We yearly export commodities to the value of a billion and a half of dollars. This means, if it means anything, that every man, woman and child in this country must produce $25.00 per year more than his living expenses toward the support of the outside world. Now is that fair? When the shoemakers of this country make enough shoes to shoe every man, woman and child in it, have they not done their share of the work and are they not therefore entitled to a decent and comfortable living, or must they be compelled to shoe the Chinese also before they can live? We export coal to other countries and today we cannot get enough in New York City, because we had no reserve stored away. To-day Brazil is in the direst poverty and almost all her coffee planters are ruined because they have done more than their share of the world's work and produced a crop of fifteen and a half millions of bags of coffee when the world consumes only ten million bags. You will understand why the price has declined far below the price of production. Yet there are many people in Brazil who cannot afford to drink coffee at all. Is it not a fact that where any class of people do more than their share of the world's work, and make what under our present system is overproduction, that class is always a sufferer therefrom? Under the competitive system the harder we work and the more we produce, the more we suffer. Now is not any system where such an anomaly is possible, a farce and a failure? If our political economists cannot evolve some scheme which is not so absurd and preposterous, had we not better stop following their teachings and try something else? If the competitive scheme brings us to an absurdity, why should we be afraid to try the co-operative one and see if that will not prove itself a success? It can certainly be no greater failure than the one we are trying.

The next question is, does it pay?

Does it pay as a business and commercial proposition? Does it pay to exhaust our farms for the purpose of feeding the people outside of the United States? Does it pay to have our people compelled to work eight or ten hours every day when the work of this country could be done in four hours? But then all would have to work and none could shirk as they do at present. If we want to work eight hours, why not spend the other four hours in producing luxuries for our own people, which they do not have at present?

What do we get in return for our billion and a half of exports, and pushing every laborer to the limit of his strength? We laugh at the countryman who trades his gold dollars for a gold brick, but are we any smarter? When a Castellane spends seven million dollars of American money in four years, and we must ship seven million bushels of wheat to pay for the poor fool's fun, do the seven thousand farmers who must each raise a thousand bushels of wheat, think that it pays?

Does it pay the poor deluded American girl who brought this hardship on the seven thousand farmers for the sake of a fool title? Does it pay us to squander our good wheat, good corn and good manufactures in paying the debts and extravagances of decayed so-called foreign noblemen? Castellane is not by any means an isolated case. Our travellers in Europe spend at least a hundred millions of dollars in junketing through the Old World. Does every man, woman and child who must pay a dollar and a half every year for their fun think that it pays when they find it hard work to get enough to eat? Verily, why should we laugh at the countryman who buys the gold brick?

But on the contrary, would it pay if we did not waste our substance in foreign lands? Would it pay if we did not throw away our products and get nothing in return for them? Would it pay if we did not buy the gold brick? There is the absurdity of it; it would not pay any better than it does at present. We must buy gold bricks or we will, on your own statement, ruin every other nation in the world, and where will our market be then?

You know it to be a fact, that there is no mineral product in the world, that there is no vegetable product the world raises, that there is no manufactured product made in the world, that cannot be raised or made in the United States and its possessions. And, moreover, it can be raised and made even more abundantly than our people, under the present system, can consume it. Why then should we buy anything from other countries? Why should we spend a billion dollars every year for glass beads and tinsel? We will grant that the half billion is for necessities. Why? Why, because a hundred thousand of our people must have a good time at the expense of the hundred million. As Ben Franklin would say, do we not "pay too much for our whistle?"

But suppose that all land and all production belonged to all the people, or in other words to the government, and that each individual had an equal bond and interest in the entire product? Would the above absurdities and incongruities exist? Would it be more unjust? Would it be less scientific? Would it be a step toward or a step away from Evolution? Would it be a step toward or a step away from the greatest thinkers the world has produced, Christ, Confucius, Buddha and Socrates? Would it be a saving or a waste? Could we not then consume all we could produce? Would it be a greater or less hardship for the mass of the people?

The watchword of all government and all laws should be—The greatest happiness to all the people. Anything else is Anarchy and Oppression.

But I hear you say, "All this is Utopian, impossible;" "We cannot change human conditions;" "We cannot change human nature;" "You cannot abolish human selfishness."

Of course it is Utopian and impossible until it is done. A thousand things which were impossible twenty years ago are so common today as to pass without comment. But if the present scheme of civilization be a failure, why not try some other?

We have changed human conditions and we have changed human nature. The cannibal no longer kills and eats his enemy in the streets of New York; he is only starved into submission by the capitalists. The cave-dweller no longer dreads the wild beasts on Manhattan Island; he only dreads riding in the Manhattan Elevated. We do not now kill each other with a knotted club, but only with a gun or a trolley car. There are even some who preach "Peace on earth and good-will to men" —but not in business. We no longer kill people for religious opinions, but only for commercial reasons. So, you see, human conditions have in a measure changed.

It may be true that we cannot overcome human selfishness, but it is for just that reason that we are hoping that the selfishness of the poor man will become as great as the selfishness of the rich man. That the poor man will realize that being a hundred to one he can outvote the rich man every time, and will comprehend that Socialism is as far

above our present Individualism as Christianity is above Anarchy. We certainly should not have to change human selfishness.

Your statement that "the productive power of the United States has advanced so rapidly that after our home requirements are supplied a large surplus is left, for which a market elsewhere is of vital importance," I most emphatically deny. In a country where scientific government was applied there could be no such thing as overproduction. Our home requirements never have been supplied, and never will be supplied until every individual in this country has enough to eat, enough to wear, a good home to live in, good furniture to furnish it and leisure to cultivate his brain. Then we can extend the list to luxuries, time to travel, an automobile, and the thousand and one little extras which go to make life pleasant. When all the people of this country have all that they wish for, it is time to search out and supply other markets with the surplus.

But this will never be possible under private ownership of land and products. The waste is too great and it is necessary to keep down the price of labor to compete with foreign labor in order to maintain and extend our exports.

By public ownership production could be increased three or four fold, by doing away with wasteful methods and putting the drones to work.

Competition costs the merchant and manufacturer on an average seventy-five per cent. of their profits. Think of the money spent in salesmen, advertising, waste time and the thousand leaks which competition makes necessary. All of this would be saved by co-operation. Some years ago the sugar refiners were all on the verge of bankruptcy through competition. They formed the Sugar Trust and for a long series of years paid twelve per cent. dividends on their common stock, which was watered five times. They could be doing it today if they did not have the competition of Arbuckle and the other independent refiners. Carry this one step farther and suppose we had a National Refinery, which did not have a watered stock and did not have to pay dividends on it, which did not have to pay brokers for doing its business, which did not have to buy up other plants to keep them from doing business, and which by refining on a large scale could make use of every labor-saving device that is known. How long could the Sugar Trust compete with it? And who gets the good things of the Sugar Trust now but a few officers and stockholders?

One more point before I close. Some fool ministers tell us that God and Nature make men rich and poor, and that therefore all must be content. In the same way they say in Europe "Deo Gratia Rex." Now neither God nor Nature nor Necessity makes either Kings or Capitalists, but men's laws and men's laws alone. As men's laws have been changed in some places so that there are no longer kings, so can they be changed so that there will no longer be capitalists and drones.

We are also told that men will not work except from necessity. Who works harder than Russell Sage or J. Pierpont Morgan? The average man is not only willing to work, but likes to work. The above millionaires like even to slave. As comfort and education increase, so will the desire for useful and rational work increase. You, as a merchant, know full well that you can get more work out of a clerk through affection and respect than you can by force and the whip of necessity.

If competition is better than co-operation, why have you formed the Credit Men's Association? Is the purpose of it to down each other or to help each other? Are recommendations for changes in the laws affecting debtors more likely to be listened to by legislators if presented by an individual firm or by the whole corporation?

Government is not a hard study or a hard thing to a just man. If our President would ask himself "Will this law be for the good of the whole people?" he need never be in doubt as to whether he should sign or veto it. Government is a simple thing, and there are many men who are capable of it. It is only when we send men to the Legislatures to

make laws for us that we would not hire as office boys in our business that it becomes hard.

When you make your next address let the watchword of it be Co-operation, not Competition.

Your affectionate brother,

DANIEL K. YOUNG.

[The remarkable fact in connection with Mr. Elbert A. Young's address is that he recognizes so clearly the economic *cul-de-sac* into which we are plunging; and, although his brother suggests the only possible remedy, he quietly ignores the whole thing and calmly pursues his way toward the industrial Niagara which he admits is before us.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IBSEN

ANNIE SCHNEYER

SOME claim Ibsen as the demonstrator of Anarchy. It seems to me that such a claim is certainly a delusion on the part of these people.

Anarchy deals with something positive; it not only destroys the present, but it also builds a future. But Ibsen in all of his social dramas simply destroys. He undermines the entire social structure, proving that everything within and without is rotten to its very foundation. And just there where society feels itself safe and sound, he touches only one stone of the foundation of the moral or political institution and the whole edifice falls to pieces. He comes like a fierce god of destruction, aiming merciless blows right and left, sweeping aside all the social lies that come under his keenly penetrating eye. And all the traditions of the dead ages that are still supported, and which are corrupting the purest springs of life, he heaps up in his works and flings in the face of society! Ibsen gives us all the evils we have now which are the consequences of the present conditions, but he does not give us a single instance in any of his dramas wherein human happiness is possible, if these conditions be changed. He believes that life is altogether a failure, because every individual has to struggle against too many antagonistic forces, subjective or objective, which human nature is too weak to conquer, and that is just what kills happiness. Ibsen is a bitter pessimist. He sees no bright future before him, but only the black heavy mass of clouds that are getting blacker and blacker on the horizon of the present. And his productions are getting darker and darker in proportion to the growth of his own gloomy views on life. In his "Enemy of Society" he believes that the gospel of truth is to be proclaimed anywhere and at any time; in "The Wild Duck," again, which is a later work, he shows us the unfavorable result of preaching the truth to people that are not ripe enough for it. He portrays there, in a very emphatic form, all the mischief the dreamer has wrought by intruding with his ideal upon the poor ignorant couple, ruining their quiet, peaceful nest. It is like a bitter satire on his own ideal. In

his "Doll's House" he gives us a brave woman who dared to break the bars of her prison, to make her way to freedom and independence, to live her life as she chooses; but Ibsen lets Nora go into the world without saying any thing of what she accomplished. Some may believe that she repented all her life of her daring act. In "Rosmersholm" we find again a strong radical woman who perhaps is the development of Nora. This woman cultivates her radical ideas in her friend Rosmer whom she afterwards comes to love with a burning irresistible passion; but his wife being in her way, she works on the poor woman's superstition, urging her, indirectly, to commit suicide. And when the way is cleared for Rebecca, and Rosmer wants her to unite her life with his, she does not dare do it, for the ghosts of the past are in her. And this brave, unconquerable woman is conquered by the old morals and superstitions of Rosmersholm, which paralyze her courage to act when she is already at the verge of her goal; and Ibsen ends their life by drowning them. Here we have the perpetual tragedy of thought and action. In the dramatic epilogue "When We Dead Awaken," which is his latest work, we have two individuals whose lives are crushed and ruined on account of the belief that the mission of the artist is higher than anything else. Let everything else perish so that art may flourish! I think there is something that sweeps aside all art—and that is real, actual life; and love being one of the principal phases, it does not let itself be cheated of its rights, demanding all its claims! Professor Rubek and Irene, who did not listen to the rightful cry of life and love, paid too great a penalty for it, forfeiting the joy and happiness of their soul; and when they wanted to make amends, it was already too late. The opening of this singular drama is in a bathing place surrounded by most magnificent scenery. In the first act Ibsen brings before us two individuals, husband and wife, who are absolute strangers; one does not understand the other. Love is lacking in their life which is consequently dull and cold. Professor Rubek believes there is a change in Maia, Maia thinks that it is he that is changed; one blames the other, whereas neither is to blame; for that artificial fire has burned to its last and left a heap of ashes in their hearts, left them two living corpses.

He wanders about all alone without a moment's peace, he can find no rest either abroad or at home. Rubek is a sculptor, but he has been unable to produce anything to satisfy his artistic spirit ever since he completed that great masterpiece, which brought him so much fame and riches, "The Resurrection Day." And ever since then, he has lost all pleasure in his art. Here again Ibsen portrays to us the impossibility of human happiness: Professor Rubek had at his command renown and riches, and yet his soul remained forever craving for that everlasting something which the soul can never attain. The cause of this unrest is within ourselves, lying far too deep to be analyzed and remedied—and that is what makes the tragedy of life. In the same bathing place Rubek meets Irene, the woman who was the model of his great work, "The Resurrection Day." She had disappeared right after the work was completed, without leaving a trace behind her, and all his enquiries were in vain. Irene had served the artist with her soul and body, with all the pulsating blood of her youth; she stood before him for four years in

the full nakedness and beauty of her body. During that time she came to love the artist with that ardent love and burning passion of youth which knows no limits.

She desired to be loved in return; she longed to be clasped to his heart in a warm embrace, that he might shower upon her all the burning caresses, all the expressions of that wild delirium of the soul—love. But he remained remarkably self-controlled. Morbid with the desire to achieve the great work of his life, she became for him a sacred being, not to be touched except in worshipping; and to desire her with his senses, to touch her body, would mean to profane his art, so that he would be unable to attain what he was striving for. He wanted to embody the pure ideal woman as he saw her in "The Resurrection Day." And he therefore remained dumb to the appeal of love that was burning and seething within her youthful heart. After he had finished his great work, he took both Irene's hands and pressed them warmly; she stood there in breathless expectation—at last he is going to press her passionately to his heart and lavish all the caresses that she so impatiently longed for, but he simply thanked her and said that she was a pleasant "episode" to him; at this word she left him. And she served many an artist as a model, after having left Rubek; she was married twice, had a great many admirers at her feet, but she could find no happiness. She gave away the most precious gift, her young living soul, to Rubek, who had taken her warm-blooded body, and had worn the vigorous life out of it for his own purposes, and he looked upon it as a pleasant "episode!" After many years of suffering she decided to make a journey to see the statue in the museum, that grave-vault in which so many souls lay buried. It is on the way there that Rubek meets Irene who is now only the shadow of the beauty of his young days, a physical and spiritual wreck.

There are some natures that love only once. Irene was one of them. She could not throw off the past that had such a strong grasp of her heart, and her whole nature clung tenaciously to the object of her first passionate love, all that was within her was concentrated on it. She was not a great intellectual or practical woman that could drown her suffering in mental activity or in practical life; she was of a dreamy affectionate nature, the heart was her world, and this being crushed, life was dead for her.

When Rubek had achieved all the brilliant glory that an artist's vocation could give him, he found out that to live for ever in a cold studio with dead statues, lumps of clay and blocks of stone, is not enough. He began to crave for life, for real life with all its sensations.

He married young Maia, lived at a very high speed, experiencing a whole lifetime in the few years they lived together, and soon grew tired of her. Rubek needed a congenial soul that would stand very near him to complete him, to supply what was wanting in him, to be one with him in all his desires and aspirations. Maia could not be such, but Irene, who loved him to distraction, could just be the one. Why could he produce nothing great ever since she left him? Because she was the heavenly spirit of all his inspirations; she had the key of all the precious treasures of his soul, being able to unlock the creative power of his art. Professor Rubek saw all these clearly when

her place was taken by somebody else.

Maia was also not over happy; there was a blank in her heart, too; Rubek could not fill that void. He did not understand her, and in addition he was very selfish, as artists generally are. He only craved for the peace of his own soul, leaving the hunger of Maia's heart out of the question. He promised her once to take her up to the high mountains and show her all the glory of the world; but he failed to fulfil it, justifying himself by telling her that she was not born or fit for the mountains. Rubek was by no means the right match for her heart. Maia needed someone who would really give her all the pleasures of the world.

This life with the worthy professor suffocated her; her home was a prison to her that chained her freedom-craving soul; she was like a wild bird that beat her wings against the bars of her gilded cage; there was neither sunlight nor fresh air, but only ghosts of stone all round the walls, that often horrified her—and what happens? The "bear-killer" appears, full of life and sport, witty and cynical. He is far from being a dreamer, and yet he tells her fascinating tales of life up there in the mountains! They were ugly, horrid, repulsive stories, but they were wonderfully alluring to young Maia, who was eager to get away from this pressing atmosphere where she felt the cold, chilling breath of death permeating every nerve; and she clung to that bear-killer, who promised to carry her far, far away, where life is germinating and fiercely throbbing for ever and ever. And they both ascended the high mountains.

When we first meet Irene, she is surrounded with a thick mist of clouds. She looks like a beautiful ghost just emerging from the grave; she walks as in a mystic trance, hardly touching the earth. When she talks, her voice sounds as if it came from the depth of the grave. In everything she says lies a deep melancholy and mystery; everything about her, we imagine, takes place in a dream, and yet we cannot throw off the heartrending impression it makes. But gradually there is revealed before us the real woman whom suffering has not absolutely killed. When Rubek and Irene are left alone, all the dear memories come rushing upon them. They try to recall those happy days, that beautiful season of their youth which they both let slip. And now when they have found each other, they want to live their life over again, to live to its uttermost, to give love its full scope, to repay all the neglected years of the past, when the cold image of clay was put above the real happiness of life and love—but that burning desire for one another which belongs to the children of earth, and against which he had struggled so hard when she stood freely forth before him and was eager to throw herself in the bottomless depth of sensations—this was dead in both of them! And in their last agony they gathered the few sparks of life that were almost dying out to ascend higher and higher in the glittering light and sunshine, up to the Peak of Promise. There they would hold their marriage feast, and the Sun might lovingly send into their hearts all his beautiful beams; and all the powers of light and all the powers of darkness should freely look upon them; to live and feel to the utmost, and then, then both, hand in hand, go down into the grave! No sooner have they reached the Peak of Promise than the storm of their soul crushed them. Death united them for ever.

Cheltenham, Pa.

THE LAW OF LOST MOTION

JAMES A. SLANKER

UNDER the law of evolution, the integration of matter is attended with a concomitant loss of motion, and this is found to be true, whether that matter is unconscious, or conscious and constituting distinct units in a mighty social aggregation. It is to this latter aspect, and the workings of the law as applied thereto, that attention is directed.

Its markings are not so distinct in the early stages of civilization as at present, but still are far from being undiscoverable. After rent had become fixed by a monopoly of the land, by a part, only, of the race; after the accumulations therefrom had given rise to interest, there had arisen a sterner strife for existence than had theretofore existed, giving rise to aids to labor, in the form of better tools of production, enabling the worker to accomplish the same tasks with somewhat less effort. This could not last long, however, under a system which exhibited a considerable population not entitled to land ownership, for the spirit of greed, which fixed classes of landowners and non-landowners, would soon absorb enough more of labor's product in the form of rent, to make it necessary for labor to further exert itself to ease its new burdens. This condition and the operation of the law, became more marked, when the excess of surplus extracted from labor became so great, and when the necessities of labor became so oppressive that, in addition to rent, interest began to be exacted.

The operation of both these elements of course increased the necessity of labor, for both of them were drawn from labor. New demands were now made on the ingenuity of the worker. He now, not only extended himself to invent further aids in the accomplishment of his tasks, but he began the first considerable combinations of men in the lines of production. It could not be said that any considerable differentiation of function was discoverable, but there was certainly seen the association of the workers, first in very small groups, then in the larger communities.

All the steps under this process of integration of conscious matter and concomitant loss of motion were slow till after the application of steam. At this point, looking backward the advance seemed a long one, but the distance between the steps was very narrow, yet much had been accomplished. The greatest effect on civilization had no doubt been that which marked the greater aptitudes of the people. Addition had followed addition, invention had followed invention till steam came to be applied, after

which steps were rapid and wide. In the meantime there had been put on labor another burden which was the spur which forced it to greater activities during a comparatively brief period prior to the invention of the steam engine. This necessity had produced a number of important inventions. But now with rent, interest and profit, each and all taking from labor, it was not alone necessary that production should be quickened by improved machinery, it was indispensable that human energy should also be conserved and this was found to be possible by further combinations of the workers added to a considerable differentiation of the function of the individuals constituting the aggregations.

There are phases of the problem of the unemployed not directly traceable to this evolutionary law. They more nearly touch human passion, as greed, which now comes in for important play. This passion, fed by generations of nourishment drawn from rent, interest and profit, has become all but all-consuming and all the great combinations of capital of today arising from these sources become the chief matter of concern of society.

These have had their trials and troubles. The competitive system has not been a bed of downy ease. The walks of life are strewn with its wrecks and for four hundred years it has been registering its protests. All the statutes of the world touching bounties, subsidies, rebates, draw-backs, countervails, protective tariffs, etc., evidence strife with the competitive profit system.

Capital now attracts the greater part of the attention of the world. In obedience now to the law of moving bodies, seeking the line of least resistance or of greatest traction, it moves effectively to get from under the load of competition. And in no way can this be done, except it be done in obedience to the law of Nature, and in this particular case it is compelled to yield to integration. First come individuals forming partnerships for greater actions and more effectiveness; then come corporations receiving special privileges and taking special obligations until we at last have the great combinations called Trusts, each a further integration of its predecessor and each implying further and wider differentiation of the functions of the units of which it is composed.

On one hand we observe the Trust as an instrument devised purposely to more fully and successfully satisfy greed, and on the other an organism formed by the integration of smaller units, satisfying the law of the integration of matter and besides, we see it a moving body forced by another inexorable law of Nature, moving in the line of least resistance or in the line of greatest traction.

These aggregations of capital then are natural results and the question now is, how far will this process of integration go on? Will the Trusts continue, or will they stop now and let the remainder of the work be accomplished by other factors? For it is certain that the process is not complete. It can not be complete till all the interests of society have been brought under the law and in submissive obedience to it.

At this point must be directly considered the question at issue: "Does the Trust presage an unemployed problem?" This question bears no limit in time. Therefore in attempting to answer it time must not be taken into account.

The Trust is involving us in a dilemma. Society is being relieved, from time to time, of the means it needs for its own material preservation. These means are becoming the sole property of the few. They have secured ownership and control of a great part of all the means of production and distribution, in fact have partial control of everything, except the farms. Now as we have inferred, it is the plan of Nature that social integration shall not stop until it is complete, and this point is far from being reached. This, however, is no warrant for assuming that we need not fear that employment will not be cut off. On the contrary, we shall be confronted with that question, but its imminence may be another matter.

If we could be sure of a degree of over-production which would be a cause, or if we could be sure that capital had reached such a state of plethora that it was rusting with idleness, we might predict. But there are no reliable guides for us on these questions, or rather, there are none which enable us to be sure that we are approaching the dreaded stage. It seems that the influence which low or lowering wages will exert on this question, is one not to be overlooked. Since the wage class is so great with us and constantly growing greater, this will have nearly or quite as much to do with the topical question as any other thing. If wages shall continue to lower and if the class of wage-earners shall continue to become greater, then there can be no question that we shall be confronted with the unemployed, and that quite soon. But it does seem that there are so many unexploited fields for the investment of new capital that we are not in imminent danger.

It must not be overlooked that the thing to be determined is, can we safely conclude that all the machinery of production and distribution is so complete that there is no investment for more capital in them? The creation of the meat Trust would seem to be a fair index that this is not so. This organization, much smaller in capitalization than the consolidated railroads, points to other fields of exploitation, one of which, at least, would make the railroad merger appear as a small concern. Reference is made to the possibilities for investment in the general merchandise business of the country. This would be no more difficult than the meat Trust. If narrow fields of investment become too threatening, we may certainly expect to see capital looking, first to the consolidation of the wholesale houses of the country, each in a combination of its own, then the merger of all kinds of wholesale houses. This would be speedily followed by organizing the retail business of the country, and these would demand enormous sums of money.

The signs of the times seem to show conclusively that the people are only introduced to the system of consolidation, the integrations of social interest, and that the expenditure of money for such purposes is hardly begun.

It must be confessed that during all the time covered by such combinations, there is a constantly increasing tension being put on labor; that the temper of labor must enter as a factor into any consideration of the unemployed problem, not to enable one to predict whether the unemployed time is coming, but to furnish a basis for setting the time of its coming. Then again there must be other considerations entertained. With the examples set

by capital, it seems inevitable that labor will reach a higher and better organization than anything now known and being so organized it will be better able to withstand the encroachments of capital. I am one of those who cannot feel very confident that labor will easily be brought to make the Socialist stand for all it produces. Then again, under the system of the greater combinations, capital will be more careful of its interests; it will be more likely to make concessions. It seems to me that this will surely happen after the combinations get into good working order. They will mellow with age.

But after all is said it must be admitted that the course of such an argument implies that with the increasing integrations of social interests, necessarily increases the ratio of wage-workers to population; involves vast cheapening of methods of production and distribution and with equal necessity intensifies the struggle for existence among the laborers, besides it swells the floating army of unemployed. This is in direct obedience to the law of evolution, which dissipates motion by integration of matter and this law is as applicable to the interests of society as to any other thing in creation. Therefore it seems inevitable that the Trusts must bring with them the problem of the unemployed. It may not be easy to predict when this will happen.

MAN AND MONKEY

HARRIET G. CANFIELD

An ape sat blinking, where the sunlight fell
In slanting lines, upon his wise, old face,
And one, who passed his cage, exclaimed in scorn—
"There sits, in embryo, the human race!
Some think (fools, they!) from such a creature sprang
Creation's lords! O gross insult to man!
Agile and cunning, I will grant him that,
But our progenitor?—believe who can!"

The old ape heard, and from his face there passed
The look, oppressed, his kind has worn so long.
"Thank God," he thought, "now I can die in peace,
Since I and mine are guiltless of all wrong;
When men have sinned, have shed their brothers' blood,
And sworn to lies, we've hung our heads with shame,
But now the weight of years is rolled away—
Thank God that man from monkey never came!"

OMNIISM; *or* WE & COMPANY, LIMITED

J. G. PHELPS STOKES

IN every partnership there exists a contract, expressed or implied, under the terms of which two or more persons combine their property, labor or skill, or any or all of them, in lawful commerce or business, to promote the common and several interests of the partners; who share the profits, or, while the firm remains solvent, bear the losses, in proportion to their contributions to its property or strength.

Ownership, in society as now constituted, consists in the lawful possession of one or more rights to use property. In the ownership of property an aggregation of rights in and pertaining to that property is involved. In earlier times it could perhaps have been accurately said that a landlord or property holder owned absolutely and wholly the property over which he exercised control. But absolute and complete individual ownership of real property no longer exists. Of the total number of rights pertaining to the use of any given thing, the proportion owned by the people as a whole, by the "We" of our partnership, has been constantly, and of late rapidly, increasing. For example, an individual assumes that he "owns" a parcel of real estate on Broadway. He has, to be sure, lawful possession of a large number of rights to use or control that real estate in certain ways; but "We," the public, also have, as a recognized matter of law, many, perhaps as great a number of rights to use or control that same property in other ways. The total aggregation of rights in any given thing is shared between the public and individuals or groups of individuals; co-partnership, therefore, prevails. In other words, public ownership began long ago, and, as a matter of fact, such co-ownership of all real property has advanced very much farther than is publicly supposed.

A partnership, of nature closely akin to that of the so-called business world, and liable to the same sorts of mismanagement, dishonesty and fraud, exists between Us and our partners; our partners being the individuals and corporations. The partnership is of a "limited" variety in that the rights of the partners to the profits of the firm, and their responsibility for its debts and other obligations, is in large measure limited by the amounts and characters of their respective contributions to its property and strength. The so-called owner of Broadway real estate, for instance, has lawful possession of the right to determine whether or not a hotel shall be erected on the property; the public, on the other hand, is in lawful possession of the right to determine in what manner

such a hotel shall be constructed. The other individual or individuals of our partnership have the right under the law to determine many features of the hotel, and similarly "We," the public, have, under the law, the right to determine many of its other features. Our partners own, or lawfully possess, the right to determine matters of general plan and decoration; "We" lawfully own and exercise the right to exact that the structural and sanitary features shall be such as shall, in our judgment, conserve our interests and welfare. Similarly, an individual, or a group of individuals, has the right to erect a tenement house on property over which he, or it, possesses, lawfully, sufficient rights of control; but the public has the right to say, not only how much of the ground space shall be covered by the building, but how many tenants as a maximum shall occupy each room, what the minimum of window-area shall be in bedrooms, how the plumbing shall be arranged, to what extent the building shall be fire-proof, to what extent it shall be lighted by the landlord; and the public, furthermore, owns and exercises the very far-reaching right to say what occupations or pursuits may be engaged in upon the premises, and to determine what pursuits shall not be there engaged in. The minutely detailed requirements of the State of New York limiting the uses to be made of tenement property, and prescribing the structural and sanitary details of buildings erected thereon, are but so many public expressions of rights of ownership possessed by the public in property of that class.

Consider for a moment an entirely different sphere of social enterprise. Our great railroads are in large measure owned by the individual stockholders. While the stockholders are in lawful possession of many rights to use and control the transportation facilities and properties usually supposed to be wholly theirs, the public also is already in lawful possession of many and at least equally important though much neglected rights to the use and control of the same properties and facilities; or, to use the partnership terminology of our caption, our partners in the "Company" own various rights to the operation of the transportation service; while of the entire aggregation of rights involved, "We" own, as our share, a very large number, including the right to the determination of the conditions under which the transportation business of the firm shall be conducted. "We" determine, for instance, the maximum rates that our partners (who in this case are, or should be, merely our Traffic Managers) are allowed to charge. We also exercise, though very imimperfectly, the right to require of our Traffic Managers that they shall cause the rolling stock, safety appliances, road-bed, etc., to conform to such standards as we desire; and we exercise, though far too leniently, the further right to hold them strictly responsible to us for defect, failure, accident or loss due to their fault or negligence. The voluminous rules and regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission are but public expressions of a few of the rights of ownership and control which we, the public, already have in the railroad business.

As further evidence of the prevalence of public co-ownership in land and industries, may be cited the rentals or dividends, however small and inadequate, which we, usually as "silent partners," require our active or managing partners to pay us at regular intervals, in consideration of our "silent" contributions to the firm's

prosperity—rentals or dividends paid to us annually in the form of taxes, the non-delivery of which renders sufficient of *our partners'* property *liable to lawful confiscation by us*. In fact in this respect our rights in the firm are vastly superior to those of our partners, for we always retain the right to confiscate *all* such of our partners' property as may be necessary to protect our interests; whereas they can under no circumstances lawfully become possessed of any of our property or rights, without our consent. If the public or the Government owned the land wholly, and rented it out to tenants on condition of its being used to promote the common welfare, the situation would be very different in degree, but, I think, less different in kind, from the situation now existing, than is generally thought. At present, we the people, acting through "Government," while allowing individuals to apply the term "owner" to themselves, and to enjoy many rights in property, in reality permit such "ownership" to continue only so long as the annual rentals fixed by our elected officers are paid, and only so long as our own legalized conditions of "ownership" are complied with.

It is unnecessary to follow up the argument by showing the existence of partnership between the people, as a whole, and individuals throughout the industrial and social world. The endless rows of statutes and judicial decisions that fill the shelves of our law libraries are in large measure but collections of further public expressions and definitions of the rights of ownership and control which we, the public, assert and maintain through the means of legislative, judicial and other machinery. It has, of course, often been observed that the vast majority of these laws are of a restrictive character, designed to prevent individuals injuring one another. In other words, they are but evidence, on a colossal scale, of a fundamental underlying cause of the evils and miseries that afflict society; namely, human selfishness. It is the selfishness of the individual in striving or desiring to promote his own interests regardless of the interests of All, that has caused the enactment or public expression through the legislature and judiciary of this vast aggregation of rules and regulations to prevent evil being done. Glad co-operation by each with his fellows to advance the common welfare, if substituted for the present selfish or altruistic effort of each to promote individual welfare, or the welfare of a group, regardless of the interests of society, would of course render at least the vast majority of laws unnecessary. Selfishness is the factor in our social and individual life which, above all others, renders law necessary at present. But even altruism is dangerous, in that in its zeal to aid a few it often runs counter to the interests of the Whole. If the spirit of selfishness could be replaced in the minds and lives of our people by the spirit of unselfish devotion to the welfare of the Whole, not only would the need for forceful restriction of the individual's activities be eliminated, but that portion —and it is a large one—of the productive power of our people which is now applied wastefully to repressive measures, could be diverted to productive activities, with the result of lessening the burdens of production and distribution now borne by a portion of the people, and the sharing of those burdens by all the able, according to their several abilities. The burden of each being less, the leisure of each and the opportunity of each for the development of character and

for the acquiring of a higher culture, mental, moral and spiritual, would evidently be correspondingly increased.

Except for the occasional efforts of misdirected altruism, it is human selfishness alone that necessitates repressive measures. It is clearly the part of wisdom for each and every friend and lover of humankind to do everything in his power to overcome the spirit of selfishness in himself and to help others to see the evils which selfishness produces. We have heard much of the duty of altruism, of the duty of each to care more for others than for self. Many of us have even been led to suppose, mistakenly, that altruism is the highest virtue. But as has been pointed out, altruism, as a philosophy, is radically defective, in that it justifies injuring self to aid another, regardless of the greater harm which such conduct might cause, directly or indirectly, to the whole community. A more comprehensive philosophy is needed; one which looks primarily to the well-being of that Whole of which the Others and Self are but parts. It is time for social philosophers to give more thought to that higher philosophy of the All, which, heretofore, has been expressed in but general terms. The concrete thought itself has as yet been shared by so few, comparatively, that no adequate word to designate it has hitherto arisen. That the thought may gain wider currency, I take this opportunity of urging the wider preaching of what we may perhaps term Omniism—the philosophy which causes thought, word, effort, deed and life to be devoted to the advancement of the welfare not merely of Self, nor of Others, but of that Whole which embodies All.

THE PEOPLE

(TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS)

The people is a beast of muddy brain,
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein:

One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands,
It does; nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.

Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties
And gags itself—giving itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.

Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

—CAMPANELLA.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

N. MYDDLETON

What is Success? At first glance this question would seem superfluous, when one thinks of the examples held up to us by magazine and daily paper as models of successful lives. If, however, we come to look into the matter we generally find that this success is limited to one thing, and that while the person may be successful in art or in literature, or in the accumulation of wealth, yet their lives do not come under the heading of successful life. Indeed, it is pretty safe to say that the most successful lives are the most unknown. It is true that this definition of success would not appeal to many who are in general considered to have achieved all that is possible in that line, but that is only in keeping with the spirit of the age. Partly owing, no doubt to the evils of the system under which we live, and partly owing to the inherent selfishness of mankind, the most of us cannot conceive of any success other than our own material benefit in wealth or the things that bring wealth and notoriety. Yet perhaps if we could get an honest answer from some of the most conspicuous examples of latter-day success we should find that after all there was something lacking, and that their hearts were not fully satisfied. There are papers and magazines published under various titles that aim at teaching us how we may succeed and that in long (and carefully edited) articles by "merchant princes" tell us how they have acquired their millions; assuming with the blatant self-sufficiency of *les nouveaux riches* that they are the envied of all men, and that no other or higher ideal possesses men than the acquisition of money by fair means or by foul, chiefly foul.

This is to a certain extent true. The old saying still holds true—There is no smoke without some fire. Although the success we strive for, may to a greater or lesser extent affect others than ourselves, still for the most part our various definitions of success are selfish. The world today presents the pitiful spectacle of a man who, filled with brighter hopes and truer ideals in the first flush of his youth, has now in his old age become calloused and hardened; the better promises of youth trampled underfoot, and every energy bent towards the indulgence of his own desires and lusts. How low have our ideals sunk! We have set a premium on vice and trickery. We have deliberately chosen between good and evil and for the most part evil has been our choice. We hail as our successful man today those who, guided and helped by the unscrupulousness of their consciences, have attained enormous fortunes, regardless of the path of ruin over which they have advanced, and accept with grovelling gratitude the sop of a few thousands spent to endow a school or library, as the givers would seem to hope to bribe the Almighty by the erection of a church —churches in which many of them have their own paid preacher who shall from Sabbath to Sabbath tickle their ears with what may be palatable to them. Such is our idea of success today. When will men recognize that success is not to be measured by the length of a bank account, or the newspaper notoriety to be gained, but by the lives helped and brightened, instead of wrecked and ruined; by those whom we have helped to their feet, instead of crushing under our own feet; by the share that each one of us has done towards the uplifting of humanity and the sharing of the toil, rather than the uplifting of self and the laying our own burdens on the backs of others. If this be our idea of success it will be well for us and ours. What though the limbs grow feeble and the hair grey, and the bank account be small, so long as the heart beats in sympathy with our fellows and the hand be outstretched to help them. Public taste may change in art or in literature and the man who considered himself successful today may be unknown tomorrow; banks may fail and with them goes another success, but the success of an unselfish life is affected by neither and grows at a compound interest that the business world knows nothing of.

TOLSTOY ON EXCELLENCE IN ART

LOUVILLE H. DYER

ANY one who has a wide acquaintance with books, and to whom reading is not simply a diversion, but reads that he may become freer, stronger and better, can in moments of calm reflection bring to mind a few books that have been of real and lasting benefit to him. It is with deliberate intent that I have said a few books, because the writers who have elevated our thought and strengthened our characters are a chosen few. A great writer, one whose judgment of books and men was supreme has said, "We learn only that which we love." In this line is crystallized the potent and universal law of selection. We gather unto ourselves that which belongs to us. No matter how much we punish ourselves by trying to assimilate thoughts that are not for us, the attempt is futile. The mental strangers find no lodgment in our brains.

The most intellectual of men makes a servant give this advice to his master, who is a student:—

> **Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,**
> **And practice rhetoric in your common talk.**
> **The mathematics and the metaphysics fall to**
> **them as you find your stomach serves you**
> **No profit grows where is no pleasure taken,**
> **In brief, Sir, study which you most effect.**

Very wise are these words, but the wisdom they contain is not heeded by many. With what ease and celerity some books become our friends, the thoughts they transmit to us become ours unconsciously There are writers whom we have never seen, yet we know them more intimately than our daily companions. We shake hands with them as o'er a vast. The books that impart knowledge to us are of great value, but not the greatest. To appeal to the intuitions, to stir the emotions, and stimulate our spiritual nature, is the highest function that books can perform for us.

How few are the authors to whom we are really indebted, those who have enlarged our views of life, made our vision clearer, and elevated our moral nature. Can anyone who has made Emerson an intimate companion ever be unmindful of the vast good he has received from him? We study, reflect, and inform ourselves, until there comes a time when we feel that we are somewhat wise, that our information is indeed of considerable importance. At this time Emerson is introduced to us, and, lo! he goes through the inmost recesses of our minds, and shows us that which we thought treasure is rubbish. Emerson brings the mental search-light that exposes unerringly the follies of our minds.

If those who are styled educators would read "Spiritual Laws," and

profit by the truth it contains, they would cease to punish and dwarf children's minds by training them as though they were all endowed alike. "What we do not call education is much more precious than that which we do call so, and education often wastes its effort in its attempts to thwart and balk this natural magnetism, which with sure discrimination selects its own." Emerson was too wise to feed an imaginative mind on cube root, or make it acquainted with literature by using the same process with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that a demonstrator in anatomy uses before a class of medical students.

For a mind to come to its own, it must have a proper climate in which to develop. A pedant can no more appreciate a poet than a fish can enjoy a song of the hermit thrush. There is a spirit of abandon and unconstraint, a spontaniety of expression that pertains to all great writing, that is unknown to literary milliners. Professional critics seldom bring to their task the tender, warm, sympathetic quality of mind that alone can adequately appraise a great work of art. "For," says Tolstoy, "however strange it may seem to say so, critics have always been people less susceptible than other men to the contagion of art. For the most part, they are able writers, educated and clever, but with their capacity of being infected by art quite perverted or atrophied, and therefore their writings have always largely contributed and still contribute to the perversion of the taste of that public which reads them and trusts them." Writers that are extolled by the so-styled eminent expounders of art are accepted and lauded by the great unthinking mass of people, because they are too timid to assert dissent with the esthetic aristocracy. Consequently—"Art is made tongue-tied by authority."

"As soon as ever the art of the upper classes separated itself from universal art, a conviction arose that art may be art, and yet be incomprehensible to the masses. And, as soon as this position was admitted, also, that art may be intelligible only to the very smallest number of the elect, and, eventually, to two, or to one, of our nearest friends, or to one-self alone. Which is practically what is being said by modern artists: "I create and understand myself, and if anyone does not understand me, so much the worse for him."

The above lines are a sort of prelude to the consideration of the rational, comprehensive, and sane views of Count Tolstoy, in his valuable work "What is Art." Having examined and analyzed the definitions of art given by the prominent philosophers and estheticians, and exposed the utter confusion that characterizes their views on art, Tolstoy proceeds in a clear and exhaustive manner to give the reasons that have conduced to bring about the chaos that surrounds the subject, and shows us, that the stress laid on the demand for beauty has confused the whole matter. May be it is well for me to digress here a bit, long enough to give the words of Halliwell-Phillips concerning Shakespeare. "He was not an elaborator, intent on making his work faultless in the eye of criticism." By this statement, it is not meant that he did not proceed by "cold gradation and well balanced form" in his writing, but that the spirit of pedantry had no place in his mind. He was "Nature's child, warbling his native wood songs wild." He did not strive to make something beautiful, but to see truly, and reproduce Nature faithfully; therefore

the spirit of beauty lives forever in his plays.

Is the oft repeated claim of the critics true, that the unlettered cannot truly appreciate great works of art? Let us examine the question in the light of facts. Shakespeare wrote his incomparable dramas between the years 1592 and 1613. At this time most of the people were absolutely illiterate. There was no elaborate scenery, the stage mechanism was crude, and such characters as the sweet and lovely Rosalind, Perdita, "The sweetest lass that e'er ran o'er the green sward," and that paragon of women, Imogen, were all personated by lubberly boys. These conditions excluded the possibility of the auditors' attention being diverted from the spoken lines. Under these conditions, the play houses at which Shakespeare's dramas were performed, were crowded to overflowing by eager listeners, who were charmed by the characters that were drawn with such a marvelous fidelity to Nature. This furnishes us with a demonstration, that the highest art appeals to the artistic instincts of the people.

At this time let me introduce Tolstoy's definition of art:—"Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others, feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them."

First, then, the artist must live under conditions calculated to induce powerful impressions, not in an exclusive manner, that separates him from the great world currents common to all humanity, but his feelings and experiences must be the rich stores gathered from the busy, varied, universal drama of life. Then he must select for his subject matter, either those feelings that unite all men in one common brotherhood, or those experiences that are common to all.

Tolstoy says, "For the great majority of working people, our art, besides being inaccessible on account of its costliness, is strange in its very nature, transmitting as it does the feelings of people far removed from those conditions of laborious life, which are natural to the great body of humanity." These conditions being fulfilled, his work must satisfy the demands for individuality, sincerity, and clearness. The art product must be new, it must be an emanation from the writer's inner self, and not evoked from his impression of other works.

The imitator inevitably produces the counterfeit of art. All genuine art is distinguished from spurious art by the quality of sincerity. The mode of expression must be clear—the thought should be as nearly nude as possible.

When authors are writing for some special class, their work always reflects the views and spirit of that class. Can a court poet be natural and sincere? Tennyson's poems are to a large degree tinged with a spirit of aristocracy. He is too conscious of being the poet laureate. The great swelling ocean of human love, that sea whose waves are murmuring of brotherhood, has left small impress on his verse. The people, the men and women who patiently work, suffer, and bear the burdens of this working day world, find small solace in his verse. His work belongs to the twilight, and is shadowed by the dying day. The Rev. Peter McQueen says in a conversation he had with Tolstoy, he ventured to speak of Tennyson, saying there was in "Memoriam," a great lift to the world. "I most emphatically differ with you

on that," he said. "Tennyson broke away a little bit from conventional orthodoxy, he was too hesitating, never thorough, never natural like the pleiad of American writers." John Burroughs writes in reference to Tennyson, "That the culture, the refinement, and precision of a correct and mechanical age, have sunk too deeply into his soul. He has not the courage or the spring to let himself go as Shakespeare did. Tennyson speaks the language of poets, and not of men; he savors of the flower garden, and not of the forest." Tennyson has been selected for comment, simply because he is an illustrious representative of that coterie of writers, to whom Tolstoy's criticism of art for art's sake is exceedingly pertinent.

The art of any period portrays the sentiments and experiences of the ruling classes. True manhood inured to hardship and privation, contending with adversity, and ever dutiful and patient, creating the wealth of all countries and in all lands exploited, has no place in the work of those writers, who are the purveyors of the counterfeit art, that serves to relieve the wealthy parasites of society of ennui—born of idleness and vicious living, for whom art is constantly prostituted.

The songs of Burns are true art. They spring from the heart, are spontaneous and genuine. His figures of speech are all taken from Nature, he sings with the naturalness and simplicity of the birds. What tender pathos is contained in his song, "Afton Water," how musical are its lines, how notable the simplicity of its language! The songs of Burns are peerless. His love songs breathe such "dulcet and harmonious breath" that they will thrill the heart as long as lads and lasses dream of love.

Of what service to humanity is the modern novel, with its sickly amours and weak sentimentalism? Most of the writers of such clothe each detail with a wealth of minute description, thus hiding the poverty of thought and feeling behind what is termed realism. To people who live simple, industrious lives, whose tastes are not perverted by what is called culture, these works simply have no meaning and serve no good purpose. "To thoughtful and sincere people there can, therefore, be no doubt that the art of our upper classes never can be the art of the whole people." But if art is an important matter, a spiritual blessing, essential for all men (like religion, as the devotees of art are fond of saying), then it should be accessible to everyone. And if, as in our day, it is not accessible to all men, then one of two things—either art is not the vital matter it is represented to be, or that which we call art is not the real thing." There is a lamentable decadence in the tastes of people who can extol Kipling, especially when that people have such true universal art as Dickens produced. How sure is the artistic instinct that created "The Tale of Two Cities," and the "Christmas Carol." Again, can anyone fail to recognize the genuineness of Hugo's art in his superb story of "Les Miserables?" The above stories are examples of the highest art; art that is universal, and infectious in a marvelous degree. "The Cossacks," by Tolstoy, is a literary pearl. Here is supreme art; the impressions it makes are powerful and lasting, and the whole story may be termed a matchless epic of Nature. The true spirit of poesy glows in every line of this marvelous novel; his "Resurrection," too, is a remarkably strong story, and it is art of the highest

type. The characters are drawn by a master's hand, and the artist shows us most effectually the subtle change in character; how the human heart sways from virtue to vice under the influence of ruthless passion.

Nekhlugoff found that the poet was sound, when he said "Pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision." The character of Maslova is wonderfully drawn; we seem to know her, we can see the beautiful girl whose eyes are as black as sloes, a lover of innocent sports, and filled with that joy that is known only to youth. We see her in the spring evening at the old country church, where are gathered the deeply religious and simple peasants, who have assembled, summoned by the tender emotions that are forever twined around Easter. How beautiful, how pure, how lovable! Nekhlugoff, too, was pure. He was a manly, impulsive fellow, and his heart was right, but his passion played him false. How divergent are the two forms of love; the real, unselfish love, ineffable, and the selfish love that has the lure and venom of the serpent. Nekhlugoff is a victim, a victim to the powerful call of animalism; a call that is one of danger, always. Beware of the voice that bids you do anything that gives you pleasure at another's pain; beware sowing seed, whose harvest will be misery to you and others. Those deeds that are pure and have the approving nod of the soul, do them, for at their doing, God ever smiles; for the voice of conscience is the voice of God.

The chastening process of suffering, the ridding one's self of error by penitence is a beautiful process, the character glows so with virtue afterwards. Tolstoy has delineated powerfully that transformation in the character of Maslova. In her, as in us all, are the germs of good and evil; and with her, as finally it will be with all, the good prevails. Maslova is capable of truly and nobly loving, and this is the loveliest trait to which humanity is heir. I cannot feel justified in leaving the story, without saying a word on Tolstoy's portrayal of the ruling class of Russia; that official class, who make and mar the lives of their lowlier, and more virtuous brothers. His indictment of them is appalling. I think nowhere are the shortcomings and hypocracies of officials exposed with greater truth and power, than in the "Resurrection," unless it be in "Measure for Measure," where the Duke says:

> "I have seen corruption boil and bubble, till it o'errun the stew;
> Laws for all faults;
> But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes,
> Stand like the forfeits in a barber shop.
> As much in mock as mark."

Tolstoy has drawn a picture of official depravity that has its counterpart in America, in all countries:

> "Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
> Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

In the "Resurrection," Tolstoy has given us an example of universal art, art good in subject matter, because the three demands for excellence in art are here: Individuality, clearness and simplicity.

Let us remember the epigraph of John Burroughs. "The spirit of a man's work is everything, the letter, little or nothing." We should each use our influence to relegate to the shades, that false art, which not only perverts the tastes of people, but usurps the place which good universal

art should hold. Tolstoy has rendered the world great and lasting service in his work, "What is Art?"* The views that he voices are calculated to exert a salutary effect on the public taste, and those who produce works of art. His condemnation of art, for art's sake, and for that exclusive art that ignores the people, and appeals only to the select few, an art which divides men instead of uniting them, we cannot fail to recognize as just.

Tolstoy's art would break down all barriers between man and man, and make the world what it should and can be, the home of one family, that shall comprise all humanity.

"In all genuine art, we experience that simple feeling, familiar to the plainest man, and even to a child, that sense of infection with another's feeling, compelling us to join in another's gladness, to sorrow at another's grief, and to mingle souls with another, which is the very essence of art." We should all strive to bring about that condition, in which art shall be the effectual means of holding up to the people, the highest feelings that are possible to man, to teach the grandeur of those men, who in all ages have lived lives that were consecrated to eternal truth and justice, and have been the champions of the suffering and oppressed. All should honor and reverence that grand, brave, loving soul, Count Tolstoy, whose life has been controlled and guided by the ethics of the loftiest being who has been sent to us, Jesus, the Apostle of Love.

Portland, Maine.

* What is Art? By Leon N. Tolstoi; translated by Charles Johnston. Published by Henry Altemus, Philadephia. 50 cents.

SOCIETY IN RUSSIA

Dr. E. J. Dillon

RUSSIA has still to be discovered. It is still the misty land of the Hyperboreans for all but the smart politician who talks, glibly and knowingly, of the Tsar and Muravieff. And for him these two men stand for the whole nation, the Russian people being but a plastic mass, or rather a row of worthless ciphers, which two or three governmental units change into formidable figures. Even the dislike and mistrust of Russia professed rather than felt by members of the older generation does not repose upon a knowledge of the country and the people.

It is the survival of traditional prejudice, or the outcome of crude political ideas. And the gospel of peace and good will to the Slav preached by men of the new generation is too often the mere growth of political interests or of others still less unselfish.

And yet the globe harbours no more interesting race to study; and no more charming people to live among, than the Russians. In friendly social intercourse, which is as near as man can get to man, they are almost ideal. Their tendency to please seems inborn,

and their judicious choice of the best means to the end instinctive.

They weave a delightful spell over the stranger who has lived among them which nothing can ever break. Their ways are winsome to a degree, for which there is no parallel in history, and few in fable. Hence they readily blend with the peoples they conquer, and not with Orientals only. I have known scores of foreigners from various climes, who came to the country in a critical humour, lived in it with positive pleasure, and left it with deep sorrow. Few of them found peace of mind on their return to their native lands, and most of them came back and settled down for good in the Steppes of the Black Loam Tract, on the banks of the Volga, or by the shores of the Black Sea. The influence of this hospitable people upon the foreigner, however prejudiced he may originally be, acts like the lotos juice in the story, and makes him forget hearth and home.

Hospitality in Russia is heartier, more generous, and brighter than elsewhere. In fact, it diverges so much in degree as almost to differ in kind. Rich and poor practice it with the same zest, and it is enjoined by unwritten secular laws and customs which have the force of religious precepts. In those vast regions of the interior where there are no hotels, the wealthy landowners receive respectable guests in their spare rooms and disreputable tramps in their kitchens or outhouses—hospitality, like the sun, cheering good and bad alike.

The traveller is welcomed without a letter of introduction, seated at the family table, asked no embarrassing questions, and taken at his own estimate. A Russian will cheerfully ruin himself rather than treat a guest to coarse fare or deny help to a hungry man. "Money has not earned us: it is we who have earned the money," says his proverb. Some months ago two hungry University students in the South of Russia, coming home to their one bare room after a hard day's work for their living, caught a thief running off with their books.

"Are you the fellow that stole other books of ours yesterday?" they asked.

"I am, little fathers: but hunger and want drove me to it. I am starving."

"So are we, brother, or next door to it: and you ought not to have hit upon us as your victims."

"Well, your door is more easily opened: that's how it is," was the answer.

"We want those books for our examinations, brother: so you must get them back for us. But as you are cold and hungry now, come in and join us in our supper. It is not much, but such as it is you are welcome. Here are twenty copecks for the beer: run out and fetch it."

And the three ate and drank together: for hospitality is a religion and charity its foundation.

Like religion, it is often abused: but it never succumbs to the ordeal. One of the greatest and best-known of contemporary Russians, whose name is a clarion to his countrymen, kept open house in his mansion in the country. One day a well-spoken gentleman drove up to the door, deposited his luggage, and asked for hospitality for a few weeks. Although utterly unknown to the host and hostess, his claims were at once allowed, and the best spare room was placed at his disposal. Some days later his wife, a charming lady, appeared with her luggage, and asked to be accommodated too. She was duly installed in her husband's apartment, and received a

chamber next it as sitting room: and everything went smoothly and sweetly as an idyll. But at last trouble came.

One morning the hospitable host and hostess were awakened by "ructions" in the guests' quarters. On their going to inquire into the cause they were appealed to by the lady and the gentleman to act as umpires in the dispute. The pair, it appeared, were not married to each other yet, but were going to be as soon as they could obtain divorces from their legitimate spouses, who were living at home and whom they had left for a spell. The question on which they differed was whether it was worth while paying the extravagant sum needed for a divorce. The gentleman said it was not: the lady stoutly maintained it was.

The hostess, who was a bit of a Puritan and a stickler for the proprieties, nearly fainted when the problem was put before her. The amorous pair, who thus attempted to turn a hospitable mansion into a mere hotel, were deposited with bag and baggage at the distant railway station a few hours later. But the generous people thus imposed upon are as hospitable as ever.

At marriage feasts and funeral repasts among the merchant classes described by Ostroffsky, nobody's credentials are asked for. The majority of the guests, of course, wear familiar faces, but there are generally some who are known only to the bride or the bridegroom, and often one or two unacquainted with either. To those banquets, which are usually held in a species of "eating house" peculiar to the country, evening dress is an open sesame.

I was once appealed to for help by a pauper in Moscow under very uncommon circumstances. As soon as he had enlisted my sympathy he asked me for a coat. As it was bitterly cold I offered him a serviceable overcoat, but he begged me to give him a good-looking evening dress instead. He accounted for what seemed a mad whim by telling me that he could eke out his wretched workaday livelihood in any costume, but that the red-letter days of his calendar were dependent upon the swallow-tailed coat. He was wont to appear at funeral banquets, wedding suppers, christenings, and such-like festivities as an unbidden guest, and he could depend upon his supple imagination and ready tongue to pilot him through any difficulties that might arise. But he could not dispense with evening dress to obtain ingress. I have since heard of others who imitated the example set by this pauper or his predecessors. It was rendered less easy a couple of years ago, when a band of thieves began to take their share in the good things at the banquets, and more than their share of the furs and overcoats in the wardrobe.

Many of these merry-makings are well-nigh as ruinous as a bad season, but a Russian is more concerned to be charitable than wealthy. And the feeling is shared by the poorest of the poor. Almost every hut in Siberia has a "tramp's window," where meat and bread are left for the runaway exile, and the hungry felon who crawls out of his hiding-place at night approaches the ever-burning light and greedily devours his meal. Thanks are neither lavished nor expected: the food being given and taken as a matter of course. I have known Slavonic noblemen to ruin themselves by hospitality alone. It was a right noble way to run through a fortune, no doubt, and they were conscious and proud of the fact.

In Russian social intercourse politics are tabooed, and the prosaic plodding man and woman are consequently bereft of the means of defraying conversation on the cheap. But the prohibition is a stimulant to richer natures and a benefit to all. The ground being thus weeded, hidden gifts and dormant sensibilities are all the more easily brought out. One's horizon is bounded by no party line, one's sympathies shut out by no conventional barrier. And this freedom is as indispensable as air to the Russian, who has a fellow-feeling for all the world, and like Burns, sympathizes with Auld Nickie Ben.

"There is no just man without sin, and no sinner without repentance," says one of his proverbs, and he acts as if he believed it. Politics and the weather being beneath notice, frequent excursions are made into the spheres of music, the drama, poetry, and science, and, above all, the long-lost art of conversation is cultivated on new and entertaining lines.

A freshness and picturesqueness characterize the genuine representative of Russian society which are lacking to people of other nations; yet his individuality never surprises or shocks you. He never flaunts it in your face or uses it as a barrier behind which to defend his fads and eccentricities. Everything he has and is exists for the good of all, and however great his intellectual gifts he manages never to tower above his neighbors. He uses all his talents to flavor his talk and make it agreeable to his companions. And Russians are born orators. The symbolic changes of the voice and intonation and the wide register of musical notes in their conversation, the sharps and flats, the legato and staccato of the syllables, and the sudden changes of key, are a language within the articulate idiom and come with the surprise of a revelation to the foreigner. They leave no doubt about the meaning, and if only you have an inkling of the topic will tell you as much as the words: for the Russian does not merely think about a subject, he also feels on it, and his soul takes shape, color, and sound in his look, gesture and voice. The ups and downs of suppressed passion are substituted for the dreary oneness of cold reasoning, and make all the difference between interest and indifference.

Then again, the genuine Russian has a marvelous command of that persuasive eloquence which lurks in facial expression, and flows from graceful gestures. The latter are as lively and picturesque, if not so frequent and realistic, as those of a Neapolitan. He cannot narrate a story without taking off the principal characters. He is ever modifying his dialect, changing his phraseology, and altering his intonation to suit the individual whom he represents for the nonce. When he quotes a speech he unconsciously impersonates the speaker, copies his grimaces, reproduces his gestures, and imitates his voice, so that sometimes even from afar you may guess whom he is speaking of. Hence the preternatural quickness with which Russians apprehend one's meaning, sometimes before it has been articulately uttered.

A ludicrous instance of this occurred some years ago in the northern capital, A Yankee who had just landed at Cronstadt, and could not speak a word of Russian, hired a droshka, and told the man to drive to the equestrian statue of Peter the Great. But he was driven to the other end of the city instead. At last he angrily jumped down, vaulted on to the horse's back,

raised his right hand, and threw back his head in a lordly way, in imitation of the statue, and said, "Now, fly there." And the quick-witted cabby, nodding approvingly, took him to the statue in a twinkling.

Conversation in Russian society is considerably less vapid and time-killing than in most lands. It displays more ingenious sallies, more brilliant intellectual sparks, and a higher degree of originality than other peoples are wont to expect or expend. The same spirit is rife among them which might inspire a sculptor to put his best work into a statue of ice. Nothing is left undone to flatter and caress the senses and the higher emotions. A Russian interior is bathed in mellow light and beautified with the highest attainable art, and the hostess revels in a mid-summer spirit of gladness which she usually has the secret of communicating to her guests. Simplicity of manner and fulness of nature characterize them both.

It is always the highest ambition and often the enviable privilege of the lady of the house to set the best chords vibrating in the breasts of those whom she entertains, and this without the least apparent effort, such is the perfection to which she has brought the art. Conversation, therefore, has charms in Russian society rarely experienced elsewhere. People mix poetry with their facts, and richly gild the realities of the work-a-day world, weaving a rainbow mist around the sordid things of life, and scattering suggestive ideas broadcast as they come, from the depths of the soul, unsifted and unsunned.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER I—THE DESCENT.

I journeyed across the world to London in the full expectation of being shocked; but to my surprise, not to say vexation, my first forty-eight hours were spent in giving shocks to the Londoners.

"But you can't do it, you know," friends said, to whom I applied for assistance in the matter of sinking myself down into the East End. "You had better see the police for a guide," they added, on second thought, painfully endeavoring to adjust themselves to the psychological processes of a madman who had come to them with better credentials than brains.

"But I don't want to see the police," I protested. "What I wish to do, is to go down into the East End and see things for myself. I wish to know how those people are living there, and why they are living there, and what they are living for. In short, I am going to live there myself."

"You don't want to *live* down there!" everybody said, with disapprobation writ large upon their faces. "Why, it is said there are places where a man's life isn't worth tu'pence."

"The very places I wish to see," I broke in.

"But you can't, you know," was the unfailing rejoinder.

"Which is not what I came to see you about," I answered brusquely, somewhat nettled by their incomprehension. "I am a stranger here, and I want you to tell me what you know of the East End in order that I may have something to start on."

"But we know nothing of the East End. It is over there, somewhere." And they waved their hands vaguely in the direction where the sun on rare occasions may be seen to rise.

"Then I shall go to Cook's," I announced.

"Oh, yes," they said with relief. "Cook's will be sure to know."

But O, Cook, O, Thomas Cook & Son, pathfinders and trail-clearers, living sign-posts to all the world and bestowers of first aid to bewildered travelers—unhesitatingly and instantly, with ease and celerity, could you send me to Darkest Africa or Innermost Thibet, but to the East End of London, barely a stone's throw from Ludgate Circus, you know not the way!

"You can't do it, you know," said the human emporium of routes and fares at Cook's Cheapside branch. "It is so—ahem—unusual—"

"Consult the police," he concluded, authoritatively, when I had persisted. "We are not accustomed to taking travelers to the East End, we receive no call to take them there, and we know nothing whatsoever about the place at all."

"Never mind that," I interposed, to save myself from being swept out of the office by his flood of negations. "Here's something you can do for me. I wish you to understand in advance what I intend doing, so that in case of trouble you may be able to identify me."

"Ah, I see, should you be murdered we would be in a position to identify the corpse."

He said it so cheerfully and coldbloodedly that on the instant I saw my stark and mutilated cadaver stretched upon a slab where cool waters trickle ceaselessly, and him I saw bending over and sadly and patiently identifying it as the body of the insane American who *would* see the East End.

"No, no," I answered; "merely to identify me in case I get into a scrape with the 'bobbies'." This last I said with a thrill; truly, I was gripping hold of the vernacular.

"That," he said, "is a matter for the consideration of the Chief Office."

"It is so unprecedented, you know," he added, apologetically.

The man at the Chief Office hemmed and hawed. "We make it a rule," he explained, "to give no information concerning our clients."

"But in this case," I urged, "it is the client who requests you to give the information concerning himself."

Again he hemmed and hawed.

"Of course," I hastily anticipated, "I know it is unprecedented, but——"

"As I was about to remark," he went on steadily, "it is unprecedented, and I don't think we can do anything for you."

However, I departed with the address of a detective who lived in the East End, and took my way to the American Consul-General. And here, at last, I found a man with whom I could "do business." There was no hemming and hawing, no lifted brows, open incredulity, nor blank amazement. In one minute I explained myself and my project, which he accepted as a matter

of course. In the second minute he asked my age, height, and weight, and looked me over. And in the third minute, as we shook hands at parting, he said: "All right, Jack. I'll remember you and keep track."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Having built my ships behind me, I was now free to plunge into that human wilderness of which nobody seemed to know anything. But at once I encountered a new difficulty in the shape of my cabby, a gray-whiskered and eminently decorous personage, who had imperturbably driven me for several hours about the "City."

"Drive me down to the East End," I ordered, taking my seat.

"Where, sir?" he demanded with frank surprise.

"To the East End, anywhere. Go on."

The hansom pursued an aimless way for several minutes, then came to a puzzled stop. The aperture above my head was uncovered, and the cabman peered down perplexedly at me.

"I say," he said, "wot plyce yer wanter go?"

"East End," I repeated. "No where in particular. Just drive me around, anywhere."

"But wot's the haddress, sir?"

"See here!" I thundered, "no more of this! You drive me down to the East End, and at once! Understand?"

It was evident that he did not understand, but he withdrew his head and grumblingly started his horse.

Nowhere in the streets of London may one escape the sight of abject poverty, while five minutes' walk from almost any point will bring one to a slum; but the region my hansom was now penetrating was one unending slum. The streets were filled with a new and different race of people, short of stature, dirty and beastly of feature, and of wretched or beer-sodden appearance. We rolled along through miles of bricks and squalor, and from each cross street and alley flashed long vistas of bricks and misery. Here and there lurched a drunken man or woman, and the air was obscene with sounds of jangling and squabbling. At a market, tottering old men and women were searching in the garbage thrown in the mud for rotten potatoes, beans and vegetables, while little children clustered like flies around a festering mass of fruit, thrusting their arms to the shoulders into the liquid corruption and drawing forth morsels but partially decayed which they devoured on the spot.

Not a hansom did I meet with in all my drive, while mine was like an apparition from another and better world, the way the children ran after it and alongside. And as far as I could see were the solid walls of brick, the slimey pavements, and the screaming streets; and for the first time in my life the fear of the crowd smote me. It was like the fear of the sea, and the miserable multitudes, street upon street, seemed so many waves of a vast and malodorous sea, lapping about me and threatening to well up and over me.

I looked about. It was really a railroad station, and he had driven desperately to it as the one familiar spot he had ever heard of in all that wilderness.

"Stepney, sir; Stepney Station," the cabby called down.

"Well?" I said.

He spluttered unintelligibly, shook his head, and looked very miserable. "I'm a strynger 'ere," he managed to articulate. "An' if yer don't want Stepney Station, I'm blessed if I know wotcher do want."

"I'll tell you what I want," I said. "You drive along and keep your eye out for a shop where old clothes are sold. Now, when you see such a shop, drive right on till you turn a corner, then stop and let me out."

I could see that he was growing dubious of his fare, but not long afterward he pulled up to the curb and informed me that an old clothes shop was to be found a bit of the way back.

"Won'tcher py me?" he pleaded. "I've took yer haround 'andsome, an' there's seven an' six owin' me."

"Yes," I laughed, "and it would be the last I'd see of you."

"Lord lumme, but it'll be the last I see of you if yer don't py me," he retorted.

But a crowd of ragged onlookers had already gathered around the cab, and I laughed again and walked back to the old clothes shop.

Here the chief difficulty was in making the shopman understand that I really and truly wanted old clothes. But after fruitless attempts to press upon me new and impossible coats and trousers, he began to bring to light heaps of old ones, looking mysterious the while and hinting darkly. This he did with the palpable intention of letting me know that he had "piped my lay," in order to bulldose me, through fear of exposure, into paying heavily for my purchases. A gentleman in trouble, or a high class criminal from across the water, was what he took my measure for—in either case, a person anxious to avoid the police.

But I disputed with him over the outrageous difference between prices and values, till I quite disabused him of the notion, and he settled down to drive a hard bargain with a hard customer. In the end I selected a pair of stout though well-worn trousers, a frayed jacket with one remaining button, a pair of brogans which had plainly seen service where coal was shoveled, a thin leather belt, and a very dirty cloth cap. My underclothing and socks, however, were new and warm, but of the sort that any American waif, down in his luck, could acquire in the ordinary course of events.

"I must sy yer a sharp 'un," he said with counterfeit admiration, as I handed over the ten shillings finally agreed upon for the outfit. "Blimey, if you ain't ben up an' down Petticut Lane afore now. Yer trouseys is wuth five bob to hany man, an' a docker 'ud give two an' six for the shoes, to sy nothin' of the coat an' cap an' new stoker's singlet an' hother things."

"How much will you give me for them?" I demanded, suddenly. "I paid you ten bob for the lot, and I'll sell them back to you, right now, for eight. Come, it's a go!"

But he grinned and shook his head, and though I had made a good bargain I was unpleasantly aware that he had made a better one.

I found the cabby and a policeman with their heads together, but the latter, after looking me over sharply and particularly scrutinizing the bundle under my arm, turned away and left the cabby to wax mutinous by himself. And not a step would he budge till I paid him the seven shillings and six pence owing him. Whereupon he was willing to drive me to the ends of the earth, apologizing profusely for his insistence, and explaining that one ran across queer customers in London Town.

But he drove me only to Highbury Vale, in North London, where my luggage was waiting for me. Here, next day, I took off my shoes (not without regret for their lightness and comfort),

and my soft, gray traveling suit, and, in fact, all my clothing; and proceeded to array myself in the clothes of the other and unimaginable man, who must have been indeed unfortunate to have had to part with such rags for the pitiable sums obtainable from a dealer.

Inside my stoker's singlet, in the armpit, I sewed a gold sovereign (an emergency sum certainly of modest proportions); and inside my stoker's singlet I put myself. And then I sat down and moralized upon the fair years and fat, which had made my skin soft and brought the nerves closer to the surface; for the singlet was rough and raspy as a hairshirt, and I am confident that the most rigorous of ascetics suffer no more than did I in the ensuing twenty-four hours.

The remainder of my costume was fairly easy to put on, though the brogans, or brogues, were quite a problem. As stiff and hard as if made of wood, it was only after a prolonged pounding of the uppers with my fists that I was able to get my feet into them at all. Then, with a few shillings, a knife, a handkerchief, and some brown papers and flake tobacco stowed away in my pockets, I thumped down the stairs and said good-bye to my forebodful friends. As I passed out the door, the "help," a comely, middle-aged woman, could not conquer a grin that twisted her lips and separated them till the throat, out of involuntary sympathy, made the uncouth animal noises we are wont to designate as "laughter."

No sooner was I out on the streets than I was impressed by the difference in status effected by my clothes. All servility vanished from the demeanor of the common people with whom I came in contact. Presto! In the twinkling of an eye, so to say, I had become one of them. My frayed and out-at-elbows jacket was the badge and advertisement of my class, which was their class. It made me of like kind, and in place of the fawning and too-respectful attention I had hitherto received, I now shared with them a comradeship. The man in corduroy and dirty neckerchief no longer addressed me as "sir" or "governor." It was "mate," now—and a fine and hearty word, with a tingle to it, and a warmth and gladness, which the other term does not possess. Governor! It smacks of mastery, and power, and high authority—the tribute of the man who is under to the man on top, delivered in the hope that he will let up a bit and ease his weight. Which is another way of saying that it is an appeal for alms. Which, in turn, is another way of saying: "in expectation of a tip."

This brings me to a delight I experienced in my rags and tatters, that is denied the average American abroad. The European traveler from the States, who is not a Croesus, speedily finds himself reduced to a chronic state of self-conscious sordidness by the hordes of cringing robbers who clutter his steps from dawn till dark and deplete his pocketbook in a way that puts compound interest to the blush. In my rags and tatters I escaped the pestilence of tipping and encountered men on a basis of equality. Nay, before the day was out I turned the tables, and said, most gratefully, "Thank you, sir," to the fine gentleman whose horse I held and who dropped a penny into my eager palm.

Other changes I discovered were wrought in my condition by my new garb. In crossing crowded thoroughfares I found I had to be more lively in avoiding vehicles; it was strikingly impressed upon me that my life had

cheapened in direct ratio with my clothes. When before, I enquired the way of a policeman, I was usually asked, "'Bus or 'ansom, sir?" But now the query became, "Walk or ride?" Also, at the railway stations it was the rule to be asked, "First or second, sir?" Now I was asked nothing, a third class ticket being shoved out to me as a matter of course.

But there was compensation for it all. For the first time I met the English lower classes face to face, and knew them for what they were. When loungers and workmen, on street corners and in public houses, talked with me, they talked as one man to another, not as servitor to lord, and they talked as natural men should talk, without the least idea of getting anything out of me for what they talked or the way they talked.

And when at last I made into the East End, I was gratified to find that the fear of the crowd no longer haunted me. I had become part of it. The vast and malodorous sea had welled up and over me, or I had slipped gently into it, whichever way you will; and there was nothing fearsome about it—with the one exception of the stoker's singlet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FULFILLMENT

"And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,
I falter where I firmly trod."—Tennyson.

When this I find I falter not
But lightly tread as one on air,
To see in Nature everywhere
Such lavishness. On wings of thought

I rise from realm of wood and field
Into the realm where thoughts and deeds
Are broadcast sown like winged seeds
That shall a fruitful harvest yield.

For here, as in the lower earth,
Are myriads that reward not toil,
That fall on rock or barren soil
Where feeblest life-spark ne'er had birth.

So while I tread in careless haste
Beneath my feet, earth's scattered seed,
In this high realm of word and deed
How can I mourn a seeming waste?

—ERIE.

CURRENT EVENTS

UNDER the stress of coal-famine the American Congress, in its beneficent wisdom, has condescended to allow the American people to get their coal from abroad without paying any fine for committing such a felony. It is interesting to note that when the question of duty upon coal was first called to the attention of the public it was explained that it was a mistake that there was ever any duty there at all—it was not the intention of the Republicans to have it there, and its insertion in the tariff bill was quite unintentional. However, now that we know it is there, and the whole country is aroused over the fact, instead of this careless mistake being promptly rectified and the duty removed permanently, it is merely suspended for a year.

REMOVING THE TARIFF.

Uncle Sam—That's right, old man, take that off, and we'll have "coal to burn!" —Minneapolis Journal.

Of course, this duty of 67 cents a ton is not a very important matter, one way or the other. It is the duty of $6 or $7 a ton which the coal barons and the retail dealers are forcing upon the public, that counts. Let us remove all duty on coal, and have it at cost.

I have no doubt that both Senator Hoar and Congressman Littlefield expect to do something with their anti-Trust Bill switches, but I question very much whether the public

at large has any idea that the Trusts will be particularly terrified at the prospect before them.

The Trust is a great, fat boy, who is absorbing all the fat that should go to Uncle Sam; and it is just as uncomfortable for Uncle Sam to be hungry and skinny as it is for the Trust to be fat and lumbering; but switching the Trusts is not going to make them thin. A method should be devised whereby the fat could be equitably distributed. If we could roll Mr. Morgan and Uncle Sam into one individual, and let them distribute the fat over the collective body, we would have the problem solved. Whether Uncle Sam should swallow Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Morgan swallow Uncle Sam, doesn't make much difference, so long as the result is obtained, and the industrial and political government of the United States is united in one organism. Let the Nation Own the Trusts is a good shibboleth, but it looks now as if a still better one would be—Let the Trusts Own the Nation. When that point is reached the people will see to it that they own the Trusts, and thus everything will come around about as we wished. There is no question at all that today the Trusts already own our political government; and it may be more difficult to make the snake disgorge the rabbit than it will be to let the rabbit be digested and make a fine, handsome, healthy animal, of which we are all a part.

The agitation against Child Labor in the South is still being kept up. However, even if any laws against it are passed it will be difficult to get them enforced, because the South is so anxious to get new capital sent into it by Northeners that it is willing to let these children be offered as a sacrifice to that end. The poor "Crackers," not seeing a nickel from one year's end to another, are seizing this opportunity of selling their children on the modern auction block into a slavery as horrible as ever the negroes lived under; so that, between the sordid avarice of the parents, who are willing to sell their children, and the greed of the Northern capitalists, who wish to grind them up in their mills into profits, the future of

SOMETHING DOING. —Minneapolis Journal.

the white children of the Sunny South is a very dismal one indeed. If those who fear negro domination in the South are relying upon the relative increase of the white population to prevent such domination, it behooves them to see that stringent Child Labor laws are speedily passed; otherwise there will be no white stock left for the reproduction of the species.

WHITE SLAVERY.
Northern Capital and Southern Child Labor.
—N. Y. American.

That money dominates the world is an old saying, and when a new world-power comes up, with the enormous wealth of the United States, it is natural that the older and poorer countries will not only be aghast at their own comparative weakness, but will also throw out covert sneers at the new parvenu among nations. The cartoon from the London Tatler expresses the idea very well. The American Eagle, while having the world in its clutches, is yet not a beautiful thing to look at. However, neither taunts nor sneers will prevent the rule of money; and as long as we have our competitive system, the immense resources of the United States, together with the freedom given to capital to combine upon the largest scale, will always place us in a dominating financial position. Certainly, if the European nations wish to retain their economic equality, the only way they can ever do it is by the introduction of international Socialism. Many of them are already recognizing this, when such great concerns as the Standard Oil Trust, threatening to control their industries, such as oil or tobacco, force them to try to circumvent the American by nationalizing these industries.

The cartoon in The Herald representing the Trusts as an inverted pyramid is a very picturesque presentation of the actual condition of our industrial affairs; and the worst of it is that the pyramid has become more and more

"The American Eagle," says Colonel Harvey, "will shortly dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce and Christianity."
—London Tatler.

top-heavy with every month that rolls by. The competitive wage-system limits the wage-laborer to the mere necessaries of life, and all this tremendous industrial structure is being built upon his stomach, and certainly a time is coming when he is not going to be able to stand the pressure.

All the machinery we have is either machinery built to furnish directly food and clothing for the workingman, or to build machinery which will assist in the building of the direct machinery. We have machines to grind flour and machines to make boots. Then we have machines to make flour-mill machinery and machines to make boot-making machinery. These are the secondary machines. Then, we can go a step further and find that there are machines which make the machines which make the machines to make the boots and

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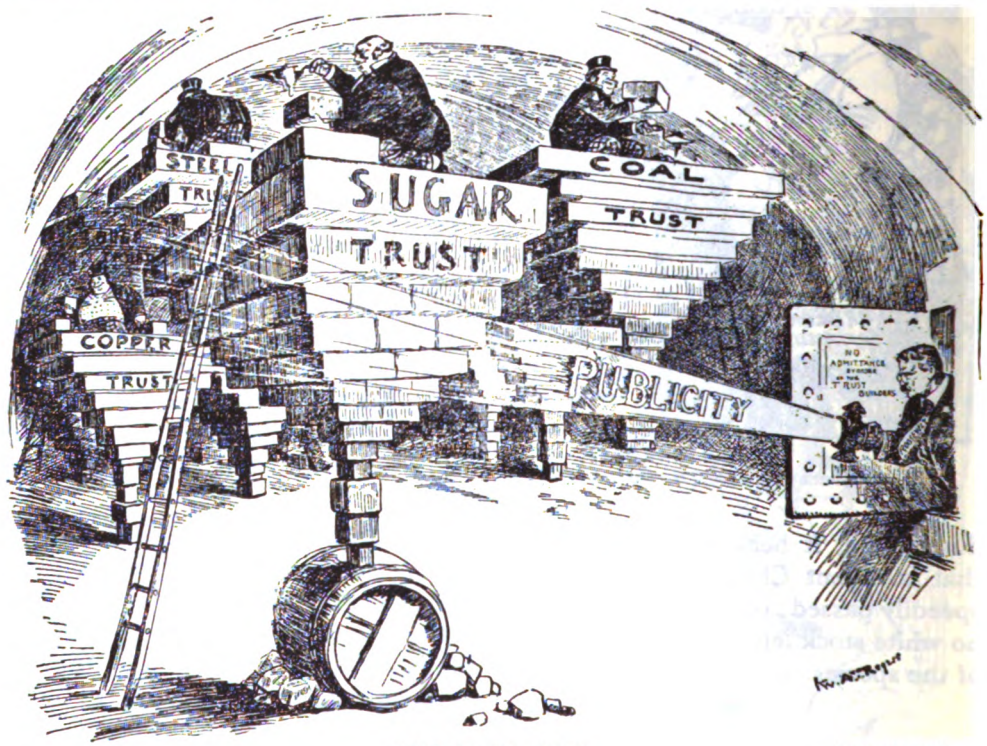

BUILT IN THE DARK —N. Y. Herald.

grind flour. As soon as we get to the point where it is evident that the building of further machines is no longer of of any economic value to the capitalists, then the whole of the industrial structure of society will topple over like a pyramid that has been standing upon its apex instead of upon its base.

The Philadelphia Record puts the position of the G. O. P. very neatly in

the annexed cartoon. When the campaign comes around, there must be fat to grease the wheels, and an easy way to procure it is to threaten the Trusts with divers and sundry perils unless something is done in the way of campaign contributions to feed the elephant.

FEEDING THE ELEPHANT.
—Philadelphia Record.

We have Littlefield and Hoar and Roosevelt and Knox, and all the other stirrers-up of the animal, introducing anti-Trust bills, some of them honest and some of them dishonest, and all working to the same end, viz., that unless the elephant is fed he is sure to get hungry and become very unruly. The public meanwhile looks calmly on and seems to enjoy the performance, but without any particular interest, because they realize the futility of the attempt better than do the politicians. The politicians have a feeling, like the hired performers in a circus, that they must do something to give the people their money's worth; but the public feels that no matter how many antics these clowns go through, they are being swindled out of their money in any event.

Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer the question. —THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Submission to injustice is a vice instead of a virtue, and he who thinks it a merit to signalize his unworldliness by failing to assert his own rights encourages oppression and fraud and endangers the rights of his honest fellowmen. —PROFESSOR FELIX OSWALD.

Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—CHALMERS.

Honor to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and is something. For in the way of being worthy, the first condition surely is that one be. Let cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till cant cease, nothing else can begin.—Carlyle.

They who voluntarily put power into the hands of a tyrant or an enemy must not wonder if it be at last turned against themselves. —Æsop.

JACK LONDON'S "PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS"

We begin in this number a series of articles by the well-known literateur and Socialist, Jack London, describing his experiences on a recent European trip. Although but twenty-seven years old, Mr. London has already achieved great distinction in the field of literature. He has been called the American Kipling. He is a native of California, and resides near San Francisco.

JACK LONDON

As a sailor who has lost his clothes and money and is "on the beach" in London Town. It was in this rig that he made his explorations.

NEW BOOKS

REVIEWED BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT. By Oscar L. Triggs. Sold by the Industrial Art League, 264 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Price $3.50.

Professor Triggs has certainly put together here an interesting and useful volume. But it can hardly be called a book, in the full sense of that word. He calls it "Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement"; he might better, perhaps, have given it the title of "Materials" for such a History, or "Studies" for it. It lacks the digested completeness and homogeneousness that such a work ought to have. I suppose Professor Triggs lacked leisure for the enterprise; but he had gathered the elements together, and decided to publish them as they were, roughly connected, and to let them go at that. As it is, the volume is valuable and absorbing; but the subject is much in need of thorough handling, and the Professor seems so competent to do it that it is all the more a pity he did not.

He traces the relations of the movement to three great Englishmen—Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris; and to another not so widely known, Mr. Ashbee; and he adds an address given before the Chicago Industrial Art League on "A Proposal for a Guild and School of Handicraft," and another on "The Industrial League," as well as an essay on "Industrial Consciousness"—these last three chapters being apparently his own composition. The chapters on Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris are made up chiefly of quotations from their writings, connected by a running commentary. Whatever is in the volume is apposite enough; but the whole needs to be taken up and organized and explained; any reader, attempting to get his first conception of the topic treated from this compilation, would probably be puzzled, if not discouraged. A reader already familiar with the general subject, on the other hand, might find Professor Triggs' materials very apt and acceptable. The theme is intrinsically most succulent and attractive. It is an illustration not merely of the expediency of Socialism, but of the inevitableness of it. Natural evolution is at work in the Socialistic phenomenon; let who will oppose or advocate. Socialism has got to be; the course of history has planted the seed in human bosoms, and the time is now at hand when that seed must come to flower and fruit. The arguments of its supporters or projectors are very good reading; but they only serve to make it clear that the thing would happen whether they argued or not. In all developments of this kind, the same method is observable; there is a pressure from the realm of causes into the realm of effects; and this pressure always makes itself felt first in minds especially sensitive to such enlightenments, and appreciative of their significance. The persons of these minds utter, each as best he may, the burden of the message thus impressed upon them, and they are known as the heralds or originators of the "Movement," though, if the truth were known, it originated ages before; or, indeed, it was potential from the very first dawn of human intelligence. Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, and a score more men as good, or nearly so, have done their best to formulate the great truth that came knocking at their doors; but they could not have done it a generation before they did, and they could not help doing it when they did; the time, and they, were ripe, that was all. It will be so with Socialism in its entirety. We can do nothing but talk about it; we cannot bring it to pass; we can at most only oil the wheels so that, when they are ready to revolve, they will do so with less creaking and friction than otherwise. Nobody in the world knows, today, what Socialism will turn out to be, when it does fully and finally arrive. It is a theory only and not as yet a

condition. Some of us may happen to guess pretty close to what it will be, but we cannot be certain, simply because we lack experience. Carlyle and Ruskin lost their temper, and Morris was depressed, from not having recognized, practically, this fact. They had thought and talked and worked so much for the Movement that they could not help feeling (rather than really believing, perhaps) that it was in some sort a creature of their own. Being in a manner their own, as they felt, they had imported into it certain theories of their very own, which turned out not to be warranted by circumstances. So, when the thing in these points failed to answer to their expectations and prophesies, they got disheartened, for the general aphorism that truth must prevail seemed to be contradicted by this instance of a truth that refused to prevail as advertised. These seers laid more stress on their own pet misunderstandings of the truth than on the truth itself. They gave greater weight to what they imagined would be the way of the coming than to the coming itself. But no harm was done, except to their own self-esteem, or hope. The value of their labors in the right direction was not forfeited by the lack of value of their labors in the wrong.

This Arts and Crafts Movement is based upon the perception that the fine arts are getting out of their true place in human economy; ever since the Renaissance they have been divorced from their proper foundation, which is the crafts. In other words, painting, sculpture, architecture and music ought not to stand alone, or independently, but ought to be vitally and organically connected with practical craftsmanship of all kinds, with industrial products of all kinds; and the reason is, that they are, by nature, nothing more than the spontaneous flowering out, from industries, of the individual pleasure of the workman in the thing he is producing, because he recognizes its value and success. Art is typified by the singing or whistling of the worker at his work; which is the expression of his conscious mastership in the premises; it appears sometimes as the decorative carving of a window-frame or mantelpiece; sometimes as a gargoyle or statue on a waterspout or in a niche; sometimes as a painting in a panel; sometimes as an organ set up in a church to rhyme with the arches and aisles. This decoration is not essential to the structure which it adorns; but it is always in harmony with the feeling and aim of it, and it announces that the soul of the worker has entered into his work; that he no longer regards it simply as a thing of use, but as having become, in virtue of this mystical marriage with his own spiritual part, a thing of beauty as well. Such was the origin of art, which, next to human beings themselves, is the most human thing in the world. And, of course, the quality or worth of the art is in direct proportion to the elevation, insight and nobility of the nature of the artist workman; his virtue appears in it, his self-denial, his integrity, his faith, his courage, his love.

But there have been several eras of art, and all of them have gone wrong at last. There was the old oriental art, such as the Egyptian, for instance. The first state of that art we do not know, but it was undoubtedly an efflorescence from the useful and practical, like the other styles; but then Egyptian mysticism and priestcraft got hold of it, and caused it to crystallize into types and symbols, from which it was unlawful to depart; and the result was the rigid figures which survive today. Greek art was derived from the Egyptian, but emancipated itself from that bondage; only, however, to fall into bondage of another sort—that classical perfection which makes Greek statues and temples the despair of imitators, but at the same time excludes from them the expression of human individuality. In the Middle Ages a new art began, the Gothic; and this was for many years a true art, redolent with individuality. It was practiced by craftsmen, who were the only artists, and whose art was the expression of their delight in what they were doing, and their conscious mastery of its secrets and capabilities. The Gothic art began to deteriorate in the great Gothic cathedrals, which were dominated by ecclesiasticism, and in which the ornament ceased to be merely the blossoming out of the architects' and carvers' pleasure, but became ornament for its own sake, and for the exploitation of the church's glory. The Renaissance completed this divorce, and made art a thing by itself, and left craftsmanship to labor on without that supernal addition. From this time artists became effeminate, the hangers-on of rich patrons; and workmen became degraded, merely utilitarian. Up to the middle of the last century, this divorce was maintained; then the enlightened ones began their crusade to restore art to craftsmanship, or to re-identify the craftsman with the artist. Of course it is not expected or desired that we should go back to the Gothic period with its divine ignorance, which wrought beauty without knowing it, as it were; ours will be a

conscious marriage between the useful and the beautiful, a wise recognition of the truth that neither can be its full self apart from the other. The task is difficult, because at least as much has to be undone as done. The workman has to be educated out of his degradation and indifference; and the artist has to be freed from his notion that he can be anything worth while of and for himself. The more the matter is looked into, the larger it appears; until at length we find that the whole fabric of society must be reformed and reorganized from the bottom up. In short, the alliance of art with craft involves the affirmation and creation of Socialism—nothing less! It means an industrial republic in which things shall no longer be in the saddle, and ride mankind (as Emerson puts it); but the contrary; in which the many poor shall not slave for the few rich, but all shall work freely and joyfully for one another and for their own pleasure in what they produce. Obviously this is a long road that must be travelled; long in principle, though for aught any one can tell, it may not be so long in time ere we traverse it. I make these comments in order that we may understand the place and function of the book now under examination here.

It seems easy to perceive the organic connection between the arts and the crafts, once it has been pointed out. But in truth it is the result of an analysis which was made with difficulty, and only after intense thought had been applied to the subject during many years. Even today, many who come unaccustomed to the idea, will be surprised to learn that art has or could ever have had any essential relation to the products of utilitarian industry. Art has been so long on a footing by itself, that it is taken for granted that such was always its condition; and at all events it is assumed that the separation, if there has been one, is proper, and in the line of progress. Carlyle himself, as Professor Triggs points out, was not conscious of the significance of the abuse which he denounced; he was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He knew things were wrong, but did not see in what the wrong consisted. The changes were coming he knew, and he suspected that the new era would be industrial. Organization of labor, he declared, would be the problem of the next century. What the world needed, he thought, was an industrial Cromwell, and a new aristocracy—an aristocracy of labor, composed of men comparatively rude externally, but in spirit artists. Contemplating the smoke and grime of Manchester, he detected beauty beneath that black pall—the triumph of men over matter; the ugliness was outward and transient, the beauty inward and lasting. He called the idle man a monster; and said that the cure for miseries and maladies, and the mission of man, was work. Work was its own reward; when it asked for wages, it was in the way of bondage. He also perceived the error of current methods of education; education should be of deed, not of word merely; it ought to cultivate the eye to see, the force to do. Grapple with Nature, he urged; put your theories to the trial; the speakable is but surface, but pith is in the Do-able. Set fitness against cheapness, the genuine against the hypocritical. What Carlyle lacked, which was his weakness, was the practical experience which his literary preoccupations compelled him to forego; his prophecies were wanting in immediate effect because he had no data in experience on which to base them.

Ruskin, who called Carlyle master, having been awakened, by reading his book On Heroes, to the new gospel, began where Carlyle left off, and during his long and diligent life, carried the work through theory into practice. Many of his expositions are still the text of the procedure of today. The first explicit definition of the true object of the crusade came from him. He began with Naturalism—the perception and celebration of the beauty and meaning of Nature; from that he passed to artistic interests, and from them to Socialism. In order to determine the economy of life, he examined the phenomena of art, which he described as being, of all modes of expression, the most human. He first interpreted art in terms of morality; in architecture, for example, he saw the virtues, the faith, the self-denial of the architect. The true reign of art can arrive only when workmen have become artists and artists workmen. His theories of beauty, work, and economy were fresh departures; the end of political economy was how to get the greatest number of noble and happy human beings. He demanded that development and scope be given to individual originality or initiative; and pointed out that the main source of economic waste was the suppression of this originality by the contemporary social order. There is more stability in good men than in much money; let the vast latent fund of original initiative be set free; there is no wealth but human life; and a noble thing cannot be wealth except to a noble person. From this conception of wealth, he proceeded to other definitions. The true end of work

consisted in making wealth, and not in earning profits. Value was the life-giving power of anything. Production consists not in things laboriously made, but in things servicably consumed; and the question for the nation is not how much labor it employs, but how much life it produces. Labor is spending of life—the contest of man with an opposite. Cost is the quantity of labor required to produce anything. Price is the quantity of labor which the possessor will take in exchange for it. Wages should be determined by what is necessary to sustain life at its fullest and best, allowing for recreation and rest. There are three tests of work: It must be honest, useful and cheerful. Government and co-operation are the laws of life; anarchy and competition are the laws of death. Beauty is not so much a thing of sense, as of moral and social principles. Art is determined not by beauty but by expression; it satisfies social needs. All fine arts hitherto have been supported by the power of the selfish rich, and have not been extended to the comfort of the people. The first thing to do is to make the country clean and the people beautiful; then to universalize art and to ennoble labor. Machinery should be a minister, not a devouring monster. Division of labor degrades the workman; it divides *him*, and, by subordinating quality to quantity in the product, injures the consumer. He urged workers to be fit for their work, to do not too much of it, and to feel an independent assurance of success in it. In wholesome labor there is no expense of life. As to education, he agreed with Froebel; educate a man not by telling him what he knows not, but by making him what he was not. He advocated manual training as a discipline in doing. St. George's Guild, which he founded, embodied his idea of an Utopia, and had the fate of all Utopias; but much of its principles control the ideas of reformers to this day. Ruskin was a mighty pioneer, who, more or less effectively, has traversed most of the ground now being worked over by followers of the new thought.

William Morris dealt less in theory than in practice; he was a demonstrator. He actually determined the relations of art with labor. In his career, his poetry preceded his craft; his craft, his Socialism. He saw the folly of wasting life in getting the means of living; he found the pleasure of existence in his work itself. The art of decoration, he said, was the expression of man's pleasure in successful labor; art should give people pleasure in what they must needs use, and in what they must needs make. "Rather than the wheat (art) should rot in the miser's granary," he declared, "I would the earth had it, that it might yet have a chance to quicken in the dark." There were three kinds of work—the mechanical, the intelligent and the imaginative. The latter is the very blossom of civilization triumphant and hopeful; it is the symbol and sacrament of the Courage of the World. The problem of the world is to change the lower forms of labor into the higher. The art of the future will not be the art of instinct and ignorance; it will not be an esoteric mystery, shared by a little band of superior beings; but it will be a gift of the people to the people, a part of every life, and a hindrance to none. He affirmed that for well-to-do persons to profit by the labor of others must be wrong; that education should look towards revolution, and that the aim of his disciples should be to "make Socialists." He believed in sentiment in business, and detected the recognition of this truth in the founding of many great industries. Towards the end of his life, his hopes of the immediate triumph of Socialism declined; but he never lost faith in the final validity of the principles on which it was founded.

Mr. Ashbee is an extreme idealist, and yet is the founder and advocate of the "Reconstructed Workshop," which is designed to be at once state, school and factory. He regards machine-made work as soulless, and aims to bring back individuality to industry. Lower the standard of the work, and you lower the standard of the man; intimate human relationship must be the basis of the Reconstructed Workshop; men must be shopmates because they are friends, not friends because they are shopmates. He insists upon the human bond as distinguished from the money nexus. The workshop—unlike the studio, which fosters a refined sensuality and selfishness—is objective and social, and cultivates the higher Socialism; and its productions, being based on comradeship, are humanized. He expects the present boss-ridden factory, with its division of labor, to give place to the small co-operative society which shall be integral in its work, human as to its motives, and artistic as to its ends. The work should constantly tend towards imaginative production, and this higher production, which is art, thus becomes the crown and fulfilment of noble citizenship. In short, the humanization of business and industry is the object of this reformer, as well as of Ruskin

and Morris, from whom his inspiration was derived. The social question has a prior claim to the artistic; art must grow out of the life—to give it independent development is to overlook the spirit in favor of the form. The Rookwood pottery establishment, founded by Mrs. Storer (one of the famous Cincinnati Longworths), is adduced as a good example of the reformed factory. It is a factory with a soul, a school of handicraft and an industrial museum and social centre; it is also a successful business enterprise.

In his essay on "Industrial Consciousness," Professor Triggs looks forward to a time when the earth will be partitioned and equilibrium established; when nationalism will become functionless and variations will survive. The uniform machine-products of today are made without pleasure and give none; the workers must become an impersonal machine serving another impersonal machine; each man is hopelessly engaged in the performance of one never-ending and abhorrent task. The products are made for the abstract average individual—who has no existence. But if the work be individualized, it becomes to that degree a work of art, a part of the pleasure of men's lives. Then will art be synonymous with life, and the activity of life be artistic. He quotes Tolstoi, who declares that so long as the world upholds theories that tend to make beauty something "fine" and abstract, art will more and more separate itself from life and lead a poor, thin existence with the esoteric cults. We should understand art as a means towards human perfection and the brotherly union of mankind. It is a means of intercourse between man and man. One man, consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and these others are infected by them and also experience them. Thus the purpose of art is to create the sense of kinship, and its activity must be as diffused and common as speech. By speech we convey thoughts, by art we interchange feelings. Exclusiveness in art means a condition wherein the masses of the people are in virtual slavery to the privileged classes. The art of the future, therefore, involves a social revolution; it will not be a development of the present art, but will arise on wholly new foundations and require new modes of perception; the degree of the infectiousness of art is the test of its genuineness, and that depends upon the greater or less individuality of the feeling transmitted.

The evolution of political governments, in Professor Triggs' opinion, is practically finished. Every person capable of self-rule is granted that privilege. The new civilization is industrial—not based on laws, but on co-partnership of men. Industrial relationship is personal, not legal. Competition was the agent for the elimination of the weak and the survival of the strong. Industrial monarchy is now forming; political machinery is too cumbersome for industrial uses, which recognize no artificial boundaries. Presently the Trusts will be merged in a universal Trust, which, having been perfected, the absorption of its conduct by the workers will begin. Then the condition of industrial freedom and equality will be permanently established, and the individual will rise to his full stature. At the beginning of this century the legitimacy and necessity of work is already recognized; and the best minds will gradually find their freest expression and exercise in originating and controlling industrial enterprises, or in engaging in some higher form of craft. The economy of machinery and of the Trust system seems now to counteract the general tendency of all to be active in some sphere—they tend to eliminate persons from the organized systems of production. But the solution is found in the field of individual work, which affords the greatest opportunity for free labor, and in which work is undertaken as a satisfaction to personality and as a pleasure. No one wishes to be free from work, but to be free and self-directive in his work. The drudgery of the machine furthers industrial liberty, and that voluntary co-operative individualism which is the goal of the industrial world.

Such is Professor Triggs' analysis of the situation; a very reasonable and charming one. But, as I began by remarking, we cannot be sure until after the event whether or not the prophesy be true. Theories which relate not to an existing problem, but to something still in the future, cannot be more than speculations. Nothing seems more certain than that some form of Socialism awaits us; certainly no path leading towards the unknown has been more assiduously trodden than this, by the feet of innumerable dreamers, multitudes of speculators, and some real thinkers. A great deal of imagination and not a little logic have been expended upon the problem. Yet, after all, it is quite probable that the final solution will be other than any one has foreseen. What has been done in this field has had one undeniable effect, and perhaps one only—it has prepared the

mind of the world for a change. It has demonstrated that the situation which now exists cannot be the final one. Incidentally, it has elucidated various collateral issues, which will enable us to proceed more promptly when the time arrives. But the Great Thing itself is on the knees of the gods; it is in the hands and the purpose of a wisdom and power which is above our own, unsearchable, having in view the interests not of today or of tomorrow, but of eternity. You and I will eagerly or slackly perform our little stunts; but their outcome will be overruled for ends better than we imagined—perhaps in opposition to those we hoped for. The ages have always mocked the pride of intellect, but the pure heart is mightier than time.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Sydney George Fisher. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $2.

I can easily understand that Mr. Fisher's views upon our war of the revolution will hardly be made a text book in our common schools for some time to come.

We are accustomed to delight ourselves in the delusion that we became an independent nation by a spontaneous rising of all the good and respectable colonists against the totally arbitrary and unjust conduct of England. Mr. Fisher attempts to show that it was largely the rag-tag and bob-tail element of our ancestors, assisted by a sprinkling of "rights of man" idealists, who made up the revolutionary army; that England, while being guilty of many arbitrary acts, was not altogether the monster our school boys are taught, and that the efforts of the English to conciliate America, as evidenced by the dilatory tactics of Lord Howe in the beginning of the revolution, really went far to allow of the final success of the move for independence. He remarks in his preface: "The Revolution was a much more ugly and unpleasant affair than most of us imagine. I know of many people who talk a great deal of their ancestors, but who, I am quite sure, would not now take the side their ancestors chose. Nor was it a great, spontaneous, unanimous uprising, all righteousness, perfection and infallibility, a marvel of success at every step, and incapable of failure, as many of us very naturally believe from what we have read."

To be a rebel in those days entailed unpleasant consequences if you did not happen to be transformed by success into a revolutionist. Our forefathers, who happened to be revolutionists also, did not have to be very old to remember the frightful torturing and beheading inflicted upon the followers of the Pretender of 1745. It was not two hundred years previous when "Bloody heads and hind-quarters of rebels hung about (London) like butcher's meat, the ghastly heads rotting and stinking for months on the poles at Temple Bar and on London Bridge, with the hair gradually falling off the grinning skulls, as the people passed them day by day."

Mr. Fisher contends that more than half the colonists were really against the idea of independence, and that practically all the "better classes" were aghast at such an idea as separation from the mother country. He says: "One of the first results of the revolutionary movement was the rise of the ignorant classes into power and the steady deterioration in the character and manners of public men. Cobblers and mechanics became captains and colonels, or got important positions in state governments. The Congress seemed to have become narrow-minded, factious and contemptible. At all the taverns could be seen ragged and drunken loungers, of three or six months service in the patriot army, conspicuously labeling one another captain or colonel in a way that was very astonishing and disgusting to respectable and conservative people." All this, says Mr. Fisher, "caused torturing doubts to many enthusiastic souls who had been reading about the rights of man. Thousands were halted altogether. It seemed too high a price to pay for independence, and, rather than submit to it, they went over to the side of the British government."

Even in Massachusetts the prospect of their (the ignorant class) rule seemed so terrible that the strongest of the patriots were often shaken in their purpose. How it fretted and unnerved John Adams is confessed in his diary. A man in Massachusetts one day congratulated him upon the anarchy, the insults to the judges, the closing of the courts, the mob violence, the tarring and feathering visited upon those who did not sympathize with the patriots.

> "Oh, Mr. Adams, what great things have you and your colleagues done for us. We can never be grateful enough to you. There are no courts of justice now, and I hope there never will be again."

Adams for once in his life had no reply. This is what he writes of the incident:

> "Is this the object for which I have been contending?" said I to myself, as I rode along without answer to the wretch; "are these the sentiments of such people, and how many of them are there in the country? Half the nation, for what I know; for half the nation are debtors, if not more; and these have been in all countries the sentiments of debtors. If the power of the country should get into such hands, and there is danger that it will, to what purpose have we sacrificed our time, our health, and everything else?"

While I cannot agree with all of Mr. Fisher's conclusions, yet it is certain that the spiritual side of the longing for the ideal which impelled our forefathers into the revolutionary struggle had a very substantial material base. Some, indeed, had nothing to gain, in a material sense, and everything to lose; yet they took the patriotic side. Still, it must be confessed that the patriot was usually the man who had nothing to lose and everything to gain, while the Tory was the man who had the opposite. It is exactly the same with the Socialist movement of today. Most Socialists confessedly have nothing to lose but their chains, and yet I know that their devotion to Socialism is not inspired so much by what they expect to get from it personally, or for their class, as it is the result of an irresistible and universal impulse impelling us all to strive for the organization of a higher and better life for all humanity.

While Mr. Fisher is correct in many of his deductions, yet his theory that communities and colonies have a natural instinct to desire independence, irrespective of general conditions, is incorrect. In this very book he shows that the American colonists desired to keep up their connection with England, and it was only England's stupidity and brutality that drove her children from her. Mr. Fisher would have us believe that Canada and Australia of today are only held as British colonies by force of arms. As a matter of fact, the British colonies of today are just as devoted to English rule as are the states of our Union devoted to Uncle Sam. Australia and Canada would no more think of separating from England than would a man's hand think of leaving his body and setting up an independent existence of its own. It is the general law of life that the unit has an attraction for the largest possible organism which allows it to function naturally. The larger the organism to which you are attached, provided, of course, it is a healthy, normal organism, the greater is your spiritual life, and it is toward the largest life of the spirit we all irresistibly tend. Our final goal is a universal state embracing all the world, the complete brotherhood of man. Nothing else can ever satisfy man's soul.—H. G. W.

THE STORY OF IJAIN, OR THE EVOLUTION OF A MIND. By Lady Florence Dixie. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 200 pages. $2.

In very thin disguise, Lady Florence, under the name of Ijain, gives the story of her own life, and an interesting one it is, too, particularly to Socialists.

Lady Florence is probably the only member of the English aristocracy who frankly confesses herself a Socialist. It would seem that her radical ideas were innate. Before she was five years old she had tempestuous discussions with her staid old nurse regarding the necessity of God having a wife, or rather the logical reasons as to why there should be a She-God if there were a He-God.

The book is to a certain extent written to advance more liberality in the religious education of young people. That there is more necessity for such a work in England than in the United States, where the old-time orthodoxy is fast becoming extinct, is palpable. I take it that our religious beliefs so largely hang upon our economic beliefs that it is almost useless to expect much headway to be made against false religious teaching until false economic teaching has become a thing of the past.

In this country a Coal Strike, combined with an honest ass like President Baer, has done more good in shaking the old-time religious belief in the sacredness of the right of private property than all the books ever written.

However, in England conservative ideas in religion are such a formidable bar to free discussion upon economic subjects that perhaps Lady Florence is right when she lays more stress upon the removal of religious than of economic superstition.

The extraordinary feature of the book is the revelation of the precocity of Lady Florence. Long before there were Vegetarian Societies and Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Lady Florence was an intuitive convert to vegetarianism and an earnest advocate of the rights of animals. Before she was sixteen she had solved—solved intuitively—many of the great riddles of the universe that are yet vexing less poetic souls than hers. The following is from her diary, written when she was fifteen, nearly thirty years ago:

> "Science has not been able to unravel the past nor unveil the future. The men who write science are very clever, of course, and they know hundreds of things I know nothing about yet; but their brains are not perfect enough yet to tell me what I want to know, and only a bigger brain than we have now will tell us. . . . . Truly we are still poor, blind caterpillars, waiting for our butterfly wings."

Yes, all this is only too true. The scientists have analyzed for us, and we now await the poets winging their thoughts upon knowledge gained from science to give us the synthesis. When that is done we will have that complete and spiritual union of all men, one with the other, to develop that "bigger brain," the brain of the perfect social organization of humanity, which will enable us all, as equal sharers in the divine intelligence, to solve the riddle of the universe.

For man to know himself he must have a brain; for the man to know his soul he must have the

brain of the perfect social organization, and that perfection can only come through Socialism.

Lady Florence's book is of especial interest from the great number of distinguished people with whom she has come into contact. There is a charming anecdote of the late Emperor of the French which throws a side light upon his character that may make him appear somewhat differently to the reader than he has usually been accustomed to estimate him.

Briefly, there was a French soldier sentenced to imprisonment for striking an officer. Lady Florence, then living in France, a child of six, was so wrought up by the spectacle of the man's public degradation that she wrote a pathetic little note to the Emperor, begging for the soldier's pardon. The Emporer immediately granted it, saying he could not resist the childish appeal. Later in life she met the Emperor, and he alluded to his clemency as one of the few pleasant remembrances of his life.

Lady Florence's Socialism may be seen cropping out in the following observation made after a night pilgrimage through Trafalgar Square:

> "She glanced at other rough-looking *miseries* huddled on the steps of Nelson's Monument. 'Can the British Empire manage no better than this?' she asked herself. 'Was it to bolster up this strange arrangement of Society that Nelson fought and died? All around me lie the disinherited of the Earth; Poverty out here, Wealth feasting and revelling in the palaces. Is it right? No, it is hideously wrong. Why is it? I cannot tell.'"

Lady Florence wrote this years ago. She could not tell *then* why we had poverty, but now that she is a Socialist, she knows.

Here is her view of the greatness of the English Parliament, which will hardly flatter the members thereof:

> "She walked on towards Westminster, towards that Parliament of Men, who waste so much precious time in elegant poses, vapid utterances, dreary debates and useless legislation, and she wondered to herself how it was that the Nineteenth Century called itself civilized, and yet permitted the existence of such a silly anomaly as a House of Men trying to make sane and fair laws for men and women, without the assistance of women."

I fear Lady Florence will be a disappointed woman if she places too much confidence in any great effect woman suffrage will have upon the question of the abolition of poverty. While it is true the men have made but little good use of their right to the ballot, yet there is little to show that there are very many women like Lady Florence who would make much better use of it if it were given to them. The admission of women to suffrage in certain of our American states has been of advantage, possibly an unmixed advantage—certainly so to the women themselves, subjectively considered—but that the votes of these women have shown any greater appreciation of the right method of solving the social problem than those of the men is certainly not true.

Women should have the ballot, certainly, by all means; but the ballot without thought and force back of it did not solve the negro problem of the South, nor will it solve the woman problem of the North.

The only way we can have a solution is by the whole community, men and women, being educated to understand the iniquity of allowing poverty to remain in the land when such a simple remedy as Socialism is at hand to abolish it.—H. G. W.

GOLD THE KEY TO ALL LOCKS

Chas. Filer, serving a ten-years' term for burglary in the Trenton, N.J., State Prison from 1896, has been pardoned to become superintendent of the Perfection Blind & Lockstitch Sewing Machine Company, incorporated in that State July 16th, with a $1,000,000 capital to manufacture a new drop stitch sewing machine which he invented after his incarceration, and it has been used successfully in the prison for three years. Mr. Filer receives $5,000 in cash and $10,000 stock in the company, besides a handsome salary as superintendent. Richard Bosler, another convict, was pardoned at the same time in order to return to Germany to take possession of $50,000 which he has recently inherited.—Financial Record.

CORRESPONDENCE AND BUSINESS

This department is opened for the purpose of keeping our friends and co-workers in touch with each other, and informed in regard to the progress of our mutual work. In it suggestions will be given from time to time as to how best to constantly improve and extend our work—yours and the Magazine's. The primary object of this Magazine is to take a stand, calmly and firmly amid the rush of passing events, and interpret them, as they pass, in the light of the Socialist philosopy, so that the people may clearly perceive whither it is we are travelling so rapidly and be prepared to deal with the tremendous problems of the not far distant future. We are trying to do our part; but we can accomplish much more with your co-operation. It is for you to help us put the Magazine in the hands of the largest possible number of readers. Let us be mutually helpful. If you strike upon some particularly effective method of getting subscribers that you think will succeed in getting a large number of people interested in the principles we are advocating, let us hear about it for our encouragement and inspiration. If you can suggest any improvements in the Magazine, we will be only too glad for suggestions

Anaconda, Mont., Jan. 25.

We have been making a hard fight for Socialism in this town, and feel that there is no better book to do it with than your Magazine. Two years ago Socialism was almost unknown in this place, but today it is very popular.

Fraternally yours,
JAMES T. BRENNAN.

Sumner, Ore., Jan. 17.

Life without Wilshire's is like dinner without dessert. Very truly yours,
W. C. HARRIS.

We beg to draw the attention of agents and subscribers, who are entered in the Subscription Prize Contest, to the fact that the latter closes on May 1st, and that no subscriptions received in the office after that date will be counted. We therefore earnestly urge everyone to put forth their best efforts to secure subscriptions at the present low rate, as the subscription price will probably be advanced after May 1.

Kline's Landing, Ohio, Jan. 21.

Your Magazine is immense, and I enjoy it more all the time. I guess it must be the satisfaction of knowing that we are getting there in such fine shape. These $$ come mighty slow and hard, with the farmers, especially, in a tobacco section like this, where the Trust is getting in its work.

Yours truly, JOHN J. KLINE.

Pendleton, Ore., Jan. 14, 1903.

The newsdealer here ordered some of your Magazines. He sold them all out in less than half an hour, and could have sold many more. It was the first time the Magazine had been seen by the readers here, and they were delighted with it.

Yours, WALTER A. WYATT.

Wherever possible, Post Office or Express Money Orders should be sent for subscriptions. We have to pay exchange on checks, and at the present low price of the Magazine the item of exchange is disproportionately large. Cash is apt to be lost in transit. Money Orders, if you please, comrades!

Livingston, Mont., Jan. 10, 1903.

It is with pleasure that I send you the names of twenty-four new subscribers. Among these are the names of some county officials and lawyers.

Yours truly, MARTHA BAKER.

Hennessy, Okla., Jan. 17, 1903.

I enclose you a list of eighteen names, the result of about an hour of work on my part. My duties keep me quite busy, but if I can do anything to help the cause of education I like to do it.

Yours, A. B. CULLUM.

Eau Claire, Wis., Jan. 13, 1903.

Shall soon have in the neighborhood of one hundred subscribers here and surroundings for Wilshire's Magazine. Very sincerely, R. O. STOLL.

Wms Bridge, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1903.

I got these twenty-five subs in two days.

Yours truly, JOS. F. LOUGHERY.

Exeter, Calif., Jan. 11, 1903.

Enclosed find money order for which you will please send your Magazine to the twelve names enclosed. I like your Magazine better than anything I have ever read. I will send you another list soon. Yours, T. M. DUNGAN.

We feel that a word of explanation and apology is due to those of our subscribers who have not received their Magazines promptly in the past. Owing to the sudden and rapid increase in the number of subscriptions pouring into this office, it has been impossible for us to handle them with the regularity and dispatch to which they are entitled. Furthermore, if subscribers will kindly bear in mind that all Magazines are mailed from Toronto, they will appreciate that a delay is inevitable between the receipt of the subscription at our office and the mailing of the Magazine from Toronto. As fast as possible these delays are being diminished and will soon be quite eliminated. In the meantime we beg that our readers will be patient.

However, when a reasonable time has elapsed and the Magazine has not been received, we will appreciate notice of the fact, and will promptly investigate the matter and remedy the trouble immediately. We earnestly request the hearty co-operation of our readers and agents in these matters, and beg to assure them of our sincere appreciation.

Reading, Pa., Feb. 9.

Enclosed please find one yearly card. Please send the Magazine to the address given. He is a very poor man, with a family of thirteen children, and I have him about half our way, and he is really too poor to pay twenty-five cents for any paper, so I thought I would send it to him. He is a good reader and knows when he reads what it means.

Yours, R. FISTER.

(Editorial Note.—Bravo, Comrade Fister. Here is, indeed, Christian Socialism doing its best work. Let us continue to uplift our poorer brother, so earnestly seeking the light of truth.—Editor.)

Okla., Okla.

Send two copies of your Magazine, one to me and one to my wife, Mrs. A. F. Connor, same P. O. address. When they both come I'll have one to loan. I don't want to miss a number of Wilshire's, if possible. Yours fraternally,

S. J. CONNOR.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 2.

I am acquainted with most of the prominent periodicals, and I want to say with emphasis that Wilshire's is par excellence, the vanguard of them all. Your editorials are original, terse and logical, and (may I say it) not devoid of ideality. It is a joy to read your Magazine. I am sorry that I cannot do much for the cause of Socialism. With such heroic and unselfish men as Wilshire, Wayland, and Father McGrady, and hosts of good men and women who are with us, and are to be with us soon, the cause will win. Yours in comradeship,

THOS. R. KEMP.

Richmond, Va.

I was invited to speak to the street car men of this city last Friday and when I got through I called their attention to the merits of your Magazine and succeeded in getting twenty-four subscribers. Our local here, of which I am an organizer, is getting along splendidly. We had eight members one year ago; we now have eighty-six, and we have a fine hall for propaganda work. Our local makes it a point to impress on all its members the absolute necessity of giving the advertisers in your paper the preference. All our Wilshire's are loaned out to those who show an inclination to study. Yours,

JOHN CATRELL.

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 23.

Please send me eight subscription cards. I received eight last month, which I intended to sell where I work, but I made two stops on the way and the cards went like hot cakes, and I arrived at the works empty-handed, save for a few back numbers of Wilshire's Magazine which I borrowed at my second stop. These were gobbled up before I had even time to glance at the table of contents.

Yours truly, F. L. JOHNSON.

It is of the utmost importance that agents and subscribers in sending a remittance should state explicitly whether the same is for a new subscription or renewal, as this information will save considerable time to both you and ourselves.

Deerfield, N. H., Jan. 26.

I was a delegate from Manchester to the Omaha convention, and I now realize how utterly inadequate all the measures proposed there would be to settle the industrial conflict now being waged, and am out for Socialism with a big S, as are most of the old populists here. Yours truly,

J. A. WHITTIER.

Waterbury, Conn., Jan. 26.

Enclosed please find my check in payment for the thirty-four subscriptions enclosed. This makes one hundred and thirty-eight subs. to my credit in the contest. Respectfully yours,

ERNEST D. HULL.

10 cents

$1.00 PER YEAR 10 CENTS

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

April, 1903

Senator Hoar's Broad Creed.

Approaching Nuptials of The Trust and The Earth

People of the Abyss - -	Jack London
Prehistoric Remains at Harlyn Bay	Prof. H. G. Davies
Mission of Hearst - - -	English Walling
Ingersoll the Orator - -	Louville H. Dyer

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

April, 1903

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When renewing subscriptions please state specifically that the remittance is for a renewal. This will save confusion.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All subscriptions which were received in our office after March 15 will commence with the April number. Subscribers who expected to commence with the March issue but do not receive the same, will know that their names have been entered as commencing with April.

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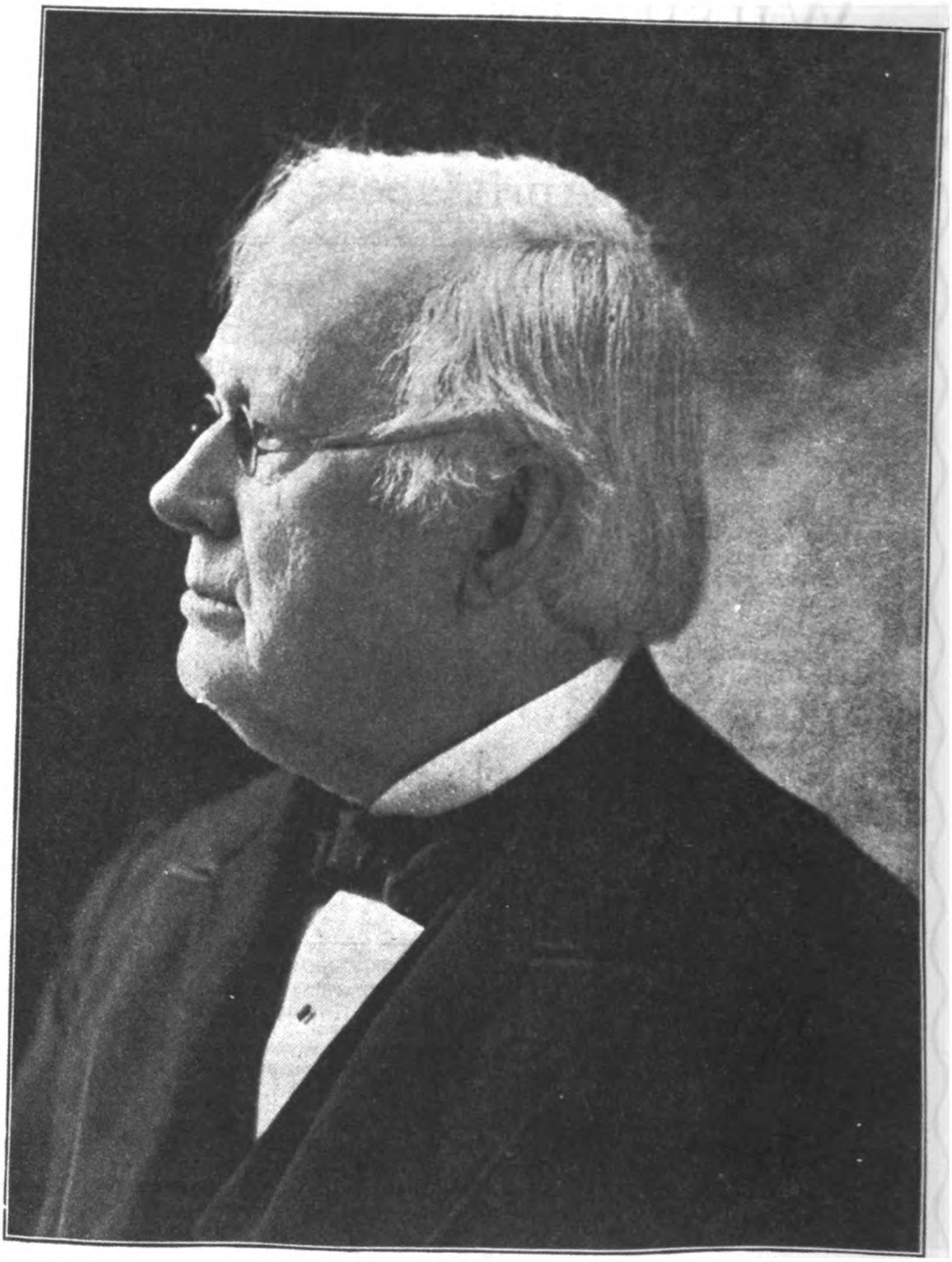

SENATOR HOAR

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 57 TORONTO, APRIL, 1903 $1 Per Year

HOAR; THE LAST OF THE ROMANS

SENATOR HOAR is about the last survivor of the Old Guard in the United States Senate. He is a man who is universally respected for the absolute honesty and courage of his views, and while we may disagree with him we cannot withhold our regard from him.

When he joined the Grand Army of the Anti-Trust bill Producers it was significant for two reasons: first, that a man so conservative as he should have seen the necessity of bringing in such a revolutionary measure, and, secondly, because we feel that he is bringing in a bill which, though it is easily seen to be absolutely futile, yet to him seems perfectly practicable. The Senator's bill has been pretty well exploited in the papers, and it is unnecessary to go over it here. It is on similar lines to other bills of the same nature, and it is unnecessary to say it will be a failure. The Senator, in making his speech on the bill, referred to the fact that towns in Massachusetts, like Worcester, having parted with the ownership of their local industries to a national trust, were no longer self-governed but had transferred their rights of government to a few men living in New York City. Of course a similar process has been going on all over the country. There was a time when most of our industries were owned locally, both in the East and in the West. There was a time when the local residents of Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, and other great cities, owned such local industries as the street cars, gas works, breweries, etc., but now they all have been sold to some great syndicate with head offices in New York, and the owners of these industries no longer live in the locality in which they are situated.

I was much interested in Senator Hoar's speech, so much so that I wrote him saying that I should be very glad to run down to Washington and have a chat with him, and

received the following very courteous note in reply:

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY.
UNITED STATES SENATE.

Washington, D. C.,
January 9, 1903.

MY DEAR SIR:

It will give me very great pleasure indeed, to have such a conversation as you propose. It is very difficult for me to name a day. The next six or seven weeks are to be crowded with business. We can never tell when a particular measure may come up in the Senate. So that while the Senate is in session we can never be sure of keeping engagements, and I have Committee work and other duties in the other hours of the day. But if you come over, in all likelihood I could find a time, either in the day or evening, to talk over the matter which you and I are agreed, I think, is the most important with which reasonable men have to do just now. I like your little leaflet very much.

My Creed in general is this:

First. I believe that the great things that have been gained in these countless ages in which men have been dwelling on this planet—and I think that we have gained great things—have been accomplished by a very slow growth indeed. So let us have the patience of God.

Second. I believe that things are tending toward what is good, and not toward what is bad.

Third. I believe implicitly that the desires of the American people are for justice and righteousness, however much they may be misled at times. The permanent things are the stars and the sun, and not the clouds or the dust.

I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,

GEO. F. HOAR.

Senator Hoar is referring to the Trust Problem when he speaks of the matter which he and I are agreed "is the most important with which reasonable men have to do." The leaflet which he "likes very much" is a reprint of an editorial from the December number of this Magazine, entitled "Why Save Men's Souls." *

Not only are Senator Hoar and myself agreed as to the importance of finding some solution for the Trust Problem, but after reading his Creed I can say we are also in agreement in our religion. However, like all co-religionists, we have our differences as to methods in converting the heathen. Still, even in that important particular we coincide in disapproval of the orthodox Republican Party program of the Water Cure and Gatling Guns for the Filipinos. In our foreign policy we agree as to creed and methods, but in our domestic policy we have, however, considerable difference, which is probably more apparent than real. Senator Hoar is right in declaring that the great things of life have been gained by slow growth through countless ages, although this frank, scientific confession of faith may hardly, without explanation, strike a sympathetic chord in those of his constituents who believe strongly in the literal six-day story of creation. However, I presume that the Senator will agree that while Nature needs long periods of time for the gestation of anything really great, yet when the time is ripe, the transformation, the act of birth, may and usually does take place in a comparatively short period. It may take a year to build a ship, yet the launching takes but a moment. The ship in the ways is but a promise of what the ship on the water is to be. It is the ship without its soul; the launching gives the soul. Probably even the most hide-bound Presbyterian and the most ardent evolutionist will now agree that when the time for the creation of man was at hand, whether it was by the fiat of an Omnipotent God without any previous preparation, or whether it was simply an evolutionary step from an ape-like animal to a man-like animal, to Man himself—when the time came, the event itself was sudden, a great leap forward, so to speak. The supposition that the first man was merely the end of a series of small successive steps upward, with practically nothing to distinguish him from his immediate ape-father except a slight

* Ten of these leaflets will be sent to any address for five two-cent stamps.

degree of superior intelligence, is shocking alike to the conscious intelligence and to the subconscious intuitional sense. Viewed in proper light, there is no conflict between the ordinary orthodox religious belief in a special creation of the species, including man, and that of the scientific evolutionist who knows that no organism exists without a basis in a lower organism.

Now, the Trust is simply a new species in business organisms. It is not merely an enlarged corporation as some would have us believe. The first Trust denoted the birth of a new industrial species. It starts out in life with an entirely new view-point. It is indeed a corporation like other corporations, fundamentally, in that it is organized for the purpose of making money; but in its monopolistic methods it displays an entirely new departure from the methods pursued by its immediate competitive progenitors. The corporation had as its aim in life the production of the greatest possible quantity of goods, and looked to other corporations to produce all they could, the profits to come solely from the multiplication of sales. There was no thought of limiting production and enhancing price through scarcity; thus making money by restricting production rather than by increasing it. The corporation is an organism designed to live in an environment of the fiercest competition. The Trust is an organism with a shell built about itself to shelter it entirely from competition. It is to the corporation what the snail is to the slug, though with a greater difference. The Monopolistic Trust is as different from the Competitive Corporation as is the frog with lungs for air from the tadpole with gills for water. It is just as absurd to try to force the Monopolistic Trust back into the Competitive Corporation as it would be to hold a frog under water and expect him to regain his gills and be able to live under the water as he did when he was a tadpole. Even the United States Senate cannot accomplish this feat. While realizing the absurdity of anti-Trust bills, we all believe in the honesty and good intent of Senator Hoar. If Senator Quay introduced an anti-Trust bill and it failed to work, we would all say, "Why, of course; Quay is a creature of the Trust and he never expected it to work." But it is different with Senator Hoar. We know that if his bill doesn't work it is not because he didn't wish or expect it to work. That it will not work is a foregone conclusion, but its failure will be an excellent object-lesson, which, I hope, will not be lost either upon Senator Hoar or upon the general public.

In Article 2 of the Senator's Creed he declares his faith that all things are tending to good and not to bad. This is my belief, also; but I live up to my Creed, as far as the Evolution of the Trust goes, and that is just where the Senator falls from grace. I say that the Trust itself is one of the things "tending toward what is good." I say, let it "tend." Let the Trust develop naturally, and it will become an instrument of the greatest good for the human race. When it has developed, let us take it and use it for the good of the human race, instead of seeking to destroy it. If all things are tending to what is good, why draw the line at the Trust? Judging from Senator Hoar's anti-Trust bill, his Creed should read, "All things, *except the Trusts*, are tending toward what is good." According to my theory, however, the birth of the Trust is the most marked demonstration of the truth of this Article of Faith that could be wished for. It is the Sign in the Heavens that mankind has been

looking for, that will guide us out of this hellish, fratricidal warfare, where we are all striving to starve our brothers, and show us a way to a nobler life where each will live for all and all will live for each. However, it is rarely that men do not at first reject the gifts of the gods and stone their true prophets. It is one of the fortunate events in the development of humanity that the Trust, the greatest gift yet made to man, is being handed out to us by giants of the Morgan and Rockefeller type, who will force it upon us whether we will or not. To be a successful iconoclast you must have the biggest hammer. The Roosevelts, with their imitation hammers, and the Hoars, with their real but puny ones, can make no impression whatever upon the new image of the future Golden Age of man—the co-operative principle as incarnated in the Trust.

Yes; the permanent things are, as you well say, Senator Hoar, the Sun and the Stars, and not the clouds or the dust. But if we wish ever to hear the Song of the Stars as they sing together, we must put not only our individual selves into harmony with the universe, but we must lead all men into that harmony. The Trust is a step, and a great step, toward that harmony in the industrial world which leads us nearer to the day when the soul of each man will be united with the soul of all mankind.

Be not you, my dear Senator, of that unthinking mob which would reject the gift of the ages to the men of today—the Trust which points the way to that brotherhood of man for which the Earth is sighing. Do not seek to destroy the gift, but help us get it into the possession of the rightful owners—the People. Let your motto be: "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

WHEN THE TRUST AND THE EARTH ARE MARRIED

MR. OPPER'S cartoon, showing the American Trust casting a leering eye upon Miss Earth is a striking illustration of how the artist often forecasts the future more accurately than does the scientific man. I doubt if there is a political economist in any of the colleges in all the world who can see as does Mr. Opper that the Trusts are simply bound to own the earth by virtue of their ever-increasing accumulation of profits. These professors always have a way of thinking they can discern that something unforeseen is going to happen, in some way or other, which will prevent the occurrence of what appears to Artist Opper to be inevitable. The difference between the professors and Opper is that the professors, while ostensibly bound to tell the truth, as a matter of fact are paid to hold up a particular theory of economics, viz.,

that the present competitive system of industry is one which is destined to last forever, and is morever the very best that could possibly be devised to make men happy. Mr. Opper, on the other hand, simply gives as an artist, what his impressions are, without reference to any particular theory of economics which he is expected to uphold.

We Americans are realizing, much more clearly than the people of other countries, what the Trust is bound to do. As far as I can see, practically nobody outside of the United States, except one or two Socialists like Mr. Hyndman, of London, England, realizes in the least the tremendous effect the American Trust is going to have upon world politics. Even Kautsky,

"Some Day She'll Be Mine." —N. Y. American.

His impression that the American Trusts are bound to own the earth is a correct one, and certainly any reasonable man who sees Rockefeller and Morgan piling up their hundreds of millions of dollars every year, with nothing to do with them except to buy more earth, and, knowing that the earth though large yet is limited, must come to the logical conclusion that some day the whole sphere will be bought out.

the greatest of the German Socialist economists, and the one having the widest grasp of the situation, seems quite blind to the fact that the American Trust is going to have such a dominating influence upon the Socialist movement of the world within the next few years.

Three years ago the American Trust did awaken Europe considerably by its exports from the United States, but

Europe has since been lulled into a state of fancied security by the diminution of these exports, not realizing that this diminution is but temporary and has been brought about by the Americans stopping to take breath, in order to build more machinery in this country, which will place them in a position where, when this machinery is completed, they will be absolutely invulnerable on entering the European markets. The hundreds of millions of dollars which are now going into building up our American industrial plants, and which will render the American capitalists absolutely invincible, are now absorbing at home a surplus which would, if not so used, be exported. The day is coming, and coming soon, too, when this work of building up our American industries will be practically completed; then the whole surplus which we are now using at home will be diverted upon foreign markets. This means the bankruptcy of foreign countries, particularly of England, owing to her being cut off from her foreign markets. This bankruptcy of foreign countries will necessarily be followed by the bankruptcy of the United States. We will have killed the goose which laid our golden eggs. A bankrupt Europe means no foreign market, and no foreign market will mean bankrupt America.

It is a melancholy commentary upon the wisdom of mankind that the startling nature of this state of affairs seems to be quite beyond the comprehension of those who might do something to meet the situation.

The politicians of England and of the Continent do not dream of there being any great meaning to statements such as I am here making. Joseph Chamberlain, who is set up by many as a kind of wonder-child in world politics, is absolutely dense upon the subject of the danger from the American Trust to the existing industrial system of the world. He imagines that by parading about South Africa and satisfying the Boers as to the details of building up their ruined farms, he is acting the part of a world-statesman. One cannot blame him very much for so over-estimating his own importance when the English thinking world is quite as insane in its belief in the divinity of Chamberlain as he is himself.

Except the Russian, De Witte, no European statesman gives the slightest evidence of any world-view; and it is unnecessary to say that in America the only man who has a world-view is the American capitalist who is looking to own the earth. He is, of course, the one who has the clearest view; but he is making the fatal mistake of imagining that when he comes into possession of the world he can hold it. When Mr. Morgan owns the earth and has all its people working for him, what will he do with the surplus product? The earth will not be like the white elephant that bankrupted its owner because it consumed too much. His trouble will be that the earth cannot consume what it produces.

The white elephant starves from too little food. The earth elephant will starve from too much food.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS SEES BLUE DRAGONS

SOME years ago Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown University, Providence, R.I., had some very radical ideas, especially upon the silver question and also upon public ownership. As a result of these ideas he lost his job. He finally got another one, and is now Chancellor of the University of Nebraska. It was generally thought he would become more radical than ever in his new position in the Wild and Wooly West, where he could talk as he pleased, without danger of again losing his head. However, instead of becoming more radical he has become an extreme conservative.

Last January he delivered an address upon Socialism before the State Bar Association, of Omaha, Nebraska. One of the absurd fears he has of the dangers of Socialism is as follows:

Whenever material betterment comes to the ignorant poor, as through a rise of wages or the cheapening of bread, it is speedily checked by increase in population. The principal consideration that forbade me to find in Socialism a panacea was the insight that, granting to Socialism as a purely economic resort all that is claimed for it, which was further than I could go; supposing Socialism to bring to pass economically all that Rodbertus, Marx, or any apostle ever claimed, the community would soon be again suffering from its old-fashioned ills through the irrational multiplication of the species. However great economic prosperity may come through Socialism or otherwise, the sort of humanity we have had to deal with thus far, the only kind of men we know, will use such prosperity to multiply perniciously, to develop a submerged tenth, an ignorant and vicious proletariat, whose woes will be so great as again and very soon to lower the average weal well toward zero.

I am not forgetting what Socialists say against this. Marx would have us believe that economic welfare inevitably begets intellectual and moral sanity. I could never see any proof of this. It is another bland and thoughtless assumption. Innumerable cases of physical plenty could be cited, taken from all the historic centuries and from the most diverse conditions of race, climate and society, which are not followed by mental or moral uplift. I instance the good-for-naught Anglo-Saxon men in the most prosperous parts of this country—without large families, rarely sick, able to command good wages if willing to work, yet forever in rags, without a cent's worth of property or credit, e. g., Joe Beal, in Sam Walter Foss' poem, "He'd Had No Show."

HE'D HAD NO SHOW.

"Joe Beal 'ud set upon a keg
  Down to the groc'ry store, 'an throw
One leg right over t'other leg
  An' swear he'd never had no show.
    'Oh, no,' said Joe,
    'Hain't hed no show.'
Then shift his quid to t'other jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

"He said he got no start in life,
  Didn't get no money from his dad.
The washin' took in by his wife
  Earned all the funds he ever had.
    'Oh, no,' said Joe,
    'Hain't hed no show.'
An' then he'd look up at the clock
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"'I've waited twenty year—let's see—
  Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I'v sot roun' patiently,
  The fust tarnation streak er luck.
    Oh, no,' said Joe,
    'Hain't hed no show.'
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"'I've come down regerler every day,
  For twenty years to Piper's store.
I've sot here in a patient way.
  Say, hain't I, Piper?' Piper swore.
    'I tell ye, Joe,
    Yer hain't no show;

Yer too dern patient'—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed."

If, therefore, we wish to go upon a basis of fact and not upon dreams, we ought not to expect from Socialism, however triumphant, any permanent deliverance from the principal woes that are upon us.

This reincarnation of Malthusianism in modern days is an absurdity that would hardly be looked for from Professor Andrews. We know so well that we are increasing every year in productivity, both from the improvement of machinery and the massing of labor, that it seems incredible that a man of his intelligence should intimate that an increase of population would so encroach upon the means of subsistence that we may have to go upon short rations.

Then, again, his assumption that an increase of comfort and wealth will result in an increased population is also erroneous. It is a well-known fact that the increase of population comes largely from the poorer classes in this country and not from the well-to-do. The richer, the people, the fewer children they have. Of course, this is an extreme which we do not look for under Socialism. We can hardly see any foundation for Professor Andrews' idea that women, who under Socialism will be economically independent, will burden themselves with large families of unwelcome children. If the Professor really thinks that an increase of wealth will have a tendency to make us so comfortable that we are going to multiply so rapidly that we will all starve to death, then he is logically bound to advocate the destruction of all our machinery and a return to the primitive days when we had only the simplest implements to help us in our contest with Nature.

Then, the Professor has another pipe-dream. He fears that under Socialism drought and unfavorable seasons may cause an occasional general famine. The reason people go hungry is not because there is not enough food, but because there is too much, so much too much in fact that we cannot get a job and earn wages by producing food. Here are his words:

Under such Socialism the evils of scarcity and glut might be mollified by the careful gathering of statistics telling supply and demand. It is to be remarked, however, that, owing to diversity of seasons and weather and to people's changing tastes and wants, the evils referred to can at best be only a little diminished, while what can be done in this way Trusts are now rapidly bringing about.

The proposed Socialism would not prevent crises. Crops may fail or immense conflagrations or epidemics occur as now. Ups and downs in the value of money may also take place. Any improvement in these respects is as likely without Socialism as with.

When we have a proper method of distribution a failure of crops in one part of the world will not disturb us. All will unite to help each other.

Again the Professor says:

I also pause when apostles of Socialism urge that their system would secure work at fair wages for all at all times, putting an end to necessity for charity. A Socialist government might, of course, artificially provide employment through wood yards, stone-breaking plants, etc., where men having no other jobs could earn small sums—a system of disguised charity. But present governments can do this as well as Socialism could. Socialists do not mean this. They affirm that normal and lucrative employment will be always ready. How will Socialism guarantee this unless it can, as we have seen it cannot, prevent scarcity, glut, strikes, lockouts, crop failures, floods, fires and epidemics?

Frequently the occasion of a man's being out of work is not that there isn't any work, but that there is none of his exact sort, or none of this without search and travel, or that the wages or other conditions do not suit. I am wholly unable to see how general public ownership could much, if any, limit these possibilities of hitch.

The absurdity he indulges in here is the supposition that the aim of production is not the product but the work which produces the product, and that, therefore, under Socialism, we will not be able to feed people when we have plenty of food, simply because we won't

have any work to do inasmuch as the food is already produced. This is the case under existing conditions, of course. We starve because we have too much food. But, under a Socialist system, when we have plenty of food for everybody we will simply sit down and eat it while we are resting. Professor Andrews seems to think we ought to make people break stones or saw wood or do any other kind of unnecessary work in order to justify ourselves in taking the wealth that we have already produced by other forms of labor. If at a future day we shall have such complete control over Nature that all our wood shall be sawed and our food raised by automatic machinery so that human labor is hardly necessary at all, we will then, according to the Professor's theory all starve to death, either because we have no work to do, or because the people will multiply so rapidly on account of the increased food that they will devour the food of the earth like a swarm of locusts.

He says further:

> It would annihilate the power of this nation to compete industrially or otherwise with leading nations. Benjamin Kidd rightly depicts how quickly a people which conducts its life non-competitively must drop behind such as continue under that cruel but effective goad. On the nature and amount of such loss people would differ. If it meant merely lessened wealth or prestige among the nations not a few would contemplate it with some composure; but few certainly would confront composedly the likelihood of our becoming a vassal nation or of our absorption by Great Britain or the German empire.

The answer to this is that, in the first place, Socialism is going to be international. All nations will enormously increase their productive power through the concentration of industry and the multiplication of machinery which will be the result of co-operative industry. The main object of production is to give the produce to those who produce it. Professor Andrews seems to think that we produce in order to allow our great capitalists to bankrupt other countries and so to control them financially.

And then he fears the mob, this good man in Democratic Nebraska.

> It would subject society to a species of mob rule at home. In what sense do we believe in democracy? Not in the Athenian sense that every man is fit for any office or that men are equally capable to give advice on all questions; but in this sense: (1) that natural differences of ability are at any time sure to be found in any society; (2) that society naturally selects for its various duties and functions those somehow specially fitted for these, and then follow such leaders; and (3) that the result thus attained, though usually far from perfect, is on the whole better than if leaders were made such in any other way.

To assume that Socialism means "mob rule" is about the limit of absurdity. Socialism means a system of society which will accomplish exactly what the Professor wishes, viz., it will allow society to naturally select for its functions those that are especially fitted for such functions. Today society cannot make any selection. The selection is made for us arbitrarily by the hereditary owners of wealth. The Vanderbilts and the Astors and the Morgans may possibly be the best people to manage our industries, but, if so, it is simply a question of luck. They attained their positions through being the sons of their fathers, and if Professor Andrews designs selection in this manner then he is simply defending a hereditary autocracy.

I might say that after reading the Professor's speech, I challenged him to a joint debate upon Socialism. Although I offered to go out to Nebraska at my own expense and pay all expense of the meeting, leaving the conditions and date to be fixed by Professor Andrews, I felt instinctively that my challenge would be declined. That my intuitions were correct can be seen by the following reply:

THE UNIVERSITY of NEBRASKA,
LINCOLN.

Chancellor's Office. January 26, 1903.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
125 E. 23d St., New York.

My Dear Sir :

I have yours of the 24th inst. Replying, beg to say that I never engage in joint debates, having never observed any good to result from such. Even if my habit were different in this regard I could not for lack of time accept your suggestion.

I may say that the address to which you refer was first delivered before the Denver Philosophical Society, and was replied to by several people ; among them, as I understood, a representative Socialist or two. Permit me to observe further that the address does not pretend to deal with what I presume you would call fundamental, theoretical Socialism, but rather with that popular form of Socialistic presentation so common nowadays, which I presume you would criticize, from your point of view, as trenchantly as I from mine. I dealt with Rodbertian Socialism in the first number of the Journal of Political Economy issued by the University of Chicago. Very sincerely yours,

E. BENJ. ANDREWS.

I may add that I consider the attempt of Professor Andrews to evade a debate under the plea of "no good result from debates" is simply a species of professional conventional cowardice that seems common to all our college professors. As to his excuse that he was not attacking "theoretical" Socialism, I would say that is simply rubbish. He attacked Socialism, or rather what he pretended was Socialism, and has neither the courage nor knowledge to defend his position.

WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

LILIA D. DE WITT.

"A man was found dead in the park, a bullet wound through his temple, a revolver in his hand. His pockets contained only a small slip of paper, upon which was written these words : 'Out of Work.'"

Who laid thee so low, my lost brother,
And set this dread mark on thy brow?
With weapon in hand though they found thee,
Yet who shall determine that thou
Didst place on thy Maker's own likeness
This awful, indelible, stain?
Was it thy hand that did it, lost brother,
Or that of thy lost brother, Cain?

The judgment of men hath condemned thee,
Their verdict as "Suicide" read;
I appeal to a higher tribunal,
Can any man live without bread?
God knows all thy long, fruitless effort,
Thy struggle for life, and for breath,
How thy prayer to the world was for service,
Its refusal, thy sentence of death.

God knows all the hostile conditions
That mocked at thy weakness and need;
How toil-worn, incompetent fingers
Must strive with fierce talons of greed;
And oft though thy feet may have stumbled
While groping, unsure of the way,
He knows all, weighs all in His balance,
And none shall this verdict gainsay:

"Oh, Prince, in the pride of thy millions,
Who cans't by a nod, or a breath,
Decide, for another, a brother,
The issue of life or of death,
Remember, not thine is the power,
Thou art but the steward divine
Of the share of that other, thy brother,
Whose hand lacks the cunning of thine,

"Whose arm lacks thy reach comprehensive,
Whose fingers, thy grasp and thy hold,
Who knows not the map of that country
Where thou dost prospect for the gold
Which I have in store for my children,
And to thee have intrusted the key:
Inasmuch as ye do to the least one
Insomuch do ye even to me.

"But cover the pale rigid features,
And leave him alone to his night;
Let this spectre of want and privation,
Not stand between thee and thy light;
Return to thy sumptuous table,
And forget in the flow of thy wine,
That the knell of the soul of thy brother
Is also the tocsin of thine."

"Am I of my brother the keeper?
Man reapeth the thing he hath sown;
Let him reap then the husks of his harvest,
I keep but the fruits of mine own."
The response thunders down through the ages:
"Was Calvary's sacrifice va·n?"
And the voice of the Lord in His anger,
Asks, "Where is thy brother? Oh, Cain."

Pasadena, Nov. 5th.

HOW LOS ANGELES GOT DIRECT LEGISLATION

ELTWEED POMEROY, A. M., President National D. L. League.

THE adoption by the people of Los Angeles on Dec. 1, 1902, of a Direct Legislation Charter Amendment by a vote of more than six to one, completes the tally of the big Pacific Coast Cities. All of the large cities west of the Sierras now have municipal Direct Legislation, and those to adopt it later have a stronger and better form than those who got it earlier.

In 1893 or 1894 some energetic reformers got a Direct Legislation provision into the Seattle charter, but in order to get it in they had to make the percentage for petition twenty-five per cent., which is entirely too large. Also it was not carefully drawn; the result is it is almost a dead letter. There has been only one attempt to use it, and then it was thrown out by combined executive and judicial action. This action, I believe, was both tyrannical and unjust, but the Direct Legislation law was not framed so as to prevent it, but instead had imperfections in it that permitted it.

On May 26th, 1898, by a vote of 14,386 for to 12,025 against, San Francisco adopted a charter containing a good Direct Legislation provision. This provides that fifteen per cent. of the voters can initiate any measure, even an amendment to the Charter, which must then be submitted to the voters, and if a majority vote in favor, it is enacted. Also "any ordinance involving the granting . . of any franchise . . . or for the purchase of land of more than $50,000 in value, must be submitted."

On June 3rd, 1902, by a vote of 10,807 for to 1,253 against, the people of Portland, Oregon, adopted a Charter containing a stronger and better Direct Legislation provision than that in the San Francisco Charter. This provides:

"Section 53.—Whenever there shall be presented to the Council a petition signed by a number of voters equal to fifteen per centum of the votes cast at the last preceding city election, asking that an ordinance, to be set forth in such petition, be submitted to a vote of the electors of the city, the Council must submit such proposed ordinance to the vote of the electors at the next city election, but such ordinance shall not be valid unless within the powers herein granted to the Council."

And there are further strong provisions relative to franchises, etc.

On Dec. 1st, 1902, the people of Los Angeles, by a vote of 12,846 for to 1,942 against, adopted a fine Direct Legislation amendment, and by a vote of 9,751 for to 2,470 against, adopted a good provision for the Recall or Imperative Mandate, and by a vote of 11,180 for to 2,306 against, adopted strong civil service rules.

The full text of this Direct Legislation provision was published in the March Direct Legislation Record, East Orange, N. J. It is the best provision yet drawn. It provides for the

Referendum on any ordinance passed by the Common Council on a seven per cent. petition, and if fifteen per cent. sign the petition and ask in the petition for a special election, the Council must submit it to a special election. Five is the percentage required for initiating petition, and fifteen per cent. if the matter is to be submitted at a special election. On filing the petition, the Clerk is to go over them to find if the number of signers is sufficient. If he reports there is not enough, the petitioners have ten days to get more signers. The majority to enact is not to be a majority of those voting at the election, but a majority of those voting on the ordinance. These may be widely different. Then there are various other good provisions.

There have been to my knowledge three attempts to get Direct Legislation into the Los Angeles Charter, and I think there were several attempts that I know not of. But I have spoken and aided at least three times. Ardent reformers were beaten and some of them became discouraged and said nothing could be done, the people were too apathetic and could not be aroused. But each failure left a deposit of popular education in which each succeeding effort thrived better than the previous one.

Among the undismayed of previous agitations was a wealthy, popular physician, Dr. John R. Haynes. He and H. Gaylord Wilshire were on the Boards which drew up a previous charter and which was thrown out by the Courts on a technicality. Dr. Haynes is a man of abundant means, fine appearance, culture, large practice, many interests in life, hosts of friends. He is not in politics. Pushing his private matters aside, he made the time to write about Direct Legislation and he has a weighty pen; to talk to his friends about it and to make frequent addresses and he is polished speaker; to make opportunities for others to speak and write about it and to draw around him earnest men into the Direct Legislation League of Los Angeles and later into the Direct Legislation League of California. He deliberately went into politics, not for an office at all, but for a measure. Preserving himself perfectly free and untainted from the corruption that seems inseparable from all our municipal politics, he was yet friends with all the city politicans, would give them fine dinners when the opportunity offered, would do them favors that were fit, wanted nothing for himself in return except Direct Legislation for his and their city and they all knew that. Gradually the influence he had started and wielded began to tell and finally, I believe, most of the politicans assented to Direct Legislation going into the charter because Haynes was so good a fellow and they knew he would be disappointed if it did not go in. Also they knew there was a strong sentiment for it in the city and the man who should be instrumental in shutting it out, would be spotted at once by the good Doctor and his friends and the public would know it. So Direct Legislation went into the charter as if the ways had been greased and was adopted overwhelmingly.

But the Doctor is not content. Blessed is the discontented man who strives to remedy an evil. Here is part of a speech he made right after Los Angeles adopted this Direct Legislation amendment:

"The Direct Legislation League of California most earnestly hopes that the legislature at its coming session will submit to the people a state constitutional amendment providing for Direct Legislation in state, counties and cities.

You probably are familiar with the fact that the great wave of Direct Legislation (which simply means majority rule) is sweeping over the United States. It has been in force in the New

England towns since the landing of the Pilgrims. Some of the towns (from 10,000 to 20,000 people) have refused to become cities, because by doing so they would have to give up Direct Legislation, and we all know that these towns—Brookline, Mass., being one of them—are the best governed in the United States.

DR. JOHN R. HAYNES.

Direct Legislation is a part of the organic law of South Dakota, and, in a modified form, of North Dakota. The people of Oregon, by a vote of 60,000 for to 5,000 against, last June adopted a radical Direct Legislation amendment which the legislature, by a vote of 200 for to 7 against, had submitted to them.

"Direct Legislation is in the city charters of San Francisco, Alameda and Pasadena, in this state, and Seattle and Buckley of Washington. Radical Direct Legislation amendments, as you are aware, have just been adopted by the voters of Los Angeles by a majority of 2,000 greater than for any other amendment voted on at the same time.

"Now, in conclusion, let me for a moment call your attention to the fact that the only apparently sensible objections to the introduction of Direct Legislation in state, counties and cities are that it will result in the passage of a flood of foolish and ill-digested legislation and frequent elections. With reference to the latter, in the proposed amendment the people of the state have not the power to ask for a special election—special elections can be called only in cities and counties. With reference to the objection that if the people have the power they will pass foolish measures, experience has shown conclusively that wherever Direct Legislation is in force the contrary result happens.

"Switzerland in twelve years passed only 107 laws. The city of Berne—one-half million people—averages only from three to five ordinances a year. The towns of New England, where ten people can propose legislation, have fewer ordinances and laws than towns governed by councilmen. Direct Legislation has been in the constitution of South Dakota since 1897, and it has never been used once.

"Listen to what the Governor of that state, who was opposed to its introduction, has to say concerning it: 'Since these referendum laws have been a part of our constitution, we have no charter mongers nor railway speculators, no wildcat schemes submitted to our legislature. Formerly our time was occupied by speculative schemes of one kind or another; but since the referendum has been a part of the constitution these people do not press their schemes on the legislature, and hence there is no necessity for having recourse to the referendum.'"

Among his most efficient aids was the Los Angeles Herald and Joseph

Asbury Johnson, one of its editors. Mr. Johnson was the original Direct Legislation man in the committee that framed the San Francisco Charter and his draft for Direct Legislation was adopted with some few changes. Of course, he knew all about Direct Legislation.

Among the many good things with which the Herald's editorial columns teemed, I clip but two or three short extracts. On June 9th, before the agitation had really started, it said in part:

"The principle of the referendum cannot be gainsaid; it has been too long recognized by American States in connection with constitutional amendments, and, we believe, has proved an almost entirely satisfactory safety valve for the prevention of much unscrupulous and imprudent legislation. Would not the power to compel submission of all vital questions of legislation to a direct vote of the people provide yet another safety valve? While we do not believe that the practice of Direct Legislation would prove to be a panacea for the ills of misgovernment to which communities are heirs, we are satisfied, in the light of precedents in the government of New England towns and in the administration of Switzerland, which has earned the title of 'the ideal republic,' that there would be no danger, but, on the contrary, much benefit by the amplification of the expression of the people's will. If we do not entirely subscribe to the adage, 'Vox Populi, vox Dei,' yet we do emphatically believe that city and State should be governed by the fullest possible use of the general intelligence of the people."

On Nov. 20th, it said in part:

"Every citizen of Los Angeles ought to vote for Direct Legislation and civil service rules because they will give good government by the shortest cut. People are apt to think that these amendments will add materially to the working duties of citizenship; but this is not so. Direct Legislation is more a preventive of bad government than it is a creator of good government. In other words, it prevents more than it cures; and prevention is better than cure. When we have something that will do both—and Direct Legislation goes farther than anything else that has been tried toward filling the bill—we have an ideal government.

Direct Legislation begins at the beginning; it goes to the root of things. When we start right we are less likely to make mistakes. If amendment No. 12 is adopted, the responsibilities of citizenship will be increased in practice, but not in theory. The people themselves are already primarily and wholly responsible. The very fact of the added responsibility, and the increase in the legislative power delegated directly to the people will make the exercises of that responsibility less onerous. It will act largely as a preventive, rendering the present costly, annoying and often inoperative curative process superfluous. Why have a 'sick' city government when we can have a 'well' one?"

And on the day before election, it said:

"There are two amendments that rank high above all others in vital importance and urgency. They must be adopted if we are to have a better city government. Amendment No. 12, relating to Direct Legislation, and Amendment No. 15, relating to the civil service, are the foundation stones of real government by the people. We cannot afford to trust capital solely with the powers of monopoly; we cannot afford to delegate legislation solely to professional politicians and their tools and satellites. The people must have initiative and restraining powers. This Direct Legislation gives them.

"To vote for Amendments 12 and 15 is the first duty of all friends of good government.

"Remember that these two amendments come late on the ballot, and do not tire in well-doing before you come to the most important votes on the whole ticket. It should be the first pleasure of every loyal citizen to vote 'Yes' on Amendments Nos. 12 and 15, before he applies the rubber stamp to any other clause or name on the ticket."

The other papers should be given some credit, for they at last fell into line, and there were many other unselfish workers whose names should be recorded, but space does not permit.

Among the spreading corruptions of our great cities watch and see if Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland are not notable exceptions, because in them the people actually rule.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER II—JOHNNY UPRIGHT.

I shall not give you the address of Johnny Upright. Let it suffice that he lives on the most respectable street in the East End, a street that would be considered very mean in America, but a veritable oasis in the desert of East London. It is surrounded on every side by close-packed squalor and streets jammed by a young and vile and dirty generation; but its own pavements are comparatively bare of the children who have no other place to play, while it has an air of desertion, so few are the people that come and go.

Each house on this street, as on all the streets, is shoulder to shoulder with its neighbors. To each house there is but one entrance, the front door, and each house is about eighteen feet wide, with a bit of a brick-walled yard behind, where, when it is not raining, one may look at a slate-colored sky. But it must be understood that this is East End opulence we are now considering. Some of the people on this street are even so well-to-do as to keep a "slavey." Johnny Upright keeps one, as I well know, she being my first acquaintance in this particular portion of the world.

To Johnny Upright's house I came, shortly after I had lowered myself into the abyss, and to the door came the "slavey." Now mark you, her position in life was pitiable and contemptible, but it was with pity and contempt that she looked at me. She evinced a plain desire that our conversation should be short. It was Sunday, and Johnny Upright was not at home, and that was all there was to it. But I lingered, discussing whether or not it was all there was to it, till Mrs. Johnny Upright was attracted to the door, where she verbally castigated the girl before turning her attention to me.

No, Mr. Johnny Upright was not at home, and further, he saw nobody on Sunday. It is too bad, said I. Was I looking for work? No, quite the contrary; in fact, I had come to see Johnny Upright on business which might be profitable to him.

A change came over the face of things at once. The gentleman in question was at church, but would be home in an hour or thereabouts, when no doubt he could be seen.

Would I kindly step in? no, the lady did not ask me, though I tentatively suggested that I would go down to the corner and wait in a public house. And down to the corner I went, but, being church time, the "pub" was closed. A miserable drizzle was falling, and, in lieu of better, I took a seat on a neighborly door-step and waited.

And here, to the door-step, came the "slavey," very frowsy and very perplexed, to tell me that the missus would

let me come back and wait in the kitchen.

"So many people come 'ere lookin' for work," Mrs. Johnny Upright apologetically explained. "So I 'ope you won't feel bad the way I spoke."

"Not at all, not all," I replied, in my grandest manner, for the nonce investing my rags with dignity. "I quite understand, I assure you. I suppose people looking for work almost worry you to death?"

"That they do," she answered, with an eloquent and expressive glance; and thereupon ushered me into, not the kitchen, but the dining-room—a favor, I took it, in recompense for my grand manner.

A Street in the East End of London.

This dining-room, on the same floor as the kitchen, was about four feet below the level of the ground, and so dark (it was mid-day) that I had to wait a space for my eyes to adjust themselves to the gloom. Dirty light filtered in through a window, the top of which was on a level with the sidewalk, and in this light I found that I was able to read newspaper print.

And here, while waiting the coming of Johnny Upright, let me explain my errand. While living, and eating, and sleeping with the people of the East End, it was nevertheless my intention to have a port of refuge, not too far distant, into which I could run now and again to assure myself that good clothes and cleanliness still existed. Also, in such port, I could receive my mail, work up my notes, and sally forth occasionally in changed garb to civilization.

But this involved a dilemma. A lodging where my property would be safe, implied a landlady apt to be suspicious of a gentleman leading a double life; while a landlady who would not bother her head over the double life of her lodgers, would imply lodgings where property was unsafe. To avoid the dilemma was what had brought me to Johnny Upright. A detective of thirty-odd years' continuous service in the East End, known wide and far by a name given him by a convicted felon in the dock, he was just the man to find me an honest landlady and make her rest easy concerning whatever strange comings and goings of which I might be guilty.

His two daughters beat him home from church, and pretty girls they were in their Sunday dresses, withal it was the certain weak and delicate prettiness which characterizes the Cockney lasses,

a prettiness which is no more than a promise, with no grip on time and doomed to fade quickly away like the color from a sunset sky.

They looked me over with frank curiosity, as though I were some sort of a strange animal, and then ignored me utterly for the rest of my wait. Then Johnny Upright himself arrived, and I was summoned upstairs to confer with him.

"Speak loud," he interrupted my opening words. "I've got a bad cold and I can't hear well."

Shades of Old Sleuth and Sherlock Holmes! thought I; and I wondered as to where the assistant was located whose duty it was to take down whatever information I might loudly vouchsafe. And to this day, much as I have seen of Johnny Upright, and much as I have puzzled over the incident, I have never been quite able to make up my mind as to whether or not he had a cold, or had an assistant planted in the other room. But of one thing I am sure: though I gave Johnny Upright the facts concerning myself and project, he withheld judgment till next day, when I dodged into his street conventionally garbed and in a hansom. Then his greeting was cordial enough, and I went down into the dining-room to join the family at tea.

"We are humble, here," he said; "not given to the flesh, and you must take us for what we are, in our humble way."

The girls were flushed and embarassed at greeting me, while he did not make it any the easier for them.

"Ha! Ha!" he roared heartily, slapping the table with his open hand till the dishes rang. "The girls thought yesterday you had come to ask for a piece of bread! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

This they indignantly denied, with snapping eyes and guilty red cheeks, as though it were an essential of true refinement to be able to discern a gentleman under his rags.

And then, while I ate bread and marmalade, proceeded a play at cross purposes, the daughters deeming it an insult to me that I should have been mistaken for a beggar, and the father considering it as the highest compliment to my cleverness to succeed in being so mistaken. All of which I enjoyed, and the bread, and the marmalade, and the tea, till the time came for Johnny Upright to find me a lodging, which he did, not half a dozen doors away, on his own respectable and opulent street, in a house as like to his own as a pea to its mate.

CHAPTER III—MY LODGING, AND SOME OTHERS.

From an East London standpoint, the room I rented for six shillings, or a dollar and a half per week, was a most comfortable affair. From the American standpoint, on the other hand, it was rudely furnished, uncomfortable and small. By the time I had added an ordinary typewriter table to its scanty furnishing, I was hard put to turn around; at the best I managed to navigate it by a sort of vermicular progression requiring great dexterity and presence of mind.

Having settled myself, or my property, rather, I put on my knockabout clothes and went out for a walk. Lodgings being fresh in my mind, I began to look them up, bearing in mind the hypothesis that I was a poor young man with a wife and a large family.

My first discovery was that empty houses were few and far between. So far between, in fact, that though I

walked miles in irregular circles over a large area, I still remained between. Not one empty house could I find, a conclusive proof that the district was "saturated."

It being plain that as a poor young man with a family I could rent no houses at all in this most undesirable region, I next looked for rooms, unfurnished rooms, in which I could store my wife and babies and chattels. There were not many such, but I found them, usually in the singular, for one room appears to be considered sufficient for a poor man's family to cook and eat and sleep in. When I asked for two rooms, the sub-lettees looked at me very much in the manner, I imagine, that a certain personage looked at Oliver Twist when he asked for more.

Not only was one room deemed sufficient for a poor man and his family, but I learned that many families occupying single rooms, had so much space to spare as to be able to take in a lodger or two. When such rooms can be rented for from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per week, it is a fair conclusion that a lodger with references can obtain floor space for, say, from fifteen to twenty-five cents. He may even be able to board with the sub-lettees for a couple of shillings more. This, however, I failed to enquire into, a reprehensible error on my part, considering that I was working on the basis of a hypothetical family.

Not only did the houses I investigated have no bathtubs, but I learned that there were no bathtubs in all the thousands of houses I had seen. Under the circumstances, with my wife and babies and a couple of lodgers suffering from the too-great spaciousness of one room, taking a bath in a tin wash-basin would be an unfeasible undertaking. But, it seems, the compensation comes in with the saving of soap, so all's well, and God's still in heaven. Besides, so beautiful is the adjustment of all things in this world, here in East London it rains nearly every day, and willy nilly our baths would be on tap upon the street.

True, the sanitation of the places I visited was wretched. From the imperfect sewage and drainage, defective traps, poor ventilation, dampness, and general foulness, I might expect my wife and babies speedily to be attacked by diphtheria, croup, typhoid, erysipelas, blood poisoning, bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption, and various kindred disorders. Certainly the death-rate would be exceedingly high. But observe again the beauty of the adjustment. The most rational act for a poor man in East London with a large family, is to get rid of it; the conditions in East London are such that they will get rid of the large family for him. Of course, there is the chance that he may perish in the process. Adjustment is not so apparent in this event; but it is there, somewhere, I am bound. And when discovered it will prove to be a very beautiful and subtle adjustment, or else the whole scheme goes awry and something is wrong.

However, I rented no rooms, but returned to my own on Johnny Upright's street. What of my wife, and babies, and lodgers, and the various cubby-holes into which I had fitted them, my mind's eye had become narrow-angled, and I could not quite take in all of my own room at once. The immensity of it was awe-inspiring. Could this be the room I had rented for six shillings a week? Impossible! But my landlady, knocking at the door to learn if I were comfortable, dispelled my doubts.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, in reply to a question. "This street is the very last. All the other streets were like this eight or ten years ago, and all the people were very respectable. But the others have driven our kind out. Those on this street are the only ones left. It's shocking, sir!"

And then she explained the process of saturation, by which the rental value of a neighborhood went up, while its tone went down.

"You see, sir, our kind are not used to crowding in the way the others do. We need more room. The others, the foreigners and lower-class people, can get five and six families into this house, where we only get one. So they can pay more rent for the house than we can afford. It *is* shocking, sir, and just to think, only a few years ago all this neighborhood was just as nice as it could be!"

I looked at her. Here was a woman, of the finest grade of the English working-class, with numerous evidences of refinement, being slowly engulfed by that noisome and rotten tide of humanity which the powers that be are pouring eastward out of London Town. Bank, factory, hotel and office-building must go up, and the city poor folk are a nomadic breed; so they migrate eastward, wave upon wave, saturating and degrading neighborhood by neighborhood, driving the better class of workers before them to pioneer on the rim of the city, or dragging them down, if not in the first generation, surely in the second and third.

It is only a question of months when Johnny Upright's street must go. He realizes it himself.

"In a couple of years," he says, "my lease expires. My landlord is one of our kind. He has not put up the rent on any of his houses here, and this has enabled us to stay. But any day he may sell, or any day he may die, which is the same thing so far as we are concerned. The house is bought by a money-breeder, who builds a sweat shop on the patch of ground at the rear where my grapevine is, adds to the house, and rents it a room to a family. There you are, and Johnny Upright's gone!"

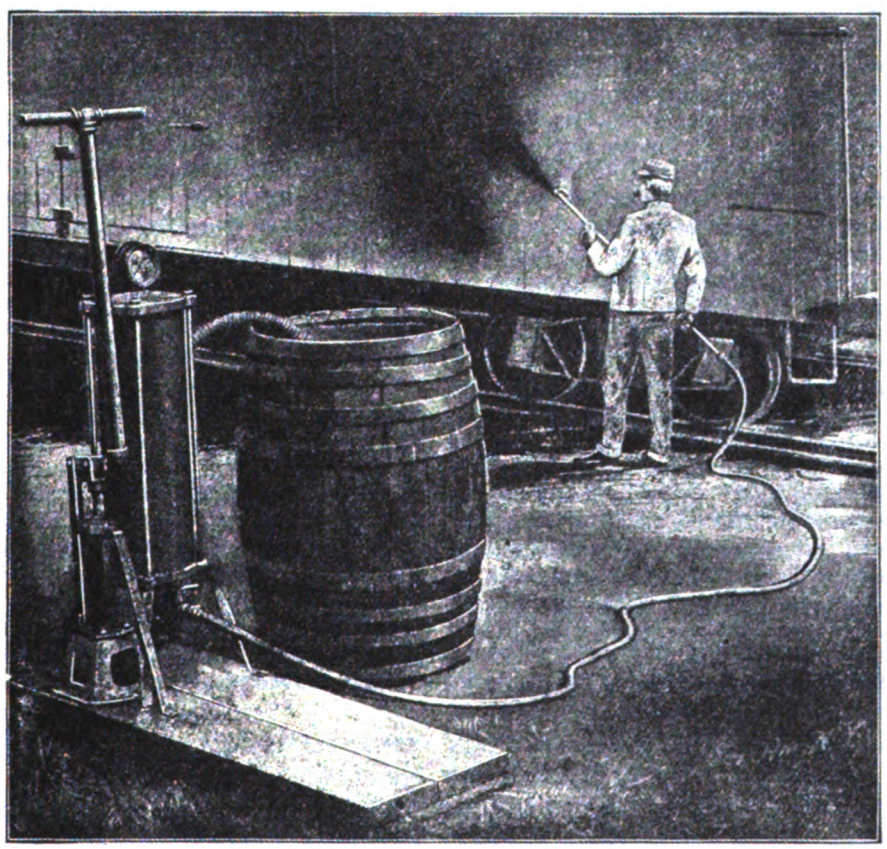
And truly I saw Johnny Upright, and his good wife, and fair daughters, and frowsy slavey, like so many ghosts, flitting eastward through the gloom and the monster city roaring at their heels.

But Johnny Upright is not alone in his flitting. Far, far out, on the fringe of the city, live the small business men, little managers, and successful clerks. They dwell in cottages and semi-detached villas, with bits of flower garden, and elbow room, and breathing space. They inflate themselves with pride and throw chests when they contemplate the Abyss from which they have escaped, and they thank God that they are not as other men. And lo, down upon them comes Johnny Upright and the monster city at his heels. Tenements spring up like magic, gardens are built upon, villas are divided and subdivided into many dwellings, and the black night of London settles down in a greasy pall over all.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PAINTING BY PNEUMATIC POWER

THE use of a pneumatic spraying-machine for painting was first brought prominently before the public at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, when the exhibition buildings were coated with paint by this means. Since that time pneumatic painting has developed a great importance, having proved itself a cheap, speedy, and efficient substitute for the slow brush in many cases. In The Scientific American (December 26), a correspondent thus describes one of the devices now in use for this purpose. He says:



PAINTING A FREIGHT CAR WITH THE PNEUMATIC COATING MACHINE.

"The machine . . . comprises a self-contained air and liquid pump, fitted with a

special expansive plunger, and an eight-inch boiler-tube receptacle in which the liquid and air are compressed. The apparatus thus comprised is mounted upon a substantial platform. Attached beneath the receptacle are two valves, located one above the other at one side of the pump in a special valve-chamber, and playing in removable brass seats and cages. The suction-opening at the under side of this valve-chamber is L-shaped. Into the L thus formed is screwed a piece of one-inch pipe to which the wire-wound suction-hose is attached. The suction-opening leading into the pumping-cylinder is placed about one and one-half inches above the bottom of the cylinder, and is connected with the lower valve-chamber. It is the object of this construction to allow the plunger to close the suction-opening on each down stroke, thereby crowding every drop of liquid or air through the upper valve into the receptacle. From this construction, it follows that the liquid can never come in contact with the packing of the plunger. Indeed, the liquid does not enter the cylinder at all, because on the upper stroke of the cylinder the lower valve is opened and the liquid is drawn through into the lower valve-chamber. The down stroke, whereby the lower valve is closed and the upper valve opened, forces the liquid through the upper valve into the receptacle. . . .

"Any length of pneumatic air-hose can be used; for when the discharge-valve is open the hose becomes a part of the receptacle, increasing its capacity to the extent of the additional volume of the hose. By means of an eight-foot extension-rod or tube the liquid can be spread fourteen to sixteen feet overhead without a scaffold or ladder. Within this extension-rod is another valve, which gives the operator complete control of the discharge, even though he is working one hundred feet away from the machine. A specially designed nozzle at the end of the extension rod gives to the liquid a whirling motion, so that there is no possibility of clogging the outlet. This special nozzle, in connection with the compressed air, atomizes the liquid so that a fine, filmy mist is formed which penetrates everywhere.

"The merits of the construction of the machine are obvious. The pump has simply to compress the liquid and air, and is not used as a means of discharging the liquid. The air, confined above the liquid, forces the liquid out through the discharge-hose and nozzle, so that if the machine is charged with liquid and air, it is not necessary to operate the pump-handle in order to empty the receptacle. The chemicals in the liquid cannot reach or destroy the plunger-packing; for they do not pass through the plunger. Since the valves are located at one side of the plunger, they can not become clogged with sediment. By providing concave seats and giving the valves a rolling motion, each stroke of the handle cleans the valves. The air pumped in while the receptacle is full of liquid passes to the top of the receptacle, thereby stirring or agitating the liquid constantly. By spreading the liquid into a thin mist through the medium of a special nozzle it is possible to apply a coat more evenly than otherwise, and without the streaky appearance given by the brush.

Contrary to the prevalent opinion, the pneumatic coating-machine is clean. If the filmy mist falls to the floor, it is hardly noticeable. In painting by brush, huge drops often fall to the floor. The application of the machine is wide, but has found its chief use in warehouses, factories, and for painting large surfaces of any kind, whether they be rough or smooth. In painting rough surfaces the saving in time and labor is particularly marked; for the fine spray permeates every crevice, and the work is far better done than it could be by hand and brush."

INGERSOLL, THE ORATOR

LOUVILLE H. DYER

IN the little town of Dresden, New York, on the 11th day of August, 1833, Robert G. Ingersoll was born. Robert was a babe when his father moved to New York City, where he was baptized in the Chatham Street Theatre.

His mother died when he was two years old, and his father moved with his family to Illinois, where Robert attended the country schools; he taught school for a short time when he was sixteen, studied law and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-three, in Southern Illinois.

In 1857, he opened an office in Peoria, with his brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll. In 1860, he was a Douglas democrat, but he went over to Lincoln and stumped for him. He raised a regiment, the 11th Illinois Cavalry. He was made Colonel of the Company. His first engagement was Shiloh. He was taken prisoner, exchanged, then resigned his commission as Colonel.

He resumed the practice of his profession, and in 1878, he went to Washington, D.C., where he practiced until 1885, when he took up his abode in the city of New York, in which city he resided at the time of his death, which sad event took place at his beautiful summer home, at Walston-Dobb's Ferry,-on-Hudson, on the 21st of July, 1899. His great and gentle spirit took its flight as peacefully as the sun goes down behind the hills of the red west. He was at home, in the tender circle where for years he had been the loved and loving father and husband. His passing was as tranquil as his career was brilliant.

Ingersoll was a born orator. The witchery and magic of style was always his; he had histrionic gifts in a rare degree; he instinctively married his thought to dramatic utterance.

His periods were well poised and full of action. His sentences always throb and thrill with life. He was a master of imagery; bold metaphor was his natural form of speech.

Ingersoll's genius was early appreciated in the West, but his fame did not fold in the entire country until he had reached his forty-third year. Only a few months ago, I was fortunate enough to listen to a distinguished and well-loved member of the bar of Maine, who has recently joined the ranks of the myriad dead, who told of Ingersoll's first national triumph. This man was present at the now historic Republican National Convention, which was held at Cincinnati in 1876. Ingersoll presented to the convention the name of James G. Blaine. The lawyer said the effect of that speech beggared description. Language was tame and wholly inadequate to convey the magic of the

style, the magnetism of the orator, the marvelous infectiousness of the speech. Here was a display of eloquence that was as brilliant and sudden as a flash of lightning. George William Curtis, who sat near the lawyer of whom I have spoken, was simply carried beyond himself by Ingersoll's superb effort.

He heard the voice of genius, and genuis unmistakable. Very apt would these lines have been concerning Ingersoll:—

> "When he speaks,
> The air, a chartered libertine, is still
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
> To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

Ingersoll had, by his masterly speech for Blaine, won a secure place among the world's great orators. The effect of this speech was not ephemeral. The impression it made was not meteoric. It was not a temporary triumph produced by a showy and startling rhetoric, combined with charming delivery, but the speech when printed and separated entirely from the subtile charm of the orator was seen to be a masterpiece. It was apparent that Ingersoll was an orator, a thinker, a poet.

Not long after the delivery of his great nominating speech, Ingersoll took the lecture platform; his success was instant. Large and delighted audiences greeted him everywhere. He had a magnificent body; a fine, penetrating, pleasant, blue eye; a strong face, with clearly defined features, and his facial expression was superb. His voice was of wide compass, flexible and resonant. His personal magnetism was wonderful. To these unique personal endowments, he added a magic use of words. His rhetoric could not be surpassed. His speech was well balanced, clear and always poetic.

In the brief space of three years from his great nominating speech, his eloquence was used on a very pathetic occasion. In 1879, his fondly loved brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll, was taken from him by death. No tenderer ties ever united two men than those that bound these brothers. There was a mutual agreement between them that on the occasion of either's death, the other should speak at the funeral. The sad duty fell to Robert. It was only after an heroic effort that he could deliver the exquisite and pathetic lines. A great, grief-stricken heart inspired in a noble brain the words of this classic. Here is a fragment from it:—

"Life is a cold and narrow vale between the peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry.

"From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word, but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

No one but a born poet could ever conceive these lines. Then, too, the beautiful closing.

"The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower."

Never o'er the dead have love and grief whispered more wondrous words.

Ingersoll had greatness of head, and greatness of heart; he was lovable, tender, and sensitive to all the higher influences of life. His tributes to the dead were full of feeling, in them there was nothing cold or formal. They included all that reason, warmed with love, could say.

Let me repeat a few lines from his impromptu utterance at a child's grave: "From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth

the babes and patriarchs sleep side by side." The metaphor here is beautiful. How apt the comparison of life to a tree. The mind's eye instantly sees the "bud and blossom," and the ripened fruit—the babe, youth and venerable age.

When Roscoe Conkling died, Ingersoll delivered a masterly eulogy on him, at Albany. The characteristics of the great lawyer and statesman were vivdly portrayed. The address has perfect balance and proportion, and is filled with sublime thoughts that are conveyed in terms of the highest literary excellence. The address is a superb specimen of oratory of the heart, and is notable for its perfect close:—

"As he lived, he died. Proudly he entered the darkness or the dawn that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purpling hills, beyond the utmost reach of human help or harm, to that vast realm of silence or of joy, where the innumerable dwell, and he left with us his wealth of thought and deed, the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death."

No one could pronounce so brilliant and touching an eulogy as Ingersoll. They resembled the utterance of no other man; they have a charm of style that speaks of Ingersoll, unmistakably.

At the funeral of Mary Fiske his sentiments were perfectly fitting, and were aglow with the true poetic spirit. Speaking of her writing, he uses these words:—"Mary Fiske was like herself. She patterned after no one. She was a genius, and put her soul in all she did or wrote. She cared nothing for roads, nothing for the footsteps of others, or beaten paths. She went across the fields, through the woods, by the winding streams, and down the vales, and over the crags, wherever fancy led. She wrote lines that leapt with laughter, and words wet with tears. She gave us quaint thoughts and sayings, filled with the pert and nimble spirit of mirth. Her pages were flecked with sunshine and shadow, and in every word were the pulse and breath of life. She wrote as a stream runs, winds, and babbles through the shadowy fields, that falls in the foam of flight and haste, and laughing, joins the sea."

The talented man could never write this tribute. This is possible to genius alone. Ingersoll was remarkably versatile, no matter what the occasion was that demanded his eloquence, he was always adequate to meet it. He was ever eloquent, never ordinary, often sublime. He was a life-long and loving reader of Shakespeare; they were kindred souls. Ingersoll rarely quoted; to use his own phrase—"He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought." When he did make use of a quotation, it was nearly always taken from Shakespeare.

Shakespeare has, to a great extent, been made a pack horse for literary Dogberrys to saddle prosy rubbish on, but Ingersoll's lecture on the great dramatist was devoid of dry-as-dust comment; he gave us no "fanned and winnowed opinions" regarding him, but his lecture is worthy the genius of him who conceived it. It is the loving tribute of the most eloquent man who ever spoke the English language to the greatest man who ever wrote in any language.

Ingersoll was a natural advocate. His speeches before juries are logical, clear, convincing, and eloquent. His speech in the Cammerer Case in New York was a model forensic effort; it contained sound philosophy, unerring logic, and was deftly worded.

It was at the famous Star Route Trial, which took place in Washington, in 1882, that Ingersoll probably made his greatest address before a jury. In this trial he was opposed by some of the leading advocates at the American bar, including the able and graceful orator, Richard T. Merrick. Ingersoll easily surpassed them all.

Mr. Merrick in his argument for the prosecution criticised one of the defendants for having his wife sit by his side during the trial. This attack gave Ingersoll an opportunity for the following peroration:—"I appeal to you for my clients, because the evidence shows that they are honest men. I appeal to you for my client, Stephen W. Dorsey, because the evidence shows that he is a man; a man with an intellectual horizon and a mental sky; a man of genius, generous, and honest; and yet this prosecution, this Government, these attorneys, representing the majesty of the Republic, representing the only real Republic that ever existed, have asked you, gentlemen of the jury, not only to violate the law of the land, they have asked you to violate the law of nature. They have maligned mercy. They have laughed at mercy. They have trampled upon the holiest human ties, and they have even made light of the fact that a wife in this trial has sat by her husband's side. Think of it!

"There is a painting in the Louvre, a painting of desolation, of despair and love. It represents the night of the crucifixion. The world is represented in shadow. The stars are dead, and yet in the darkness is seen a kneeling form. It is Mary Magdalene, with loving lips and hands pressed against the bleeding feet of Christ.

"The skies were never dark enough, nor starless enough, the storm was never fierce enough nor wild enough, the quick bolts of Heaven were never lurid enough, the arrows of slander never flew thick enough to drive a noble woman from her husband's side. And so it is, in all of human speech, the holiest word is wife."

In taking advantage of Merrick's blunder, Ingersoll displayed consumate art. If in the storms and troubles of life, a wife is not by her husband's side, she is a woman who is unworthy of that sacred name.

Ingersoll touched no subject that he did not adorn. Everything he said sparkled with a style that was all his own. The more I contemplate him and recall to mind his charming personality, the tones of his full rich voice, his ease of movement, the words that "came trippingly on the tongue," and his incomparable use of metaphor, the more I am covinced that it is almost vain to strive to do him justice.

He was heroic and in polemics was a perfect stranger to defeat, yet his great heart was as sensitive and gentle as a girl's. His industry taxed his strength to its limits, but the fruit of his labor he bestowed with a lavish hand.

> For his bounty,
> There was no Winter in it; an Autumn 'twas
> That grew the more by reaping."

He would ever answer a friend in need, in Antonio's words: "My purse, my person, my extremest means lie all unlocked to your occasion."

The memory of this great and loving man is dearly cherished by me, and I often read his words to be thrilled anew by his gems of thought. "For age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."

Ingersoll left us but a brief while ago, and as I think of him, as the days fly on, this thought possesses me:—

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again."

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. HEARST

MR. HEARST is more or less a mystery to certain advanced thinkers. They see him publishing a great paper, with an enormous circulation, and with a policy which is, on the whole, very Socialistic, and whose editorials are the strongest to be found in any American daily, and yet they are always prepared for the most glaring inconsistency on his part at any moment. For instance, one day they find him showing up the absolute impossibility of doing anything in the way of destroying the Trust, because the Trust represents the natural evolution of industry, and the next day he comes out with an editorial declaring for the destruction of so-called Criminal Trusts, whereas by his own analysis he has shown that the Trust cannot be *criminal*, because it is simply a creation of natural law. Again, he will show the impossibility of one's obtaining justice under the existing competitive system, when the machinery of production is owned by a few great monopolists, and then he follows with an editorial to the effect that all one has to do in order to get along, is to attend strictly to the employment in which God has seen fit to place him in this world. Later on, he will have an editorial showing that all the poverty on this earth is not traceable to the monopoly of the earth by the Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers, but to the drinking of whiskey by the workingmen; and then, to cap the climax, if more were needed to confuse people as to his sincerity, he keeps on putting before the public in a delicate manner, by quoting from other papers, the great desirability of Mr. Hearst's being elected President of the United States.

It seems to me that from his own standpoint, and from whatever way we may look at it, this last stroke is the worst possible policy. I can conceive how, in order to keep all classes of readers and hold his advertisers, he must give all sorts of views as to what should be done, and advocate temperance, the destruction of Trusts, national ownership of Trusts, Tariff Reform, and everything else which will bring fish into his net; but when he utilizes his paper to boom himself for the Presidency, he immediately makes a large number of people feel that after all he does not mean anything he says, but simply says his say in order to place himself in the Presidential chair.

My own theory regarding Mr. Hearst is a very simple one. He is following an irresistible law of his nature to bring about harmony in the universe, but he is ignorant as to how to do it. He is also following an irresistible law which forces him to take care of his own individuality, and the result of his ignorance of economic laws on the one hand, together with his extreme egotism on the other, has the effect of making many people misunderstand him.

THE MISSION OF MR. HEARST

W. ENGLISH WALLING

THERE are three great organizations making for Socialism in the United States, the Socialist party, the trades' unions and the Hearst syndicate of newspapers.

The N. Y. Journal, the N. Y. American, the Chicago American and the San Francisco Examiner have been prominently the newspapers of the working classes. They give the people what they want and what they need. They are read by nearly all the workingmen of the cities where they are published and by an incalculable number outside of them. Editorially, they are almost all that could be desired by the most revolutionary Socialist. In the true militant spirit, they seize on every occasion to expose the inward workings of the capitalist parties, the capitalist financiers and capitalist society; not in the spirit of envy or bitterness, but with humor, vivacity, amiability and even sympathy when occasion allows.

The trades' unions have no more staunch ally outside of their own ranks. Nowhere in the country has the trade union argument been presented more powerfully than in the Hearst papers. The official literature of the American Federation of Labor cannot compare with it in force or enthusiasm.

The so-called "friends of labor" almost invariably make some reservation in their endorsement of trades' unions, of sufficient scope utterly to incapacitate the union were it allowed. The most common of these reservations is the widespread and inexplicable friendliness for the scab. In a recent editorial, The Journal has this to say on the subject (December 12, 1902):

"Men cannot stand alone. They must combine to enforce their rights and advance their interests. The individual who refuses to join his fellows for the common benefit, so far from being the "hero" that President Eliot of Harvard College acclaims him, is the hut burner of Mr. Gomper's illustration—a source of danger to his fellows, a betrayer of the common interest. He deserves no respect or good will from workingmen and is entitled to no sympathy, whatever, from anybody when he finds himself disliked, looked down upon and shunned by union men."

Later (February 2, 1903), the "scab" is effectively disposed of as one who is "commonly an inferior workman, often with bad habits added to his incapacity."

Not satisfied with a defense of the unions' much questioned tactics toward non-union men, The Journal goes further (December 15, 1902), and endorses Mr. Gomper's defense of strikes in their most revolutionary aspect. Beginning with a quotation from Mr. Gompers, the editorial says:

"We don't want to strike. There is no fun in a strike, no enjoyment. There is some experience, of an unkind and unsympathetic character. But people who won't fight when driven to the last resort, will never have their honor or their interests respected."

Bad as strikes are—productive as they are of loss and hardships while

they last—Mr. Gompers is profoundly right when he declares :

"There are some things worse than strikes—degradation, demoralization and a cowardly manhood. There comes a time when to refuse to strike is to sign the enslavement of the workers."

This constitutes the justification of the most revolutionary methods as a last resort.

Not only does The American justify the practice of the trades' unions, but it defends the principles underlying them. It justifies their attempt to "get as much as possible for what they do" on "business principles." Here is a justification of the Socialist doctrine of distribution in the same phrase with an implied condemnation of the whole system of private profit—a condemnation made in the plainest terms in another editorial in the same number (February 2nd) on the "American Captains of Industry" :

"A few years ago 600,000 armed men were ready to fight to the death, basing the righteousness of their cause upon the righteousness of human slavery. Today all of these men are glad that slavery is ended and not one would make a slave of a human being whatever the profit."

"Today there exists another slavery, which may be called industrial slavery. The great majority of human beings are the slaves of industrial conditions. Their bodies and souls are not owned in the eye of the law, but they are owned in the eye of *necessity*, and they are owned *in fact*."

The unions have not failed to respond to these yeoman efforts in their behalf. The papers have been endorsed by union after union, and it is only with difficulty that the rank and file can be prevented from expressing their gratitude by a personal endorsement of the energetic, erratic owner of the papers for the office to which he is almost ludicrously unsuited.

Since these journals have done this much for the vanguard of the labor movement, what may be expected when the militant battalions heave in sight! So far we can say this much: on no occasion when Socialism has been mentioned, have any of the papers failed to receive it with open arms. Within the past three months there have been editorials praising in the warmest terms French Socialism, German Socialism, and the movement for municipal Socialism in England. In disapproval of French Socialism some public man said, "Everywhere the Socialists are composed of those who are discontented with existing conditions." On the other side, The American says that intelligent people all over the world are becoming discontented with existing conditions, and ought to become discontented with them. Of the German movement, The American says that it represents the only uplifting and hopeful movement in the Empire. Nor have any of the papers made any direct attacks on the Socialist parties in this country.

No one can deny that all three of the Hearst papers are endeavoring to work for and within the Democratic Party. But they are by no means mere party sheets. The Democratic Party which they favor is that small radical element which is causing the whole party to evolve a more intelligent and progressive program. The corrupt and reactionary elements they never fail to criticize and oppose, when occasion arises. There is a tremendous advantage in fighting against an intelligent enemy. Socialists have every reason for wishing the Hearst papers success in their onslaught on the "moss-backs" and reactionaries of the Democratic Party. The bitterest criticism that the Socialists have laid against that party has always been the confusion that has reigned within it. If we divide the Democratic party into four parts, the "solid South," the "moss-back"

farmers of the West, the corrupt machines of the cities, and the intelligent, but much bewildered radicals, we find that the Hearst newspapers have constantly opposed the first three elements and have turned all their energy in an attempt to educate the last and to bring it into a position of commanding power. Whether they can succed so as not only to bring the scattered and confused radicals together, but to force that element into control of the party, is a question of the gravest doubt, but the heroic effort that they are making to accomplish this end is producing socialists by the thousand and preparing the way for Socialism, just as surely as the trades' unions or the Socialist Party itself.

That the attempt will fail, may be gathered from the interviews with the Southern Congressmen and Senators which The Journal, in its usual spirit of fairness, has been publishing on its editorial page. Almost to a man these men are opposed to government ownership and all other progressive measures. From the Socialist standpoint there is only one serious trouble with the Hearst papers; which is, that they show a blind faith that the Democratic Party can be and will be converted to Socialism. Socialists have abandoned it long ago as a hopeless wreck.

Whether the underlying motive of Mr. Hearst is purely commercial, or whether the success of his papers is mainly a matter of personal ambition, is beside the point. Whether these papers will succeed in their attempt to convert the Democratic Party to Socialism or not, is beside the point. In either case, their agitation is equally able, powerful, and we might almost say, sufficient for the purpose of converting the mass of the people to Socialistic principles.

Where else but among Socialists can we hear a speech like this?

"After a while people will catch all the drones and put them to work. After a while the man that doesn't work will be loathed, whether he is a millionaire or a tramp. After a while the man that does work will be the only honored man, whether he saws wood or fires a locomotive."

And where can we find a stronger recognition of the Materialist Philosophy than in these lines?

"By some well-meaning writers we are told that poverty is a blessing, that the poor are the really happy, and are to be envied. . . . .

"Dire poverty is the worst of curses. It combines every kind of suffering, physical, mental, moral, and in the end it means either death or degradation. . . . .

"Poverty means dirt.

"The thoughtless and comfortable have a way of saying: 'The poor might at least be clean.' But cleanliness is a *luxury;* it demands leisure and peace of mind, as well as bathtub, soap, hot water and good plumbing. The very poor cannot be clean.

"Poverty means ignorance, and it means ignorance handed down from father to son.

"Poverty means drunkenness. The pennies of *poor* men and *poor* women pay for more than half of the vile whiskey, gin and other poisons that men buy to help them forget.

"Poverty and its sister, Ignorance, fill the jails and the insane asylums.

"Poverty is the mother of disease, and it fills the hospitals.

"Tens of thousands of consumptives alone are murdered every year by poverty. They are too poor to do that which is required to save their lives. . . . .

"Do you know what made the Revolution and changed conditions in France? It was not poverty. Not a single poor man was a leader in that Revolution. Every one of them was well fed, had a well-nourished brain — Danton, Robespiere, Marat, Desmoulins, Mirabeau—every one a well-fed brain in a vigorous body.

"The labor unions and the great strikes, although sometimes unwise and unreasonable, are great blessings to the Nation. They compel the worker to get such pay as will feed himself and his children, giving the Nation well-fed brains. The Union is the enemy of poverty, and for that reason especially it is an agent for good.

"As poverty breeds ignorance, so ignorance breeds poverty. The greatest enemy of poverty is the Public School. Work and vote, therefore, ior public school betterment. Miserable women walk the streets by thousands on cold nights—poverty has put them there.

"Hundreds of thousands of children are born only to struggle for a few years through a stunted infancy — poverty digs their graves. For one genius that has fought and conquered in spite of poverty, ten thousand have sunk out

of sight in the fight against the worst of enemies. Don't waste time extolling the blessings of poverty—use your energies to diminish poverty's curse, and to improve humanity by giving it the full efficiency which freedom from worry alone can give."

What matter if there may be found elsewhere in the paper partisan Democratic propaganda and a few inaccurate, or even reckless, exaggerations of the news. With such a thunderous appeal ringing in a reader's ears no ordinary news item can live in the memory. And, whatever, else may be said, certainly there is no planned attempt in the news columns to slight any important phase of the labor movement.

Finally, we have an admission that is on the very verge of complete Socialism. In the discussion of the coal ownership plank, The Journal first attempts to put before the reader the objections of the conservative mind, as follows: "The Democratic proposal of government ownership goes deeper than the coal mines. It is the principle involved. If the government should take the mines, a dangerous precedent would be set. We should be started on the high road to Socialism, to government ownership of all industries, all property. That is the logic of the plank." This logic The American does not try to dodge, but accepts fully the ultimate goal of government ownership. If we have government ownership of the industries, while the people own the government (also one of the accepted principles of the Hearst papers), we have the foundation for all that Socialism asks.

"When dreamers and thinkers—the men who walk ahead of their time and break the trail for progress—tell the world how it could banish poverty, and all the sin and misery that poverty is responsible for, if it would but cease being selfish and narrow and dishonest—if the world would but agree in practice that justice and generosity are better than injustice and egotism—the reply is ever heard:

"'Oh, yes; that is all very fine, but we won't have the millenium until there is a change in human nature.'

"There is nothing the matter with human nature. . . . .

"It is the environment, not human nature, that is at fault. . . . .

"Americans have now been taught so well by experience that they now unquestioningly welcome as a benefactor anyone who appears with a device for improving the machinery of production.

"The space between the Carnegie steel works and the village blacksmith shop, between a locomotive and an ox-cart, between the cloth factory and the spinning wheel, marks the advance of improvement in the machinery of production.

"But how about the machinery of distribution?

"That is still almost in the blacksmith shop and ox-cart stage.

"We have gone forward wonderfully in the art of making in enormous quantities the good things of life, but the art of dividing them fairly has yet to be mastered.

"We see a few piling up fortunes so gigantic that they bewilder the world, but the masses of men still live from hand to mouth. Poverty accompanies progress like its shadow. Little children work in factories that are supplied with the very latest machinery. In this new country, overflowing with wealth, natural and acquired, women by the million go out daily as wage-earners.

"Labor does not get what it is worth.

"That is the cause of poverty."

And here is a principle which underlies the whole labor movement — a principle which when granted, must ultimately lead to Socialism.

After this conclusion, to which every Socialist will agree, and which is after all a conclusion of the very first importance, the editorial goes on to say:

"Labor does not get what it earns because we tolerate monopoly — private ownership of the nation's natural resources, private ownership of its highways and private ownership of public utilities of *all kinds*."

This conclusion, though less scientific than the Socialist principle, and inferior to it in every way, is yet a very broad one, and if *properly stretched* would include every Socialist proposal. "Public Utilities" is an expression with all the advantages as well as the disadvantages of vagueness.

Look for a moment at some of the achievements of the Hearst papers;—their exposures of public frauds and crime, their thorough-going American

policy, the striking and brilliant literary ability with which everything is expressed, the spirit of optimism and belief in human nature which underlies all; the scathing rebukes dealt out to such men as President Baer and ex-Speaker Reed. In all this they excel anything that we can possibly expect from the able and courageous, but poverty-stricken Socialist press.,

There is an individual and social morality that exists only as an outgrowth of Socialist philosophy. Such a morality is to be seen in all of the editorials of The Evening Journal; the editor, Mr. Arthur Brisbane so brilliantly points a moral to the men and events of the day. All this is applied Socialism of the highest and most serviceable kind. It is perhaps the best way to prepare the ground for a social program. Readers who have never given a thought to any social problem may be stirred and led by the splendidly sympathetic editorials on waiters, on office women or the postmen. With not a single false note they lay bare the life problem of these people, so that the most obstinate reader cannot fail to see what it is and to be stirred to an intelligent sympathy with them. None but a Socialist pen would draw such pictures.

Look at the policy of the papers! It is noticeable that the plank "Destroy the Criminal Trusts" has not appeared for many weeks. This is the most unintelligent and confusing doctrine that the papers have indulged in and evidently was inserted at the order of the business manager and against the advice of the editors. The main principle which runs through all the editorials and is insisted upon on every occasion is that the only remedy for existing evils is in the ballot box. It is only once in a very long while that the ballot box is made synonymous with a Democratic vote.

We have been speaking almost entirely of the editorial policy of these papers; but the editorial policy also permeates their news columns. It is well known that the news of the modern newspaper is received either by telegraph or telephone, and is entirely rewritten at the office. Of course this work is handed over to the less capable and less well paid members of the staff, and is not so consistently and ably done as the main editorials on the back sheet, but the tendency is all in the same direction. In the news column there is no question that mathematical accuracy is lacking and that the presentation of the news is more hurried than conscientious. It is evident that those who are doing the writing have not as clear-cut Socialist principles, as many might desire. It is equally evident that the paper is not devoted exclusively to the teaching of the Socialist doctrine. Nor would this be desirable. Intelligent comment on the social news of the day is one of the functions of the modern paper. Other functions are to amuse, to educate, and to lend practical help to the people. In news columns, as in editorials, the Hearst papers are not scientifically Socialist; they do not present a complete case for Socialism or the working class; they are not absolutely logical, but they are in every phrase and every line and every work intensely and thoroughly human—and entirely devoted to American ideals and the American people.

[Regarding Mr. Hearst as either a seeker for money or a seeker for fame, one cannot view him in quite the harsh light one would were he considered merely as a teacher of false economics. In whatever light we may look upon him, however, we are forced to acknowledge that the trend of public opinion is moving rapidly toward Socialism, when it is generally admitted that the Brisbane editorials sell the papers. H.G.W.]

"NEW ZEALANDISM" AND SOCIALISM

MURRAY E. KING

THE *laissez-faire* doctrine is the ideal reflection of the political revolution that ushered in the Nineteenth Century. The state was to be limited strictly to the "essentials" of government—the so-called preservation of public peace, health and morality; the individual was to be "let alone" to cleave out a path for himself in a world of conflicting forces. Capitalism grew apace and broke out into "virulent and oppressive individualism" which rendered public peace, health and morality, alike incompatible with a continuance of this doctrine. The erstwhile *laissez-faire* doctrinaire broke back to cover and assisted the State, under the stress of sheer self-preservation, to put a bridle into the mouth of this monster he had helped to unchain. Then came that vast body of statutes and regulations—factory laws, trade restrictions, etc.—so prominent in English and continental European legislation, and to a very much less extent in the United States, all aiming at the domestication of the monster in order to avoid the necessity of killing him. This movement toward state control or regulation of enterprises impliedly private perhaps reached its climax in that insular "workingman's paradise," New Zealand.

Those Socialists who point out such acts of legislation as an exemplification of the practicability of Socialism afford an example of stragglers who have unwittingly strayed into the camp of the enemy.

Where do we stand in this long-drawn-out controversy, which in the last analysis, is a question of state sovereignty or individual sovereignty? We belong on the side of the individual and not upon the side of the "State." We lean, if I may be permitted to stretch a point, to the *laissez-faire* side. We rather are disciples of Rousseau, Voltaire and Jefferson than followers of John Bright or Premier Seddon. The whole tendency of recent legislation, which Benjamin Kidd says is a "tendency to equip at the general expense the lower and weaker against the higher and wealthier classes of the community," or in other words an attempt to secure social equality by artificial means, this whole tendency is *from us* and not *with us*. Yet so persistently does this tendency fasten itself upon the Socialist movement, so deeply has it interpenetrated the consciousness of many who speak and write for the Socialist cause, that almost the total array of opposition is against *it* and not against *us*. What a stimulus the Socialist movement would receive; how its latent possibilities would be developed, if only by some means we could inveigle our opponents

into attacking *Socialism* and not this bogie man of straw!

Broadly speaking, State interference in private enterprises, recognized as such by law, arises from the necessity under the pressure of capitalism for governmental (not social) self-preservation, and its tendency to manifest itself in behalf of the "lower" and "weaker" against the higher and wealthier classes of the community, springs from a large body of humanitarian feeling which is the special product of our times.

And there is the ideological side of this movement; thoughts have been born out of it to find for it a rational sanction. What is the fundamental concept that has grown from this movement? This concept is that present social inequalities arise from innate individual differences hastening to their logical outcome through lack of intelligent public control. It says, primitively the strong man is strong because he is strong; the weak man is weak because he is weak. These are expressions of innate differences between persons and all legislation must be gauged to fit this immutable fact. The function of state is to lift up the weak and restrain the strong—to legislate equality into existence, as far as possible, and afterwards to maintain this equality by means of wise and far-reaching acts of legislation. "Weakness" excites its sympathy; "strength" stirs up its anxiety. Its mode of development is fostering care for the weak man and restrictions for the inordinately strong. Its ideal is man made perfect by perfect laws. Its direction is unquestionably towards paternalism.

When the Socialist orator stirs the sympathy of the audience for the downtrodden, helpless laborer and speaks of the duty of the government to "provide" employment, to "provide" homes and proper nourishment, to "provide" education, etc.; when he compares the State to the loving mother who gives special care to the weakling because the able-bodied son can shift for himself; when he cries for the curbing of "unrestrained individualism" he is giving rationalistic sanction to a movement that has very little if anything in common with Socialism. The prevalence of such ideas is so common among those working for Socialism that further allusion to them is unnecessary.

Such notions are utterly shocking to the spirit of Socialism. That all succeeding generations of humanity are condemned to a sempiternal recrudescence of maladjusting forms of individualism it rejects with horror. That there exists in nature any necessity for such artificial makeshifts as "equipping" one part of society against another part it repudiates with contempt. That there is anything in the normal unfolding of individuality that needs restraining it cannot admit. That governmental care and favoritism and governmental "providing" can act in any way but derogatory to the recipient is contrary to its whole philosophy. Its main attack is directed against such "equipping," such "providing," such statutory favoritism. It is exactly this governmental paternalism that has helped so much towards equipping a favored class with social forces that well-nigh render its position impregnable. Stripped of the favoritism of law and the resultant powers of precedent and tradition how long would capitalism last? Scarcely a day. Like the old doctrine of *laissez-faire*, Socialism teaches that the individual will work out his destiny best with the

least possible intervention of personal authority in the shape of an organized governmental officialdom; but it adds, he must work it out environed in his true social relationships. This addenda is the heritage of the Nineteenth Century so rich in sociological discoveries.

The pernicious error that social inequalities have their source in the person, which is the corner-stone of all individualist air-castles, thanks to evolution, has received its eternal quietus. Thought is at last relieved of this incubus that gave to theology its doctrine of total depravity and to political economy its topsy-turvy notion that social institutions are the outgrowths of individuals. Individuals are the outgrowths of social institutions, is the final dictum of science. We are products; our personal abilities, disabilities and proclivities are products having their roots in social inter-relationships, past and present. Economic conditions are the soil whence we draw our material and moral nutriment. Life is a unit. Human life is a dynamic unit manifesting itself in unequal forms because of the unequal distribution of moral and physical nutriment in the economic soil. A change of economic base would entail corresponding changes in the manifestations of personal character. Life's manifestations in dissimilar forms may be broadly classified as variegation and inequality. Variegation is innate, and arises from the fact that life cannot duplicate itself. Inequality is economic, and is subject to change or disappearance. Two trees of different degrees of thriftiness represent the same quality of life expressing itself under unequal conditions. Had the conditions been equal the trees would have still displayed variety, but their dissimilitude could not have been expressed in terms of equality. Inequality is not the natural variegation of human life; it is the existence of different classes on different economic planes; it is social stratification. The common human life growing from a common economic root may blossom into myriad varieties of being, but it cannot manifest itself unequally. How can it?

Such is the revelation of the evolutionary sciences. Such is their glory and triumph. They come into the domain of thought, like the chemist to his laboratory, prepared to handle social problems as quantitive and qualitative entities. They proclaim social inequalities the outgrowths of social systems; behind these phenomena they find the economic cause; the spiritual laboratory is completed; henceforth character and happiness may be treated as reducible social quantities.

How does Socialism regard the inequalities manifested under the capitalist system? It regards capitalism as the manifestation of a social favoritism which bestows social power on the capitalist class through the operation of the brutal law of commercial selection. With the individual it has no quarrel; it is against this social favoritism that must necessarily operate through this brutal economic law that its attack is directed. There is nothing in individual character, *per se*, that it condemns or fears; it is the economic necessity that bestows all social powers on the *commercially selected* that it inveighs against. The "weakness" that the humanitarian so much deplores is not individual weakness, as he supposes, but it represents a deprivation of social power. The "strength" that gives him so much anxiety represents a monopoly of social power. Capitalism is not "unrestrained individualism,"

as he would have us believe, but rather it is economic idolatry. It is the stubborn refusal of men to exercise their economic functions in order that they may bear them as gifts to their gods. The Pantheon of Commerce is the last citadel of superstition. The Socialist is an iconoclast.

All that is needed is a recognition of relationships that actually exist. Common wants have bound us inseparably together. The property of the Standard Oil Company bears a vital relation to me and I bear a vital relation to it. My birth, to the full amount of my consumptive capacity to use oil, adds a value to it. It furnishes me with a living necessity. This necessity was begotten by the same civilization that gave it utility. I am entitled to an interest in this property exactly commensurate with the value my existence gives it. The same is true of every other person in the scope of the Standard Oil Company's influence. Conjointly our existence gives it all the value it possesses. The value is really not in the property but in our necessities; for all value or wealth is the social power to command service, and only through my wants are others able to command me. Consequently we created all the value that exists in the Standard Oil Company's holdings. That value is ours. It began with our first wants, it will cease with our last. Cannot be recognized in fact? The same is true of every enterprise that supplies the general demand. Our consumptive capacities are the social values that constitute what is called capital; our productive capacities are our private title to all we create. The civilized being, through no fault of his, is heir to civilized wants and necessities; each of these wants or necessities constitutes a definite social value that inevitably materializes into the great productive and distributive properties. What is wanted is a change to an economic base that will not require the transference of the ownership of these vital social values.

There is another relationship. The farmer raises wheat; for himself? No. He cannot subsist on wheat alone; for the market. The manufacturer (or rather his "men") makes baking powder also for the consuming public, because baking alone cannot sustain existence. It is the consuming public in each case that is to use the products and it is the consuming public that gave them existence by originating the demand for them, and it also pays for the producing of them. The producers in each instance have no further interest in the products than obtaining a livelihood from their production. Their sufficiency, continuity and purity are all problems that vitally concern the consumer. Even the price is as vital to him as to the producer. Yet the producer refuses to recognize this fact and stoutly maintains that he is conducting a private business—working for himself. The wholesome truth that social evolution is forcing upon us is that nowadays no man can work for himself. Should the consuming public withdraw its patronage from these men their means of livelihood would be cut off. Their only alternative, could they survive the ordeal, would be to actually work each for himself as did his ancient prototype, the primitive savage. But at what fearful sacrifices! Not only would they lose leisure, literature, luxury and love, but security of person and the opportunity to choose a specialized employment, which is the economic expression of individuality. There then is a natural relation between the consumer and the producer:

cannot this relation be recognized in fact? The consumer has a right to see to it that the producer does not mix alum and ammonia in his daily fare, squander the means and opportunities of production in useless commercial strife, or limit production by imposing a condition of organized poverty. A close analysis of the question reveals the relation that exists between consumers and producers to be a relation that has already been established in the political and juridical fields; it is a well understood relation outcropping in economics; it is the relation of constituents and representatives. It is but a further extension of the Democratic principle that we should exercise sovereign power over all interests that in any way affect our lives. It is just as urgent that each individual secure representation in the manifold processes of production as in the manifold processes of law. It is just as vital to the well being of each and every one of us that we make responsible to us the man who makes our coats as the man who makes our codes. The rise of the individual to the representative, democratic, relationship is the central feature of social progress; it foreshadows the ultimate attainment of complete sovereignty. The rise of man to complete sovereignty implies only the acknowledgment of social relations that actually exist. It implies the normal relation between the individual and society. It implies the reduction of government to an instrument of service and the executors of the public will to a body of public servants. It implies a full individual command over social forces. It implies the growth of all individualities from a common economic root, or social solidarity; for when every individual is represented in every process of production and law we grow from a common soil, which is the indivisible wealth of the material and moral world.

The change of economic base implied in the simple recognition of vital social relations will render the individual invulnerable to all future encroachments. It will give him a command over social forces never guaranteed to him before. Sovereignty over the processes of production implies the power to conserve them and lift them to their highest standard of efficiency. Ample wealth for all means ample wealth for each. Ample wealth for each means absolute social power for the individual; it gives him the key that opens all the gates to opportunity and the means to embark on any enterprise of mind or soul. The maximum of service given to society means the maximum of service extracted from society. As a producer I am society's economic representative and execute its sovereign will. When I am a consumer society is my economic representative in the myriad processes of production: it is my servant; it lays at my feet its pleasures and treasures, and rushes to and fro to do my bidding. This is the economic norm; it comprehends the norm of moral law.

The stupenduous moral wealth of normal society can be dimly guessed when we comprehend the character it will give to the struggle for existence. The most vital activities rally to the preservation of self. In a world where self-centered activity is the frail economic thread on which our lives are suspended, cunning, selfishness, brutal disregard of others, are the passport to success. Such traits have no value in a society founded on public service; only those qualities that make for efficient public service are payable on presentation. When personal safety and security of

existence depend wholly on the purity and efficiency of public service the instinct of self-preservation will unerringly enforce that condition, but in so doing it will transform itself into a new moral force—social self-preservation. Commercial selection will be replaced by social selection where each will cash himself at his social worth. The principle of representation, democracy, having broken into every industrial group, will forever put an end to the irresponsibility, the arbitrariness, the isolation, and the idiocy of ownership. The creative function, production, will receive the sanctification of service, and the currents of our being will rush joyously to feed the River of Life that flows forever from chaos to cosmos. One of the most far-reaching moral transformations will be the centering of all the social powers and functions in the individual, forming as they will in each person powerful springs of activity; for the social functions are the true roots of individual character, and social power is the essential element of liberty.

The tendency toward state control or regulation of property that culminated in the New Zealand experiment is widely divergent in origin, issues and aims from Socialism. On the one hand we behold the political State forced by the encroachments of capitalism to enlarge its functions and restrain its most active invaders; on the other hand we witness a revolt of the victims of capitalism assuming the proportions of a world-wide struggle for representation in economic institutions like that struggle for representation that gave us political democracy. In the first instance we behold an effort to secure more equal conditions by artificial means; in the second an intelligent movement toward that natural equality that flourishes on a common economic soil, which soil is the indivisible wealth of the moral and material universe. The first says, man is selfish because he is selfish; restrain selfishness, uplift weakness. The second says there is a cause for destructive selfishness, there is a cause for weakness; remove the cause and selfishness will find useful channels and weakness will uplift itself. The one mistrusts because it does not understand man. The other possesses that illimitable faith that rests on the terra firma of positive science. The two movements promise radically different results. A state gradually extending its functions from above is continually training a large class of officials to a consciousness of "State interests," while those outside of the charmed circle of official life have no such training. The governing apparatus tends to an abnormal development. The State comes to mean to those in the private walks of life the organized officialdom, a something quite distinct and having distinct interests from themselves, as is the case with the governments of to-day. The organized officialdom not being necessarily a part of the social life is a parasite—a capitalist—of the worst kind. It may be actuated by the most benevolent motives; it may seek to uplift the "weak," restrain the "strong," but its presence is an excresence on the social life. The existence of such a State is a guarantee of the perpetuation of capitalism. It arrests the growth of the social organism. Political governments extending their functions are by no means the same as society extending its functions by centering them more and more in the individual, its unit and representative. The encroachment of the political state into the field of industry is a menace alike to capital and labor. It fetters capital

with intolerable restrictions and prevents it attaining its norm of efficiency and centralization. It legalizes labor's bondage by giving the working class a legal status. The increased security and bodily comfort it gives labor are indeed trivial compensation for labor's loss of sovereignty.

In a word the distinction between Socialism and the extension of the modern State toward the control of industry is that Socialism is the movement of the individual from below upward to the conquest of all the social functions and the reduction of government and the governing to instruments of service, while the extension of the modern State is a movement downwards from above toward making the people instruments of governmental care. In its final aspect it is a question of individual sovereignty or the sovereignty of the State. And what is sovereignty? Sovereignty is control of social relations. State sovereignty is such control wholly or in part by the State. Individual sovereignty, elementally, is the natural mastership of each individual over his or her social relations; in the social structure this mastership assumes an organic form. Individual sovereignty means government by constituencies; it foredooms to extinction the last vestige of personal authority or officialism.

SOCIETY AND ART

FREDERIC W. BURRY

THAT product of Modern Civilization called Society is supposed to be first of all the patron of Art. It assumes this claim for itself, and as in most things, the people follow suit yielding to the "leaders" of the social ranks every claim.

In Society, what is not up to its peculiar standard of Art is excluded. Its conventions, its canons, its customs, are hard and fast. And its standard of Art gets as near as possible to what is not real, what is affected, what is artificial, what is a sham. All suggestions of labor, expression, appreciation, life, actuality, are tabooed in Society. It is an institution of veils and clothes—and a very aged and worn and wrinkled vesture it is, to be sure.

An age of Art has always been the dream of poets and the aspiring ones. This was the Golden Age, the Era full of promise and potentiality, that they could prophetically dimly see emerging out of the matrice of Time. An age of beauty, of harmony, when not only with words and sounds and pictures men should portray their ideals, but in the panorama of real life.

In Society, Art is dead. Its worship of Art is idolatry; for it (deliberately and purposely) mistakes the symbol

for the reality, the image for the thing signified. Society has no Heart, and therefore cannot understand Art. It is too mechanical, too mathematical—it is all technic, and no expression, no soul. In Society, Art is a matter of tags, labels, figures, numbers.

Society has marble statues, but it understands not their meaning; it has books, but they are not interpreted; its music also falls on unappreciative and deaf ears.

Society has lost its Life.

Grimly enough, the term Society is by general usage confined to the wealthy classes, the people of means and station; the great majority are the forsaken ones; they are outside Society. Very often, this is most literally the case, for if you have no money you are not wanted anywhere.

This talk about the sacredness of property and the rights of capital seems absurd, when one is brought face to face with the actual state of affairs. If the text-books and laws do not assist the pursuit of happiness, it is difficult to see why we should cling to them or reverence them. If rich and poor alike, in one way or another, are made miserable by the provisions and proportions of wealth, it is surely time to make some kind of a change.

Everywhere there is a lack of appreciation; people's senses are benumbed. The rich have things; but custom places screens and barriers in front of them. There is no possession without appreciation—and it is vulgar to appreciate; it is vulgar to be natural; of course, art is artificial.

Art must be of service before it can be worthy of our attention. Its mission is to raise our lives, to mould our character, to make us happier and stronger individualities. It is ever hand in hand with labor; the best Art is that which portrays existence.

Those Artists (and I am using the word in the widest possible sense) who have come out of the beaten track of old schools, which had become marked with many of the false caprices of Society, have invariably been hooted by the conservative ones, even by the older artists themselves, who could not bear to see established precedents set aside so ruthlessly.

The greatest artists portray Nature; they are Realists, Impressionists. And how ungainly they and their work appear to the hot-house cultured scions of Society.

True, in due time, Society "accepts" the "new schools"—pretends to understand these "masterpieces of genius." Heavens, it knows nothing—it neither understands the old or the new—it is all pretence!

What an existence, to go on day after day, merely following with the tide — doing nothing, originating nothing!

The works of artists are of no account unless they impel us to create something glorious, to give expression to our capabilities, in our own sphere.

Artists are men whose souls cry out for a better life than the moribund average. They have ideals; and they give them expression in sculpture, painting, music, words—but Art must go further than this; it must become Incarnate. It must become Animated.

Mental Expression is nothing without Physical Expression—to this it leads. Let us not mistake the shadow for the substance. True artists have a very practical message for the world; they are reformers; and reformers are artists.

Artists are heralds of the Future. And they also come with good cheer

and encouragement and incentive for Today.

Those alleged artists whose work is kept severely within the prescribed limits of Society can only produce very inferior stuff. Art is preeminently nonconforming. To endeavor to fit it into the narrow moulds and grooves of Society is to produce an ungainly contortion.

I am using the word Society as representative of the dominating thought—of those who hold the reins of action. With very few exceptions, the Others, though so numerous, follow unthinkingly, blindly, dumbly.

So—in the past. But if ever people *en masse* were beginning to think, they are now. The atmosphere is charged with strong dynamic thought. Waves of a lofty ambition and idealism are in the air. People are being aroused by the negative currents of wholesome discontent and the positive currents of human aspiration which are now encircling the earth. Society from its centre to its circumference and very edge is being permeated with new thought. The concept of Oneness, with all that this suggests and signifies, is shattering the ridiculous walls that have imprisoned mankind.

All things work together for final justice. Nature makes a virtue of expediency—a law of necessity. In her motherly ways, she adjusts and renews with as little friction as possible. Thus she moves by the law of evolution and attraction—everything gravitating towards more and more perfect harmony.

From the formation of suns and planets to the petty mean actions of men in business this principle of attraction is the universal law. It is impossible to get out of the reach of its activities. For a season, man may limit its working, but in the long run the cosmic principle of Justice cannot be cheated; the law of compensation forever holds sway.

At periods, called epochs, there come what may be called days of Reckoning. Life is a system of tides, of arcs, of cycles; and there are times of special precipitation, of marked ascension or descension.

We are now at the threshold of an epoch. Why just at this time we should be entering on any particular Era, of descension or ascension, it is not necessary here to enquire into. But that such is the fact is demonstrable. It needs no proof; it needs no wonderful clear vision to perceive; we have but to open our physical eyes and look.

Of course, we are entering an Era of Ascension. Though, to be sure, there will be some distinguished catastrophes in the Social world, as there have been before when events took an extra whirl or revolution. Nothing serious will happen—and then you cannot say that national confiscations of dangerous toys and privileges are really catastrophes.

After all, the pretty things that Society keeps to itself are not worthy of our envy. This Society-life is an entombed life. Always immersed in satiation, no want, no hunger—not even of the soul—O pitiable Society, we, against whom you slam your doors, envy you not. We at least live—you do not.

Our efforts towards reform, then, are not directed with any purpose of taking your possessions from you. What you have got you are welcome to keep—it will not last long, anyway. What we are after are the resources of life; we want the gates of opportunity opened, and the key cast down the bottomless pit; we ask for, we demand, Freedom.

The things you have got, O self-appointed vicegerents of Nature's bounties, great and fine as they seem to be compared to the poverty we the masses have been born and bred in, are but the merest intimation of the supply of the Earth, kept within its bowels, unborn, by your stupidity and greed and perversity.

It is the exclusiveness of Society that keeps it so spiritually poverty-stricken. The shadow of the word "Mine" hangs like a pall over its haggard features. It is secretive, close, self-fettered, suspicious, full of hate. All the finer elements of human nature, love, openness, cheerfulness, naiveness, it knows not—these are vulgar.

It may be said that the individual ought to concern himself with his own personal affairs, and not bother over the reforms of others, of communities and nations. But it is imperative for the individual to have social interests at heart; even from a selfish standpoint, his own happiness and progress requires this. The most secluded man cannot get away from the touch of the social elements; though, it is true, that we who are daily and hourly mixed up with the doings of civilization are the closest in contact with society.

And then there is a glorious principle of solidarity in each personal heart that compels the energies of men, who in a degree recognize humanity's true nature and mutual relationship, to be directed for world-wide objects.

Artists work with this universal end in view. Their productions are works of care and attention, to last through centuries, to be recognized by all men. While a work of Art is not always designed with any intention to instruct, but is generally the spontaneous expression of a soul that aspires, something born because it had to be born, what some would call a play of the emotions—nothing is so fraught with suggestiveness and interpretation as a work of Art. It is a mirror, an image of Life. Those despised emotions! And Artists are well known to be so emotional. But is not emotion the motive power—force, energy? Only to be complemented with intellectual guidance to express and create things?

In thus summing up a few principles of Art, I have not one only nor a few of the Fine Arts in mind; all that is excellent work, useful, ornamental, beautiful, mechanical, are here included.

The work of man should have one purpose before it—the pursuit of happiness. Whatever tends to make healthy and strong characters is worthy of man's time and attention. Work and the products of work should be alike interesting and serviceable. The end of materials is the formation of character. Things are subject to decay and change—they are the shells, the envelopes—but character ever goes on progressing, unfolding, down the ages of infinite duration.

Our surroundings, then, should be representative of the real goal of existence—the birth of character, of ever-expanding consciousness. Our hours and days need to be ruled by system and thought and concentration.

People ought to stop in the midst of their eternal hurry, and ask themselves the meaning of things. Society and Art require interpretation.

There can be no reform without interpretation. It is all very well for a certain class of reformers to look with disdain on the metaphysical and æsthetic presentation of life's problems —talking and writing as they do in a strain that rings with the airs of desperation, destruction, despoliation—who seem to imagine that all social

requirements will be fulfilled if we only tear things down—for do they not say in so many words that a new and perfect social order will rise of its own accordance, if the present system is but overthrown?

However, allowing a place in the sequence of evolution for the iconoclasts and pessimists, surely the most practical ones are those who construct—who dissect and analyze, but only for the purpose of a more harmonious construction. Surely, the builders, the creators, are the scientific ones—and those whose work bears the stamp of material promise and surety.

It is folly to overlook the value of the past and the present—for these are steps leading to the future. The most beautiful and useful things of life are born and reared in the midst of soil and darkness.

The most practical reformer is one who is well-rounded, who would improve what exists, who is bent only on the destruction of barnacles and parasites and impediments, who is prepared to make the most of things, in every possible way, whose creed is hope and not despair, who believes in all humanity.

Therefore, we must be unbiassed in our minds, remembering that the race is growing. We must overlook the little vanities and make-believes—in ourselves and others. At the same time, we need not neglect any opportunity of reminding ourselves or others of the now glaring imperfections and limitations of present-day existence. With all kindness and complacency, let us not become strolling saunterers in this journey of Life.

People need more action. Society needs more action. Art needs more action. A general resurrection is the crying need of the hour.

Men—all men—enshrine multiplex and divers capabilities in their being. Give them expression—expansion. Let things grow. Let them develop.

The world requires to be opened out. The forces of life must be unfolded.

Talk about expeditions, explorations, discoveries—we have it is true got something today, at the commencement of the twentieth century, far superior to the past dark ages; but the age of inventive genius is only beginning.

Men's forces are shackled — and mostly by self-imposed fetters.

The earth is to be made glorious by the touch of Art.

Tradition, authority, precedent, have been exalted to a place of infallibility. Men have been afraid to move on, afraid to trust the voice of their own intuitive convictions, afraid to follow their ideal, which is the product of inherited and acquired experience. And Art is the expression of ideals.

A few have not been afraid. Though sometimes their mental creations bore signs of superstition, crudity, morbidity, they had a live faith in their ideals, and this was sufficient to make them do something that had an enduring impression.

And the majority today are followers of these heroes and originators of the past.

It will be a long time before those who lead in the vanguard of existence are in the majority, before the multitudes give birth to their inner powers, forever latent in them, only waiting for the magic influence of recognition to express themselves. But it will not be a long while before great numbers express their inherent capabilities more fully. We can today observe a marked display of human action. And the world is to be reformed and reconstructed by human action.

In humanity is the centre of Nature's conscious power. Let a man only yield his soul's testimony to the eternal fact of human creativeness, let him but have faith in himself, and behold the dynamic energies of the universe, his universe, his kingdom, are surcharged with additional potency. Nature has waited long ages for this creature man to ascend the throne of mastery and become a creator.

Yes, the works of the departed geniuses are suggestions for all of us to go and do likewise—or rather to do according to our special phase of genius. A genius is one who does something well. All have this capacity. Faith and recognition bring it to the front.

And shall we put off the creation of beautiful things until there is a sweeping social and national change? No; Art calls for immediate attention. Beauty is really an essential attribute of a created thing. Art is really the foundation of an ideal Society.

Though our possibilities are limited by discordant circumstances, let us not forget that difficulties are always disguised opportunities. Was there ever anything great or glorious that was not conceived in the midst of apparent incompetence and even corruption? Have not men been made to achieve through the administration of sundry hard knocks and kicks and spurs?

Without wasting too much time and energy, then, in angry declamations against things as they are, we cannot do better than make a virtue of necessity, thus following Nature's invariable example, and remembering that there is always active a principle of compensation, proceed at once to make something of ourselves.

While it is evident that there are going to be many speedy changes in governments and laws, it is also evident that the most advanced sociological theorists wi'l have to wait some time before their ideas are materialized. Not that there is necessarily any distress in having to wait; on the contrary, when we see the upward trend and gradual improvement and reform, there is a keen delight in watching and aiding the development of society; one feels privileged in living at this unsettled time, and thus able to personally assist in the race's unfoldment.

We do not feel called upon to take any public hand in the social redemption. But if we keep before ourselves our own ideals, trusting ourselves, making the little world just around us better day by day, we are doing well—we may extend our influence later—but surely it is something for a man to be a good example.

The world is influenced by Characters. The Exemplars are silent powers in the world. Yes, an Example is a most appealing sermon; it is a living testimony; it is the strongest statement or affirmation; it is the Word in flesh and blood.

Art is the crown of Science—its eternal complement. Life, as it approaches perfection, becomes a Science and a Fine Art. Our ideals are the moulding material, the creative material. They can be expressed in a measure today; and we shall be able to do more tomorrow. Each act of expression opens out new possibilities. As we follow out our inner suggestions and inspirations, though they may be small, new ones are born.

Life is here for Expression. This is the reason of existence. Expression in its ultimate is Art. Society is a unit; and the action of the personal means a move of the universal. A strong and definite personal move, a characteristic move, will create a marked world-wide vibration. Such activities are being made now—individuals are arousing their long-dormant energies; and thus there is a continuous mutual interchange of sympathy and encouragement—all that is necessary for renewed life and growth.

TALK WITH HOBSON, the English Economist

JOHN SPARGO

[Mr. John A. Hobson, the subject of the following "Interview," is one of the best known and most influential of the younger school of Economists. He was born in Derby, England, in 1858. In 1876 he obtained a scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford University, and graduated with Honors four years later. He took up teaching for some time, and then, when the Oxford University Extension movement spread, he became one of its most popular lecturers. For a number of years he has been a frequent contributor to the leading English and American Reviews, and his published works form a small library in themselves. The following list does not pretend to be by any means complete, but it gives a good idea of his industry as a writer and the wide range of his thought: "The Physiology of Industry" (written in collaboration with A. F. Mummercy): "Problems of Poverty"; "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism"; "The Problem of the Unemployed"; "The South African War"; "John Ruskin"; "Studies in Imperialism"; "The Economics of Distribution," etc.]

PROBABLY no living writer upon economic subjects, outside of the Socialist movement is so widely quoted by Socialists as Mr. John A. Hobson, the well-known English economist. Two of the large number of his published works, "Problems of Poverty" and "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism," have been of inestimable value to many a Socialist propagandist.

Almost a decade ago I heard Mr. Hobson deliver some of the lectures contained in "Problems of Poverty" in the centre of the tin-mining industry of Cornwall, England, under the auspices of the Oxford University Extension Movement. Incidentally, those lectures led to my becoming a Socialist. It is not an unusual thing for the pupil to rush ahead of the teacher.

I had not seen Mr. Hobson from that time until recently, when in response to a kind and cheery note, I called upon him at his hotel here in New York. But during the years which had elapsed since I heard him in Camborne, I had followed his career with marked interest as was, perhaps, quite natural under the circumstances. When he joined my good friend and comrade, Herbert Burrows, and others, in the Ethical Culture propaganda at South Place Institute, London, I felt that it was but the prelude to his declaring himself to be a Socialist; and when he and others took such a brave stand upon the Boer war issue, it seemed to me inevitable that they should join the Socialist movement, especially in view of the utterly demoralized condition of the Liberal Party. And I confess that I felt all the more disposed to esteem lightly sundry beatings and kickings which were administered to me in the sacred name of "Patriotism," by reason of that expectation. But while I do not even now despair it must be set down that neither Mr. Hobson nor the others I have in mind have declared for Socialism.

Hobson is forty-five, but looks older. A tall, spare man, slightly cadaverous,

with a strong accent, he looks like the typical Oxford man he is. One evening shortly after my interview with him, I dropped into Cooper Union to hear his lecture, "England's Political Outlook," and realized as never before, I think, the vast difference between the platform "style" of the two countries. I do not consider Mr. Hobson to be by any means an accomplished orator, though he is certainly a pleasing speaker.

I think the first question I asked Mr. Hobson, when we had exchanged greetings, was concerning English conditions. He looked dolorous and shook his head. "Everything is dead—worse than dead," he said. "There is apparently no moral vitality left; probably never, and certainly not in my time, has such a state of absolute stagnation existed." When I suggested that the stagnation began with the Boer war, or the events immediately prior thereto, he replied that to him it had been apparent long before the war. "But the war was a great factor in the decline of moral sentiment and responsibility," he said. "But I am strongly of opinion that a great awakening must come, and come soon. There must be a tremendous unemployed problem, a period of general depression, and that will stir things up a bit. Then the trades-unions, in view of the Taff Vale Railway decision, must, if they are to exist at all, take up independent political action. Their strength, as unions, as fighting machines, must depend upon their financial resources, and when those are not safe they will have no option but to enter politics."

"And what part will the ethical movement play in the awakening?" I asked him. In view of his position as one of the foremost leaders of the English Ethical movement, his reply was decidedly interesting. "As a definite movement, the Ethical movement has not, in my opinion, much of a future before it," he replied. "It is difficult to stir people with any deep enthusiasm upon such a comprehensive platform of abstract principles as properly belong to Ethical Societies. You need a narrower platform of specific propositions to do that. The societies have done and are doing good, especially among the various churches, but they are very insufficient."

"But what of the Socialist movement?" I asked him and told him how I had expected him to declare himself a Socialist. "I don't know whether you would label yourself a Socialist now," I added.

"No," he said "to be quite frank, I doubt very much whether there is much hope for a definite political Socialist movement in England, or even in America. I don't know so much about America, but speaking from general principles, I am not inclined to think that the Anglo Saxon people will take readily to Socialism of the 'Continental' type. They are not built that way."

As rising out of that remark I asked Mr. Hobson why, in his opinion, in England and America comparatively few men of intellectual prestige, scientists, authors, artists, college professors and the like, identify themselves with the organized Socialist movement. "That's it," he replied. "In Italy or in Germany for example it is very different. They are accustomed to more bureaucratic forms of government than are Englishmen or Americans. Rightly or wrongly, the conception of Socialism which obtains is that of a huge bureaucracy in which there would be no opportunity for individual

development or enterprise. Yes, I know that some Socialists disclaim any intention of destroying private property in its entirety [this in reply to an interjected protest of mine in which I cited Kautsky, Bax and others], but why don't Socialists make it clear? That's where I quarrel with their methods. Why do they persist in publishing demands for the Socialization of *everything* when they only mean *some* things? Why don't they discriminate between things which can, and things which cannot, be privately owned with safety? There are, it seems to me, certain things, which are by their very nature unsafe in any other hands than those of the community, and certain things which are best left in private hands."

"In England at any rate," he continued, "the Socialists are too rigid after the continental fashion, and they repel instead of inviting support. If only they were more tolerant and reasonable, more practical in fact, a strong alliance might be formed between them and the more progressive labor unions and the advanced radicals. Such a combination of forces might win upon a good programme of perfectly practicable proposals. In my judgment these forces could be got together upon a program including some measure of land nationalization, government ownership of railways, some measure for the security of trade unions, and, most important of all in my opinion, at present, government banking. Side by side with this a good sound municipal policy might be pursued."

"Yes," he said in reply to a further question, "I am firmly convinced that some system of compensation must be agreed upon. It is not only just, but expedient, also; the great thing is to get control now."

"But," I replied, "would not that be perpetuating the essentials of the problem economically speaking? Bearing in mind Lord Avesbury's criticism, would not the piling up of a vast debt, covered by interest-bearing bonds, be most disastrous?"

"No, I think not. I have not yet fully investigated the matter, but I have an idea that the problem would solve itself. Suppose you take over all those great enterprises, the railways and the banks for example; it seems to me that as these are the prime sources of present investment, by cutting them off as you would do, you would leave little scope for investment other than your own stock. If you have taken a number of enterprises, socialized them upon a basis of compensation extending over say thirty years, when you have made initial payment the receivers must look for some form of investment. Where will they find it except in government stock? And I see no reason why the demand for safe investment might not cause the interest to fall to zero—to become a minus quantity altogether."

"In a way," I said, "that reminds me of the trust theory of our friend Wilshire. I was rather surprised to see a letter from you endorsing his position."

"Why, isn't it correct that the essential qualities of the trust system imply a growing unemployed problem on the one hand and an increasing difficulty to find profitable investment on the other?"

"Granted for the moment. But what of his idea that the Morgans and Rockefellers finding that difficulty become greater and greater, will eventually 'hand over' their holdings to society?"

"And why shouldn't they?" he asked. "Come, now, what reason is there against the idea? Why, only the other day, at Columbia, I was told of a great capitalist who said he'd be glad

to be rid of his holdings. Is there a good reason why he should not be believed?"

"There never has been a ruling class in the world that voluntarily surrendered its power," I said, "even when it was no longer profitable. The deep-seated, universal love of power seems to me a sufficient reason."

"Yes"—this with emphasis.

"Then again," I said, "there is Wilshire's idea of the inevitability of a near-at-hand collapse of Capitalism and its supercession by Socialism. Does this seem sound to you? Does it not seem that nothing is 'inevitable' in this connection? I mean, that the coming of Socialism must depend upon the necessary preparedness of the people politically."

"Yes, I think that is so. But, then, you know, I don't look for what you call Socialism. It is a complex problem. Side by side with the great concentration of the various industries, new industries are constantly springing up. And, as I have said, these ought to be encouraged as private enterprises."

"But to get right down to my previous question," I said, "is there any reason, apart from the will of the people—their political preparedness—why Capitalism might not change its venue, so to say? Just as the economic centre changed in modern times from Portugal to Holland, and from Holland to England, it seems now to have shifted to this country. Might it not again shift almost at any time, to Africa, for instance, where there is a plentiful supply of cheap, virile Bautu labor?"

"There are certain important differences in the conditions," said Mr. Hobson, "but it does seem to me perfectly reasonable. And that is the danger of this Imperialist frenzy. I've touched upon the question in my recent book, 'Imperialism: A Study.' Just as the South of England as a network of resorts is parasitically feeding upon the rest of the country, so it is perfectly possible, I think, for things to develop so that we shall have a sort of Western parasitism in which America, and perhaps England and Germany, will exist by the exploitation of African or other labor."

"But, in that case, what of those at home?" I asked.

"Become the flunkeys and lackeys, personal attendants of the rich. With their press, their colleges, their libraries and so on, it would not be difficult to maintain their grip. It is part of their business to control the press and other sources of public information, you know."

"Finally, Mr. Hobson, do you think the problem has been properly measured yet—is there not a tendency to over-state the extent of Trustification?"

"Frankly, I don't know. It is hard to say where monopoly begins. If you control, say, forty per cent. of the output in a given trade, you can largely influence prices, but if you control sixty per cent. your influence is correspondingly increased. It must be borne in mind," he added, "that the problem in England differs somewhat in form from the problem here. There the control is direct, centered in the industry itself, while here it is largely done in a financial way upon the Stock Exchange through a control of values."

Then, before I left, Mr. Hobson became the interrogator. But that is another story.

THE MAN WITH THE "DOUGH"

W. E. P. FRENCH, Captain U. S. Army

Inscribed to Edwin Markham in grateful regard for THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Written after seeing Portrait of a Multi-millionaire.

Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders.
Behold, the hire of the laborers who mowed your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out.

Bowed by the weight of millions filched by fraud
And law of Might from Labor's scanty purse,
Distilled by covetous and grasping greed
From out the very life-blood of the poor,
From strong men's sweat, from women's work and tears,
From toil of children wan and white from want;
Coldly aloof from those he wrongs, he stands,
And, leaning on his blood-bought bonds, he leers
Upon the cheated people he has robbed
Of their vast birthright. Where his heart once beat
A petrifaction hard as adamant
Defies the sword of Justice, "dulls the edge
Of husbandry," and turns kind Pity's tears
As the eternal rocks turn summer's rain.
In the domed chamber of his sordid brain,
Where noble thoughts should father kindly deeds,
The worm of avarice breeds in the dark,
The gold-bug burrows, keeping watch and ward
Over the modern pirate's buried hoard.
Those hard eyes glitter with gold's yellow gleam;
Those ears are deaf save to the chink of coin
Or rustle of the mortgage on our Land;
That covetous, set mouth is dumb, except
To voice accursed Mammon's cruel creed;
That white right hand rapes millions from the poor,
The left, reluctant, gives a thousand back—
In what? In charity? Oh, no, fond fool!
'Tis but a trick of the great juggler's art,
That, watching how he *spends* his ill-got gains,
We may not notice quite how much he *takes*.
The soul behind that smiling, crafty mask
Is birth-marked with the dollar's sordid sign.

* * * * * *

What father bred this bloated thing that hugs
To its cold breast a nation's looted spoil?
What mother bore this mangered dog who growls
Fierce menace o'er the piles of plundered wealth
For which he gave no just equivalent,
And which he cannot eat or drink or take
With him to Hell, since even thread of gold
Will not sew pockets on dead Dives' shroud?
His sire's name is Human Greed, his dam's
Extortion; Cupidity, not Cupid, read their bans,
And Usury's High Priest made this twain one,
The sacred edifice where they were wed,

The Church of the Most Holy Golden Calf.
The child, begotten in fierce lust of gold,
Was suckled on the full-fed dugs of craft,
Rocked in the cradle of false pride of wealth,
And taught to fold his baby hands in prayer
To triune God of Fraud and Force and Fear.

* * * * * *

The laws that make for poverty make wealth,
And rob the many to enrich the few.
We made this man and made his plundered dupes;
Ours is the fault; he is our handiwork,
As much our brother and as much our shame
As that disfigured, crushed and outraged thing
That stoops its brutal face above the hoe.

* * * * * *

Looking upon this face, I seem to see
A monstrous python, fetid, swollen, foul,
Gorged with the substance of ten thousand men,
And crushing in its merciless, slow coils
A Goddess, on whose fallen cap I read
The torn and blood-blurred legend—Liberty.

MAETERLINCK ON JUSTICE

An act of injustice must always shake the confidence a man had in himself and his destiny; at a given moment, and that generally of the gravest, he has ceased to rely upon himself alone; and this will not be forgotten, nor will he ever again be wholly himself. He has confused and probably corrupted his fortune by the introduction of strange powers. He has lost the exact sense of his personality and of the force that is in him. He can no longer clearly distinguish between what is his own and comes from himself and what he is constantly borrowing from the pernicious collaborators whom his weakness has summoned. An act of injustice is almost always a confession of weakness. He who commits an unjust deed that he may gain some measure of glory, or preserve the little glory he has, does but admit that what he desires or what he possesses is beyond his deserving, and that the part he has sought to play exceeds his powers of loyal fulfillment.

Our entire moral being, our mind no less than our character, is incapable of living and acting except in justice. Leaving that, we leave our natural element; we are carried, as it were, into a planet of which we know nothing, where the ground slips from under our feet and all things disconcert us; for while the humblest intellect feels itself at home in justice, and can readily foretell the consequences of every just act, the most profound and penetrating mind loses its way hopelessly in the injustice itself has created, and can form no conception of the results that shall ensue. The man of genius who forsakes the equity that the humblest peasant has at heart will find all paths strange to him; and these will be stranger still should he overstep the limit his own sense of justice imposes; for the justice that soars aloft, keeping pace with the intellect, creates new boundaries around all it throws open, while at the same time strengthening and rendering more insurmountable still the ancient barriers of instinct. The moment we cross the primitive frontiers of equity all things seem to fail us; one falsehood gives birth to a hundred, and treachery returns to us through a thousand channels. If justice be in us we may march along boldly, for there are certain things to which the basest cannot be false; but if injustice possess us we must beware of the justest of men, for there are things to which even these cannot remain faithful. As our physical organism was devised for existence in the atmosphere of our globe, so is our moral organism devised for existence in justice. Every faculty craves for it, is more intimately bound up with it than with the laws of gravitation, of light or heat; and to throw ourselves into injustice is to plunge headlong into the hostile and the unknown. All that is in us has been placed there with a view to justice; all things tend thither and urge us towards it; whereas when we harbor injustice we battle against our own strength; and at last, at the hour of inevitable punishment, when, prostrate, weeping and penitent, we recognize that events, the sky, the universe, the invisible, are all in rebellion, all justly in league against us, then may we truly say, not that these are, or ever have been, just, but that we, notwithstanding ourselves, have continued to remain just even in injustice*.—Maeterlinck.

*From essay on The Mystery of Justice in The Buried Temple. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE CLASS WAR IN HISTORY

PROFESSOR THOMAS WILL

1.—THE SPARTANS AND THE HELOTS.

SOCIALISM recognizes that society is split into two horizontal strata consisting of those who own the earth and its fullness and those who do the work. This situation, of course, is neither new nor peculiar. It is found in many lands and ages: in the relation of master and slave, of lord and serf, of capitalist-employer and wage-earner, of the "House of Have and the House of Want." It is typified by the picture of the Old Man of the Mountain sitting astride the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor.

The explanation for this relationship is simple. Men purely selfish prefer that others shall toil that they may enjoy. They are entirely willing that bread shall be eaten in the sweat of the face provided they may do the eating while the other man does the sweating.

Between two such classes there is, of necessity, an irrepressible conflict of interests. Whether this conflict assumes the form of open strife depends upon circumstances. Sometimes, as under the slave system that existed in the Southern States, the grip of the master upon the slave was so irresistible that open war seemed vain. Sometimes the conflict in interests is so carefully veiled that but few, comparatively, of the disinherited realize that it exists. Illustrations of the latter are afforded by the western farmer and the trusts and monopolies which exploit him while he enthusiastically votes their ticket; and by the wage-earners in American manufactories who assume that their capitalist-employers are conferring upon them a special favor by furnishing them work.

One of the most striking examples which history affords of the conflict between classes is that of the Spartans and the Helots.

About 1104 B.C., occurred the Dorian Migration. By this a powerful people invaded the Peloponnesus and conquered the native inhabitants; one of these groups of conquering Dorians was called Spartans.

Some of the aborigines submitted more readily than others and were accorded comparatively mild treatment. They were called Periœci, or dwellers roundabout. They retained their lands but paid tribute to the conquerors.

Other of the native peoples resisted to the bitter end. When finally conquered they were reduced to a condition of serfdom and like the Israelities in Egypt, their lives were made bitter by hard bondage. They were called Helots, meaning, probably, captives or prisoners. They were made state property. Like the medieval serf, they were bound to the soil. Like the southern negro, according to the Dred

Scott decision, they had no rights which their masters were bound to respect. They were apportioned by the state to private individuals; they tilled the soil and performed all kinds of menial labor. They were even required to fight in battle for their masters. Those who worked the land paid a fixed rent to their masters. They had no place in the constitution of the state and enjoyed no protection of life, liberty or property. Naturally the Helots hated the Spartans with an undying hatred and watched every opportunity to rise in revolt.

Between these unhappy Helots and their lordly Spartan masters stood the Periœci, serving as a sort of middle class and buffer, and, like the middle class of today, aiding the ruling class in the work of holding the Helots in subjection.

Another fundamental teaching of Marxian Socialism is that the industrial institutions of the country dominate all the other institutions; in other words, that all other questions are subordinated to the "paramount issue" of bread and butter. This, again, is illustrated by the institutions of Sparta. The dominant question in that city was how to hold down the Helots and maintain them as a positive force engaged in feeding the community, instead of permitting them to convert themselves into a negative force for the destruction of the community.

The Spartan answer to this question, formulated by Lycurgus, was to make of the State a purely military concern. Every other interest whatever was subordinated to the art of war. Women were taught that their highest glory was to be found in bearing sons who would die in battle for "their country," *i.e.*, for the continued dominion of their class. Weak and unpromising infants were promptly destroyed by the State. Boys were taught that the chief end of man was to fight. Death in battle was glorious. To survive a defeat was ignominious, and to fly from the enemy was an inexpiable disgrace.

The education of youth turned wholly on preparation for war. The boy was at seven years of age turned over to the State for training and, thereafter, no parental leniency could shield him from the requirements of the discipline thought necessary for a successful fighter. Almost everything, save athletics, esteemed in the schools of today was ignored in Sparta. Physical training was carried to the limit. To endure cold, boys wore the same clothing winter and summer. They slept on hard beds, ate coarse fare, and submitted for no offence, and without a cry or groan, to castigations under which victims frequently dropped dead.

Ethics, likewise, gave place to military necessity. The successful soldier must be able, on occasion, to forage and escape with his booty. For this reason the soldier boy was taught to steal, and was severely punished if he permitted himself to be caught.

Probably because he recognized the weakening effect upon society of unequal distribution of wealth, Lycurgus carefully excluded this condition from Sparta. Substantial equality of possessions among Spartans was, apparently, ensured; and luxury was strictly forbidden. Excepting the ephors, all, including even the kings, were required to eat at public tables spread with Puritan simplicity. So hard, in fact, was this fare that a luxurious Athenian who had seen it once declared that he now knew why the Spartan was so reckless of life in battle, for any sensible man would prefer death to such diet.

Conversation at these public meals ran largely on military themes, and nothing said was permitted to be repeated outside.

The evil which Malthus feared manifested itself among the Helots as among the Israelites in Egypt. They multiplied. Later, vast additions were made to their numbers by the conquest of the neighboring State of Messenia. After this the treatment accorded the Helots by the Spartans became more galling than before. Insult and odium were constantly heaped upon these helpless victims of war. Unusually bright and athletic Helots were carefully selected and—assassinated. A secret police force called the Crypteia, suggesting the regiment of young millionaires in New York City, was made up of young Spartans and employed in killing off all Helots who were regarded as dangerous. Thucydides states that, on one occasion, the Spartans officially announced that all Helots who had performed signal service for the Spartans in the Peloponnesian war should enter their claims and be rewarded with freedom. The Spartan theory underlying this announcement was that "such as had the greatness of spirit to claim their freedom in requital of their merit must also be the ripest for rebellion." About two thousand were adjudged worthy of freedom, led about in procession, crowned with garlands as befitting those about to be set at liberty, and then—secretly murdered.

That, in such circumstances, a class war should smoulder and, on the least opportunity for success, flame out is not strange.

The first serious danger of a great rising of the Helots occurred in 469 B.C. Pausanias, a discredited Spartan leader, made common cause with the Helots and planned a "general insurrection of the serfs of Laconia and the massacre of the Dorian oligarchy." His plot, however, was betrayed and his attempt failed.

The second danger occurred in 464 B.C. and resulted in an actual eruption of the social volcano. A great earthquake shook down most of the buildings in Sparta, destroyed an enormous number of lives and threw the State into temporary confusion. Now, if ever, was the time for these Gibeonites to strike the blow which should make them free. They arose: all Messenia as one man and much of Laconia.

Never before had Sparta faced such a crisis. So great was her danger that she actually called upon her rival, Athens, for help. This servile war lasted ten years. At last the Helots were driven to bay, besieged in their stronghold and finally compelled to leave the Peloponnesus on promise never to return.

The value of this history lies partly in the light it throws upon the present conflict, civilization wide, of interests when not of ballots or bullets, between the exploiters and the exploited; and partly in the evidence it affords that slavery and true freedom can not subsist side by side. The chain that binds the slave binds also the master. The air polluted by servile breath carries the seeds of consumption to the vitals of the ruling class. "Those," said Lincoln, "who deny liberty to others deserve it not for themselves and, under a just God, they can not long retain it."

FOREST PROTECTION

THEOPHIL STANGER

THESE are interesting moments in the school-days of the human race in general, and the American people in particular. The Socialist, with his theory, has been a little ahead of his class, but, the method of Frœbel having been applied of late, a few object-lessons in economics have performed educational wonders. The Meat and Coal Trusts having insolently interfered with the material interests of the respectable middle class, and convinced them that the *laissez faire* policy will no longer serve the majority, they have consented to apply themselves to the next lesson, entitled "Public Ownership." However, before this class rallies round the banner of the proletariat for the final struggle, there are more object-lessons necessary to open its eyes to the anarchy of Capitalism, and not the least of these will be the manifold baneful consequences of the reckless destruction of American forests by the lumber companies.

We need not consult a naturalist to learn of what vast importance forests are in the economy of our earth. While our sweat-shops are grinding out the lives of millions of slaves, the busy forces of Nature are at work in the mighty forest, conducting a process of absorption and assimilation and reconstructing the very foundation of terrestrial life. The forest is the foster-mother of the field and the meadow. Its shade, its mosses, its network of fibrous roots retain the moisture from the heavens and regulate the flow of the streams that fertilize the lands. "It influences the humidity of the air and mitigates extremes of heat and cold." It affords shelter for man and beast, for crops and dwellings. It yields gums, dyes, drugs, nuts and countless other products of inestimable value. And yet, with characteristic ruthlessness, our lumber companies sweep down our primeval forests as though they were cobwebs on the fair face of the earth.

Of all the governments of our modern civilization, Germany was the first to recognize the importance of maintaining its forests, and today she is still far in advance of the other states in the study and practical appliance of the science of sylvaculture. Of course, we are not surprised that the administration of a nation which produced so great a naturalist as Alexander Humboldt and so great an economist as Karl Marx should merit this distinction. Throughout the empire, with a central office at Berlin, there are numerous schools in which young men are instructed and trained for positions as cultivators and wardens of the forests of the state. The courses in the forest academies include the studies of geology, botany,

natural philosophy, zoology, chemistry, mathematics, surveying, hydrology, drawing, etc. The length of the course ranges from two to five years. These training schools of forestry are conducted partly as separate schools, partly in connection with agricultural colleges, polytechnical schools and universities. After passing the final examination, students are invariably required to serve several years as apprentice under experienced forest officers before they are eligible for responsible positions in the government employ. The fact that nearly four hundred thousand of Germany's most talented young men are engaged in this pursuit, shows of what importance the government considers the woodlands, and how profitable their careful, economical culture has proven to be. Forest fires, which yearly destroy vast tracts of American timber, are impossible in the German forests, for the underbrush is periodically cleared away and serves as free fuel for the poor. The spread of diseases among trees is promptly checked and vermin exterminated. Trees are not felled until they have attained their fullest development, and a young sapling is substituted wherever an old giant has fallen. All work done and its exact results are minutely recorded, while associations of foresters (Forstvereine) stimulate the interest in the practical, experimental and theoretical pursuit of the work. The system seems to be complete.

Other governments of Europe are also taking steps to check the disafforesting of their realms. Spain, however, has permitted the destruction of most of its woodlands, and to this cause certain historians have ventured to ascribe its political decadence. It is known that the disastrous droughts in China and India are largely the consequence of the denudation of the mountain-sides which contain the sources of the rivers.

In the United States, ever since the formation of a Forestry Association, feeble efforts have been made to retrieve somewhat the mischief done by private greed to the timber-lands of the Central and Eastern States, but, owing to the fact that the plutocrat is in no country so powerful as in the "Land of the Free," little progress has so far been made; and as long as our present system of government prevails, there is small hope of much being accomplished. The wealthy anarchist who owns a whole tract of forest and the starving anarchist who hews down the thriving elm before his little cottage for a few cords of wood to keep him from freezing to death, are, by reason of their position, alike enemies of the public good. To the lumber merchant, who is in the business for all there's to be made out of it, the most magnificent Sequoias of California represent only so many feet of lumber that may be converted into gold, though at the cost of some of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity this country has to afford the astonished tourist. Aye, we will not have long to wait for the announcement from the lips of one of these privileged vandals, that "God in His infinite wisdom has ordered the venders to convert the earth into a desert."

The nation can well afford to wait a few years before appropriating the coal-fields, those buried forests of past ages, but it cannot afford to let this work of devastation in its living forests go on, since it must take generations to repair the damage done by the ruthless axe of private cupidity. However, we may rest confident, that the officials heretofore elected by the Socialist party and those who will be elected in the near future,

will introduce and support measures tending to the protection of the nation's woodlands. When the coming revolution shall have restored to the people their rightful inheritance and these United States shall have become again a government by the people, then the question of forest reservation and forest culture will also find its solution, and in that day thousands of the children of our factory-slaves will regain their true manhood and womanhood as aids out in the busy workshop of Nature. The menacing signs: "Private hunting grounds, Trespassers will be prosecuted," will, self-evidently, become obsolete, and there will be hunting grounds for all, under restrictions.

There is another aspect, above that of mere utility, in which we must also regard this all-important question of forest-protection; but as to this, let those who have leisure wander in spirit through the groves of Italy with Ovid, through the woods of England with the boy Shakespeare, and through the forests of America with Bryant and young Washington, and they will learn to cherish and defend, as they would their own hearth-stone, the haunts where genius is born, where imagination is fed, and where deeds that move the world are inspired.

PRE-HISTORIC REMAINS

PROFESSOR H. J. DAVIES, Yale University

IF it be true, as Gœthe says, that the man who knows no language but his native tongue does not know that well, it will readily be admitted that he who has never ventured outside his own town or country must be ignorant of its true condition and is an object of pity. He is not unlike the man who has never learned to read; who knows nothing of history and has never peered into the past—"the rock whence we were hewn, the hole of the pit whence we were digged." Fortunately the number of such people is growing less and less in these space-annihilating days; though it is not long since that I knew an old woman, a good, kind soul, who had never boarded the cars, and who, when shown a train, was filled with alarm and requested to be taken away.

But what I want to point out, in introducing the brief descriptions that follow, is that for the man who can and will travel or read history scarcely anything can be so fascinating as the discovery and examination of some old document or remain, wherein, as it were, the spirit of the long-dead past is embalmed. All who love humanity will understand my feelings when I say that such a lot was mine last summer when travelling in England; and I am constrained to believe that for all who are interested in the evolution of social life out of a state of barbarism into what is now called civilization, such discoveries will always prove most fascinating, and, upon due reflection, scientifically important. In the year 4000 A.D. our present physical and

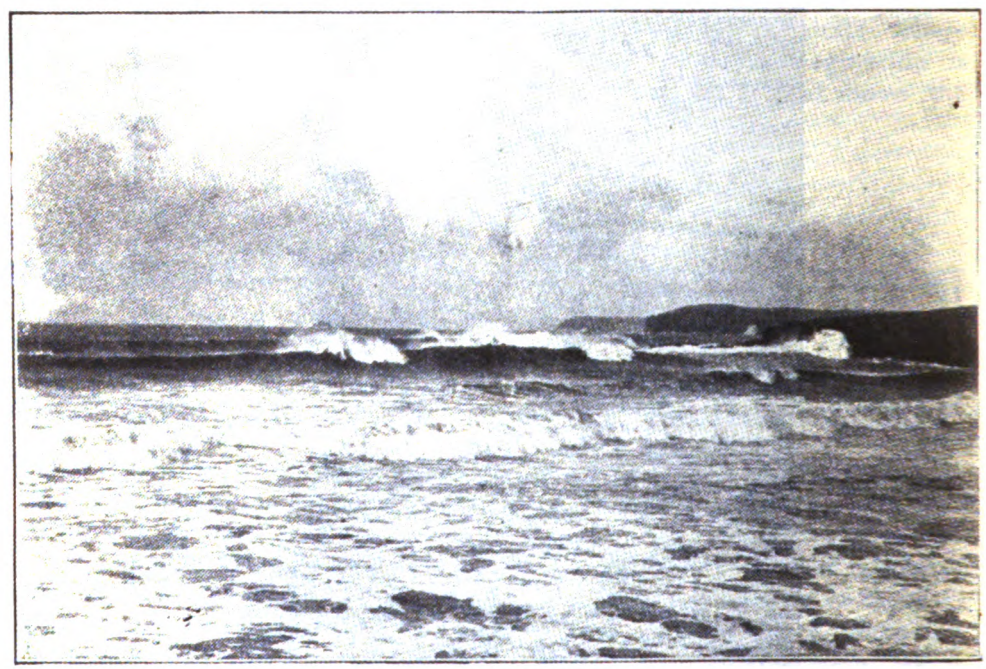
mental condition will be full of a like interest. But to our task.

The discovery was made by Mr. Reddie Mallet, who had purchased a lot in St. Merryn, Cornwall, on which he had intended to erect a private house. This lot proved to be the site of a necropolis. For during the work of digging and prospecting for water the spade of a workman struck something hard at a depth of fifteen feet, which proved to be a slate cist or chest containing, besides human remains, certain characteristic ornaments and implements belonging, at least, to a pre-Roman stage of civilization in Great Britain.

A number of scientists, including Prof. Muller, Baring Gould, R. A. Bullen and others, were quickly summoned to the spot to investigate and if possible determine the significance of the discoveries. Meanwhile Mr. Mallet wisely and generously erected a museum instead of a private house in order the better to preserve the objects found on

PROFESSOR H. J. DAVIES

his property for the purpose of anthropological study and further proposes to roof over a number of typical cists *in situ* to facilitate this object. It is said that some fifty thousand of these cists abound in the neighborhood, which is, of course, only a guess, the actual number unearthed falling far, far short of that. But it is obvious that a neolithic cemetery of great antiquity and interest has been discovered, and as these ancient places are, one by one, laid bare, we begin to see with new vision the storied past more clearly and the culture and civilization entombed with them.



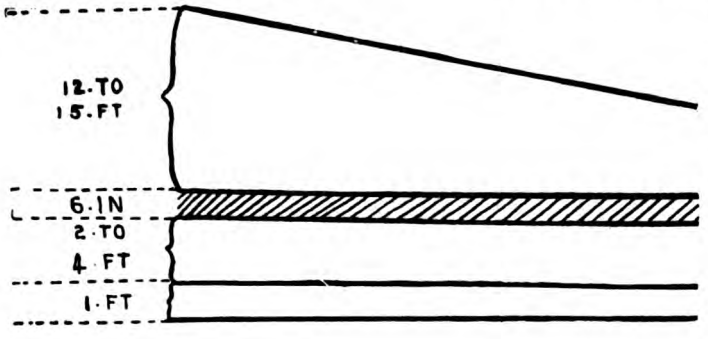
CONSTANTINE BAY AND ISLAND

The reader will gain a better idea of the importance of this antiquarian find if he be reminded that similar finds have previously been made in Cornwall. Some of these are admittedly so ancient that the date is uncertain. Such are the hill and cliff castles, the holed stones and dolmans found all the way from St. Anthony to Tennor. Belonging to the later neolithic age is a large quantity of implements, celts or chisels, arrowheads, beads, whetstones and flint knives, while to the early iron age (or bronze age?) belong the circular enclosures and supposed British huts in Bodennar Crellas. The stone circles at Boscawen and other places, probably anterior to Stonehenge, 1600 B. C., the barrons and monumental pillars at Trenuggo and Trevear are undoubtedly of the stone age. The bronze age is witnessed in the discovery of daggers, buckles, pins, fibulæ or clasps, long chisels or celts, spearheads, axes and swords found in Penzance and St. Michael's Mount and in many other places. From this it is clear why Cornwall and its neighborhood is the happy hunting-ground of antiquarians in search of pre-Roman remains. The reader may learn, in the Journal of the Royal Institute of Cornwall, vol. 5, of Roman

roads and of heaps of coins of the period, as well as other objects of art, which have been found. To the above localities Harlyn Bay may now be added, and accounted as among the most important on account of its antiquity.

A description of the discoveries at Harlyn should include a general idea of the disposition of the land. The accompanying photo of Constantine Bay and Island will give a hint of the nature of the coast line. Harlyn Bay is one of the small inlets in which the North Cornwall coast abounds, and is contiguous to Constantine. The outlook seaward is grand, and the climate is unsurpassed.

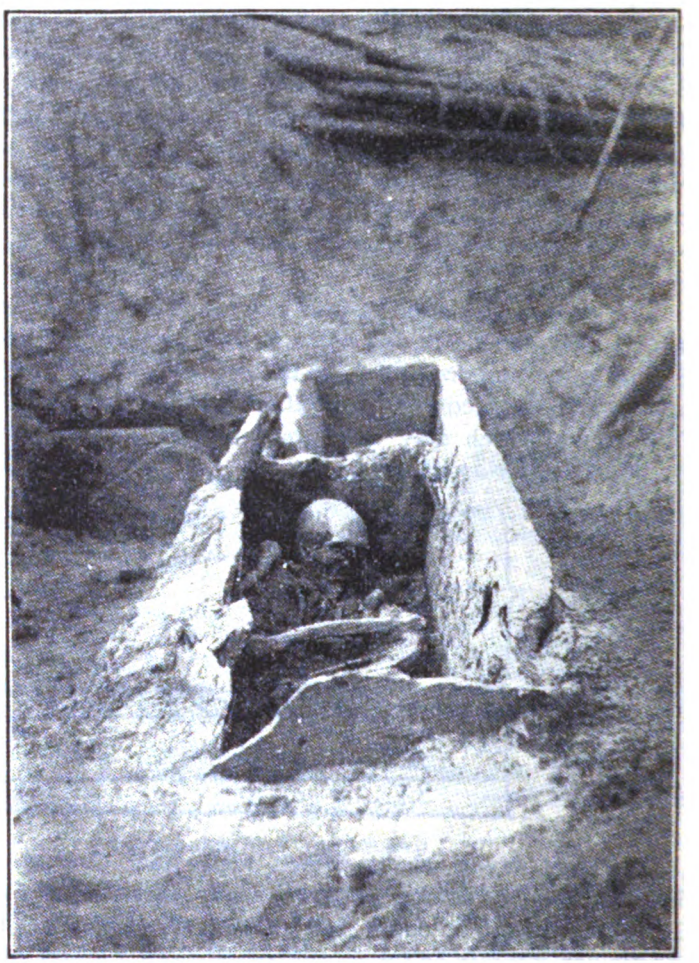
The soil, in which the various objects which are to be described were found, is within two hundred yards of the sea, and is curiously composed of three or four layers, which may be represented diagramatically as follows:



The first layer, about fifteen feet, is composed of ordinary blown sand, is rather bright in color, and without particular interest so far as the search for relics is concerned. But under this there occurs a narrow strip of dark sand which proved to be a veritable mine, for in it bodkins of all sizes and materials, as well as curiously wrought fragments of worked rock and stone, have been discovered. Immediately under this narrow strip is the third layer, about four feet wide, in which the cists or chests, and their interred remains, etc., were mostly localized, while at the lowest depth, rubble, or broken rock, was discovered in large quantities; in fact, rubble seemed to be the foundation of the strata. As indicated in the diagram, the inclination of the burial ground is towards the sea, which has, according to some authorities, encroached on the Cornish coast 183,000 acres since Roman times, and Leland states that the distance between Land's End and the Scilly Isles was formerly continuous and contained one hundred and forty parish churches and presumably as many villages. The extent of the Harlyn Bay cemetery has not yet been determined, but it is agreed that it is much greater than Mr. Mallet's property, which covers about one-half to three-quarters of an acre. It is supposed to contain about 50,000 cists, but this is not a verifiable statement at present.

The first signs of the antiquarian importance of this locality, which has been indicated above, were suggested, as already stated, when the workman's spade struck the corner of a slate cist. He had already removed about twelve feet of blown sand. When the cist was opened, and further investigations in other parts of the same general field were made, it was found that the burials, though typical, were obviously very ancient. The photos will give a general idea of the situation. A somewhat mistaken idea of the cists, however, is pretty certain to be gained from the pictures. Their entire length, in most cases, does not reach five feet, of which some eighteen

inches are comprised by the compartment to be observed at the upper or head end of each one. The sides and covering slabs are made of slate, evidently quarried in the neighborhood. The natives still use the slate in making walls, in roofing their houses, and for grave stones. The cists exist in two styles, square and round. The round cists also have two compartments, and were apparently used by families where parents and children had died and were buried together. They are generally simple in construction, while the rectilinear type is rather more carefully set up. It has been noticed that the covering slabs of the cists are most always inclined at an angle of about 45°, and Mr. Bullen calls attention to Mr. Joly's remark that the Turks use this method in burying their dead. According to Mr. Mallet's observations, too, *the interments all point to the magnetic North*, a remarkable coincidence, and inexplicable except by reference to the Pole Star or some other stellar index.



AN OPENED CIST

The most interesting contents of the cists are the human remains. Here we have some important observations to make in connection with the position of the skeletons, their probable state when interred, and the significance of the objects found buried with them. As regards position, it is obvious that the crouching attitude is the dominant one. Most of the bodies were doubtless doubled and the knees brought as near the chin as possible; they were also placed in their cists sideways. The remains thus discovered are in a very good state of preservation, the teeth in particular being exceedingly fine in shape, color and strength.

Most of the skeletons are practically in the same position as when interred, and that position was the one described; but on the west side of the burial ground two were found, an adult and a child, in a flattened condition, and supporting the foundation of a wall which has been already traced twenty feet in length. It is supposed that here we have an interesting illustration of Hadden's theory that human sacrifice was deemed, universally in ancient time, a proper foundation for stone structures. Mr. Bullen, who has reported on this fact, says: "There is little doubt in my mind that we are here in the presence of human sacrifice. These skeletons were buried in this way, so as in some manner to procure the stability of the wall above them, and to protect the burial ground which the wall fenced off." Instances of this custom are many, one of the most interesting being that of St. Columba founding the Christian Church at Hy on the voluntary sacrifice of Odhran, (see Hadden's *The Study of Man*, p 847). In other cases other old customs are found repeated. In some cists the skulls have received a blow, either before or soon after death. In one case the skull is broken in several places, and the nasal bone severed by a clean cut across the front. We know that the custom prevailed in Gaul of smashing the skull with stones and in many instances the posture of the body showed that the blow was before death, the hands being lifted above the head as though to ward it off. It is highly probable that we have in the Harlyn discoveries a further confirmation of the idea, advanced by Bonson, that the blow was delivered to hasten death. Very likely the sufferer was killed in his grave to end his agony.

It is not so easy to explain what was discovered in the *round* cists, for here we have not only broken skulls but *dismemberment*. In Egypt this practice was followed in order to make ceremonial meals of the flesh and marrow of the dead. Whether this is the case in Harlyn is a question which must, for the present, remain *sub judice*. In the round cists in question the facts as these: a thigh bone occurs separate from the rest of the body by a layer of slate slabs and the broken skulls of the eastern compartment were similarly separated from their respective skeletons. It looks as though the corpse had been interred after dismemberment; that some of the members had been forgotten and interred afterwards.

Dr. Beddœ, F.R.S., in reporting on the skulls and remains has expressed the general opinion when he says that the bodies of these people were of fair size and development. He found the cranial index in the case of eleven of the skulls to be:

MALE	FEMALE	DOUBTFUL
1. 70.00	8. 73.41	10. 73 28
2. 72.54	9. 76.70	11. 77.22
3. 72.69		
4. 76.18		
5. 77.28		
6. 78.61		
7. 82.22		

The average of the whole series is 75.19. As regards their stature the average for the males is about five feet four and one-half inches, for the females five feet one and one-half inches. Their bones, specially the femur (a good bone for judgment), indicate a low form, this bone being long and sometimes bent through bowing under unusual burdens.

Of secondary importance, except as connected with man's historical development at Harlyn, are the discoveries which were made of other objects in or connected with the cists. In the cists

a large number of flint implements and slate flakes were found while in the dark soil stratum there is a profuse layer of miscellaneous objects, implements, bones, human teeth, etc. More than two hundred have already been classified by Mr. Mallet, but there is a vast wealth of these and other objects in the neighborhood. Those found in the cists were evidently placed there for a purpose; for they are somewhat more fanciful and show some rude attempts at design. They are in many cases wonderfully well shaped and pointed to the sharpness of a steel needle. The slate, of which many of them are made, is still found near the bay and has been identified as the same as that of the Camel quarry. Others are made of flint, of shell (mostly limpet and mussel), and slate. In cists wherein females were buried have been found several spindle-whorls, or fly-wheels of the ancient distaff. They are formed of stone for the most part, perforated in the centre to receive the bone or wood spindle. In this group of secondary objects must also be mentioned the discovery of several amulets and charms, such as odd teeth found frequently above and separate from skeletons possessing perfect sets. Two were found *on* the pelvis, while a bronze ring was found along with a number of teeth and lumbar vertebræ. The teeth here referred to were probably charms. In the neighboring parish church of St. Merryn the the story goes that in the last century teeth used to be abstracted from the coffins under the floor of the church and sold at eighteen pence apiece as charms against disease. The rings were probably used for the same purpose. Quartz, of a whitish color, is also found carved to the shape of a shield and placed, for some religious reason, within and about the cists, probably to protect the body from harm. Two Roman coins have also been found, one a coin of Faustina, junior, wife of Marcus Aurelius. Her likeness appears on the obverse, her hair being done up in a knot behind; on the reverse is a female figure standing. The inscription is illegible, but Dr. Head, of the British Museum,

"THEY WERE OFTEN PLACED IN THE CIST SIDEWAYS"

deciphered the reading AUGUSTI PII FIL(IA) on a good specimen. While ploughing near the cemetery a small copper coin, issued for circulation in the Spanish South American colonies, and marked "VIII," was also discovered.

Before attempting to explain the age and significance of these important discoveries, mention must be made of the urns, huts and kitchen middens which have been unearthed in this fascinating neighborhood. The larger contained, when found, a bronze dagger (blade with two rivet holes), an incense cup, a spindle whorl, and slate hone. The urn is about twenty inches high, with a diameter of fifteen inches in the largest part. The pottery is half an inch thick. The incense cup had a diameter of a little more than two and one-half inches (2.625) and a height of nearly one and one-half inches. The pattern on it is what Haddon calls a skenomorph of the flower type, for it has evidently been made by pressing plaited grass on moist clay. Another of these urns, which fell to pieces upon being handled, was discovered buried deep, and consists of the same coarse type, patterned of plaited grass. In the latter instance, however, the mode of burial was somewhat remarkable, for it was surrounded by some two tons of solid quartz blocks; at the top there was a covering of charcoal and blown sand; stretching from the two sides of the quartz block was a slab of slate, a covering, doubtless, for the urn; immediately surrounding the urn was a quantity of light blown shell-sand. The urn was inverted, and, *underneath*, the cremated remains were found (along with a bronze pin 1.5 inches long), two fragments of other pins, and two white beads. The urn is of black pottery, a mixture of clay and quartz sand. The urn itself rested on a bed of land shells, including, according to Dr. Thelwell, who has classified them, *Helix nemoralis* and *Pomatias reflexus*. The dimensions of the urn are: 16 inches maximum diameter; 15 inches minimum diameter; depth, 9 inches; thickness, 5 inches. The urns are generally regarded as of pre-Roman origin; for none of the work, so far discovered, bears any traces of classical or Romano-Greek art. We may, therefore, conclude that cremation was among the burial customs of neolithic man, for the urns are crematoria.

The above details suggest a reflection or two on the significance of these ancient burials. We have seen that various objects (flint, felspar, charcoal, etc.), were placed, often on the abdomen or at the head of the body, in the grave. Similar customs have been found in almost all ancient civilizations and among savage peoples. The meaning of this practice—so different from anything prevailing among us—seems twofold. First, it may be a provision against the needs of the future state, and secondly, it may be a mark of individual affection. I do not think we need take our choice of these, for they are not essentially antagonistic ideas. On the contrary, they are complementary. Thus the flint implements, inasmuch as they represent the most important discovery of primitive man, fire, may have been buried with the dead as the most costly offering of the heart, as well as an imaginative projection of needs into the world to which the dead went and from which there is no return. Thus utility and love may have dictated the burial customs of these rude peoples.

A word in regard to the huts and kitchen middens. At Constantine a hut has been discovered, which is

thirteen feet long by nine feet wide. The porch, which is straight, is four feet long; while the walls are elliptical, and about two and one-half feet high. It is roofed over with slabs of slate. When first entered, October, 1901, the bones of an ox, sheep, pig, rabbit and horse were discovered, besides limpet shells. Also, a hand hammer, made from a pebble of hard stone, grooved to fit the fingers of the hand, like certain ping-pong bats now in use. Presumably the occupants were engaged in pottery making when they left the hut, for several lumps of clay, together with an implement for mixing clay and sand, were found, while traces of fire were still to be seen on the hearth. When found the hut was completely filled with sand. Another hearth (perhaps the summer hearth) was discovered on the north side with bones and marine shells and lumps of clay similar to those found inside. Many of the bones have been broken for their marrow, and some are carved to a point to serve as scoops or gouges. Mr. Bullen has called attention also to the excellent strategical position of this hut. Its entrance faces the land and it has the mass of Constantine Island between it and the sea. It thus makes a good lookout, and is secure from the observation of seamen on the water side.

A kitchen midden is simply a dumping place where neolithic man collected his kitchen leavings. At Harlyn and neighborhood several of these have been localized. Plentiful traces of charcoal and bones burned thereby have been found in connection with the hearths. The middens are, of course, now entirely covered over. They occur at a depth of eight feet sometimes. On the upper levels wheel-turned pottery and on the lower fragments of the coarser kind already referred to are in evidence. Constantine Church, built by

SITE OF THE EXPLORATIONS

Christian missionaries about 1600 years ago, stands in the midst of one of these large middens and is marked by the presence of a large stone, included in the church, which formed the centre of whatever religious ceremonials were practiced at that early day. A religious significance thus came to be associated with almost everything in the life of primitive man.

In closing this brief description of a fascinating and important discovery, two points deserve discussion. One refers to the age of the interments, and the other to the tribes supposed to live near this primitive necropolis. The nature of the objects now on hand would seem to point to some primitive British tribe, possibly the original Kelt, and the time of his occupancy of Harlyn Bay as about one thousand years before the conquest of the Romans, or the neolithic-bronze age. It is significant, at least, that only in the upper layers are Roman remains found, and these are bronze ornaments and pottery for the most part; as the Roman occupancy of Cornwall would naturally be of a military nature, it is still more probable that these discoveries antedate the Roman period, because no trace of the military life is found. The predominance of stone, flint and similar implements, together with pottery, points to a like conclusion. The presence of iron, however, also goes to show that it was the very late neolithic or early iron age when these interments were made. Possibly there is some overlapping of these "ages." Anyway, the period covered by the local history is a very long one, and probably began with neolithic man, 1,000 or 1,500 B. C., at least.

The people who inhabited the parts about Harlyn were a tribe of pre-Roman Britons. Did they live on the site of the burial-field we have described? is a question many have asked; or, was the settlement some distance inland? No certain answer can be given, but analogy would lead to the conclusion that not very far off was the spot where these ancestors of ours both lived and died. Perhaps, therefore, strictly speaking, we cannot say that they lived *on the spot* where the present cemetery was found, but the settlement was undoubtedly near by.

In closing, let us reflect upon the meaning of this find for us. Vastly improved we are in every respect in comparison with neolithic man, and in this fact lies its chief interest and practical importance. If we have made such progress in the past, what can we not do in the future, which, like the "unmapped prairie," still lies before us? Science bids us borrow hope from our humble origin for the task that lies before us. Individually that task is to attain to self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control. Socially it is to bring peace and good-will among men, in short, the kingdom of heaven on earth. Or both together: our task is to bring about the highest efficiency of the individual in subordination to the complete harmony of the whole of which he is a part.

[NOTE: I may say that in conversation with Mr. Mallett, the discoverer of the Harlyn Bay remains, I gathered that he would donate a complete cist with all its contents to any American museum provided the fund for shipment were provided. I need hardly say that such a gift would be a great acquisition, adding materially to the illustrations of the bygone past. If any reader of the above article desires further information, I will gladly answer his inquiries, or put him in communication with Mr. Mallett himself. H. D.]

THE DANGERS OF WHALING

MY DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:—

Your kind letter asking me to send an article for the most stirring magazine on the continent is a compliment which surely is entitled to a respectful answer. Men who "go down to the sea in ships" hunting the sperm whale, tell us that sometimes when they have succeeded in driving their harpoons deep into the quivering flesh of their victim, he dives and remains quiet in the great deep for such a long time that the whalers grow careless, the sea is smooth and placid, and instead of watching for the upheaval, they spend the time in song and story as if their work were done. But at an unexpected moment the sea swells like a caldron just before boiling and up comes leviathan goaded to madness—a blow from the fin knocks one boat into smithereens, a lash of the tail reduces another to chips, while oars, and lines and tubs and men are scattered in confusion and disaster.

The protected Trust and sheltered monopolies of this country are having their innings just now and seem upon the surface to be enjoying a good time. The small railroad is being swallowed by the large, the retail dealer driven to the wall, the little manufacturer bought out with watered stock which for the present is manipulated so as to apparently pay a dividend.

The farmer pays a higher price for his McCormick reaper in Chicago, where it is made, than it can be bought for in Australia. The seamstress pays more for her Singer machine than she would in Russia, and so the millions roll merrily into billions.

We are continually told of the wealth of this country, but where does it center? Largely in the pockets of a few Morgans. They say the farmers are getting rich. Poor fellows! If they have a little show just now, they are certainly entitled to it, for they rarely get anything like the value of their crops.

But with all the hurrah about prosperous times, the bulk of our people are no better off than they were five years ago. Talk with teachers, clerks, mechanics, laborers, and they will tell you that, notwithstanding small advances of wages in some instances, they are really worse off than ever through the constant increase of prices.

The game goes on grandly. One combine after another is launched. Each one thrusts its harpoon into the dear people, and still the surface is comparatively smooth.

The thermometer stands now at 15° below. This means terrific suffering for thousands, yes, millions who must pinch in food and clothing, in order to pay the robber price for fuel.

Whose fault is this? There is plenty of coal and plenty of men ready to dig

it. Divine-right Baer tells us the miners are to blame. We need not go into particulars. We all know that the great tin-bucket brigade, whether taking their lives in their hands to bring coal from the bowels of the earth, or toiling upon its surface, is wondrously patient, and when these troubles arise between accumulated millions upon one side and men who get barely enough to buy the cheapest clothing and food upon the other, the fault is not wholly with the latter.

How long is this state of things to continue? How long will the leviathan lie at the bottom of the deep with the steel festering in his flesh? Legislation does not promise much while the millionaire has such an enormous leverage on the average legislator, but unless some means are devised, and that speedily, to help, not the "submerged tenth" but the wronged nine-tenths, there will be an upheaval of such giant proportions as will bend the harpoons like knitting needles and send the boats of the whalers to swift destruction. Such an upheaval would draw all the country into its vortex; but it is as certain as the rising of the sun, unless heroic measures are taken to avert it.

An equitable adjustment whereby the rich shall not be trampled on nor the poor defrauded of their rights, calls for the exercise of all the wisdom, courage and Christianity that our boasted civilization possesses.

We vaunt our liberty in that a majority rules. Waiving the question as to how that majority is often attained, and whether, indeed, a majority rules at all, is it true that government by the majority infers liberty? Did not the majority poison Socrates and crucify Christ? The unit of a government is the individual, and that government is the best—call it what you will—where the individual has the largest measure of liberty consistent with public safety. But where favored individuals and corporations are sheltered by legal charters in their business of squeezing the life out of their fellow beings, the inevitable issue is the squeezing of the life out of the nation.

E. E. LEWIS.

Sioux City, Ia., Feb. 28, 1903.

EDITORIAL NOTES

CONSOLIDATION OF DISTRIBUTION NEXT

Monopoly, having so thoroughly captured the field of transportation and production, will necessarily soon be forced to go into the distribution business. The following shows the trend:

New York.—The Acker, Merrall & Condit Co. has absorbed the grocery stores now owned and managed by Charles Otten and will operate them under its management. The stores are seventeen in number, and other branches will probably be added to the consolidation.

In the trade it is considered only a matter of a little time when this company and Park & Tilford will unite, although members of both firms have denied that they had any such intention. It is believed that the retail grocery trade will become the next field for great industrial combinations.

The action of the Tobacco Trust in opening up retail stores in our big cities, to the dismay of the little dealers, is another sign that the field of distribution will soon fall into the hands of monopoly. The Coal Trust

will undoubtedly soon have its own distributing agents.

HOW TO LOWER TAXES

Certainly, if a city owns its own gas and waterworks, its own street car lines and telephones, and has only ordinary business talent in the management, it can reduce taxes very considerably if it charges rates prevailing in other cities.

There can be no question as to this, but the real question is, what good does it do to lower taxes? It really simply means so much more income for the landlords. The citizen who owns nothing has no benefit. The following from the N. Y. Commercial conveys a moral:

> Westfield, Mass.—The municipal gas plant is the subject of criticism, taxpayers complaining at the size of the bills which are rendered by the town. The price of gas is $1.80 per 1,000 feet. Springfield, eight miles distant, is supplied by a private corporation at $1 per 1,000 feet.
>
> The town officials claim that the profits from gas tend to make taxes lower. The complainants threaten to ask the State Gas & Electric Light Commission to investigate.

The Westfield citizen pays more for his gas, but less taxes. This should, then, be about a stand-off, but the trouble is that there are a good many more people who buy gas than there are people who pay taxes. However, the majority are not satisfied by being told that a high gas rate means a low land tax. Municipal Socialism is a good thing, but it will never solve all problems.

WAGES AND PROSPERITY

According to the ordinary way of thinking, when we have good times and capitalists make money they are only too glad to share with their employees. Of course this is really only a little dream of the average man. The capitalist pays for labor as he does for any other commodity. Today we have prosperity, yet silver goes down in price every day. Would not a capitalist be a fool to pay a higher price for silver than need be merely because he happened to have the money to do it with? Certainly he would. He is not out to take care of the sellers of silver, and neither is he out to take care of the laborers, the sellers of labor.

Today wages are up in many trades simply because there is an excessive demand for labor, not in the least because the capitalist can afford to pay higher wages. If it were simply philanthropy that made wages higher we would not see items like the following:

> Topeka, Kan.—The difficulty which Western railroads are finding in keeping enough mechanical help is affecting in a peculiar manner the clerks they employ. Some of the roads, the Santa Fe included, have begun reducing salaries of the office employees. The high wages paid to mechanical help make it necessary, the companies say, to retrench in expenses, and the roads are doing this among their office forces.
>
> No organization exists among the clerks, but it is understood that steps will be taken to protest against the reduction policy.

If capitalists were sharing up their gains they would share up with the clerks as well as with laborers. They find that there is a shortage of laborers and they put up the price to get what they want. On the same day of prosperity they find there is a surplus of clerks and they put down salaries.

DOG EAT DOG

What better summing up of the absolute imbecility of anti-Trust legislation could be found than the following, taken from an editorial in the N. Y. Commercial:

> Dozens of witnesses from among railroad managers, manufacturers, shippers and commercial folk generally have agreed in their testimony before the United States Industrial Commission that competition is the chief cause of discriminations in the rates of transportation. To remedy the evil it has been proposed seriously in many quarters to remove the cause—that is, to do away by law with all forms of competition between common carriers, inasmuch

as most of them are publicly chartered corporations and maintain for the most part a distinctively public service. In consequence nobody, presumably, was shocked at reading the first section of the so-called Administration bill introduced in the House by Chairman Jenkins fresh from the hand of Attorney-General Knox, and the opening and concluding portions of its second section. But among the great army of persons concerned in trade here in the United States there must have been something akin to consternation produced at this in the middle of section two:

> If any such joint stock company, corporation or combination shall offer, grant or give any special prices, inducements or advantages for the sale of articles produced, manufactured, owned or controlled by it to purchasers in any particular locality in order to restrict or destroy competition in that locality in the sale of such articles, it shall be unlawful thereafter to transport any article owned or controlled by it, or produced or manufactured by it, by whomsoever the same may be owned or controlled, from the State within which such article is produced, manufactured, owned or controlled.

In other words, no corporation whose business involves interstate commerce, and which "cuts" prices on its goods to any of its customers, could get its goods transported after that; for any carrier transporting them would be fined $5,000 for each offense! In short, this bill reputedly fathered by the Administration seeks not only to destroy competition in the public service of transportation, but in the buying and selling of goods. Was a more preposterous proposition ever seriously impaled on public attention in this free country of ours? It may be argued in palliation of it that the offense contemplated must be perpetrated "in order to restrict or destroy competition"—but isn't the marking down of prices always done with that purpose? It is a device to get trade away from competitors, and when it succeeds wholly its effect must be to destroy this competitor's business.

There occur to us in this connection some declarations made by the Honorable Martin A. Knapp at Washington two or three years ago. As chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission he was arguing in a general way for the repeal of the Sherman law and of the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce law, and he took occasion to say:

On what I call actual property—I mean the things we eat, use and wear, the products of human labor and skill—possibly some of us do, but I do not, want uniform prices under present conditions. We want every producer to be perfectly free to get just as much as he can for anything he has to sell, and we want every consumer to be perfectly free to buy everything he wants as cheap as he can. We want the utmost freedom of contract between buyer and seller in everything that relates to property. Therefore, it seems to me, all those conditions which tend to abridge that freedom of contract, whether by controlling and limiting production, controlling markets or in whatever ways they operate against the general good of the public, ought to be prevented, if they can be, because it seems to me this freedom of contract between buyer and seller of property is the very foundation of industrial freedom. I cannot conceive of commercial liberty that does not involve that absolute freedom of contract.

Could there be any freedom of contract between buyers and sellers with this Knox bill enacted and in force?

Roosevelt sets Knox out to perpetuate competition, and the only elixir of life Knox can invent to keep competition alive is a law to prevent competition. He sets a thief to catch a thief.

THE KAISER VS. TRUSTS

I should judge from the following from the N. Y. Commercial that the Kaiser must have become a Socialist:

Berlin.—Herr Kaphun, president of the German Tobacco Manufacturers Association, says the Government is prepared to nationalize the tobacco industry, as is the case in France, for the purpose of thwarting the plans of the Anglo-American combine.

The Government has hitherto refused to monopolize the tobacco trade, fearing that such action would result in the ruin of the small tradesmen, but as this now will be probably effected by the combine, the Reichstag will be asked to pass the legislation necessary to make the trade a Government monopoly.

However, it is unnecessary to say that while the Kaiser is not a Socialist, yet, still, if it comes to choosing between Trusts and Socialism, he can have but one choice, especially when he does not own the Trusts himself.

A POSTAL MILK ROUTE

Utica, N. Y.—A party of New York city men came to this city a week ago for the purpose of securing control of the local delivery milk routes. Today they announce that their purpose has been accomplished and they will start business within three weeks.

The work of distributing 20,000 quarts daily will be done by 15 men instead of about 150. It is promised that the price, which now ranges from five cents in summer to seven cents in winter, will be kept between four and five cents the year round.

The company will sell clarified, pasteurized, sterilized or modified milk, also milk products.

Cleveland.—A syndicate has obtained options on 65 per cent. of the milk routes in the city and proposes to buy them. Attorney Chas. S. Beardsley says he represents the syndicate interested and that the capital is $1,000,000, most of which is owned by New York men.

The purpose is not to raise the price of milk, but to deliver in the most economical way,

establish central stations. The promoters are confident that a big profit will result. The options will be closed in 15 days.—N. Y. Commercial.

One of the best illustrations of the waste of competition is seen in the delivery, by half a dozen wagons, of our milk supply. What would we think if we had a dozen letter carriers, employed by a dozen rival Post Office companies, delivering our letters. However, the capitalist is teaching us the beauties of Socialism as applied to milk delivery.

CURRENT EVENTS

The Imperative Mandate.

Every year before election we have the same old story. The candidate soliciting votes goes down on his knees and licks the dust off the voter's boots to get a smile from him. He is then the true servant of the people, and is going to do wonderful things if he is only put in a position where he can carry out his beneficent desires. But immediately the sun goes down on election day, O what a difference there is in the morning! He is no longer the servant, but the boss; and when you approach him either in your City Hall or in the House of Congress, you go before a "great man," you are made to feel that you are in the presence of an august being who must be propitiated before you can expect any favors.

One seems to see a difference as the votes are counted.
—Columbus Evening Despatch.

Things will remain this way as long as we retain our representative system. The only way for us to get rid of the eternal impudence of elected officials is to have a complete system of Initiative and Referendum, together with the Imperative Mandate or power of recall of representatives. With a system of this kind we shall be able to initiate our own legislation and make laws without depending upon the politicians. By means of the Imperative Mandate we will always have it in our power to recall any public official we have elected to office whenever we find that he is not performing his duty. No private individual thinks of entrusting his business to a servant over whom he has no power of discharge in case he is not

satisfied with the way he performs the functions of his office; yet we expect the public service to be properly executed though we put our officials absolutely beyond our control until the end of their term of office, at which time we can show our disapproval by not re-electing them. Los Angeles city, and other cities on the Pacific coast, have recently distinguished themselves by realizing the absurdity of this state of affairs and introducing into their city charters provisions for the Initiative and Referendum and the Imperative Mandate. There is no doubt that these reforms will bring them much better municipal government than they have ever had heretofore. When a man in office feels that if he does something wrong you can punish him and punish him at once, he is apt to be much more observant of your opinion than when he knows that he can snap his fingers at you. Let all our American cities follow the lead of Los Angeles in the drawing up of their new charters.

"THEY CERTAINLY AM GOOD TO ME."
—N. Y. American.

Hanna, Roosevelt & Co.'s Wooing of the Negro

Mark Hanna's position as a defender of the capitalist system has been fairly consistent up to the present time. I have been able to explain satisfactorily to myself most of his actions without necessarily attributing to him any personal failing. As he says, he believes in organized capital and he believes in organized labor, but he thinks the organized capital must control the organized labor. It is much easier for organized capital to get along with organized labor, providing it can make its own terms, than it is for it to deal with an unorganized mob; and Mr. Hanna, realizing that the organization of labor is inevitable, does not propose to kick against the pricks. Mr. Hanna simply believes in the perpetuity of present Industrial Feudalism, and his actions have been more or less consistent along this line.

However, while hitherto his position, viewing him as a capitalist, has been very clear, and could have been completely defended by him as a capitalist, his bill, recently introduced in the Senate, to pension negro slaves is absolutely indefensible from any point of view whatever.

The bill calls for a large outlay of money in pensions to the former negro slaves, merely because they were slaves. In the first place, it is a purely demagogic measure because he knows it can never pass. He is introducing it merely to curry favor with the negro delegates in the next Republican Presidential Convention. That this is his motive is so ostensible, one wonders that he should thus recklessly degrade himself in public opinion by such a piece of arrant demagogy. Of course, in a way it may be said that this is not as bad as the demagogy of Roosevelt in appointing negroes to certain federal offices in the South against the wishes of the white population there. If these appointments were sincerely made for the purpose of showing Roosevelt's determination to bring about the social equality of the negroes and whites, there would be an ethical defence, but when it is simply a palpable bid, like Hanna's, for the negro vote in the next Republican Convention, the appointments throw as unfavorable a light upon the character of our President as does the Senate bill on Mr. Hanna's. Here we see the two most prominent Republicans bidding against each other for votes to control the Presidential nomination in the next Republican Convention; willing to bid any price, no matter how high.

The price is nothing to them; for the country and not the bidders, must pay for their bids.

The negro question in the South is at base an economic one, although superficially it appears to be a racial one. Before the war and during slavery days there was no negro question. The negroes, as chattel slaves, were better housed and better fed and better contented than they are today as wage slaves. They were like well-cared-for animals on the farm, and their old plantation songs that we in the North still sing were symbolical of their content with life. Today they are thrown on their own resources to compete against a superior race. As a result, great demoralization has ensued and grave problems are presenting themselves. Negro insanity is increasing tremendously. The outrages committed by negroes upon white women of the South is but one of the evidences of a growing racial insanity, induced by their inability to meet the requirements of our competitive wage system. Were it not for the hope of Socialism completely changing our economic conditions and putting the negroes and the whites in a position where they will no longer be competitors, and where each will be economically free, there is no question in my mind but that sooner or later there would be a war of extermination between the whites and the blacks, and from all appearances, it would mean the extermination of the black race.

Meanwhile, pending the advent of Socialism it should be the earnest determination and desire of every man to do what he can to make conditions in the South as tolerable as possible between the whites and the blacks; and the demagogism of Roosevelt and Hanna in risking not only the peace of the South, but of the whole nation, in order to gain a purely selfish political end, is as despicable and dangerous a piece of work as has ever been witnessed in the political history of the United States.

Prosperity is thought by some people to be the only barrier to Democratic success. As a matter of fact, it

is very doubtful if, when the inevitable collapse does occur, the Democratic Party will be greatly benefited. Nor is there any protection to the Republican Party in this ephemeral prosperity.

Herein is where the Socialist Party has a commanding position. It not only has a theory which proves positively that there must soon be a period of depression, but at the same time shows how to remedy this inevitable depression. Hence, the Socialists view the next period of depression as one which will give them many new adherents. The best the Democrats can look forward to is a shifting of office-holders, the Republicans to be thrown out and our present regime to continue hobbling along as best it may with the Democratic administration in the saddle. It is perfectly true that the Democrats, being largely of the smaller capitalists, are more incompetent to manage our industrial situation than the Republicans, for the Republicans are abreast of the times and are men at the head of the big combinations. If the Democrats ever again should get into Washington and attempt to carry out their absurd policy of the Destruction of the Trusts and blocking the progress of industrial evolution, then we certainly would have a great industrial crisis at once. The Democrats are like the Chinese with their idea that a small foot on a woman is so beautiful that they never allow the foot to grow beyond the baby stage. They bind it up so tightly that it cannot grow. No matter how much the infant may cry at the torture, the Chinese stick to their ideal and insist upon the foot remaining in its bonds. This is practically the industrial plan the Democrats are proposing for this country. They wish to keep us back in the Jeffersonian days of primitive individual industry. Their position is that they would rather kill an industry than see it grow; for, an anti-Trust bill, if effective, means killing the industry altogether.

NOTHING IN THE WAY BUT THE HIGH HURDLE.
—Pittsburg Gazette.

Futility of Charity

A great many people seem to think that by the aid of charity the Trusts will be able to give a small portion of what they take from the people, and so prolong the present industrial system for an indefinite period. This is an economic mistake. The amount that can be given away in charity is, of course, limited to the earnings of the capitalists; and if there is any

dislocation of our industries, and this is sure to occur in the next industrial crisis, the source from which the charity funds are derived will be dried up. It is much easier to get money for charity in times of prosperity, the very time it is not so much needed, than it is to get it in times of adversity, when it is most wanted. The day is certainly not so far off when the people of the United States are going to realize the ridiculous position in which they have placed themselves. Here we have a country which produces wealth in abundance, and all we need to do is to introduce a proper method of distribution, in order to allow this enormous river of wealth in our midst to percolate in golden irrigation streams over a poverty and famine-stricken nation. There has never been recorded in history a nation which died of starvation because it had too much to eat, and I don't think the American people are going to be the first on the record.

"Go 'round to the other window." —Denver Post

BOOK REVIEWS

ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYBODY. Simon Newcomb. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.25. 333 pages.

Professor Newcomb gives us one of the best popular works upon Astronomy with which we are familiar. It is well illustrated, and if the reader can remember half that is told he will be able to astonish his friends with his profound knowledge upon stellar matters. The book is thoroughly up-to-date, and is written in that lucid, charming manner for which the Professor is so justly noted.

The question of the canals upon Mars receives a limited attention in the book, perhaps as much as the question deserves, but certainly not as much as my friend, Professor Lowell, who is devoting his life to those canals, would think.

Some two years ago I visited Professor Lowell at his observatory on the mountain back of Flagstaff, Arizona, and had the pleasure of hearing quite a learned dissertation from him upon the certainty of Mars being inhabitable, and of the canals being the result of the effort of the inhabitants to bring water down from the poles to the dry equatorial regions of Mars for irrigation purposes. He assured me that there was no question but that the snow caps about the Martian poles increased every winter and diminished in summer, that is, during the Martian summers and winters. He also said he could see the canals themselves change color according to the season—and this, he said, was owing to their banks becoming green with foliage when the water commenced to flow in them in the spring of the year. I must admit I had to take a great deal of all this on faith, for when I looked through his great telescope at Mars I not only could not see any color to the canals, but it required considerable imagination for me to decide that I could even see any canals at all.

However, Lowell is a delightful man, and I hope he is right, for it will be a pleasure to meet him some day paddling down one of those Martian canals and hear him call out in his cheery voice, "Well, Wilshire, old chap, you wouldn't believe me when I said we would run across each other up here, would you?"

It's not an unpleasant thing, after all, to feel that those of us who are going to pass to the great majority before we experience the delights of a perfect existence upon this globe, may have a chance at having our Golden Age on Mars.

Certainly, when we think of how vast a concept the human mind can take in and how infinitely small his physical experience can be when limited to this planet, it does seem incongruous that his experiences should be limited to Earth. One of the great delights that Socialism will give to man will be the opportunity to know the Earth thoroughly by seeing it. Then, when we shall all have wealth and have complete control over the forces of Nature, all will be able to be "globe-trotters," and we will trot over a sphere of beauty, in luxury, and be always among friends. The Earth will be a garden, and all men will be brothers. Man will know himself by knowing Nature.

Speaking of the vastness of the universe, the following quotation from Professor Newcomb's book is of interest:

> "A conception of the respective magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies, which may help the reader in conceiving of the universe as it is, may be gained by supposing us to look at a little model of it. Let us imagine, in this model of the universe, the earth on which we dwell is represented by a grain of mustard seed. The moon then will be a particle one-fourth this diameter and distant about one inch from the earth. The sun will be a large apple in size and distant forty feet. The other planets will range in size from specks of dust up to a pea, and will be distant from the sun from ten feet to a quarter of a mile.
>
> "We must then imagine all these little objects to be slowly moving around the sun in their respective distances in times varying from three months up to one hundred and sixty years.
>
> "On this plan a solar system can be laid down in a field about a half a mile square. Outside of this we would find a whole tract, broader than the whole continent of America, without an object in it. Far beyond America we should find the nearest star, which, like our sun, should be represented by an apple. At still greater distances in every direction, would be other stars, but all separated by as great distances as the nearest star from the sun.
>
> "We can see from this how, in a flight through the universe, like the one we have imagined, we might overlook such an insignificant little body as our earth, even if we made a careful search for it. We would be like a person flying through the Mississippi Valley looking for a lost grain of mustard seed."

It is when we have a broad picture painted like this that we can realize how small a man's physical existence is compared with his spiritual potentiality.

When we think of men spending their lives that they may mark off to themselves for a moment of time a small space upon this mustard seed of an earth, and never for a moment considering the futility of hoping for happiness in such a pursuit, we, after all, are not to be blamed in feeling that the souls who are fit to fly to Mars and meet with Lowell and Wilshire there, are nearly all to be found in the Socialist Party.

HENRY ASHTON. R. A. Dague. Published by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago $1.00.

Mr. Dague, who is a well-known citizen of California and formerly a member of the legislature there, presents in Henry Ashton the story of a modern Utopia, which is thoroughly up to date in all particulars. While the book is confessedly written in order to enunciate Socialistic theories, yet the interest in the story itself is such that many may be persuaded to read it who would refuse to consider a purely economic treatise. The story has a number of exciting episodes, shipwrecks, narrow escapes from death, etc., and gives many striking and interesting illustrations of the machinations of the capitalists in modern life.

FRIARS AND FILIPINOS. By Dr. Jose Rizal. Translated by F. E. Gannett. Published by Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York. $1.25.

This is a story written by a well-known Filipino, who suffered death for his devotion to the cause of freedom in those unhappy islands. It gives an exceedingly good idea of the life of the people as it was previous to the freedom given it by the Roosevelt regime. Dr. Rizal himself was a native Filipino who was for a long time at the head of the revolutionist party. He was finally exiled from the Islands, but during a yellow fever epidemic volunteered to come back and help care for his afflicted countrymen if he were granted amnesty. The Spanish authorities promised amnesty, but broke faith with him, and soon after his arrival in the Islands he was arrested, sentenced and shot as a traitor. Dr. Blumentritt, Professor in the University of Leitmeritz, Austria, writes a biographical sketch of Rizal and calls him the greatest man the Malayan race has produced.

RESIST NOT EVIL. Clarence S. Darrow. Published by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 180 pages. 75 cents.

Mr. Darrow gives us an Americanized version of the religion of Tolstoy. While I have every admiration for his fervor in contending for the right of love to rule our lives rather than that of

force, yet I must say, that I think he would have made his plea stronger if he had given us some idea as to why he thinks a better state of society may be at hand that will give us hope for the change he so desires.

That Tolstoy, a Russian, fails to formulate any definite plan for the re-organization of society is readily excusable, considering his immersion in a country which is so backward in its industrial development and where no immediate economic change is possible. It is really the mark of Tolstoy's genius that he has such advanced thoughts, although living in such an unadvanced country. I extend my hand to every singer of the coming of the Golden Age, but I must say that I always cherish a secret resentment for singers who sing without giving a definite aim as well as a burden to their songs.

Mr. Darrow says, "Then man will learn to know that the cause of crime is the unjust condition of human life; that penal laws are made to protect earth's possessions in the hands of the vicious and strong. Man will learn that poverty and want are due to the false conditions, the injustice that looks to human law and violence and force for its safeguard and protection. Man will learn that crime is but the hard profession that is left open to a large class of men by their avaricious fellows. When new opportunities for life are given, a fairer condition of existence will be gradually opened up and the need for violence and cause of violence will disappear."

I think Mr. Darrow is unphilosophic in intimating that the society as a whole is more avaricious than its criminal class. I doubt if there is very full ground for being sure that even the rich as a class are more avaricious than the poor. Our industrial evolution has necessarily pursued a course of heaping up enormous wealth into the hands of a few individuals. That these men are the recipients of this fund sometimes from avariciousness, is true, but never from that alone. They always possessed either great luck, great powers of organization, or possibly, very often, willingness to abstain from present good in order to have future capital, or anyhow some other quality than the mere desire to accumulate wealth.

I take it that fundamentally the fault in Mr. Darrow's reasoning rests in his inclination to blame the individual instead of blaming the social system. It is true he speaks of "when new opportunities of life are given," but one feels that he really thinks that right now under our present soul-blasting competitive wage-system, there are enough opportunities for men to save their souls. While he speaks as a man whose heart is over-flowing with the milk of human kindness, and I think it really is, yet he is content to look forward to "fairer conditions being *gradually* opened up." I contend that from the high ethical stand he takes that he is bound logically to demand the *immediate* opening up of opportunities.

If Mr. Darrow replies that he would admit the force of my contention from the ethical standpoint, if he could only see that an "immediate" opening up was economically possible, then I request him to read this magazine for his vision of the possibility of the immediate abolition of poverty. Mr. Darrow has recently been elected as an independent candidate to the Illinois legislature. His programme was of the gas, water, and street car variety and yet Mr. Darrow is not one of the people who are afraid of feeding hungry men too quickly. He is a well-known Chicago attorney and was the law associate of the late Governor Altgeld.

Just now he is the attorney for John Mitchell and the Miners' Union and is doing a great work in defense of the right of labor to the living wage.

MUTUAL AID A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION. Prince Krapotkin. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $2.00.

Prince Krapotkin has written one of the most valuable books that have recently appeared. His refutation of the formerly accepted idea that Darwinism means the survival of the fittest in internicine wars is as conclusive as we could wish. He contends that, as a matter of fact, there is practically no internicine warfare between the individual animals of the same species, nor even among men, as individuals, until we come to our present competitive system; that it is mutual aid, and not competition, that has been the important factor in evolution.

When one thinks of it he will easily remember that while ants and bees may fight other insects and even other organizations of the same kind, there is no strife between the individual members of the organization. What makes a bee-hive so perfectly protective for its members is the fact that they have all united to build a home and store their food in common and rear their young. The same with herds of deer, buffaloes, etc. When they are attacked by wolves the bucks form a circle about the herd, and all are protected. Even among birds, as Krapotkin says, while the duck is peculiarly without defensive qualities, yet by its gregarious nature it survives where other birds, less gregarious but much more capable of defence, perish. Among savages the same principle of mutual aid holds. One tribe may attack another, but there is no graver crime a savage can commit than to attack one of his own tribe. The punishment is much more certain and severe than any punishment that our present civilized police courts ever manage to inflict.

Krapotkin shows that, even in barbarism, the same principle of mutual aid dominated men of that age. Again, during the middle ages, the magnificent cathedrals that are at once the inspiration and despair of modern architects, are the result of the glad co-operation of all classes to produce the beautiful. The present competitive system is an unnatural growth from a co-operative beginning. When John made his plane and exchanged it for Henry's hoe it was supposed to be a co-operative plan, and it was in the beginning; but, nowadays, it so happens that the hoes and planes are made in enormous factories in which

the workmen, the Johns and the Henrys, have absolutely no interest. It is the owners, the capitalists, who get all the benefits of the co-operation. No one who is interested in the principles of Socialism should fail to read this book.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

Mulhill, Okla., March 15, 1903.

Enclosed please find remittance for cards sent me. As I don't like your magazine you will please cease sending it to me *immediately after Socialism is universally adopted and working smoothly*. I see that about all the able and prominent men, excepting myself, that have read your magazine recognize it as one of the highest order. But my ideal of a magazine devoted to highest research is one that much or little of it can be read at any time or place with an interest equal to the reading of a dictionary. But a magazine that one has to commence on the first page and can't lay down until he has read every page and most of the advertisements, and then have to wait thirty days for the next copy makes me irritable. I could endure it as a daily or even as a weekly, but as a monthly not a day longer than the stated period, unless I change my mind.

The real reason you were excluded from the mails by one whose power was greater than the man was because of the long interval between issues.

F. M. CROW.

Our February edition although largely increased proved quite inadequate for the heavily increased demand, and the edition was so quickly exhausted that it was impossible to supply all requirements.

This will mean that some of the several thousand new subscribers who wished to commence with the February issue will have to be content with the March issue. The expiration date of such subscriptions will be correspondingly moved forward one month.

Chambers, Neb., March 2, 1903.

Here is a new kind of a duck. He is a reader of the Appeal to Reason and is in a quandary for the future status of his politics. Last night he asked me what was to become of us politically. He said it looked a little Socialistic. On that hint I acted. If you could start him in with February I would take it as a favor.

Yours fraternally, R. D. PARSONS.

Muscatine, Iowa, March 16.

You are doing a noble work. Socialism is spreading here fast; may every worker adopt it, is my prayer. No intelligent man can read one of your magazines and have any doubt that the cause is right. Fraternally yours,

JAMES S. CROSS.

Johnson, Wash., March 22, 1903.

I had been wishing for some time to see a copy of Wilshire's Magazine, fast becoming one of the most noted monthlies in the world. Having a little spare cash and seeing your offer in the Appeal to Reason, I could not longer resist the temptation to see what you had to say and how you said it. I now have the January and February numbers, and to say that I am pleased is putting it mildly, for your trumpet blasts are like the shot fired by the farmers at Concord Bridge in '76—they are heard 'round the world.

The rollicking good humor with which you tap lightly on the shoulder the great "in the public eye" is an original caution and one of the best features of the magazine.

MILES MORRISON HOOPER.

Fairmount Ill., March 19, 1903.

A few months ago, three numbers of your magazine accidently fell into my hands. I was so pleased with the editorials on the Morganization of the World, etc., that I read them to an assembly of farmers here, and they were received with warm and hearty applause. Therefore, let me express to you my warm and ardent admiration for the strong moral tone you are breathing into Wilshire's Magazine. I think it leads the van of the thought-breeders of the age. In it I have found my ideal magazine. I cannot speak too highly of the freshness and vigor of your articles, which are powerful agents for Social Regeneration. I will see that it is placed

on the news-stands at Danville, and will do anything else I can to increase its circulation.

Yours in the Cause. J. G. REDMOND.

We beg to call the attention of our friends to the fact that all our business is transacted from our *NEW YORK OFFICE*, and all communications should be addressed to *Wilshire's Magazine*. Many letters are still being addressed to Toronto, and the consequent delay has been mutually annoying to subscribers and the publishers.

Durand, Ill., March 10, 1903.

Your offer of eight cards for two dollars is noted. Enclosed is P. O. Order, for which send eight subscription cards to address given below. I will chance that much toward bankrupting you. If you can stand your offer for any length of time, possibly I could do more.

EDWARD A. BAKER.

(Editorial Note—The subscription price of the magazine will be raised in the near future, and we earnestly advise our friends and comrades to exert every effort to take advantage of the present low special price.—Editor.)

Curlew, Wash., March 15, 1903.

Find enclosed two dollars, for which please send your magazine to the following for one year. Some of them are already Socialists, and the rest will become so when they get to reading. I find nearly everyone out here is interested in Socialism, and if you can get them to reading it does not take long to finish them. I give them all the benefit of your twenty-five cent offer, and pay for some myself in order to advance the cause. Faithfully yours,

F. F. GEORGE.

Remittances for subscriptions should be sent by *Express Orders* wherever possible, as this form of remitting money costs no more than Post Office Money Orders and is more convenient for the publishers.

Anderson, Ind., March 20, 1903.

Wilshire's Magazine.

Dear Sirs,—I desire to have a sample copy of Wilshire's Magazine sent to about fifty or one hundred business and professional men of Anderson. What will it cost me to have this done? Do you follow up sample copies with requests for subscriptions? My desire is to increase the circulation of your magazine among these classes in Anderson. I am a business man and have no time to see them personally, but am willing to pay for sample copies with the hope that you may be able to make regular subscribers. Yours truly,

F. J. MACOMBER.

Cathlamet, Wash., March 18, 1903.

Received a copy of your much valued magazine, and I think it is the best thing that I have seen to open the eyes of the G. O. P.'s and teach the people the true principle of Socialism. I want to become a subscriber and a reader of your valuable book, and if you will send me the necessary blanks I will see how many I can get to reading it. I am sixty-six years old, and I think Socialism is the only way out. We have lots of people in this part that are Socialistically inclined. I have been a Socialist for ten years, and I am a Grand Army man too. Please find enclosed one dollar, for which send your magazine to Very truly yours,

J. M. EDWARDS.

St. Louis, Mo., March 20, 1903.

Enclosed you will find $1.50 for some of those subscription cards you sent me some time ago. I have fourteen more. I don't want to send any back; I will try to sell them and get more. I never had much time in the past, but I have more time now. Fraternally, CHAS. BUDT.

St. Clair, Mich., March 9, 1903.

I find it now about as easy to get a person to take a year card as a six months' card.

Fraternally yours, W. H. SMITH.

Kenmare, N. D.

Please find enclosed P. O. Order for $2.50 in payment for ten subscriptions. It is slow getting subscriptions in a sparsely settled country place like this, but I will do the best I can for the cause while I live. A. G. SMITH.

Carpenteria, Calif., March 10, 1903.

Please find enclosed $1.50 for the cards you sent me last fall. We live way back in the mountains, and I never got to sell them, so I just addressed them, about two weeks ago, to where I thought they would do the most good. I send you the money herewith.

Yours respectfully, JOHN HALES.

Shawnee, Okla., March 10, 1903.

Those reading your magazine around here are unanimous in their praise of same. It never fails making a Socialist when judiciously placed. DR. C. V. WARNER.

Sacramento, Calif., March 15, 1903.

May we soon break the shell of capitalism and emerge into a system under which it will "profit" all the people to produce what they need and divide the product among themselves; under which nothing will be produced unless all the people will "profit" by it. The sooner we "profit" by giving to "profit" this new

meaning, the sooner will princes and paupers give way to *man*. Fraternally,

HENRY E. WRIGHT.

West Town, Orange Co., N. Y.,
March 21, 1903.

Received sample copy and am much pleased with its make-up. Have had my eye on you through all your tribulation and am glad you are coming out on top. Truth must triumph, and every blow struck in her name will only hasten the glad day of the Co-operative Commonwealth. I am a Methodist preacher, but have come to see the nature of the class-struggle. Christianity is now waiting on Socialism as her handmaid to usher in the New Time when men shall be free and happy. Success to you in all your efforts. Yours sincerely,

A. L. WILSON.

Deadwood, S.D.

Your magazine is the greatest value for the money I have yet seen and am only too glad to do anything I can to spread the gospel of Socialism. R. S. STEVENS.

Bowling Green, Ky.

I think your magazine improves with each number. Yours for the right,

S. S. VERMILYA.

Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio,
March 17, 1903.

Enclosed please find remittance and the names of sixty-eight subscribers which I have secured for your magazine. I have thirty or forty more subscriptions to send in after pay day.

GEO. S. POLLEY.

South Bend, Ind., March 18, 1903.

I am not one of your agents, but I have taken upon myself the responsibility to take a few subscribers' names and their money. Enclosed find list of twenty names. I am not doing this for any reward, but because I am a lover of your work and hope for the day when all will appreciate our cause and believe in and practice what they preach as you do by sending out as good a work to the public as your magazine.

R. A. HICKS.

Topeka, Kan. March 16, 1903.

I will do all I can for your magazine. I am eight years old. I was born a Socialist.

NED RUDOLPH.

HO! FOR CAPE COD!

Recreation Camp and Socialist Meeting.

Sixty miles south of Boston on the north shore of Cape Cod is Sandwich—PLACE. Aug. 10 to 24—TIME.

Comrades, we shall have a great picnic.

Come and bring your family and friends and enjoy it with us.

Let the Manager know at once, and by June 1 send $1 per family as registration fee to cover expense of correspondence and preparation.

Do you wish to board, or tent and rough it? Let us know right away. We shall have no formal program of meetings, but every day will be Sunday.

Fishing, bathing, boating, excursions, (trolley and otherwise) and other sports will drive dull care away.

Keep this in mind in planning for vacation and tell other comrades about it. Pass notices around if you get extra ones.

M. R. KERR, Manager,
Sandwich, Mass.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

EDITOR OF WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE:—

I wish I could say that the following sentence in my article on "John Burroughs and Walt. Whitman," in your February issue: "Whitman's' Leaves of Grass' appeared in 1863," is a printer's error. But I am willing to admit that it probably is not. It is, however, an error—for the book appeared in 1855 or in 1856. I have always known this, as I own the 1856 edition and several other editions; and yet by some blur of cerebration I must have written this incorrect date. What I supposed I was saying, and tried to say was, that the book was brought to Burroughs' attention in 1863. Hoping for the sake of accuracy that you will make this correction in your next issue, I am, as ever,

Cordially yours,
JOEL BENTON.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 15th Feb., 1903.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF UNCONSCIOUS SOCIALISTS.

TAKE ROCKEFELLER, GOULD, ETC., AS SAMPLES.

If you ask, What is Socialism? you ask a question that cannot be answered—at least not accurately or satisfactorily.

One will tell you that it means living comfortably without working. Another will tell you that it means dividing up the world's wealth every few years—for the benefit of the incompetents.

Still others will say that it means making the world better by diminishing the comforts of the few in order to appease the wrath of the many.

There is much nonsense talked about Socialism.

Socialism may be partially described as "the science of improving social conditions."

Treat Socialism as a science, and you rob it of its terrors. For science never works violent, disastrous changes—and whatever is scientific is for the benefit of all, especially for the benefit of those that are superior in ability.

The Socialism that robs the able man is humbug and nonsense. The Socialism that frees the drone from working is foolish and chimerical, as well as vicious.

The science of improving social conditions will improve the condition of the many—without depriving the few of the superfluities now necessary to their happiness. It will not free men from work. But it *will* make work more attractive—and free the worker's life from monotony and drudgery. But that is another and a long story, the story of the future of the world under "attractive industry."

The idea to-day is simply to point out to you that whether we approve of scientific Socialism or not, we are all travelling along the path of social science, and travelling very rapidly.

Every year sees a higher and higher development of Socialistic tendencies—the *wise* Socialistic tendencies of the time.

Near the city of New York—on the Hudson River—there is a big, rich man's institution called the Ardsley Club. A splendid building is beautifully situated among huge trees on the river's edge. A golf course is one of the features—everything that comfort requires is there.

One day there was a chance gathering at the club that included one Villard, one Rockefeller and one Gould.

Casually they discussed Socialism and its dangers.

The millionaire directors were astonished when told that they and their club were purely Socialistic.

"Nonsense," said they. But it was not nonsense.

Each of these men pays his sixty dollars dues per year—and for that small sum secures the free use of a beautiful country palace and beautiful grounds, with baths, billiard rooms and all sorts of luxuries. For that small sum the solitary individual could not even secure a board shanty and cook stove in the forest—to say nothing of a palace.

That very board of governors—with its Rockefeller and Gould—illustrated a Socialistic idea. As governors of the club, and as members of the house committee, those men worked for the good of all—*and they charged nothing for their services.* They were glad to work for the public welfare and to take in payment the approval and thanks of their fellow club members.

These facts were pointed out to them by a certain man who thinks, and, like Moliere's amazed gentleman who found that he had been "writing prose all his life without knowing it," these very rich gentlemen learned that in their private lives they were taking advantage of the fundamental Socialistic idea of co-operation without knowing it.

All modern improvements, with few exceptions, are along scientific Socialistic lines.

A great public park is a Socialistic institution—under the old system it would belong to the king or a few aristocrats. In Hyde Park, London, you may not enter with a hired cab-hansom or "four wheeler." Only the private equipages of the rich are admitted to that "public" park. The man in the hack must drive around Hyde Park. When it is suggested there that cabs also be admitted the rich cry "Socialism." Therefore, you see that when you drive in your humble cab through an American park you enjoy one of Socialism's blessings.

In the old days the noblemen in the streets took his lighting system with him—in the shape of "link boys" or torch bearers. He who could not pay for lights stayed at home, or was robbed in the dark.

Now we supply electric lights and policemen without charge—even in the poorest streets—and the rich are taxed to pay for them. More Socialism.

It was once thought wicked to teach the poor to read. It made them "dissatisfied with their condition, and put ideas into their heads."

Now the prosperous must pay to educate the poorest—and into every head, no matter how humble, we put *at Public Expense* the best ideas of the best teachers, and the best thoughts of the greatest men. More and *Glorious* Socialism.

The bugaboo brand of Socialism we shall never see—except when people occasionally go crazy temporarily, as during the useful French Revolution.

A long as men live they will give exceptional rewards to exceptional merit. But when they become civilized they will give the reward with delight and *not* because they must give it. And when our great men are civilized they will not ask or accept a reward which involves privation and suffering for others.

There will never be any Socialism encouraging idleness or freeing men from the responsibilities of life.

But, kind friends, when you prate about real Socialism, "the science of improving social conditions," and when you denounce those who advocate that kind of Socialism, you are like the fly on the wheel in La Fontaine's fable— you are buzzing and feeling very important; but the stage coach of progress is carrying you along all the same.

$1.00 PER YEAR

10 CENTS

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

MAY, 1903

ROCKEFELLER TALKS WITH WILSHIRE

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

May, 1903

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When notifying us of change of address always give old as well as new address.

When renewing subscriptions please state specifically that the remittance is for a renewal. This will save confusion.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All subscriptions which were received in our office after March 15 will commence with the April number. Subscribers who expected to commence with the March issue but do not receive the same, will know that their names have been entered as commencing with April.

Address All Communications to

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, 125 East 23d St., NEW YORK

THE CHINAMAN AND THE PELICAN

See Page 50

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 58 TORONTO, MAY, 1903 $1 Per Year

DE WITTE AGAIN

I have repeatedly said in this magazine that De Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, has the most comprehensive grasp of the economic and political world-situation, of all the cabinet ministers of Europe. His program is, in short, to introduce a system of State Socialism by which the Czar, or rather the Czar's government, will own and operate a great part of the industries of Russia. Not only will the national government own these industries, but in the municipalities he is instituting a complete system of autocratic municipal Socialism.

That this is no mere theory of De Witte's will be seen from the enormous strides already made in the direction of carrying out his plans. The value of the entire products of the Russian Empire today is not over 3,500 million roubles, while the income of the State for 1902 is estimated to be nearly 2,000 million. In other words, the estimate of the revenue of the State is more than half the value of the products of the whole Empire. Of course, this enormous revenue coming to the State is not like a tax. It is payment to the State for something of tangible value furnished by the State—whiskey from its distilleries, drugs from its dispensaries, tea and sugar from its groceries. Some cities, like Tiflis, even sell meat from the municipal butcher shops, and sewing machines. De Witte is anticipating Democratic Socialism by introducing Autocratic Socialism to head it off.

This year the reports show, for the first time on record, that the imperial treasury has a surplus, the result of course of this introduction of autocratic Socialism. It is a very easy thing to get a revenue when the State owns the railroads and industrial equipments. It is then simply a question of raising the price. Mr. Rockefeller has no difficulty in raising his private revenue to $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 a year by placing the price of oil at the necessary figure. If the United States Government owned the refineries, it could not only make $50,000,000 a year, but even

$100,000,000 from the sale of oil, if it were inclined to be still more rapacious than is Mr. Rockefeller. So De Witte, by the State ownership of various industries, can raise a huge revenue merely by putting up the price of the products, and he is doing it.

This matter of Russia adopting State Socialism is much more than a Russian affair. It means that Russia may be the greatest power in Europe within ten years. The enormous economy effected by concentration on such a colossal scale is sure to give Russia dominance in the production of any goods that go into the world-market. It will also give her an enormous surplus for her treasury, which will enable her to dominate the world's money market. The only rift in the clouds is the possibility, and in fact the strong probability, of mismanagement. If Russia escapes this dangerous rock, the menace which she will offer to the rest of Europe, from this new development, is something which is today appreciated by very few indeed.

The development of autocratic Socialism, similar to what is taking place in Russia, is of course impossible in a politically democratic State like the United States. The ownership of the industrial machinery by the Russian Government is really placed in the hands of one man, the Czar, the hereditary ruler. If the United States Government should take over industries, as is being done on such a great scale by Russia, it would not mean any increase of power in the hands of a single man, but would mean real democratization of wealth, notwithstanding that our Government itself is controlled by plutocracy. The ownership of the railroads by the United States Government would certainly be more democratic than their ownership by half a dozen men, as at present. Whatever may be the dangers of national ownership in the United States

DE WITTE,
Russian Minister of Finance.

during the continuation of our competitive system, they cannot be as great as the dangers of ownership by Rockefeller and Morgan.

Russia, however, is not the only country that is realizing the advantages of monopoly in the conduct of industrial enterprises. While here in the United States, monopoly is rampant and we are doing all we can to break it up, the tremendous power of concentration of capital in controlling the world's markets is being recognized by the Germans as something that they must copy, or else go down in the international industrial warfare. Therefore, we see the German Finance Minister advising the German capitalists to form combinations, after the manner of the American capitalists. Imagine the consternation which would ensue in this country if we should hear President Roosevelt advising Rockefeller and Morgan to still further concentrate their industrial plants, in order that they might have a more complete domination of the world market. Monopoly is all right. The question is whether we, the people, are going to own the monopolies ourselves, or whether we are going to have a hereditary Czar like Morgan own them.

THE RIGHT TO LABOR IN JOY

EDWIN MARKHAM

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the hold of the wolf in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight;
They ask but the right to labor, and to live by the strength of their hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks and patience like sea sands.

And the right of a man to labor, and his right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can blot that right, nor the gates of hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man, and was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.

KAUTSKY: IS HE SOUND?

KARL KAUTSKY will probably be given premier place among the modern German scientific Socialists; and when I say German in connection with scientific Socialism it is a very small limitation, for the Germans are pre-eminently the most scientific of Socialists. His recent book, "The Social Revolution,"* contains his latest utterances on the subject to which I myself have given the most attention, viz., the theory of a catastrophic change of base of society from the capitalistic to the socialistic one. There are three classes of people today who theorize upon economics:

1st. Those who believe the present competitive system is going to last for an indefinite period.

2nd. Those Socialists who believe that the transition is going to take place some day or other, but by means of a very slow development by regular stages, as the chick develops into a hen.

3rd. Those Socialists who believe that the transition to Socialism is going to be of a catastrophic character, similar to that which occurs in Nature when the chicken is hatched from its shell.

It is to this third division that Kautsky and myself belong; but, notwithstanding that we are in the same category as far as being believers in a catastrophic change is concerned, we are apparently not in accord upon what constitutes the necessity for that change, nor upon the period of time which will elapse before the Social egg is hatched.

Kautsky differentiates the revolutionary movement from the reform movement by labeling any movement which is the result of the domination of a previously inferior class as a "revolution," whereas any movement which is accomplished by a superior class he styles a "reform." To my mind the distinction would be determined rather by the actual result than by the means by which the result was brought about. His idea of the result of the revolution, however, is so much in line with my own, and he expresses it all so beautifully, that I must quote him at length:

Whoever seeks today to scientifically attack revolution does it in the name of the theory of evolution, demonstrating that nature makes no leaps, that consequently any sudden change of social relations is impossible; that advance is only possible through the accumulation of little changes and slight improvements, called Social reforms. Considered from this point of view revolution is an unscientific conception about which scientifically cultured people only shrug their shoulders.

It might be replied that the analogy between natural and social laws is by no means perfect. To be sure, our

* C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

conception of the one will unconsciously influence our conception of the other sphere as we have already seen. This is, however, no advantage and it is better to restrain rather than favor this transference of laws from one sphere to another. To be sure, all progress in methods of observation and comprehension of any one sphere can and will improve our methods and comprehension in others, but it is equally true that within each one of these spheres there are peculiar laws not applying to the others.

If the old catastrophic theory is gone forever from the natural sciences, the new theory which makes of evolution only a series of little, insignificant changes meets with ever stronger objections. Upon one side there is a growing tendency toward quietistic, conservative theories that reduce evolution itself to a minimum; on the other side facts are compelling us to give an ever greater importance to catastrophes in natural development. This applies equally to the geological theories of Lyell and the organic evolution of Darwin.

This has given rise to a sort of synthesis of the old catastrophic theories and the newer evolutionary theories, similar to the synthesis that is found in Marxism. Just as Marxism distinguishes between the gradual economic development and the sudden transformation of the juridical and political superstructure, so many of the new biological and geological theories recognize alongside of the slow accumulation of slight and even infinitesimal alterations, also sudden profound transformations—catastrophies—that arise from the slower evolution.

A notable example of this is furnished by the observations of de Bries, reported at the last Congress of Natural Sciences held at Hamburg. He has discovered that the species of plants and animals remain unchanged through a long period; some of them finally disappear, when they have become too old to longer adapt themselves to the conditions of existence, that have in the meantime been changing. Other species are more fortunate; they suddenly "explode," as he has himself expressed it, in order to give life to countless new forms, some of which continue and multiply, while the others, not being adapted to the conditions of existence, disappear.

I have no intention of drawing a conclusion in favor of revolution from these new observations. That would be to fall into the same error as those who argue to the rejection of revolution from the theory of evolution. But these observations at least show that the scientists are themselves not wholly agreed as to the part played in organic and geologic development by catastrophies, and for this reason it would be an error to attempt to draw from either of these hypotheses any fixed conclusions as to the role played by revolution in social development.

If, in spite of these facts, such conclusions are still insisted upon, then we can reply to them with a very popular and familiar illustration, which demonstrates in an unmistakeable manner that nature does make sudden leaps: I refer to the act of birth. The act of birth is a leap. At one stroke a fetus, which had hitherto constituted a portion of the organism of the mother, sharing in her circulation, receiving nourishment from her, without breathing, becomes an independent human being, with its own circulatory system, that breathes and cries, takes its own nourishment and utilizes its digestive tract.

The analogy between birth and revolution, however, does not rest alone upon the suddenness of the act. If we look closer we shall find that this sudden transformation at birth is confined wholly to functions. The organs develop slowly, and must reach a certain stage of development before that leap is possible, which suddenly gives them their new functions. If the leap takes place before this stage of development is attained, the result is not the beginning of new functions for the organs, but the cessation of all functions—the death of the new creature. On the other hand, the slow development of organs in the body of the mother can only proceed to a certain point, they cannot begin their new functions without the revolutionary act of birth.

This becomes inevitable when the development of the organs has attained a certain height.

We find the same thing in society. Here also the revolutions are the result of slow, gradual development (evolution). Here also it is the social organs that develop slowly. That which may be changed suddenly, at a leap, revolutionarily, is their functions. The railroad has been slowly developed. On the other hand, the railroad can suddenly be transformed from its function as the instrument to the enrichment of a number of capitalists, into a Socialist enterprise having as its function the serving of the common good. And as at the birth of the child, all the functions are simultaneously revolutionized--circulation, breathing, digestion—so all the functions of the railroad must be simultaneously revolutionized at one stroke, for they are all most closely bound together. They cannot be gradually and successively socialized, one after the other, as if, for example, we would transform today the functions of the engineer and fireman, a few years later the ticket agents, and still later the accountants and book-keepers, and so on. This fact is perfectly clear with a railroad, but the successful socialization of the different functions of a railroad is no less absurd than that of the ministry of a centralized state. Such a ministry constitutes a single organism whose organs must cooperate. The functions of one of these organs cannot be modified without equally modifying all the others.

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Since neither a railroad nor a ministry can be changed gradually, but only at a single stroke, embracing all the organs simultaneously, from capitalist to socialist functions, from an organ of the capitalist to an organ of the laboring class, and this transformation is possible only to such social organs as retain a certain degree of development, it may be remarked here that with the maternal organism it is possible to scientifically determine the moment when the degree of maturity is attained, which is not true of society.

On the other hand, birth does not mark the conclusion of the development of the human organism, but rather the beginning of a new epoch in development. The child comes now into new relations in which new organs are created, and those that previously existed are developed further in other directions; teeth grow in the mouth, the eyes learn to see; the hands to grasp, the feet to walk, the mouth to speak, etc. In the same way a social revolution is not the conclusion of social development, but the beginning of a new form of development. A Socialist revolution can at a single stroke transfer a factory from capitalist to social property. But it is only gradually, through a course of slow evolution, that one may transform a factory from a place of monotonous, repulsive, forced labor into an attractive spot for the joyful activity of happy human beings. A Socialist revolution can at a single stroke transform the great bonanza farms into social property. In that portion of agriculture where the little industry still rules, the organs of social and Socialist production must be first created, and that can come only as a result of slow development.

It is thus apparent that the analogy between birth and revolution is rather far reaching. But this naturally proves nothing more than that one has no right to appeal to Nature for proof that a social revolution is something unnecessary, unreasonable and unnatural. We have also, as we have already said, no right to apply conclusions drawn from Nature directly to social processes. We can go no further upon the ground of such analogies than to conclude: that as each animal creature must at one time go through a catastrophe in order to reach a higher stage of development (the act of birth or of the breaking of a shell), so society can only be raised to a higher stage of development through a catastrophe

My general criticism of Kautsky's position is that whereas the whole Marxian philosophy is based upon the materialistic conception of history, and leads us to hold that the country in

which economic evolution has reached the highest development is the country in which Socialism will first become a necessity; and as the industrial evolution has undoubtedly proceeded further in the United States than in any other country, it is in this country that Socialism must have its birth. Yet, here is Kautsky writing a book entitled "The Social Revolution," and seeming hardly aware that such a country as the United States exists. He fails to see that the inevitability of Socialism from the economic development is much more easily demonstrated here than in Europe. Kautsky seems rather to think that the revolution depends upon the European working-class becoming organized politically, and, by a majority vote, coming into possession of the political machinery, and thus have the State acquire possession of the industrial machinery. He seems to think that this political education of the masses will proceed slowly by means of the propaganda efforts of the Socialists, and under conditions practically the same as they are today. It is right here that I differ from Kautsky. I will agree that if we had enough time before us his plan might work out and the working-class would be brought gradually to realize the advantages to be gained by the establishment of Socialism, and then proceed to vote themselves into power. But my contention is that the economic development in the United States has proceeded so fast that we are surely going to find ourselves face to face with a great unemployed problem in a comparatively few years. This condition of affairs will educate the people to the necessity for Socialism in a much more rapid and catastrophic way than Kautsky seems to have any inkling of. Certainly, if we do have a great unemployed problem in the United States, and it comes about within the next five years, which is probable, it will not take the people of the United States in general, and the working-class in particular, very long to find out that something must be done, and that nothing else will solve the problem but the adoption of Socialism.

Then, too, I differ with Kautsky as to what the working-class would do if ever they came into political domination. My opinion is that if the Socialists elect their representatives to power, that is, if there should be a majority of Socialist representatives in the United States Congress, and a Socialist president, it would be impossible for us to conceive of any half-way measures being taken. Kautsky seems to think that a Socialist majority would not mean the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth at once; but that it would be a question of more or less trafficking with the capitalists for the purchase of their tools of production. The principal reason I disagree with him upon this point is not so much that it would be unethical for us to consider the perpetuation of an iniquitous system when we have the power to abolish it, but that our very determination to end the system would be because of the economic impossibility of longer continuing the "competitive wage system." Now, then, if this "competitive wage system" is to be abolished, it can only be done by a complete change from private to public ownership of the means of production, and, therefore, no matter what Socialists might *wish* to do toward effecting a transition gradually from capitalism to Socialism, it will be economically impossible for them to do anything except to make a complete and immediate abolition of our whole system of private ownership of capital and the competitive wage system.

Kautsky very ably points out how the capitalist system of production prevents any class from really enjoying leisure. In the United States the real heads of capitalistic undertakings are hard-worked men. Those who go in for "sports" are not men of any great weight in the world of capitalism. He says:

The capitalist manner of production robs the ruling class of all the leisure that they previously had. Even, if they do not produce but are living from the exploitation of the producing classes, still they are not idle exploiters. Thanks to competition, the motive force of present economic life, the exploiters are continuously compelled to carry on an exhausting struggle with each other, which threatens the vanquished with complete annihilation.

The capitalists have therefore neither time nor leisure, nor the previous culture necessary for artistic and scientific activity. They lack even the necessary qualifications for regular participation in governmental activities. Not only in art and science, but also in the government of the State, the ruling class is forced to take no part. They must leave that to wage-workers and bureaucratic employees. The capitalist class reigns but does not govern. It is satisfied, however, to rule the government.

In the same way the decaying feudal nobility before it, satisfied itself by taking on the forms of a royal nobility. But while with the feudal nobility the renunciation of its social functions was the product of corruption, with the capitalists this renunciation arises directly from their social functions and is an essential part of their existence.

As to the objection of the capitalist class to the introduction of Socialism, Kautsky has the following:

Thanks to the newspapers, never was economic insight so broadly dispersed; never was the ruling class, as well as the mass of people, so much in a condition to comprehend the far-reaching consequences of its acts and strivings. This alone proves that we shall not make the tremendous transition from capitalism to Socialism unconsciously, and that we cannot slowly undermine the dominion of the exploiting class without this class being conscious of this, and consequently arming themselves and using all their powers to suppress the strength and influence of the growing proletariat.

There are two ways of looking at this. If the capitalists think that the existing system can be continued, and that they are getting great pleasure out of it as it is, and that they will get great pain out of any change, it would be perfectly natural that they should arm themselves and do all they could to prevent the change taking place. On the other hand, if the economic development of society has not only made the working-class "class-conscious," but made *all* of society socially conscious of the desirability, as well as the inevitability of the change, then no resistance to change will come from society as a whole. There may be a few resistant individuals, not infected with this social consciousness, but these will be the exceptions and will be of no consequence. I believe that, particularly in the United States, the social consciousness of a coming change is becoming a dominating feature of all our thought, and this consciousness is the result of our tremendous economic development, the centralization of wealth in the hands of a few Morgans and Rockefellers. We are all coming to see that to regain our freedom, wealth must in some way be transferred back to the people, and this can be done only through public ownership. There is no evidence that the Morgans and Rockefellers are prepared to resist this change any more than any other people of either the capitalist or laboring class. Our trade-union leaders, like Gompers,

are more anti-Socialist than our Morgans. There is a general feeling throughout the country that a change is inevitable, and that instead of any apparent resistance to Socialism, the tendency is to welcome it. Of course, to Kautsky, in a German environment, where the working-class is strongly organized into a class-conscious political party, and where the upper classes, on the other hand, are equally well organized for the purpose of preventing this party coming into power, it may seem incredible that a different state of social consciousness can develop or exist in the United States. He may think that when the Socialists here begin to get stronger, and to get a greater and greater number of votes, the capitalists will organize themselves on the other side to prevent the further growth of Socialism. But such an attempt would be about as futile as it would be to try to prevent the grass from growing in summer, and the capitalists will see the futility of it so palpably that they will do nothing. When Socialism is a more or less artificial growth, as the result of propaganda from the enthusiasm of individuals, rather than from the stern logic of events, there may be reason to look for opposition from the capitalists; but when it becomes simply a question of the people reading the facts of the day, and determining the necessity of a change, the assumption that the capitalists will arm in order to prevent this change is simply absurd.

Regarding the agricultural situation, Kautsky again presents the European view, and is apparently unfamiliar with the American farmer. He differentiates between large and small farmers, and says that the large ones will be against Socialism, because the Socialists will be asking for a shorter work-day and higher wages. He also thinks that the great farmer will be in favor of tariff on agricultural products. Of course, this does not apply to the United States, because we do not import agricultural products. As for the large and small farmers ever dividing politically here, our farmers are mostly all small farmers working their own farms, with one or two hired men to the farm, and, as has been shown repeatedly by statistics, the farmer gets a less return from his farm than the wages he pays his hired man. The farmer in the United States is essentially a man holding a social ideal of equality, and he is not bound down by any of the feudal conditions of Europe, which would make him see any logic in the perpetuation of a social economy which provides for a class superior to himself. When the economic conditions get riper in this country, I have no question that the American farmer will be in the forefront in the demand for Socialism, notwithstanding that some Socialists insist that it will be impossible to get him into line until he becomes a proletarian. The American farmer will never become a proletarian, for the simple reason that there is more labor to be gotten out of him as a land owner than as a proletarian. Economically society demands and gets the cheapest man. It wants its work done at the least cost. The cheapest method of agricultural production today is to let the farmer own his land and pay interest on his mortgage—much cheaper than for the capitalist to own the land and hire the farmer to till the soil.

Kautsky also makes a distinction between the industrial capitalist and the financial capitalist. Whatever effect the difference may make in Germany, it does not exist in the United States. Morgan and Rockefeller are not only

industrial capitalists, but also bankers on a large scale, and anyway there is no difference in the politics of our capitalists owing to the manner in which they make their money.

That Kautsky is perfectly clear on the futility of municipal Socialism may be seen from the following:

In the same way the so-called Municipal Socialism is limited to those States and social organizations where universal suffrage in the municipality rules. It must always remain bound to the general economic and political conditions, and can never proceed independently. To be sure, the proletariat may find the municipal government in the individual industrial communities in their hands before they have the strength to conquer the general government, and they can by means of this control, or at least restrain, action hostile to the proletariat and carry through individual betterments which could not be expected from a bourgeoise regime. But such municipal governments find themselves limited not alone by the power of the State, but also by their own economic helplessness. They are mostly poor municipalities, almost exclusively made up of proletarians, that are first conquered by the social democracy. Where shall these obtain the means to carry out great reforms? Ordinarily the taxing power of the municipality is restricted by State laws, and even where this is not the case the taxation of the well-to-do and the rich cannot exceed certain bounds without these residents, the only ones from whom anything can be taken, being driven out of the municipality. Every decisive work of reform demands at once new taxes which are unfavorably received not only by the upper classes but also by wider circles of the population. Many a municipal government which has been captured by Socialists, or so-called socialistic reformers, has been taken away from them because of the taxation question, in spite of the fact that their actions have been exceedingly efficient. This was true in London and also in Roubaix.

Contrasting capitalism and feudalism, Kautsky makes the following pregnant observation, although his closing sentence, which says we have as little cause to expect revolution from a financial crisis as from an armed insurrection, is liable to be misunderstood:

Capitalism does not, like feudalism, lead to under-production, but to over-production, and chokes in its own fat. It is not a lack of capital, but superfluity of capital which today demands profitable investment and in pursuit of dividends draws back from no risk. The governments are completely dependent upon the capitalist class and the latter has every reason to protect and support them. The increase of public debts can only become a revolutionary factor in so far as it increases the pressure of taxes and therewith leads to an uprising of the lower classes, but scarcely (Russia perhaps must be excepted) to a direct financial collapse, or even to a serious financial embarrassment of the government. We have just as little cause to expect a revolution from a financial crisis as from an armed insurrection.

He refers to a crisis where a Government cannot pay its public debts, as for instance, is the case today with Venezuela, and is not thinking of a complete breakdown of our industrial system.

I regard economic evolution as having progressed so far that the social consciousness is developing as a result of it, and, therefore, we cannot have an armed struggle of any importance because the whole people are going to see the futility of such a thing. If we have a breakdown of the economic situation in the United States and the workingmen of Pittsburg are out of work there is no use of their rioting; rioting will do no good. They might sack a few bakeshops, but the bread they want is out in the Dakota wheat fields, and the only way they can get

it into their stomachs in Pittsburg, is to keep society organized on a basis by which the iron of Pittsburg can be exchanged for the wheat of Dakota. It will not take much brains to see that no insurrection is going to accomplish this. It will need the concerted thought of the whole people to solve the problem of feeding the unemployed.

Kautsky impresses upon his readers the necessity for clinging to revolutionary idealism, and yet when we hear his prognostication of what the proletariat will do when they come into power, his program sounds more like that of a Fabian than of a revolutionary socialist. Here are some of his Fabian ideas, which I am sure no American revolutionary socialist will stand for, for a moment.

Let us imagine then that this fine day has already come, in which at one stroke all power is thrown into the lap of the proletariat. How would it begin? It would extend universal suffrage to every individual and establish complete freedom of press and assemblage. It would make the State completely independent of the church and abolish all rights of inheritance. It would establish complete autonomy in all individual communities and abolish militarism.

It is impossible to conceive that in America the domination of the working-class would not be coincident with the complete installation of Socialism, and when Kautsky talks about the Socialists, after they get into power, reforming taxation and imposing progressive income tax, etc., it sounds extremely mediæval and almost incredible in a man of his standing. When the working-class, or, what is the same thing, when the Socialists, are in possession of the political power, we will have no taxes at all, nor will there be any classes.

Kautsky continues:

There is one problem above all others with which the proletariat regime must primarily occupy itself. It will in all cases be compelled to solve the question of the *relief of the unemployed.* Enforced idleness is the greatest curse of the laborer. For him it signifies misery, humiliation, crime. The laborer lives only from the sale of his labor power, and when he can find no purchaser for this he is delivered up to hunger. And even when the laborer has found his labor the unemployed still torture him, for he is never secure from the loss of his labor and consequent misery.

We will not need any relief of the unemployed, because there will be no unemployed under Socialism; and it is almost incredible to me that Kautsky can hold any theory that there will be a continuation of a body of proletarians after the proletarians have come into power, since the very object of their being in power is to abolish the proletariat.

Then he continues:

The question then arises as to what purchasers are at the command of capitalists when they wish to sell their undertakings. A portion of the factories, mines, etc., could be sold directly to the laborers who are working them, and could be henceforth operated co-operatively; another portion could be sold to co-operatives of distribution, and still another to the communities or to the states.

To an American it sounds very primitive to talk about selling mines and factories to laborers or to co-operative establishments. The very thing we wish to abolish today is the ownership of the means of production by a class; and the mere fact of the owning class happening to be workingmen does not render the class ownership any less objectionable than where it happens to fall into the hands of a divine ruler like Baer. If the miners of Pennsylvania owned the mines and by virtue of that

ownership could tell the rest of the people of the United States that they would not give them coal except upon certain conditions enunciated by them as owners, we would be as completely in their power as we are now in Baer's. The mines of the country should be owned by the people as a whole. It would be just as absurd to let the coal miners own the mines as it would be to let the post office be owned by the letter carriers. The post office is not for the letter carriers, nor the mines for the miners, but both post office and mines are for the people as a whole.

However, in closing this review, I wish to pay tribute to the great value of this book upon the Social Revolution. It is well worth everyone's perusal who is interested in Socialist literature; for of all the writers upon the subject there is no one who is held in greater respect and admiration for his intellectual acuteness than Karl Kautsky.

COURAGE, STRENGTH AND LOVE

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

It takes great STRENGTH to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose;
To bear this pressure and succeed at length
In living your belief—well, it takes strength!

And COURAGE, too. But what does courage mean,
Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen?
Courage to undertake this lifelong strain
Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain;
Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
Out of the easy paths that used to be,
And the fierce pain of hurting those we love
When love meets truth, and truth must ride above?
But the best courage man has ever shown
Is daring to cut loose and think alone.

It takes great LOVE to stir a human heart
To live beyond the others and apart.
A love that is not shallow, is not small;
Is not for one, or two, but for them all.
Love that can wound love, for its higher need;
Love that can leave love, tho' the heart my bleed;
Love that can lose love, family and friend;
Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end.
A love that asks no answer, that can live
Moved by one burning deathless force—to give.

Love, strength, and courage; courage, strength, and love!
The heroes of all time are built thereof.

AUTO-TOXÆMIA OF SOCIETY

WALLACE LLOYD, M.D.

FOR a century, at least, we have railed at intemperance in alcoholics as the greatest bugaboo of society. We have lectured and legislated with good intentions and indifferent results, but, even had we accomplished all we desired, the light of recent discovery and research shows that, while gathering odd straws, we have been stumbling over sheaves. If the medical opinion of the civilized world is of any value we are now confronted with the astonishing fact that, for one who destroys life or usefulness with the distilled essence of food stuffs, there are at least a hundred who ruin body and brain by intemperance in food itself. Alcoholics are now used by stealth, because even moderate tippling has fallen into disrepute, but there never was a time when high living and good feeding were more popular than at present. We are learning to eat by note.

Food intoxication is called toxæmia, and means simply that we super-saturate ourselves with the waste material from unassimilated, unnecessary, or unsuitable food. While over-filling our stomachs with viands, enhanced in toothsomeness by all the arts of culinary science, we are slowly encrusting our arteries with a sediment, which sooner or later brands us with senility. While bowing to the absurd but popular theory that our strength and vitality are in direct proportion to the food we eat, and encouraging our appetites by every possible means, we have really been but storing up quantities of uric acid to clog up and finally to stop our mental and physical machinery. Modern invention has reduced necessary muscular activity to a minimum till we scarcely need walk, and yet, in the face of all this, we never think of lightening our consumption of food in quantity or quality. The consequence is that there is a woeful want of balance between the amount of food we consume and the amount of labor we perform.

It is as if a locomotive engineer were using ten tons of coal where only one was necessary, simply because he loved the sensation of shovelling it in and then complained because he was continually sending his engine to the shop for repair. Medical journals everywhere are teeming with hints as to the cause and treatment of the "uric acid diathesis" (a scientific name for fullness of a habit), and even our most progressive humorists, in search of novelty, have dropped the unloveable and commonplace inebriate for the business automaton who, intoxicated with self-interest, all unconsciously, carries his "jag" of uric acid till his moral and mental vision are clouded with the fatal sediment, his arteries are crusted, and he himself becomes a fossil.

Let it be understood that we are not now preaching achololic temperance. Drunkenness in its various forms may or may not be an evil.

Sound philosophers even tell us that, without the stirring effect of stimulants, the race would never have progressed, that invention, music, poetry and all the arts would have been unknown and that the suffering which follows intemperance is but the crucible which burns the dross from our moral and spiritual entities. Scotland's ploughman poet says:

"Leeze me on drink! It gies us mair
Than either school or college.
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou' o' knowledge."

Of this, however, we are not called upon to offer an opinion, but to ask whether the auto-toxæmia of the individual has not seriously honeycombed the moral, social and industrial basis of society. It is not necessary to repeat the axiom that, what affects the part influences the whole, but it is interesting to analyze the various expressions of this truth. If it is easy to distinguish a pronounced case of alcoholic intoxication by the thick voice, the turgid word, or the plunging step, shall we not then be able to discern analogous symptoms in a society addicted to over-stimulation? If we are able to see through the cunning arts practiced by the experienced tippler to hide his real condition, may we not, with our moral vision, penetrate the veneering which society uses for a similar purpose? Let us see.

No one who has given the matter any study will deny that inflation, exaggeration and exploitation are the characteristics of our present society. Everybody seeks, as far as he is able, the wealthiest company, the fastest train and the biggest hotel. To transcend the limits in any single direction, even in crime, is to become famous. Does not the unfortunate man who comes reeling from the saloon, protesting that he can hit harder, jump higher, or dive deeper than anybody else on earth, remind us forcibly of the city which brags of its big buildings and its fine streets; yes, even of the nation which, with flaunting flags and flaring trumpets, boasts of its army and navy, its power to kill and destroy. Is not this inebriate in perfect harmony with a society which divides its applause equally between virtue, vice and folly, so long as they are written in the superlative degree? The man who jumps from the highest point gets as much kudos as the philanthropist who breaks the record in donations to charity, and the multi-millionaire receives quite as much homage as he who enriches a world with the product of his heart and brain.

Watch the drunkard on the street. See how he fixes his eye and attention on his objective point to the utter exclusion of conditions and surroundings. Notice how he ambles towards it with uncertain haste till he unconsciously breaks into a run. Is he not a prototype of the worldly man, who, in his race for wealth, or place, or power, forgets to look occasionally to the blue dome above, to listen to rustling winds and singing birds, to feel the generous warmth of human love, to bask in the glorious sunshine, or feel the throb of Nature's mighty heart in unison with his own? In his anxiety for the future he ignores the present, and in exchange for a shadow throws away the heritage of a life.

Esau got his mess of pottage, the ordinary drunkard gets at least visionary happiness, but the toxæmic worldling gets nothing for the sacrifice but

shattered health. While by his superior cunning he thinks to relieve his fellows of their coveted wealth, he robs himself of all that makes life worth living.

Society is at present on a giddy run, which, if analogy is any guide, means a fall. There was a time when we pretended to care for each other and modestly tried to hide our greedy haste, but now we have thrown aside our masks, and, with a shout of "Devil take the hindmost," we are doing a final heat for the goal.

And amidst this terrible strain we keep sipping at our favorite tipple, whether it be stocks or gaming table, wine or women, drugs or dainty foods, fisticuffs or scandal. Hotter liquors, higher seasoned foods, brighter colors, deeper schemes, lewder lusts and quicker movements are what we crave. "Hurry, hurry. Bring on the next course. Give us bigger glasses and more in them."

Then there is a graver aspect of the situation to be considered. It has long been known, in a limited way, that food indulgence is the source of many diseases which maim and kill, but very few have stopped to ask whether it affects our characters as well. A mere glance at the characteristics of the chronic tippler, with all his distrust of his fellows and his disregard for the comfort and welfare of his family, will convince us by analogy that the effect upon the mind is quite as striking as that upon the body. As our brain-pressure *increases*, the subjective importance of our fellow-creatures *decreases*, till, in the light of our intensified selfishness, they appear like so many insects whose presence we are forced by law or prudence to tolerate.

But the most stunning blow of all is yet to come. Toxæmia, we find, can be, and is, continually produced by self-centred thoughts and emotions in spite of moderate or even abstemious diet. This class of emotions includes every shade of self-interest, the eager haste to save our individual souls and the thirst for individual power and the common greed for possession.

Where, then, is the reward for virtue? Where is the man who has always been busy looking after his own selfish interests in this world or the next? How about those who exercise the supposed virtues of patience, ambition, perseverance, honesty and integrity in building up a reputation or a fortune? We know where society places them. But what does Dame Nature say? "Hopeless inebriates, drunk with *self*." And she bundles them in neck and crop with the devotees of Bacchus, excepting that the latter often have easier modes of exit, because they in their cups, have occasionally forgotten "self" in generous act or impulse.

One can almost hear peals of laughter from saloon and dining-hall as this last fact comes to light. "Hurrah," they shout. "Where is smock-faced respectability now, with all his preaching and moralizing? He hasn't even had the fun of living, and as to dying, alcohol is more merciful a poison than either self-righteousness or self-interest."

Can this be what the words of Christ meant when He said that the last should be first and the first should be last? Is this the truth which prompted Him to prefer the publican and sinner to the scribe and pharisee? If it be so, then there is only one vice and one virtue: selfishness and altruism. Then love is the only good and hate the only evil.

We have nothing to offer in the way of remedy or relief, in fact we do not know that the good old world is not just as it should be. All this may be necessary to our growth and unfoldment.

Omnipotence appears to get along very well without us, and, as far as we can see, the mills of the gods grind on as they please in spite of resolutions and reforms. Life is death, and death is birth. The blossom must die before the fruit forms.

That the enlightened and intensified selfishness of the present is bound to cause its own annihilation seems reasonably certain, but just whether it will expire by convulsions or coma no one will have the assurance to predict. We have analogies in Nature for both gradual change and cataclysm.

Lovers kissed and children played while Mount Peelee was incinerating a whole cityful, and buds were breaking into blossom when Vesuvius was burying Pompeii. How often has the sun brought growth and gladness to one hemisphere while it bleached the bones of famine-stricken millions in another, and were not flowers blooming in field and forest while earthquakes were sinking continents?

And what then? Pain and stress have always been the price of progress, and knowing this, may we not cheerfully submit to the pangs of the present? In the light of Cosmic Beneficence we may even meet the struggle with cheers and smiles.

But in the meantime let us occasionally bathe our heads and ask ourselves in all earnestness, "Are we quite sober?"

GUYOT'S WEAK POINTS

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

Generally speaking, you have answered satisfactorily all objections raised by Professor Guyot against "The Significance of the Trust." I only desire to emphasize some points raised by Prof. Guyot which you have not elaborated in your reply.

Professor Guyot contends, *a la Bernstein*, that small corporations and small producers in general are on the increase, and that they have "no reason whatever to fear the power of the great combination." In my opinion this simply confirms your argument that only in certain instances can small corporations successfully compete with the Trust, as the Professor himself stated in the above quoted phrase—"owing to a special line of work."

In proving the Socialist contention of concentration of capital it is immaterial whether the number of smaller concerns is decreasing or not, for if it is not it can only prove that some of them "die hard"; if it can only be proven that the bulk of capital employed in a given industry is becoming concentrated, and this even Prof. Guyot will not deny.

Economists usually strain at a gnat if by it they can, in their exalted opinion of themselves, destroy "the assertion of Karl Marx that capital must concentrate in fewer hands, and that the number of proletarians, living only by their labor, must increase."

Professor Guyot thinks he has demolished Marx when he asserts that "formation of Trusts does not procure great profits for some financiers, except on the condition that they permit the diffusion of their holdings. Now, this diffusion dispenses their capital among numerous holders; it makes more and more capitalists." If some workman is fortunate enough to own a share or two in a Trust, the profit on those holdings will not help to increase his savings to make a capitalist out of him. In most cases the workmen are given an opportunity to invest in common stock only, which in most instances is pure water, and, if there is a chance for the value of the stock to rise, the petty owners of stock are through some means or other deprived of their stock, which is made for the time being (until they dispose of it) practically worthless.

Mr. Guyot contends that since during the last half century, the number of workmen has increased, consequently there is no cause for alarm in the future on that score.

In regard to that I have two questions to ask Prof. Guyot.

(1) Has the nnmber of workmen in productive industries increased or decreased in proportion to the total value of commodities produced?

(2) Has not the number of non-productive laborers, such as coachmen, lackeys, servants, etc., increased within the last half century in greater proportion than the number of productive laborers?

The fact is that the surplus value is so large that the part which the capitalist class consumes as revenue (non-productively) is enormous, and as all this cannot be invested in dead stock (such as European nobility titles) by our merchant princes, coal barons, railroad magnates, etc., consequently more employment is given to men employed in luxury-producing industries and also enormously increases the class of menials.

Again, it is not always true that a rise of prices, which increases the cost of living, must necessarily increase wages. It most always reduces the standard of living, and only in exceptional cases are wages raised. Were it otherwise, the Socialists in the German Reichstag would not have opposed the Agrarian tariff lately passed there.

Professor Guyot's contention that "wages are determined by the consumers," is, to say the least, puerile. Prices of commodities in industries where competition still exists are determined generally by the cost or expense of production, plus the general average rate of profit, but in the branch of industry where there is no competition, the price of commodities is fixed arbitrarily by the Trust "for all the traffic will bear," and on account of this either the cost of production or the average rate of profit, or both, must decline in the still competitive industries. And so, whenever a Trust arbitrarily hoists prices on articles of necessity, the rate of profit in other branches of industry where competition is still keen must generally decline.

I would advise Professor Guyot to study the third volume of Marx's Capital a little more carefully before he attempts to demolish it.

Such criticisms as that of Professor Guyot show the intellectual bankruptcy of bourgeois economics as taught even by their brightest representatives. They also stimulate the Socialist to "brush up on Marx," as it were.

A. HIRSCHFIELD, M. D.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE POINT OF VIEW

GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON

To be looked up to, honored and respected,
And draw an income from the class subjected;
To grasp a measure of superior power—
Through wealth, or law, or what seems mental dower—
And feel in worth above one's serving neighbors
As much as one can profit by their labors;
To live secure from want, with cultured classes,
And give employment to the landless masses:
So to be served and saved makes class and station
Seem natural, and good for all creation.

To be looked down on—reckoning worth by wages;
To work and want through all life's hopeless ages;
Long hours, long years to toil among wealth makers,
And still remain dependent on its takers;
To sweat for others who yet do not love us,
Creating incomes for the ranks above us;
To live a treadmill life, with narrow pleasures,
Unthrilled by art, and wanting all its treasures:
So with the rich to rank in correlation,
Seems not so fair and fine for all creation.

THE "GREAT FAMILIES" OF ENGLAND

H. M. HYNDMAN

GREAT BRITAIN is an exceptional country in many ways, and one of the remarkable points about it is the manner in which the so-called "great families" have contrived to uphold their political influence, under different economic and social conditions for so many generations. Everywhere else the power of the hereditary aristocratic class has been sapped. Even where they have retained their property and ancestral titles, they have done so at the sacrifice of much of their political influence. Not so here. By extraordinary dexterity, combined with steady attention to politics, as a business which interested them directly as well as indirectly; by giving way just so much to the demands of the people at critical times as would satisfy them without seriously imperilling the aristocratic position; by unscrupulous and relentless opposition to any policy which they considered dangerous; and last, but not least, by the clever bribery and absorption of really able men from the classes beneath them, the English aristocracy has maintained, even to this day, its control over public affairs. They have worked, and they have cajoled, and they have betrayed and plundered and corrupted and murdered for this; but they have succeeded, and success with them is, of course, everything. The manner in which they have used other men, from the class immediately below them, is worthy of note. We may dislike the result, but as statecraft their manipulation has been marvellously adroit. Not to go too far back, consider this list of men in the first rank of politicians who have been induced to do the bidding of the English aristocracy, Tory or Whig—when it comes to class rule and family privilege these two names spell exactly the same thing:—The two Pitts, Fox, Burke, Canning, Disraeli, Chamberlain. It has been no common hereditary ability which has enabled the Stanleys, and Cecils, and Cavendishes, and Leveson-Gowers, and Russels, and Elliotts, and Howards, and Mausers, and Lowthers to make those ambitious statesmen their tools, one after the other, and to outlive periods of revolutionary fervor, which in every other country shook the aristocrats out of their seats.

It has also been but the shadow of power which their political nominees possessed, as we can see clearly now that we look back. And more than one of them has been quite aware of this. The late Robert Lowe, for example, who died as Lord Sherbrook, writing to his friend, Sir Archibald Michie, in Melbourne, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and one

of the most prominent figures in the House of Commons, said frankly: "I "have now attained to the highest "position, almost, which any man can "have in this country who is not born "into the dominant aristocratic set. I "am not only in the Cabinet, but I "hold as important an office as any in "the State, and have influence with "my colleagues. Yet I feel that I am "not, in reality, a member of the gov-"erning body, and that matters of the "very highest moment are practically "decided, to a very large extent, outside "of me." No doubt, this was strictly true. Another statesman, who held a much stronger position, and who was supposed by the public to be almost a Parliamentary dictator, told me himself at the end of his long and successful career, that it was quite impossible for any man, no matter how powerful he might seem, to carry any great policy in this country if it ran in the slightest degree counter to the interests, or prejudices, or ideas of the great families. "You are surrounded," he said in his enigmatic way, "on every side "by a solid phalanx of intriguers, male "and female, who are never weary, "and who never forget what they are "about. Their one, sole and only "object is to maintain their own domi-"nation and that of their class. When "they consider this in the slightest "degree jeopardized, they stop at "nothing, and patriotism becomes for "them a mere joke. It is hopeless, "under existing conditons, to attempt "to carry anything great against "them, and still more hopeless to carry "anything with them." This states-man had good reason to say this. For nearly the whole of his career he was only able to hold his own by playing off the North of Ireland gang, the Beresfords, the Hills, the Taylors, the Hamiltons, and others against the Cecil set. These formed a sort of pretorian guard around the strange Tory Minister and protected him from the intrigues of his enemies. Even so, he was at last beaten in his own Cabinet, and the "families" had their day of triumph over the adventurer. It was not very different with Mr. Gladstone, who, when he turned Liberal, became as wholly dependent on the Whig aristocrats as he had formerly been on the Tory. So long as he did their bidding and went only at their pace, he could take any amount of credit he pleased for being "the people's William." But when he persuaded himself, and was persuaded by Lord Spencer, that Home Rule for Ireland must be granted, he soon found that the greatest majority ever obtained in Great Britain could not withstand the secession of Lord Hartington and the influence which the Cavendishes and their following could exert, not only over the seventy votes which they practically controlled, but over the thirty-three followers of Mr. Chamberlain.

Thus the great families have had an excellent innings, and they have taken very good care of themselves. The pick of the offices, the bulk of the patronage, the control of the appointments, the management of the diplomatic service, the first claim on Vice-Royalties and Governorships all belonged to them. And whether a man was competent or incompetent, a success or a failure, made no difference when he was a member of the favored clique. For example, the late Lord Granville—the most incompetent Foreign Minister England ever had, until the appointment of Lord Lansdowne, who has completely distanced all records—Lord Granville, I say, having been driven from the Foreign Office

with contumely, fell upon rather bad times in a pecuniary sense, his collieries at Hawley having failed to pay. Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister again. Lord Granville, who could not possibly be put back in the Foreign Office, declared openly that he must have *one* of the Secretaryships of State; he "did not care a damn which it was." And he got it. Quite recently, Mr. Balfour himself was very anxious to get rid of Lord George Hamilton, the most disgraceful Secretary of State for India, who has ever lied continuously in order to maintain the manufacture of wholesale famine in that unfortunate country. Lord George had enjoyed £5,000 a year for fourteen years, say £70,000 pumped out of the stomachs of the starving ryots of Hindostan—India pays for all!—but he would not budge. And there he is still.

At the present moment this system of aristocratic domination looks as strong as, or even stronger than, ever. The Government is commonly called "the Hotel Cecil," by reason of the preponderance in the administration of Lord Salisbury's relations. The "great families" themselves never felt more certain of their future. The Radical party, which formerly opposed them, to some extent successfully, is destitute of principles, programme or leader; the most vigorous, most honest man on that side has plainly said that in England a politician must have a high position and a large fortune in order to form a party of resistance. So, superficially regarded, the situation is not encouraging for democrats or Socialists.

But "*les destins and les flots sont changeants.*" Who would have believed a few years ago that England would spend $1,250,000,000 and sacrifice some 60,000 men to obtain control of the gold mines of the Transvaal for a clique of unscrupulous international financiers; sacrificing by so doing our character for uprightness and liberal dealing all over the world? Who would have listened to the suggestion, even twelve months ago, that we should have allied ourselves with Germany in a shameless and brutal attack on dishonest little Venezuela for the benefit of German bankers? Incompetence, corruption and gross immorality are doing their work in every direction. Our Prime Minister, a free thinking cynic, who represents with us the Calonne of the English pre-revolutionary period, has just shown the greatest energy and enthusiasm in placing the education of the children on a religious basis. Believing in not a bit of the prevailing creed, he has, nevertheless, advocated God-fearing teachers, with tears in his eyes. The robbery of tens of millions sterling in the War Office under the benevolent administration of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. St. John Brodrick has been regarded as a matter of indifference; anything like a serious inquiry has been rendered impossible by Mr. Balfour and his Government; and the high-placed miscreants of the "great families," with their special friends outside, have gone off comfortably with their enormous plunder. They are all "in it," from the very highest downwards. Formerly, aristocrats of high rank and decent lineage were at least "indifferent honest" and turned their backs on those who pilfered public money, at any rate, when the facts became known. Today, nothing of the sort. Swindling in the public departments is regarded as a natural provision for portionless younger sons. And this is a matter of common knowledge and universal comment. Who runs may read. "Society," of course, has always been what we

call "immoral." But the proceedings at the Court of Charles II. were quite proper compared to the everyday habits of the "smart set," which is the dominant set in London today. The Duchess of Rutland and Lady Jeune formerly, and Lady Gwendolen Ramsden in January last tell us it is composed of little better than a collection of male and female swindlers, lost to both honor and virtue. They have good opportunities of judging and they can have no object in exaggerating the facts. Not long since I asked a very old friend of mine who is "in the swim," how many of the young, good-looking, married women in this smart set were in the pay of the nefarious South African ring, and gave political or personal consideration "for value received." The proportion, he thought, would be understated at five and twenty per cent! The cases in the Divorce Court, when the witnesses are on their oath, tell us the same sort of story. But that is not all or the worst. If a man in society nowadays objects to the loose conduct of his wife, as in the case of a well-known Marquis not long ago, he is considered the person in fault, and is forthwith "cut" by all who have any claim to be considered really in the first rank of brilliant London society, whilst peers or politicians who happen to be addicted to the moral offence which secured notoriety for Oscar Wilde and Herr Krupp are tolerated everywhere. As this perverted coterie is numerous, increasing, and comprises some of the first men in the country, or for the moment out of it, there is no need to enlarge upon the significance of this fact and its bearing on the permanence of our present aristocratic régime. People at large have still a prejudice against being ruled by hereditary aristocratic persons afflicted with this particular taint of atavism.

There is good reason to hope, therefore, that even if their political incapacity does not bring about their downfall, which of itself is quite possible, their wholesale corruption and loathsome immorality may clear away for us our hereditary mismanagers; supported though they are by all that is richest and worst in the capitalist class. Already, among the decent men and women who still remain, there is a growing restiveness at the manner in which the good name of England and Englishmen and Englishwomen is being dragged through the mire by this noisome political and social crew. But gradually, also, contempt and disgust for the whole of this rotten upper class and its millionaire paymasters is growing even among the too ignorant and apathetic masses. Scandal after scandal, swindle after swindle, loathsome exposure after loathsome exposure, are producing their effect. At the same time growing industrial depression, the increasing numbers of the unemployed, enhanced taxation and an unpopular government are all teaching the same lesson. We have arrived at the end of an economic and social period. Our agriculture has been almost completely destroyed, and we are dependent upon sources thousands of miles from our shores for four-fifths of our supply of wheat. The people who were formerly employed on the land are now crowded and overcrowded into our cities, where they undergo continuous physical deterioration, owing to the miserable conditions under which an ever-growing proportion of them are compelled to exist. As a result, not only have we ceased to be able to colonize in any true sense —imagine our city workers going out

to settle as agriculturists in Canada or South Africa; the very idea of it is absurd—not only have we ceased to be able to colonize, but we have not the men physically capable of recruiting our army. Meanwhile, outside competition is increasing almost daily in intensity, as well at home as in foreign, neutral and even our own Colonial markets, we have quite ceased to be "the workshop of the world," and, when the next period of depression comes on in the United States, the masses of goods which will be dumped on to us here as a "slaughter-market" at absurd prices will, I fear, horrify our employers and seriously affect our working men. At any moment, also, a shock from without, proceeding either from economic causes in poor, unfortunate India, with its permanent famine manufactured by our infamous greed, or from political causes on the continent of Europe, may precipitate a crisis. We are, consequently, much nearer to a genuine Socialist movement in this country than our present self-satisfied and incompetent Ministers believe. Recent discussions in the House of Commons prove clearly that men of all existing political parties have neither the courage nor the ability to face the growing dangers of the situation. Socialism, and Socialism alone, can look to the future with equanimity and confidence.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER IV—A MAN AND THE ABYSS.

"I say, can you let me a lodging?"

These words I discharged carelessly over my shoulder at a stout and elderly woman, of whose fare I was partaking in a greasy coffee-house down near the Pool and not very far from Limehouse.

"O, yus," she answered shortly, my appearance possibly not approximating the standard of affluence required by her house.

I said no more, consuming my rasher of bacon and pint of sickly tea in silence. Nor did she take further interest in me till I came to pay my reckoning (four pence), when I pulled all of ten shillings out of my pocket. The expected result was produced.

"Yus, sir," she at once volunteered; "I 'ave nice lodgin's you'd likely tyke a fancy to. Back from a voyage, sir?"

"How much for a room?" I enquired, ignoring her curiosity.

She looked me up and down with frank surprise. "I don't let rooms, not to my reg'lar lodgers, much less casuals."

"Then I'll have to look along a bit," I said, with marked disappointment.

But the sight of my ten shillings had made her keen. "I can let you 'ave a nice bed in with two hother men," she

urged. "Good respectable men, an' steady."

"But I don't want to sleep with two other men," I objected.

"You don't 'ave to. There's three beds in the room, an' hit's not a very small room."

"How much?" I demanded.

"Arf a crown a week, two an' six, to a regular lodger. You'll fancy the

"I suppose he's saving money right along?" I insinuated, innocently.

"Bless yo, no! 'Is wyges no mor'n keep 'im goin'. Nor can 'e do as well h'elsewhere with 'is money."

And I thought of my own spacious West, with room under its sky and unlimited air for a thousand Londons; and here was this man, a steady and reliable man, never missing a night's

CAPABLE OF BEING KNEADED, BAKED INTO ANY FORM YOU CHOOSE.—Carlyle.

men, I'm sure. One works in the ware'ouse, an' 'e's bin with me two years, now. An' the hother's bin with me six. Six years, sir, an' two months comin' next Saturday."

"'E's a scene-shifter," she went on. "A steady, respectuble man, never missin' a night's work in the time 'e's bin with me. An' 'e likes the 'ouse, 'e says as it's the best 'e can do in the wy of lodgin's. I board him and the hother lodgers, too."

work, frugal and honest, lodging in one room with two other men, paying two dollars and a half per month for it, and out of his experience adjudging it to be the best he could do! And here was I, on the strength of the ten shillings in my pocket, able to enter in with my rags and take up my bed with him. The human soul is a lonely thing, but it must be very lonely sometimes when there are three beds to a room and casuals with ten shillings are admitted.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Thirteen years, sir, an' don't you think you'll fancy the lodgin'?"

The while she talked she was shuffling ponderously about the small kitchen in which she cooked the food for her lodgers, who were also boarders. When I first entered, she had been hard at work, nor had she let up once throughout the conversation. Undoubtedly she was a busy woman. "Up at half-past five," "to bed the last thing at night," "workin' fit ter drop," thirteen years of it, and for reward, gray hairs, frowsy clothes, stooped shoulders, slatternly figure, unending toil in a foul and noisome coffee house that faced on an alley ten feet between the walls, and a waterside environment that was ugly and sickening, to say the least.

"You'll be hin h'again to 'ave a look?" she questioned, wistfully, as I went out the door.

And as I turned and looked at her, I realized to the full the deeper truth underlying that very wise old maxim: "Virtue is its own reward."

I went back to her. "Have you ever taken a vacation?" I asked.

"Vycytion! Wot's that?"

"A trip to the country for a couple of days, fresh air, a day off, you know, a rest."

"Lor' lumme!" she laughed, for the first time stopping from her work. "A vycytion, eh? for the likes o' me? Just fancy, now!—Mind yer feet!"—this last sharply, and to me, as I stumbled over a rotten threshold.

Down near the West India Dock I came upon a young fellow staring disconsolately at the muddy water. A fireman's cap was pulled down across his eyes, and the fit and sag of his clothes whispered unmistakably of the sea.

"Hello, mate," I greeted him, sparring for a beginning. "Can you tell me the way to Wapping?"

"Worked yer way over on a cattle boat?" he countered, fixing my nationality on the instant.

And thereupon we entered upon a talk that extended itself to a public house and a couple of pints of "'arf and 'arf." This led to closer intimacy, so that when I brought to light all of a shillling's worth of coppers, (ostensibly my all), and put aside six pence for a bed, and six pence for more 'arf an' 'arf, he generously proposed that we drink up the whole shilling.

"My mate, 'e cut up rough las' night," he explained. "An' the bobbies got'm, so you can bunk in wi' me. Wotcher say?"

I said yes, and by the time we had soaked ourselves in a whole shilling's worth of beer and slept the night on a miserable bed in a miserable den, I knew him pretty fairly for what he was. And that in one respect he was representative of a large body of the lower-class London workman my later experience substantiates.

He was London-born, his father a fireman and a drinker before him. As a child, his home was the streets and the docks. He had never learned to read, and had never felt the need for it—a vain and useless accomplishment, he held, at least for a man of his station in life.

He had had a mother and numerous squalling brothers and sisters, all crammed into a couple of rooms and living on poorer and less regular food than he could ordinarily rustle for himself. In fact, he never went home except at periods when he was unfortunate in procuring his own food. Petty pilfering and begging along the streets and docks, a trip or two to sea

as mess-boy, a few trips more as coal-trimmer, and then, a full-fledged fireman, he had reached the top of his life.

And in the course of this he had also hammered out a philosophy of life, an ugly and repulsive philosophy, but withal a very logical and sensible one from his point of view. When I asked him what he lived for, he immediately answered, "Booze." A voyage to sea (for a man must live and get the wherewithal), and then the paying off and the big drunk at the end. After that, haphazard little drunks, sponged in the "pubs" from mates with a few coppers left, like myself, and when sponging was played out, another trip to sea and a repetition of the beastly cycle.

"But women," I suggested, when he had finished proclaiming booze the sole end of existence.

"Wimmen!" He thumped his pot upon the bar and orated eloquently. "Wimmen is a thing my edication 'as learnt me t' let alone. It don't pay, matey; it don't pay. Wot's a man like me want o' wimmen, eh? jest you tell me. There was my mar, she was enough, a-bangin' the kids about an' makin' the ole man mis'rable when 'e come 'ome, w'ich was seldom, I grant. An' fer w'y? Becos o' mar! She didn't make 'is 'ome 'appy, that was w'y. Then, there's the other wimmen, 'ow do they treat a poor stoker with a few shillin's in 'is trouseys? A good drunk is wot 'e's got in 'is pockits, a good long drunk, an' the wimmen skin 'im out of 'is money so quick 'e ain't 'ad 'ardly a glass. I know. I've 'ad my fling an' I know wot's wot."

"An' I tell you, where's wimmen is trouble — screechin' an' carryin' on,

SLEEPING, THE LORD KNOWS HOW.

fightin', cuttin', bobbies, magistrates, an' a month's 'ard labor back of it all, an' no payday when you come out."

"But a wife and children," I insisted. "A home of your own, and all that. Think of it, back from a voyage, little children climbing on your knee, and the wife happy and smiling, and a kiss for you when she lays the table, and a kiss all around from the babies when they go to bed, and the kettle singing, and the long talk afterward of where you've been and what you've seen, and of her and all the little happenings at home while you've been away, and——"

"Garn!" he cried, with a playful shove of his fist on my shoulder. "Wot's yer game, eh? A missus kissin', an' kids clim'in', an' kettle singin', all on four poun' ten a month w'en you 'ave a ship, an' four nothin' w'en you 'aven't. I'll tell you wot I'd get on four poun' ten—a missus rowin', kids squallin', no coal t' make the kettle sing an' the kettle up the spout, that's wot I'd get. Enough t' make a bloke bloomin' well glad to be back t'sea. A missus! Wot for? T'make you mis'rable? Kids? Jest take my counsel, matey, an' don't 'ave 'em. Look at me! I can 'ave my beer w'en I like, an' no blessed missus an' kids a-cryin' for bread. I'm 'appy, I am, with my beer an' mates like you, an' a good ship comin', an' another trip to sea. So I say, let's 'ave another pint. Arf an' arf's good enough for me."

Without going further with the speech of this young fellow of two-and-twenty, I think I have sufficiently indicated his philosophy of life and the underlying economic reason for it. Home life he had never known. The word "home" aroused nothing but unpleasant associations. In the low wages of his father, and of other men in the same walk in life, he found sufficient reason for branding wife and children as encumbrances and causes of masculine misery. An unconscious hedonist, utterly unmoral and materialistic, he sought the greatest possible happiness for himself, and found it in drink.

A young sot, a premature wreck, physical inability to do a stoker's work, the gutter or the workhouse, and the end—he saw it all, as clearly as I, but it held no terrors for him. From the moment of his birth, all the forces of his environment had tended to harden him, and he viewed his wretched, inevitable future with a callousness and unconcern I could not shake.

And yet he was not a bad man. He was not inherently vicious and brutal. He had normal mentality, and a more than average phisique. His eyes were blue and round, shaded by long lashes and wide apart. And there was a laugh in them, and a fund of humor behind. The brow and general features were good, the mouth and lips sweet, though already developing a harsh twist. The chin was weak, but not too weak; I have seen men sitting in the high places with weaker.

His head was shapely, delicately Greek in its lines, and so gracefully was it poised upon a perfect neck that I was not surprised by his body that night when he stripped for bed. I have seen many men strip, in gymnasium and training quarters, men of good blood and upbringing, but I have never seen one who stripped to better advantage than this young sot of two and twenty, this young god doomed to rack and ruin in four or five short years, and to pass hence without posterity to receive the splendid heritage it was his to bequeath.

It seemed sacrilege to waste such life, and yet I was forced to confess that

he was right in not marrying on four pound ten in London Town. Just as the scene-shifter was happier in making both ends meet in a room shared with two other men, than he would have been had he packed a feeble family along with a couple of men into a cheaper room and failed in making both ends meet.

And day by day I became the more convinced that not only is it unwise, but it is criminal for the people of the Abyss to marry. They are the stones by the builder rejected. There is no place for them in the social fabric, while all the forces of society drive them downward and downward till they perish. At the bottom of the Abyss they are feeble, besotted, and imbecile. If they reproduce, the life is so cheap that perforce it perishes of itself. The work of the world goes on above them, and they do not care to take part in it, nor are they able. Moreover the work of the world does not need them. There are plenty, far fitter than they, clinging to the steep slope above and struggling frantically to slide no further.

In short, the London Abyss is a vast shambles. Year by year, and decade after decade, rural England pours in a flood of vigorous strong life that not only does not renew itself, but perishes by the third generation. Competent authorities aver that the London workman, whose parents and grandparents were born in London, is so remarkable a specimen that he is rarely found.

INDUSTRY DOES NOT CLAMOR FOR THEM.

Mr. A. C. Pigou has said that the aged poor and the residum, which compose the "submerged tenth," constitute 7½ per cent. of the population of London. Which is to say that last year, and yesterday, and today, at this very

moment, 450,000 of these creatures are dying miserably at the bottom of the social pit called "London." As to how they die, I take an instance from this morning's paper:

SELF-NEGLECT.

Yesterday Dr. Wynn Westcott held an inquest at Shoreditch respecting the death of Elizabeth Crews, aged 77 years, of 32 East Street, Holborn, who died on Wednesday last. Alice Mathieson stated that she was landlady of the house where deceased lived. Witness last saw her alive on the previous Monday. She lived quite alone. Mr. Francis Birch, relieving officer for the Holborn district, stated that deceased had occupied the room in question for 35 years. When witness was called on the 1st he found the old woman in a terrible state, and the ambulance and coachman had to be disinfected after the removal. Dr. Chase Fennell said death was due to blood poisoning from bed-sores due to self-neglect and filthy surroundings, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

The most startling thing about this little incident of a woman's demise, is the smug complacency with which the officials looked upon it and rendered judgment. That an old woman of seventy-seven years of age should die of *self-neglect* is the most optimistic way possible of looking at it. It was the old dead woman's fault that she died, and having located the responsibility, society goes contentedly on about its own affairs.

Of the "submerged tenth," Mr. Pigou has said: "Either through lack of bodily strength, or of intelligence, or of fibre, or of all three, they are inefficient or unwilling workers, and consequently unable to support themselves. . . . They are often so degraded in intellect as to be incapable of distinguishing their right from their left hand, or of recognizing the numbers of their own houses; their bodies are feeble and without stamina, their affections are warped, and they scarcely know what family life means."

Four hundred and fifty thousand is a whole lot of people. The young fireman was only one, and it took him some time to say his little say. I should not like to hear them all talk at once. I wonder if God hears them?

TO BE CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR.—In reply to your letter dated 24th ult., asking me if I could write you a letter showing how the nationalization of railroads, insurance, etc., in New Zealand has not accomplished all that people seem to think it has, I may say that I do not think this question is very difficult to answer. The reason why the nationalization of the industries you mention has not had very pronounced beneficial results, is because, in some cases there is practically no difference, in other cases very little difference, between the general management of concerns run by the State, and the same class of institutions run by private individuals.

Take, for example, the Government Life Insurance. It is openly admitted, even in its advertising literature, that the system of dividing the profits is in this office identical with that of every other life office. That is to say, all profits are divided among the members. Nothing is pocketed by the State, except, of course, the expenses connected with postage and telegrams, and taxes, which, of course, the Government Life Insurance has to pay just like any other insurance office.

The only advantage the Government Life can claim over any other office doing business upon the mutual plan, is that it has the security of the State behind it, in addition to its surplus. But I think it amounts to a certainty that this security will never be wanted, for although the Government Life premiums worked out on a 4% basis some years ago, they are now worked out on a 3½% basis, and if they could not pay a substantial bonus on this basis, the premiums would be raised to a 3% basis, or higher if required. The State security, though it may give confidence to policy-holders, in no sense helps to enrich the country generally. The Government Life also invests its money just like any other office, wherever it can obtain first-class investments at current rates of interest.

The only essential difference between Government Life and other Life offices is that its affairs are managed by one well paid Commissioner, while other offices are managed by a board of directors who all have policies in their respective offices. But, of course, the Commissioner, like the directors, relies upon the advice of actuaries for premium rates, etc. So you see there is really so little difference between State Life Insurance and ordinary mutual life insurance that no one could expect State life insurance to effect any improvement in social conditions, though I am of the opinion that Government Life Insurance has a good moral effect upon the people.

There is, however, a decided advantage for insurers in the State *Accident* Insurance over private accident companies, on account of the fact that the Government Accident is worked on the mutual plan like the life—any surplus collected as premiums, in excess of that required to pay claims and expenses, being refunded to policy-holders by way of a bonus. But from what I can hear, the Government Accident department has been run so hard by competing private companies, notably the *Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited*, that so far we have heard very little about bonuses. But assuming that there were bonuses to divide, this would only benefit a portion of the better-to-do class, and in no way assist in the solution of the unemployed problem or of commercial crises.

And now with regard to the nationalized, or as they are called, *Government Railroads*, of New Zealand. These are run on very much the same lines as they would be if run by private individuals, except that they would be run somewhat more cheaply, thus aggravating the unemployed problem, and the private owners would certainly obtain a great deal of objectionable power and influence that might tend to retard the growth of Socialistic ideas in New Zealand. Hence, I am a firm believer in the continued State ownership of the railways, as we are thus rid of the dominating influence of railway magnates. But the great drawback New Zealand has to contend with is that it cannot pay for the railways it has or find the money to build new ones. All the money that has been required to build our railroads has been borrowed from England, consequently we now have to send all, and I am afraid in some cases more than all, the profits above working expenses home to England to pay interest. Thus at the present time we have to export over two millions annually more than we import to pay interest on Government loans. We are only a small community, consequently almost everyone has to work, and very few can make more than a comfortable living, and the average working man is more often in debt than possessed of a credit at the bank. Though it is said that 10% of the entire population of New Zealand have a life insurance policy, but many of these policies are for very small sums, very few indeed amount to over £500. And a good many are simply industrial policies which only cost from 1d. to 6d. per week to keep them going, and most of these are allowed sooner or later to lapse, and the owners of the larger policies have more often than not a loan upon them. So you see we cannot save any money with which to build our railroads and other public works, so we have to go to old dad—John Bull—for a million or so every year, and thus the great octopus of debt is gradually entwining itself around us. But nobody seems to care as long as they have a liberal government, and can get work, and earn three meals a day and the rent of a home. Work so far, at a bare living wage or little better, has usually been obtainable in New Zealand, although last winter I noticed a great many men on the road with their swags on their backs, tramping around in search of work. Although there is plenty of work to be done on the land, many farmers find some difficulty in getting the money to carry on improvements, and one trembles to think what the conditions of the workingman will be when those who have taken up land have finished their improvements, such as falling the bush, sowing and fencing the land,

building houses, etc. These will in most cases be completed in a few years and then there is certain to be a great unemployed problem to face.

There is, I think, only one private railroad in New Zealand at the present time; that is the Manawata line; that line, however, was, like the Government lines, built not with New Zealand, but with English capital, so that the great bulk of the profits go to—are expended in—England. The Manawata line under private ownership is paying a good 6%. But I believe the expenses are cut somewhat finer than on the Government lines. The Government propose buying this line. But if they did so they would have to borrow the money from England to pay the bill, so that the profits would still go to England to pay interest on the loan.

It is the same with the nationalization of the land. Although the Government has for some years been buying extensively large runs suitable for cutting up into small holdings and leasing these small holdings at a rental sufficient to cover interest and other expenses, yet the money with which these runs have been bought has been all borrowed from England, so that the great bulk of what is collected in rent goes to the foreign bond-holders.

Any person, too, who takes up crown land for lease under any of the various options, can transfer his property to anyone else and pocket anything he can get for good-will. A case has just come under my notice where a money lender, knowing little or nothing about land, applied for a twenty-one years' lease of four thousand acres of bush country at an annual rental of £95, and got it.

Without doing a hand's turn in the way of improvement, he has been offered £500 on his bargain, which he will probably take, thus pocketing a substantial unearned increment which in my opinion should go to the State.

But the only way this could be obtained would be by prohibiting the sale of land altogether between private individuals. Then, if anyone wanted to give up any piece of land he had taken up, he would simply call upon the Government valuator to value any improvements he had made, and the Government would pay him for these, but that would be all, and the next man who took over this property would have to pay interest on these improvements by an increase in his rent.

I had intended to touch upon the vital importance of a Perfect System of Banking with a paper currency, which I claim to be the originator of, and which I claim to be essential to the scientific solution of the Social Problem. But I fear this letter is already getting too long, so I must defer ventilating my ideas upon this subject until some future occasion. Trusting that the information I have given you will be of some interest to your readers,

I remain, yours truly,

C. P. W. LONGDILL.

ATTUNED TO SONG

EDWIN ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ

Attuned to song the world awoke:
And I a part of it.

The sacred silence dawn compels gave place;
Gave place to song;
Gave place to *me*.

Four walls cannot contain my song: it is of all the world's a part.
Four walls! away, away: I need the space earth travels through to hold the gladness of my song.
Away, away from this pent-house of multiplied "four-walls" so tall—so sun-denying tall.

A playful child, well fed, well clothed, well loved, has smiled on me; she bade the great, compassionate and loving God be with me through the day:
Oh, what an added strain of joy superb shall sound in song this day!

Outside my garden gate stands one unknown to me and meekly pleads for work and wage.
Oh, shadows of earth's woe, flit not across
This day attuned to song!

'Tis well. The sadness of his face has been illumined and all the day is glad once more.
Away, away, away!

The beggar-woman's outstretched hand has caught my glance; her groping hand has raised the cloth that hid the face of three-weeks' babe all pinched and blue held close to her—held close to breasts starvation fills with death.
My Lord of Song! must ev'ry strain include the sad? Can I forget, on mountain top, in wood or glen, on sea-shore wide, can I forget that sight, that soul-condemning, blighting sight?
Away, away has flown all brightness from this sun-lit morn
Attuned to song.

O Lord of Song, O Lord of Life and Man,
Give me, give those who love thee best, to dwell one day among mankind and no man-made cause for one sad strain in songs we sing!
Then were this world
Attuned to song.

THE RUSSIAN SOCIAL FABRIC

ISADOR ROMANOVICH LADOFF

DEAR WILSHIRE:

I read with interest the suggestive articles of Edith Sichel and Pierpont B. Noyes in a recent issue of your valuable magazine, and feel like expressing my opinion on a subject so near to my heart as Russia and its most celebrated author.

Mr. P. B. Noyes states that the Russian character is inherently more altruistic than that of any other people, and sees in it a prophecy of Russian pre-eminence in the future.

Flattering as such an opinion and conclusion is to a Russian, I cannot accept it without a grain of salt of criticism. Truth is more precious even than the friendship of Plato.

As all sweeping generalizations, the assertion of Mr. Noyes is open to doubt. But even if we admit for the sake of argument that Mr. Noyes is correct in his opinion about the national character of Russians, it remains to be proven that this character is inherently Russian, and does not represent a passing peculiarity of a passing stage of civilization. The social-economic fabric of society forms the under-structure of civilization. The civilization of an agricultural nation like Russia must necessarily differ from the civilization of industrial nations. It is a generally recognized fact that there is more similarity between the character of peasants of different countries than between the peasants and so-called higher classes of the same race and nation in any European country. Human nature is in its main features essentially the same everywhere, in spite of all outward appearances. The conditions of actual life and strife modify and shape human character to a greater extent than vague hereditary peculiarities of race and nationality. The Russian peasant may be more altruistic than the Russian capitalist simply because agricultural pursuits do not demand the development of parasitical instincts, while the occupation (or rather absence of occupation) of a capitalist demands the development of a high degree of craftiness, cunning and unscrupulousness. Later on I will have a chance to return to the psychological peculiarities of the Russian man with the hoe. Allow me at present to say a few words about the archaic village commune (mir) in some parts of Russia.

The fact is that there is very little peculiarly Russian about the celebrated "mir." Common tenure of land existed in India and Switzerland and probably in many other countries. There were two radical parties in Russia. One of these parties was agraric in its tendencies, the other social-democratic, in the international meaning of the term. The

agrarians did not believe in the correctness of Karl Marx's evolutionary theory, according to which every civilized country has to pass through the capitalistic stage of production before being ripe for the co-operative commonwealth. They affirmed that Russia, with her 99 per cent. of the population engaged in agricultural pursuits, does not present any favorable soil for the development of capitalism in the general sense of the word. The agrarians put especial stress on the survival of the mir, and expected wonders from the artificial preservation of that primitive institution forever. "Where there is no private property in land, there can be no place for an agrarian proletariat," claimed the romantic admirers of archaic communism. Even the fact that the common tenure of land in Switzerland and India did not serve as a safeguard against the victorious march of modern industrialism, did not convince these dreamers and enthusiasts for an institution of the good olden times.

The rapid disintegration of the village-communes in Russia put an end to the influence of the mystic worshippers of the mushik (peasant) and his primeval ideals. Capitalistic production has made enormous strides in Russia in the last two decades. The seeds of factory production were first implanted in the Russian soil by the great revolutionist on the throne of the Czars—Peter I.—as an accessory step to his other reforms. Corresponding to the economic peculiarities of the eighteenth century, the embryo-factories in Russia were not strictly capititalistic, but rather trade-institutions, the element of so-called free labor being entirely absent. Such factories were originally called into existence by the government and then sold to private parties together with grants of certain privileges and subsidies.

The owners of these factories had the right, in case of deficiency of labor, to buy peasants as serfs. The original purpose of the creation of these factories was to supply the needs of the army and navy.

Little by little a new class of factory-owners grew up, which was looked upon with disfavor by the class of merchants and small gentry. Both the merchants and landlords felt instinctively the development of a powerful rival to their most vital class-interests.

The factory-system had a marked favorable influence on the spread and development of handicraft and skilled trades among the peasantry. "The Russian factory of the eighteenth century," says Mr. T. Baronowsky, "was a school of handicraft of new technical methods and improvements. Foreign masters instructed the Russian laborers in various trades. The use of machinery was very limited, everything being done by hands and tools." The peasants, after having worked as apprentices in these factories, could, and, as a rule, did, proceed to work with success at their own huts in the villages. This was the way it came to pass that many Russian villages turned into a kind of industrial settlements, where certain trades reached the climax of perfection, forming a solid foundation of economic advantage for their inhabitants.

Early in the nineteenth century the factories gradually turned into typical capitalistic institutions, with "free-labor," the wage-system and other paraphernalia of modern industrialism. In the year 1804 the number of wage-workers reached already 48 per cent. of the total number of laborers. In the cloth and wool factories the number of

wage-workers barely reached 10 per cent., while the calico factories were operated almost exclusively by "free-labor." The number of wage-workers increased with every succeeding year. The industries operated by "free-labor" flourished even without any assistance from the government, while the industries where unpaid labor was employed remained in stagnation in spite of all aid or encouragement upon the part of the government. Gradually the capitalistic machine-production turned to be a power, on which even the strong military government of Nicholas I. began to look with secret awe and suspicion as a force inimical to the ancient political and social regime of unreformed Russia, with its serfdom, passport-system and other unsurmountable difficulties in the way of free fluctuation of labor to the places of demand.

The reigns of Alexander II. and III. were very favorable for capitalistic development. The serfs were freed, the archaic village-commune lost its grip on most of the peasants, who preferred the attraction of city-life to the patriarchal despotism of the "mir." The government began to look with favor on capitalism as a conservative power, and to grant to it all the protection and aid asked. Like the Greek deity, Chronos, the capitalistic factory-system started to devour its own progeny—the peasant-craftsmen. The construction of extensive lines of railroad undermined the economic structure of the village commune. The towns began to grow rapidly, while the population of the peasantry of the central agricultural districts of Russia entirely ceased to increase. The chronic hunger visiting the granary of Europe, the general disintegration going on in the Russian village-commune, are symptoms of grave social-economic changes, and ring the death-knell of patriarchal conditions. The rapid evolution of up-to-date capitalism in Russia created a laboring class conscious of its class-interests as in all civilized countries of the world.

The growth of the Social-Democratic movement in Russia keeps pace with the industrial development. The present czar may be well-meaning enough, but he is certainly a hopelessly weak man. There is no initiative, no power of will, no grasp of situation, no statesmanship in this degenerated scion of Peter the Great. It is futile, therefore, to expect any serious reforms from above in Russia. As long as Russia was an almost exclusively agricultural country the revolutionary movement could not produce any tangible results. Owing to serfdom there could be no mutual understanding, no mutual confidence between the Europeanized radicals, belonging to the middle-class and nobility, and the mediæval "mushik" (peasant). With the development of capitalism, however, the city proletariat started to grow in numbers and significance as a social economic factor. Conditions are getting more and more favorable for the spread of Socialistic ideas. The city proletariat is connected with ties of blood relationship and common spiritual kinship with the broad masses of peasantry, and what is more important, it enjoys the full confidence of the peasantry. The "mushik," who was deaf to propaganda carried on by educated radicals will eagerly absorb the Social teachings filtering through the medium of the industrial proletariat. Once the peasants become revolutionized, the beaurocracy and plutocracy will be compelled to loosen forever its deadly grasp on national affairs in Russia and

the entire fabric of the old regime will vanish like a nightmare.

This brief review of the situation of affairs in Russia will suffice to prove that you were correct in your remarks to Mr. Noyes' article. The Anglo-Saxon is just as altruistic and idealistic as the Russian or any other human being by nature. The difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav consists in their living under different civilizations. If the Anglo-Saxon is extremely individualistic or anarchistic in his proclivities, if he is inclined to quiet his conscience by the hypnotic influences of religious cant, if he is extremely conservative in social-economic and religious affairs, if his ideals are sordidly materialistic, it is not his nature as Anglo-Saxon that is responsible for these peculiarities, but the conditions of life and strife under the yoke of a commercial and capitalistic civilization. The fact that the Anglo-Saxon helped to create this same civilization does not prove that he is not capable of participating in the creation of a higher stage of civilization. This higher stage of civilization is bound to come for all mankind, including the Anglo-Saxon as well as the negro and Russian. Socialism is a broad and deep humanitarian movement limited to no nation, race, sex or clime.

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Is Count Leo Nikolajevich Tolstoy a Socialist? What is Socialism as a philosophy of life? Socialism is primarily a philosophy of life based on the recognition of the perfect solidarity of the actual interests of all the members of the human race, the recognition of the fact that the interests of the individual are best served by their subjection and subordination to the interest of the aggregate. This plain principle of *race-consciousness* (as opposed to individual self-consciousness) is the fundamental principle of international Socialism. You may or may not agree with this definition of Socialism. But you certainly will admit that social atomism or individualism, that the principle "each for himself" is not Socialism. Tolstoy is the philosopher and moralist of the "mushik," the Russian "Man with the Hoe." For enlightened Europeans and Americans the mystery of the soul-life of the Russian "mushik," is full of romantic fascination.

Imagine a human being born and reared in a primeval rural community, in entire dependence on the uncertainties of Nature and whims and fancies of an awkward, antediluvian, cruel and wasteful police-State backed up by a petrified State-church. Nature and social-economic conditions both work in the direction of creating deep dissatisfaction, and the recognition of the practical uselessness of all individual effort to single out the source of evil, its causes and remedies in the perplexing net of surrounding conditions of life.

The Russian peasant, on account of his dense ignorance, is not able to correct the irregularities of Nature by artificial irrigation and fertilization of the soil. He is brought up in deep, slavish reverence for all authority—State and church. He, like a Roman gladiator, dies silently of starvation, and, like a dumb animal, submits without grumbling to all the extortions in blood and money by the Czar's government. The "mushik" is, however, not a beast, but a poor, suffering, thinking, human being. He cannot fail to see that there is evil, and much of it, in the world. The powers confronting him are the State and its handmaid, the institutional Church. Is it not natural that

the peasant jumps at the conclusion that the State and institutionalism of any kind are intrinsically, essentially the sources of evil, the work of the Anti-Christ?

The Russian peasant modifies his conclusions about the church according to his intense religious feelings. He creates for himself another, better religion than that presented to him by the official State-church, in the shape of numerous semi-rationalistic sects. The mushik, however, does not know any government but that of his Czar; he sees and feels the wickedness and cruelty of his official representatives. Hence his religious, unconscious anarchism. Ages of submission and enslavement to the dominant classes on the one side, and a healthy idealism, a touchingly *naive* faith in the ultimate victory of light and truth over darkness and falsehood, inherent in the soul of every human being under adverse conditions of life, are the sources of the obviously absurd maxim of non-resistance to evil.

The "mushik" is a truth-seeker by nature and inclination, but he gropes in the dense darkness of ignorance and superstition. Tolstoy is merely the eloquent spokesman of the plain Russian peasant. He does not believe in science, because it has not so far benefited the "man with the hoe." He denounces what is popularly known as art for the same reason. He attacks the institutional church, but imagines himself to be in accord with the original teachings of the genuine religion of the ancient "man with the hoe"—of Jesus of Nazareth. He denounces all kinds of institutional social organizations, because the Russian government is the very personification of evil. The immense physical power in the command of the ruling classes in Russia in the shape of a blindly obedient, excellently drilled and perfectly equipped army, always ready to crush all opposition at its very inception, is the explanation of his theory of non-resistance to evil. It is a philosophy of fatalistic despair, it is religious anarchism, it is the very opposite of Socialism.

It is true that Tolstoy coincides with Socialists in this analysis and criticism of existing social economic and political conditions. But this is also the case with the rationalistic anarchists like Prince Krapotkin and Elisee Reclus and yet we do not call them Socialists.

Edith Sichel calls Tolstoy a *Christian* Socialist and this designation intensifies the confusion of terms. Christianity is essentially individualistic in its philosophy of ethics.

I am afraid, however, that my letter has turned out to be too long and will leave the discussion of this phase of the problem for another time.

THE RESCUE AT SEA: AN ALLEGORY

MARCUS H. LIVENGSTON

ON the bosom of a wild and turbulent sea, lashed by the storm furies of Competition into a seething immensity, the frail craft "Private Ownership" was slowly and laboriously wending its way. Its pitching and tossing was fearful to behold. Now rearing its head, and soaring up on the pinnacles of the high waves of Over-capitalization and Inflated Values, now plunging headlong into the yawning abysses made by the receding waters of Commercial Crises, Panics and Bankruptcies. The laboring of the poor vessel was frightful, and foundering seemed certain. As a poor bird struggling to free itself of a net, the ship vainly endeavored to extricate itself from the angry waters that would engulf her. Each succeeding effort became weaker and more futile. The successive battering of the seas became more furious. The ship was evidently waterlogged. The waters would not be denied their prey. Continuous battles with the fierce waters of Social Evils had so rottened her timbers and loosened her seams, that she was now in no condition to withstand her old adversary, Competition, over whom she had so long been mistress.

At last she is sinking! All is haste and confusion on deck! There were only three life-boats aboard, named respectively Land, Machinery and Private Property. The Strong, the Rich and the Very Influential soon obtained possession of these and they were quickly launched. The rest of the passengers had to save themselves as best they could. Some Small Capitalists or Traders were fortunate to obtain life-preservers. Some were able to grasp a few waterlogged planks of Employment, which, though furnishing a rather precarious support, nevertheless were sufficient to save their lives while they were able to hold on to the same. Some could find no support and struggled in the Sea of Unemployment.

And the Suffering and the Misery of these people were great. The angry seas of Commercial Depression, Panics, Strikes and Lockouts increased the number of those in the Sea of Unemployment. And the weeping and the wailing of these Men, Women and Children were heartrending. The Struggle for a position of Advantage and Safety grew more desperate and frantic. If a person for a moment forsook his Plank of Employment, in the endeavor to obtain a better or more desirable one, a swarm of those about him without planks were ready to grasp it the moment he discarded it, and in most cases he then lost all means of succor, and was drowned while struggling frantically and desperately for

his life. And at times the waters in the Seas of Social Evils became so violent, and the winds of Doubt, Suspicion and Lack of Confidence so disturbing that many of the Small Capitalists lost their life-preservers and in some cases the gigantic seas of Industrial Competition even swept overboard some of the Strong, the Rich and the Very Influential who were in the life-boats.

And the Drowning and the Struggling was awful. And the cries of help and pity that arose on the Air from these unfortunate victims of Private Ownership, cut to the heart like a knife, and benumbed the senses with sorrow and compassion. And the People that were in the Life-boats, looked on and were sad, for most of them were good and kind People, and one of their number spoke and said, "Let us help these People struggling in the Sea of Social Evils. Let us take these People aboard with us." We cannot, we *must not* leave them to their fate." And some of their number told him he was a Crank, a Fool, a what-not, and some even went so far as to call him a Socialist. But some were not so harsh and spoke to him kindly, saying, "My dear young man, I agree with you as to the deplorable condition of these unfortunate People. But what can we do to succor them? Self-Preservation is the first Law of Nature. If we take any more aboard these already overloaded boats, we shall all drown. Besides, did we not all have an equal chance to get aboard these boats, and having obtained this position of safety, why should we surrender our places to some one else who was not as clever and as able as ourselves to obtain like possession? It is the working of the inexorable Law of the Survival of the Fittest. And if we relinquished our places here, to some of those unfortunate ones about us, would we not be placed in danger of drowning ourselves, and have we not as much right to live as they have?"

The presumptuous young man who spoke hung back his head abashed and was silent, but his heart was sorely troubled, with the existing state of affairs. Suddenly a thought flashed into his head! His face illumined with a glad expression of satisfaction and determination. "If these boats," he cried, "are not sufficient to succor and support all, why not try to obtain the aid of the big and powerful Ships of State, Public Ownership, which we sighted yesterday?" And the wise men about him shook their heads sadly, and a trace of amusement and an air of superior condescension were discernible on their features as they answered, "The relief you desire, my young man, is impossible of attainment. It is too impracticable and too remote for serious consideration. We will never live to see the ship Public Ownership come to our aid. We must be more practical. We must try to do what we can to alleviate as much as possible the suffering of those people drowning for lack of adequate support. We will not be able to succor all. Some must drown we are sorry to say, but that can't be helped. We must expect that. We will do the best we can, more no man can accomplish."

And the young man was sad and he was not satisfied with this answer. His plan seemed too practical to abandon; his enthusiasm too great to die. And he spake and he argued with those about him and he said, "We will build a torch of Liberal Thought and Education and we will feed it with the Oil of Propaganda and the Ballot, and we will attract the ship of Public Ownership to

our rescue. The ship is not very far away."

And most of the People laughed at him and said he was a theorist, a dreamer, a searcher after Utopia, a man of unbalanced mind and they knew his labor would be fruitless and the pains of his toil would be the only reward he would get.

But he heeded them not. He made a torch of Liberal Thought and Education and he fed it with the Oil of Propaganda and the Ballot, and at first the flame was fickle and feeble, and its lustre was faint. But he would not be discouraged. He enlisted the aid of others by his pleas to assist him. And they all fed this flame with the Ballot and they spread it with the Oil of Propaganda, but the fuel was insufficient, for although it attracted attention, the light was not sufficient to bring relief. And still he and his adherents persevered and they harangued the people and they said, "If you would be saved from your terrible condition, if you would be rescued from your miserable plight, come and feed this flame with your Ballots and help us spread the Oil of Propaganda. Our fuel is insufficient, therefore our light is feeble, and if you will but help us, we shall surely bring you the relief we promise."

And the People at length hearkened unto them for they saw the new idea was not so unreasonable after all. And they fed this fire with their Ballots and the flames grew stronger and more luminous, and they filled the heavens with their light and they illumined the dark night of Folly and Ignorance and transformed it into the bright day of Intelligent Thought and Wisdom. And this light was all-powerful and far-reaching. And the Ship of State, Public Ownership, noticed the glare and hastened to the relief of the poor struggling people. And it took them all aboard, the Rich from the life-boats, the Middlemen from their life-preservers, and the Poor from the floating wreckage. And there was plenty of room for all, and all had food and shelter and clothing and comfort and recreation; and the seas of Industrial Strife no longer endangered them, and the calm and peace of Love, Friendship and Brotherly Amity settled down upon them and they were happy And there was no more drowning in the waters of Evil Social Conditions, and in the waves of Bankruptcy, Strikes, Commercial Depressions and Panics. And they thanked those who were instrumental in bringing them relief and wondered that they had opposed so simple and efficient a remedy. But they were satisfied and contented, and in their new Ships of Public Ownership lived happily forever afterward sailing on the safe waters of Co-operation.

SHALL WE BE FREE?

WM. THURSTON BROWN

I WONDER if it ever occurs to any of you how like a sort of pantomime a great part of our life today is. That is to say, we go through certain motions as if by force of habit or custom, but we are not at all aware that these motions have any real meaning or value. How many people do you suppose there are in civilized lands who are finding a deep enthusiasm or a joyous inspiration in what they are doing day after day? How many people are there who actually live in their daily tasks, whose real life and character and hope and intelligence and moral sense enter or *can* enter into what they are doing? How many of us are putting *ourselves* or *can* put ourselves into the things to which we devote so much of our time and strength? Does it not seem sometimes as if we were really, in the whole round and extent of our life, little more than wooden figures moved hither and thither by unseen hands?

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It is a dilettante world that we live in. We are living today, it seems to me, as people who walk and talk in their sleep. The world is full of speculations and vagaries, of dreams and jests, of actors and jesters and grafters. There is a vast deal of talking and writing. We are surfeited with books and papers, with lectures and sermons. And, of course, there is a tremendous amount of activity, physical and mental—I dare not say intellectual and moral. Factories and foundries and mines and shops of every kind are turning out an unprecedented quantity of things. And yet, if you will stop to think about it, you will see that the great mass of mankind were never more sterile of conscious and inspiring deed—were never less sensible of any goal or purpose in existence. We are not doing things. We are not grappling with serious tasks. We do not mean very much. Human life has rarely, if ever, been more lacking of an ennobling incentive, or less conscious of an inspiring destiny.

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It is your misfortune and mine today to live in an age of words, an age of inaction and fear. If there is for you or me or any one among us any opportunity to achieve nobility of character, any chance to escape from the degrading influences of our time, any hope of living a true or worthy life, it lies, let me remind you, in the direction of making this an age of deed, an age of freedom and courage and joy. We deceive ourselves if we imagine that we can win anything fine or good in the shape of character, or that we can even keep from inevitable decay and loss, what little we may already

possess of manhood and womanhood, while we tamely adjust ourselves to the soul-starving, life-warping, character-destroying sort of existence that that this dead system decrees.

The question, then, which I propose to you is not just the theme of a sermon. It is not my question. It is nothing that my brain has originated. It is your question. It is the most immediate and real and vital question that can force itself upon our attention, and I do not see how we are going to evade it. Indeed, if we knew what is for the best interests of our life, we should refuse to evade it. It is the question that life itself asks of us all: "Shall we be free? Shall we know by experience—we can know it in no other way—the meaning of freedom? Shall we possess and exercise this so-called inalienable human right?"

A strange question it may seem to men and women living in what we have been taught to regard as "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." But you and I ought to be old enough to know that there is no such land or home as that. Freedom has nothing to do with geography, and courage does not more readily grow in one soil or climate than in another. The land of the free remains to be discovered or created, and the home of the brave is wherever brave men and women are to be found, no matter what the latitude or longitude. There is no meridian from which that spot may be computed. It takes something more than geographical position to impart courage to human souls, or to give them the priceless treasure of freedom.

There was something more deeply pathetic than most men are aware in the event from which we date the birth of this nation. We have grown accustomed to think of it as one of the shining milestones along the road of freedom. Historians tell us that when the news was sent from Philadelphia out into the scattered colonies that the Declaration of Independence had been adopted and signed, it was everywhere hailed with tokens of deepest emotion. Strong men wept tears of joy and gratitude. People gathered in their places of worship and offered fervent prayers of thanksgiving. Bells were rung, cannon roared, and all the indications of a great and momentous event were to be seen. And on the famous "Liberty Bell" that first announced the signing of the Declaration was inscribed the sentence: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

But you and I today know nothing so surely as that no such significance belongs to that event as has been attributed to it. The inscription on that bell is an utter falsehood. It is in no sense entitled to be called "Liberty Bell." Within the past five years we have discovered that our national deity was made of very common clay. To some of us it seemed at first a terrible sacrilege that any one should speak lightly of the Declaration, or that it should be lightly esteemed in determining national policies. And while the motives of those who have thus spoken of it may have been far from noble, what they have said is perfectly true. That idol is shattered and it is well that it is so. Idols are not a good thing. They can never be made a substitute for the thing they are meant to symbolize, without fearful moral loss. We can find and grasp the real thing only as we break the idolatrous substitute.

"Truth is never discovered in committee." The assemblage of men who

met in Philadelphia in 1776 to ratify and sign a Declaration of Independence did not discover any truth nor did they promulgate any doctrine of freedom. They attached no serious meaning to the high-sounding words of the document to which they appended their names. All they did was to decide upon a separation from Great Britain. They committed an act of rebellion—of revolution, if you like. They did not inaugurate liberty and had not the remotest intention of doing anything of the kind. They had not the faintest conception of what liberty is. To have conceived its meaning would have meant the inauguration of an era in human history compared with which no other is worth considering. There has not been so far any serious attempt to establish men and women in possession of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Those were only empty words to the men of 1776, and it is not to be wondered at that men of intelligence are now repudiating the idea that that Declaration was or was intended to be the fundamental law of the land. There was nothing that the men of that day believed in less, or more profoundly feared, than freedom, and the same is true today.

The people of America do not know the meaning of freedom either as a people or as individuals. Freedom of any kind — freedom of thinking, of speaking, of living—the right to live a human life — is unknown among us. It has no place in our laws or our institutions. It is the very antipodes of all that our civilization stands for. We have yet to take the first steps towards securing for the mass of the people any one of those inalienable rights which are hinted at in the Declaration.

I am not speaking hastily or at random, but in all seriousness and with deliberation. To a very great extent and for most people, freedom of thought or speech or deed is rather an effect than the act of the will. It is the natural product of certain conditions. And the absence of such freedom is likewise not at all due to human volition or lack of it, but to certain conditions. Can you think of the intellectual and moral conditions which prevail in this country today, and at the same time think of such a thing as moral or intellectual freedom existing among us? Do not you know that the very use of the adjective "free" in connection with any sacred expression of human life immediately gives it a taint in the public mind? To call a man a "free thinker" today is to place him under the ban. It is to call down on him the suspicion and hostility of the mass of his fellowmen. No man can maintain the highest standing in the respect of the community as a free thinker. To be a free thinker, to actually and openly and frankly exercise this prerogative of self-respecting manhood and womanhood is to invite upon one's self the enmity of the greater part of the community, to be branded with some evil name, and to distinctly lose an equal chance for livelihood and happiness.

Suppose, again, that you associate this thought of freedom with the thought of labor, of employment, of putting forth one's energies in the creation of things of use or beauty. There is absolutely nothing to correspond to such an idea. The world does not know the meaning of freedom of employment. It does not know the meaning even of the right to live. Here are eighty millions of people in these United States. The overwhelming majority of them are laborers. Probably two-thirds of them have

practically nothing but their labor-power. Many of them have not that, for the simple reason that the conditions which have environed them or their parents have not afforded the means of creating labor-power, or because they are not receiving enough to enable them to restore the constantly expended labor-power which their bodies and minds represent. Many of them have little skill in any direction because they have had no chance to develop such a thing. And some of our scientific men, who rarely see much beyond the ends of their professorial noses, who seldom, if ever, attempt to penetrate beneath the surface to find the causes of phenomena, are saying that we ought to dispose of our so-called defective classes by means of a painless death.

The self-respecting man is the man who can do something, who represents capacity to put his own life and personality into some creation of hand or brain. Such a man is the noblest thing this world knows. Labor is the moral barometer of civilization. What labor represents, that civilization represents. It is the only soul a civilization has or can have. All its morality is there. All its value is there. Upon that, as upon a foundation, it rests.

But what is the condition of these millions of workers? To the very last man of them today they are beggars. They are forced to go to the owners of factories and foundries and mines and railroads, of land and machinery, and say: "Please, sir, will you kindly give me leave to eat? Will you please grant me permission to live on this earth?"

I am not distributing blame at all. I am trying to see conditions, and I know, as you know, that these millions of laborers—men, women and children—do not know the meaning of freedom of any sort. And I know, as you ought to know, that just so long as they are in that condition where it is absolutely necessary for them to ask other men for permission to eat and to exist, they cannot know the meaning of intellectual or moral freedom. I know, as you ought to know, that this condition of economic dependence inevitably carries with it a condition of ignorance and superstition, or moral and intellectual impotence. Men and women and children, whose economic condition makes them beggars for the mere privilege of eating and living, simply cannot develop any such thing as ability to think or freedom to act. They cannot draw a breath of freedom. They are slaves and they are doomed to the life of slaves.

Just think how much dependence is to be placed, in an emergency, on a race of slaves. Think what quality of citizenship is bound to be developed in a country like this either from the vast army of people who not only do nothing on their own initiative, but by the very conditions of their existence must feel their dependence on the will of another or others; or from that other and smaller class of men whom our industrial system forces to be the arbiters of the fate of these millions—to be their masters. Do you not know that such a thing as a democracy is an utter impossibility except as the product of a free citizenship? No country that tolerated slavery ever succeeded in maintaining democracy. No country which does not establish its citizens in conditions of liberty, equality, and fraternity has the smallest prospect of realizing democratic ideals. There is no surer way of undermining and destroying democratic government than that which we of the United States have freely adopted — that of making or

permitting one class of people to be the industrial dependents of another class. That is the exact meaning of our political and industrial life today. We can see clearly how faith in democratic institutions and ideals is subsiding. Our whole drift is that way. We are not growing more democratic, but less. And you hear a few belated statesmen lamenting our fate and wondering what we are coming to. And these men have not the smallest concern about the fact that at the very base of our national and social life lies the principle of industrial absolutism.

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And what is the deadliest foe of freedom? What is it that holds the darkest menace to manhood and womanhood? to the family? to every sacred interest of life? Where are we to find the secret of the decay of democratic spirit and ideals, the hold of ignorance and superstition and intolerance? The base of the pyramid of ignorance, and superstition, and intolerance, and slavery is the industrial system. It is because other men possess the power to deprive me of life, to crowd me off the earth, to say whether or not and upon what terms, if any, I shall eat, whether I shall get what people call a living—it is because of this, that society can make and does make either a coward, a hypocrite, or a martyr of me and of every other man that lives. I do not admire cowardice or hypocrisy, and I do not desire martyrdom. I want to live. I want to express myself. I claim for myself and for every other soul the right to be free from any sense of dependence upon any other soul for a living. I claim it to be my right as an able-bodied man, nay, my right as a moral being, the right of character, of self-respect, of everything that is finest and best, that I have an opportunity to pay my own way, to make my contribution to the wealth of the world, in order that I may, without loss of manhood, demand from my fellowman the necessities of life. Charity is a menace to manhood. The only help a man has any right to give to another, or that he can give without moral injury to that other, is the opportunity to help himself. And even that opportunity should be afforded by the joint action of society, of the whole community Only as every man is taken into partnership in the establishment of the universal chance to live a free and unfearing life are the divinest demands of character satisfied.

I demand for myself and for every other man, in the name of the dearest and most sacred interests of life, the right to know and the ability to do more than one thing. I demand the opportunity to acquire that knowledge and that ability. Inasmuch as the symmetrical development of the brain and, therefore, the healthful and adequate education of all the intellectual and moral capacities requires the exercise and culture of every other function of the human body, I claim for myself and for all the right to know and the opportunity to do various kinds of work. I want the privilege of tilling the soil and I protest against a system of things that robs me of the fruits of my labor. I claim the right to know how to do mechanical work, to produce things of use and beauty, and to do so under conditions which are consonant with manliness and self-respect. I dare to say that we have not today any social or industrial or political equipment that can begin to satisfy that claim. No such claim and no other reasonable or moral claim of our manhood or womanhood can possibly be met or fulfilled by this

capitalistic civilization. It is immoral and indecent from base to dome. It rests upon fraud and thrives on dishonor. It is exploitation, robbery, murder and every crime against the human soul.

But if I have economic freedom, if I have guaranteed to me the right to work and its corresponding right to receive the product of my labor, I possess the key to every other right you can name. No man then can tell me what I shall think, or bring offensive pressure to bear upon me to make me think contrary to what my reason dictates. No man then can tell me that unless I believe in this or that creed, I shall bear the ban of social exile: for then society must necessarily purge itself of those false and immoral distinctions which now are its very warp and woof, for its basis will be labor, which is life. No man then can tell me how I shall live my life. No man then can fix the mould according to which I shall be fashioned. Indeed, then the whole fabric of society bids me be myself, bids me to be free, summons from my nature its richest possibilities, equips me with the secret of happiness, holds before me the divinest incentives, and makes certain the creation of a higher and better race of men.

And that way is becoming clearer. We are rapidly seeing the looming possibilities of putting into the hands of the people themselves, as people, as society, this whole vast plant of industry, making mankind the owners in joint partnership of the earth and of all the means of making it fruitful. Every human being is one of the people. When the people possess the land and the industrial machinery which, with much travail, society itself has produced and makes useful, every man, as a human being, becomes a member of that firm, and no one can deny him the right to live. On the contrary, it becomes of the greatest advantage to all society that each shall be given the freest chance to do his part.

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This question of freedom is one that may not come at all to some men—to millions of men. They never think of it. It does not touch their consciousness, however deeply or decisively it may really affect their destiny. But it does come to other souls, and when it comes there is no evading it. When it does come, the whole fabric of manhood is at stake. A man must decide to save his manhood at the loss of everything else, or save his life and lose his soul. There is the place where the man that loses his life saves it, and the man who saves it loses it. For myself, I know no law—and there can be none—so sacred or so imperative as the law of my own being, the hunger of my own soul for truth, the inspiring joy of my own heart. I will recognize no law superior to that. What I claim for myself I claim equally for every other soul. No man's freedom to express himself ever involves, or can involve, the smallest abridgment of the right or opportunity of any other soul to do the same. No sort of social order can wholly smother freedom. Capitalism means for it crucifixion. Socialism means for it honor and reverence and joy.

BEAUTY AS A MUNICIPAL ASSET

JOEL BENTON

IN the onward rush of life and the tumult of practical affairs, the heedless world is often forced to forget that there is something else than mere dollars worth struggling for. Or, to put it another way, that simple utilities do not make up the sum of human delight and aspiration. Goethe saw this, with lucid vision, when he said that "we should learn to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself." And Matthew Arnold touched the matter neatly when he borrowed from German thought the dividing of humanity into Philistines and the Children of Light.

It is true enough that utilities come first, and the flowering of art later. We must have food and clothes and shelter first of all, but when a comfortable existence is established, even these can yield a second benefit by befitting the eye. It is not quite true, though, that the savage or primitive man lacked the esthetic sense. The very utensils he made were shaped often for beauty, with no detriment to their serviceableness. The baskets and woven fabrics of the American Indian, and the pots and pans of primitive peoples fully attest this.

But, in addition to this, the primitive man had leisure, and the modern man, wishing wealth in short order, has none. He is therefore apt to forget the higher aims in life. A little while ago it was suddenly discovered that the forests of New Hampshire were on the way to the lumber-mill to an alarming extent. But that was for mere profit—the profit of a few individuals and not the profit of the whole community. When the axe first entered the forest its final result was not calculated. But in due time it was plain even to the Philistine mind that the glory of the White Mountains, like Sampson, was being ruthlessly shorn. Ruskin, or some one like-minded, might have preached against this desecration indefinitely without much visible effect; but when the plain country people saw that their greatest patron, the summer boarder, who brought millions into the State, would soon be lost, the Legislature called a halt to this wholesale despoilment and began plans for scientific forestry.

As it is self-interest that destroys beauty, and that will in another generation, as things are now going, destroy Niagara Falls, so it is this force which we must get in alliance with to save such Beauty as exists (if for nothing else) as an asset. It is possible that we owe nothing to posterity, but why provoke their astonishment? It will be difficult certainly for them to guess why it is that human greed, working only for the profit of a few and

punishing by its devastation the many, should have been allowed by us so freely to remove cherished monuments, and obliterate beautiful features of the landscape. But in almost all towns this very thing is being ruthlessly done. People who might know of the public wrong inflicted are so busy with their own private affairs that they either do not notice the common vandalism, or they find no time to protest against it. Some protest has been made, I believe, against the destruction of the Palisades, the back door of which is in New Jersey, and the beauty and wonder of which are in New York. But irreparable scars have already been inflicted upon them, and one does not feel sure, so divided is their custody, that they are yet freed from injury.

In a certain well-known city on the Hudson, a year ago, a political ring, composed of both parties, carried a measure by stealth to destroy the County Court House, built nearly a hundred years ago in the Dutch Colonial style of architecture. In it Webster and the most famous lawyers had spoken, and every line, cornice and border of the building were a delight to the eye. Taken as a whole it was altogether the finest specimen of ancient architecture the county had to show. There was space laterally and upward for its enlargement, on lines that were accordant with the main design; but to enlarge it simply would have involved slight expense, comparatively, and would have left no room for "rake-offs." So it was quietly doomed, and the County is now to be "sweated" for forty or fifty years to pay for a new building, to be disfigured and the town disgraced by a grated jail at its top. All this for greed, and the personal profit of a few. In its place a modern, beef-steaky structure will be conspicuous, and noticeable for the fact that it is wholly out of proportion to the lot it stands on and its environment.

In Paris they conserve beauty and historic association, and make finer things than greed and mere utility dominant. No legislation, and no discordant and varying individual initiative can decide how the capital of France shall look; for the private house, as well as the public building, whether being built or repaired, must have for its plans the consent and approval of a Municipal Art Committee before they can be carried out. It is pleasant to notice too, while I am writing this, that a Massachusetts Court has actually interfered to prevent the erection of a sky-scraper, so far as the height is concerned, on Copley Square, Boston. And this interference, which says the top of it must come off, is not because it shuts the light from adjacent structures, and not for utilitarian reasons at all; but because its towering dimensions mar, if they do not destroy, the beauty of the Square. It is greatly to be hoped that either through Courts or Art Commissions, the promotion and preservation of beauty in towns may be accomplished very soon everywhere.

Even in Washington we have lately had not only a grotesque re-decoration of "Statuary Hall," but propositions for building, with no suitable architectural control, additions to the public buildings there calling for the expenditure of millions. Fortunately some influence stopped the appropriations for the projects, and, for a few months, the touch of vandalism will be delayed. But even the Congress will need watching. As a custodian of Beauty, while it may have some members competent, there is no one who can tell what its majority may decree. It moves through political pressure, and if places are

wanting, and applicants are numerous and hungry enough, it might entrust the repair of a chronometer to a blacksmith, or the re-painting of a notable work of art to a house painter.

But the question of making Beauty an anxious concern is not alone for Washington. It should be considered in every urban and rural community. The few who know and feel what constitutes the glory of a town or locality must be alert and voiceful for many years yet, if they would serve their country and neighborhood on esthetic lines. In almost every country town a half dozen farmers and country residents can, by the mere virtue of ownership, destroy single trees and shady nooks so as to spoil forever the beauty of certain drives. The landscape, until we do as they do in Europe, is largely in their keeping, and at their mercy, so that the doctrine on behalf of what is fair and fine must be often reiterated, both for their benefit and the public's. They should know that

> All things have something more than barren use;
> There is a scent upon the brier—
> A tremulous splendor in the Autumn dews;
> Cold morns are fringed with fire.

What would Venice and Florence and Pisa have been if some Art inspiration had not made and saved their treasures? When the Campanile fell a shudder went around the world. Who does not know that the builders of the Parthenon made Athens memorable for centuries and will keep the summit on which it stands notable forever? This has become, if we speak commercially only, the greatest asset of all time. To every town something has been given to save and cherish, and the day should be hastened when some safe custodians of that which inspires and ornaments a place shall be as regularly selected as its executive and fiduciary officers.

EVEN IN THE SKY

A man sat alone and heard the wind rushing through city streets and across housetops; the wildness of it sang to him and deafened his soul to its own crying. The Spirit of the Wind peered in at him, and offered freedom mockingly.

He believed and followed. He swept under the stars, not far above the housetops, to the deserted places beyond the city—to the creeping marshes of a low lying river.

In the midst of a great silence the man rested. He was free of the city; his soul ceased its crying.

Then he lifted his eyes to the stars. From the edge of the city low flashes of fire spread across the dark river; their brightness trailed across the marshes into his silence, into his freedom.

The fire from the mills, the lights from the windows of toil streaked the sky, and searched the man out in his freedom.

Then the voice of the wind:

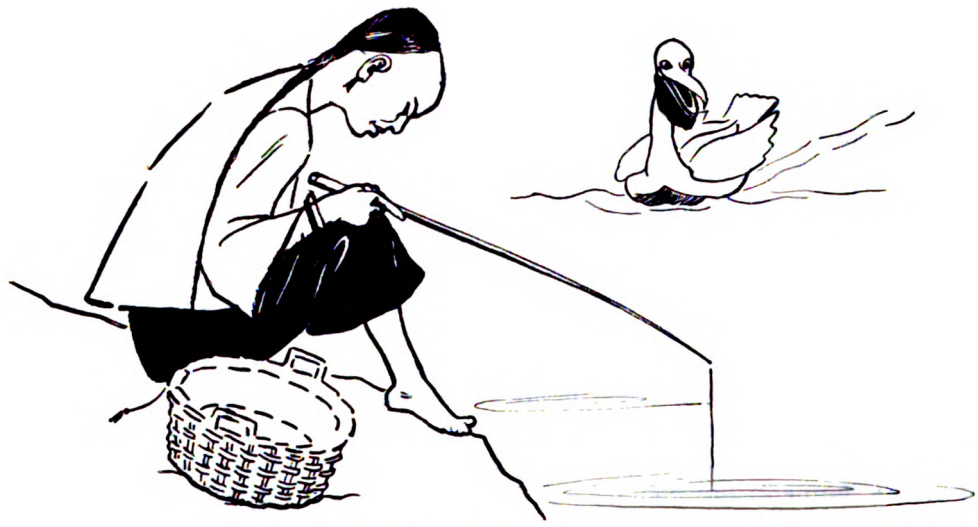
"For this I brought you to the slow moving river, to the quiet of the marshes, to the deserted places of freedom.

"You cannot escape. The age writes its curse in the sky.

"So I sing to you fiercely of struggle, of fighting and failure. My song is the hymn of the mills, the chant of the workers.

"Sing with me. Work for them. Seek not yet for freedom."

CHARLOTTE TELLER.



THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

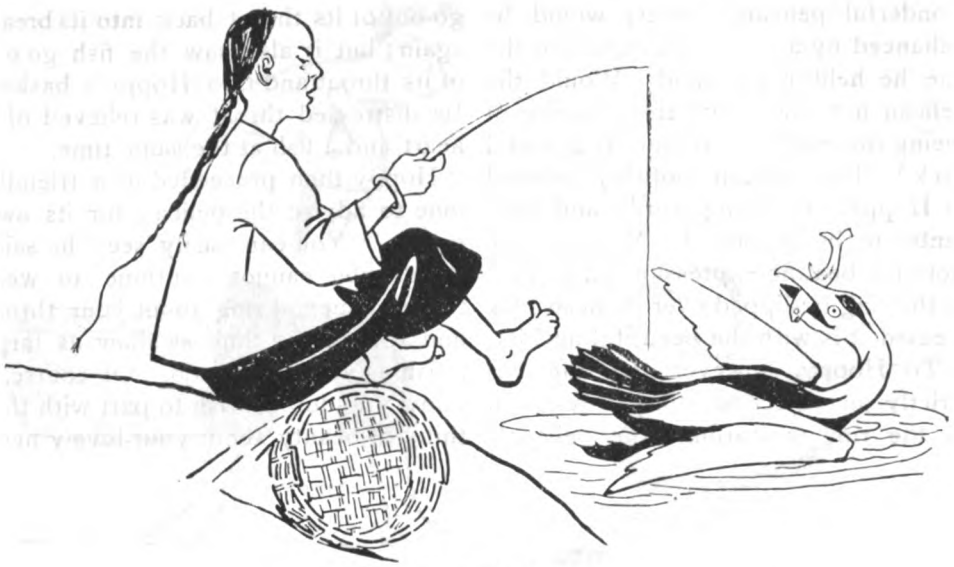
HOP LEE AND THE PELICAN

HOP LEE was an intelligent young Chinaman, born of poor but honest parents, upon the banks of the Yellow River. From early childhood he had been accustomed to assist in getting a living for himself and the other members of his family by fishing with the ordinary rod and line. Although this primitive method of gaining a livelihood had been followed by his father and by his forefathers for many centuries, it remained for Hop Lee to improve upon it so that it yielded such rich returns that he could live sumptuously without working; and this tale is to show how successfully he worked out his plan.

It was not so much a brilliant burst of genius as it was the spur of necessity which led Hoppy to his great discovery. As he sat on the bank with his empty basket beside him, and fished in vain day after day, he watched with deep chagrin a gay flock of pelicans that came down upon the waters in which he, alas, fished so fruitlessly, and filled themselves to repletion.

Not only was he envious of the success of the pelicans, but he realized that the noise and splashing they made drove away from his hook many fish which he otherwise might have caught.

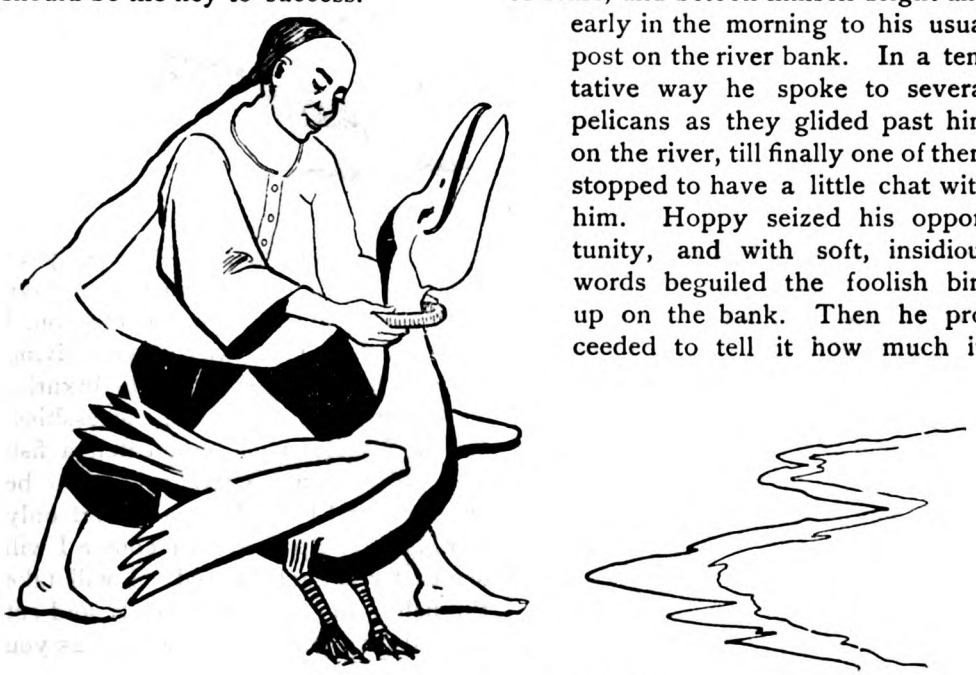
Poor Hoppy pondered long upon this distressing situation. He watched the pelicans moodily as they gaily dived to the bottom of the river, waving their web-feet in the air, and triumphantly bringing up fish after fish which they stored away in their pouches to be devoured at leisure when the day's sport was over, or fed to their young. Finally, one bright day, a brilliant idea occurred to him whereby he would not only prevent the pelicans



A SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

from driving away his fish, but would actually compel them to deliver to him the fish they caught and fill up his empty basket. But how to put his ingenious plan in operation? Flattery should be the key to success.

How he ever did it I don't pretend to know, but somehow or other he learned the pelican language. This was the first step towards his goal. Then he provided himself with a polished ring of brass, and betook himself bright and early in the morning to his usual post on the river bank. In a tentative way he spoke to several pelicans as they glided past him on the river, till finally one of them stopped to have a little chat with him. Hoppy seized his opportunity, and with soft, insidious words beguiled the foolish bird up on the bank. Then he proceeded to tell it how much its



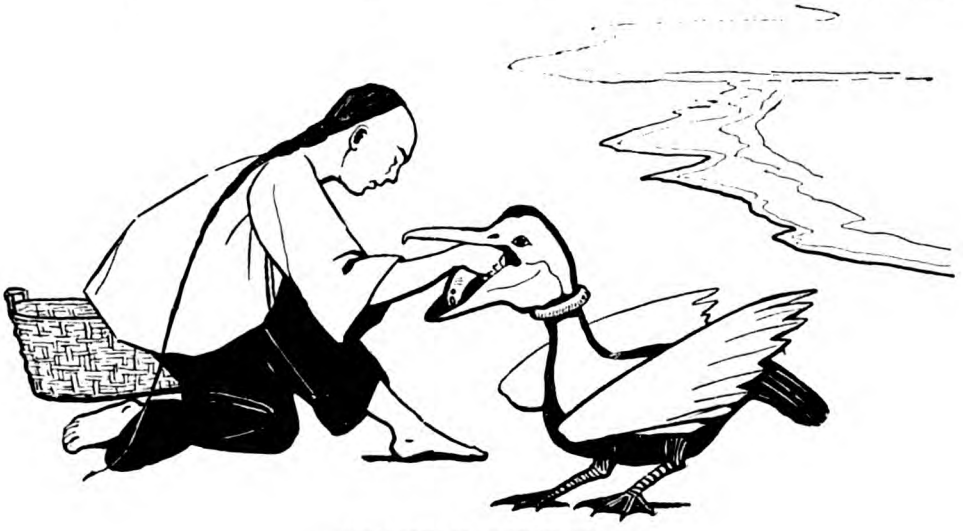
"HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK!"

wonderful pelicanic beauty would be enhanced by a lovely necklace like the one he held in his hand. Would the pelican not allow him the pleasure of seeing the necklace around its graceful neck? The pelican foolishly listened to Hoppy's flattering words, and consented to be decorated. You can see from the beatific expression on its face as the ring is slipped over its head how pleased it is with the beautiful necklet.

To Hoppy, however, the ring was strictly an object of utility. As soon as the ring was around the pelican's neck, the unlucky bird found it impossible to swallow the fish it caught. Every time it tried it found itself almost choking to death, and at last, in desperation, appealed to Hoppy to save its life Hoppy, who was at hand upon the bank eagerly awaiting developments, was only too glad to spring to the pelican's assistance and promptly remove the fish from its throat and thus prevent its untimely demise.

The pelican's gratitude and joy were unbounded when Hoppy relieved it of the fish. It felt its palpitating heart go out of its throat back into its breast again; but it also saw the fish go out of its throat and into Hoppy's basket. Its distressed throat was relieved of a heart and a fish at the same time.

Hoppy then proceeded in a friendly tone to advise the pelican for its own good. "You can easily see," he said, "that you cannot continue to wear that ornamental ring about your throat and at the same time swallow as large a fish as you used to do. Of course, I know you do not wish to part with that thing of beauty about your lovely neck merely for the sake of having your stomach filled. Now that you have seen how beautiful it has made you, I feel that there is no way of your living without it. One gets used to luxuries so quickly they become necessities. So, in future, when you catch a fish you must always come to me to be relieved, and I will be ready and only too glad to help you. Of course I will see that you shall be fed. I will take the fish to my chopping block, and cut off and give you as large a piece as you can politely swallow. In this way your life will be saved, and you will be



SYMPATHETIC ASSISTANCE.

"YOUR SHARE!"

fed with food that is the right size for you in your new and improved condition. At the same time I, too, will be fed by taking the fish that you are now unable to swallow, as a small return for the assistance I shall lend you."

Hop Lee had made a grand discovery, how to live without working, and at the same time had convinced the pelican that it was only through the exercise of his great brain power and generosity that it was able to escape being choked to death when it tried to eat the fish it caught.

Hop Lee waxed fat on this arrangement. After the first pelican got the ring about its neck, all the other pelicans were anxious to get rings about

HOW BEAUTIFULLY IT WORKS!

their necks and be in the fashion, and very soon Hoppy had all the pelicans on the river busily and cheerfully engaged in catching fish for him. And so it happens that even to this day, Hop Lee and all his descendants have a prospect of living indefinitely on the banks of the Yellow River in ease and plenty.

Of course, as the natural reward of his industry and abstinence, the ingenious Hoppy speedily accumulated a fortune from the sale of the fish caught by the pelicans. In time he made a tour of the world. When he visited America he was introduced to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It is related on good authority that he was highly amused at the striking resemblance between that gentleman's ideas and his own. Hoppy saw immediately that the American workingman had put a ring about his throat which forced him to give up the fish he catches to Mr. Morgan and to be satisfied with a tail diet. "The ring is a little less tangible, to be sure, than that about the necks of our pelicans," thought Hoppy, "but it amounts to the same thing." The competitive wage-system forces the laborer to take a wage that will just give him a living. He cannot ask for any more, because there are plenty of men waiting around for the chance to work upon the basis of the fish-tail diet. As long as pelicans or workingmen are satisfied with fish tails there is no use giving them more, whether you be a Morgan or a Hop Lee. Hence the American workingman produces his $2,400 a year and gives up all but the $400 fish tail to Mr. Morgan, just as the pelican catches 2,400 pounds of good fish and gets only 400 pounds of fish-tails in return; yet both the pelican and the American workingman get down and thank God that such men as Morgan and Hop Lee live to prevent pelicans and workingmen from starving to death.

AN ORIENTAL PHILANTROPIST

Hoppy congratulated himself, however, on being in a much safer position than Mr. Morgan, for if his pelicans ever got over their feeling of gratitude

and pride in their rings they could not get them off their necks, even if they wished; whereas Mr. Morgan's pelican workingmen always have the opportunity of taking the competitive ring off their necks. The American pelicans have merely to "wish the ring off," and off it goes. The way for them to express this wish is to vote for Socialism. A great many American pelicans decided to wish this ring off their necks at the last election. Unfortunately there were still more who wished to keep it about their necks, so Mr. Morgan still gets the fish and Uncle Sam gets the tail.

ALLURING PROMISES OF EMPLOYMENT.

FEDERATED TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL
Affiliated with the
American Federation of Labor

TO WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE:—The Fresno Federated Trades and Labor Council desire to call your attention to the fact that representatives of the Fruit Growers of California are now in the Eastern cities, attempting to secure young men and women to come to this State under alluring promises of remunerative employment in the orchards and vineyards of California.

The real facts are that these agents really represent the various employers' associations of California, who are endeavoring to disrupt the labor unions of this State.

It is almost a crime to induce men and women to come here in search of employment. The fruit industry only lasts three or four months, and when the crops are picked and packed there is no employment for unskilled labor.

No orchardists, vineyardists or farmers in California are fixed to care for imported labor. None of them have bunk houses, but compel their employees to sleep in the open air on the ground. Many drink ditch water and suffer from typhoid fever. The average wage is not over $1.25 a day.

When the fruit season closes there are no factories, mills or farms to give employment to outside labor.

Living here is extremely high. House rents range from $20 to $30 a month for a five-roomed cottage.

All food products are very dear, ordinary meat costing fully 20 cents a pound.

The men who come to California under the persuasion of the fruit growers will be compelled to compete against Chinese and Japanese labor, and will be compelled to live like Mongolians.

The Fresno Federated Trades and Labor Council urge all affiliated unions in the American Federation of Labor to spread the information contained in this circular before the public, and do all in their power to prevent men and women from coming to California under promises from these employers' associations.

It is a duty we owe to the wage-earners of our country. It is a work of humanity. As men, we must stop this crime against the happiness of innocent boys and girls. Get your local newspapers to publish this circular. Spread the truth broadcast, and you will materially aid the Labor Unions of California.

G. S. BROWER, Secretary.

FRESNO, CAL., March 5, 1903.

WHO ARE LIBERAL THINKERS?

EUGENE DEL MAR

THE general progressive tendency of the age—the atmosphere of social, intellectual, scientific and religious thought—has made it fashionable to be regarded as a liberal thinker. And, as what is fashionable is the "correct" thing, we all take pride in avowing our liberality. It is obvious, however, that a mere avowal does not determine anything. What, then, is the essence of liberality, and who are the real liberals in thought?

The prevailing conception of a liberal thinker is that of one who has effectually escaped from long accepted traditional and conventional ideas; and especially from religious ones. The conception is essentially a negative one. The agnostic, the free thinker—in fact, iconoclasts in general—are commonly regarded as constituting the liberal thinkers. The orthodox churchman is looked upon as an illiberal thinker; while the adherents of Socialism and the New Thought are considered by many as wild and unbalanced thinkers.

No one is perfect or all-wise. Each is lacking in one way or another; and what one lacks is what he requires. One grows only through obtaining what he does not possess already. Receiving an exact duplicate of what has been assimilated, will not add to one's breadth of view. One cannot secure the new merely through intensifying the old.

There is an habitual disposition to avoid original thought, and escape from progressive atmospheres. There are very few willing thinkers. Almost everyone is certain to insist upon considering one side of a question only, to listen to nothing but what he already knows, to read what he is in complete agreement with, and to accept as final and conclusive that which comes from what he has previously decided to be "authority."

The Republican and the Democrat reads his respective party papers, and attends his respective party meetings; while Catholics and Protestants rigidly restrict their attendance to their own particular church or service. As far as possible, each insists upon keeping in his own rut, and he continually deepens it so that getting out of it becomes increasingly difficult.

Why is it that the teachings of Socialism and of the New Thought are peculiarly calculated to arouse antagonism and opposition? It is because they strike at conceptions of political and religious life that have been accepted without consideration or deliberation. One usually absorbs his political and religious views from his surroundings, and accepts and retains them without testing them by the

reason. And, as he cannot defend them on any rational or logical grounds, he takes the offensive and not only impersonally attacks the views that are inconsistent with his own, but usually also uses the weapons of personal ridicule and sarcasm against their exponents.

But Nature demands growth. One cannot stay in any rut eternally. The longer one remains in a condition of stagnation, the more laborious is the task of getting out, the more misery he brings upon himself eventually, and the more discord and inharmony he creates about him. Persistence in any mental rut involves stagnation and paralysis, and results in decay, dissolution and death.

If we are to grow, we must be receptive to what we do not believe. In no other way can we expand, or become more comprehensive and inclusive. All are considering the same thing from different points of view; and when we see from another's point of view, we understand his conclusions. We may not accept them, but we see how he has arrived at them; and when our range of vision includes his point of view, his ideas do not antagonize us. And, unless we are willing to see from another's point of view, we cannot be tolerant of his conclusions.

We are not antagonized by anything we fully understand. If we have made a thorough investigation and extracted what seems to us, the truth, from any conception or idea, its presentation does not effect us inharmoniously, even though we may not concur with another regarding it. We may reject the conception or idea, but we include it in our mental vision, and see from a broader point of view than it is representative of, for we see the good it may depict to another.

We balk at whatever we do not understand. We oppose what we have not yet assimilated. We are antagonized by that which we have not made our own. A display of irritation or anger at the views of others evidences prejudice, limitation and narrowness of mental vision. That which is beyond our comprehension irritates us. Every new presentation of truth is calculated to wound our pride or vanity, and arouse our contempt or resentment.

The majority of people will not think for themselves. There are few original thinkers. People accept tradition and convention as their guide. They rely implicitly upon authority. At the most, they substitute one authority for another. They accept the conclusions of others; and if they exercise their reasoning faculty, they carefully confine its activity within the limits of accepted authority.

A conception that is accepted without analysis and assimilation cannot be eliminated through an appeal to logic or reason. Only the truth that has passed the test of the reason is amenable to that tribunal. The conception that has been accepted without careful consideration renders the reason subservient to it, and holds the intellect in bondage.

The so-called liberal who takes any authority save his own understanding, or who will listen to nothing new unless bearing the mark of his "authority," is no more liberal than the person who accepts, without any analysis or reason, the conclusions of his spiritual guide or minister.

Like the traditional Indian, from the conventional point of view, the only safe thinker is a dead thinker. A live thinker is a disturber of the peace and a danger to the community. Almost without exception, the great

thinkers of the past were abused and ridiculed, and the truths they enunciated were denounced and rejected. Many of them were persecuted and punished as malefactors and criminals. And yet these are the very persons who are now confidently appealed to and relied upon as final authorities. They have become anthorities and are now worshipped because of their own defiance and rejections of authority! But one who would now do as they formerly did is pilloried and ostracised.

Conventional and traditional ideas always uphold the privileges of the ruling classes, professions or traditions. They have been formulated from the point of view of class self-interest, and their promulgation and dissemination are constantly furthered by all the means and methods at the service of the dominant classes. The vast majority of people are so enslaved by tradition and convention that they are practically unable to think beyond what is continually drummed into their ears or otherwise persistently offered to them.

Take the conception of the power of thought to affect a cure of physical disease. There is nothing new or novel in this. Records of such cures are found throughout the ages. It has been practiced in all countries and at all times. It is one of the most prominent features of the New Testament narrative. It is demonstrated every day by regular physicians who, under the designation of mental therapeutics and hypnotism, practice exactly what they denounce and ridicule as Mental Science and New Thought.

The truth of mental healing is verified by thousands upon thousands of patients who have been cured through the agency of Christian Science, Divine Science, Mental Science, or of other mental methods. It is, as a matter of fact, the explanation of all cures, at all times, under all therapeutic systems. The mental control of the body is a truth so self-evident that it would seem as though the blind only could fail to recognize it; and yet, "liberal thinkers" —as they claim to be—make it the butt of their scorn and their ridicule.

Mental cures are accomplished through the operation of desire and suggestion. No religious belief is necessarily involved. Christian Science, however, is a religious system of mental therapeutics, and through Christian Science many cures have been made, and are being effected. Of this there is no question of doubt.

Christian Science mystifies the truth, and retains many conventional and traditional errors. But some people will not accept truth unless it is clothed in the conceptions they have long cherished. They must have their pills sugar-coated, and will not swallow them in any other condition. The truth in Christian Science will survive, while the errors will perish just as soon as they are outgrown.

The truth cannot be altered or changed. We need have no fear on its behalf. And, as people must have their mental pabulum in the form they are able to digest, is it the evidence of wisdom or liberality for one to condemn in others what is imperatively demanded by their condition of development, even though he may have outgrown it? After all, the difference, at most, is one of degree only. Does it voice wisdom or liberality to insist that infants should be fed upon the food that adult needs demand? Are not all new or novel ideas, conceptions, philosophies, creeds or religions, the product of evolutional necessity, and do they not arise in response to a demand

for them? They come to answer a need, and they go when this has been met.

Who is the liberal thinker, then? Is he the one who has placed a limit and boundary to his knowledge? Is he the one who has merely outgrown antiquated conceptions? Is the criterion of mental liberality the attainment of knowledge? Or is its essential the attitude of mind?

The "liberals" are not those who have merely disposed of ancient error and eliminated it from their consciousness, but rather those who have substituted higher truths in its place. Liberalism is not destructive, but constructive. The iconoclast is not essentially a liberal. He is in preliminary training for liberalism. Elimination of error alone does not make one liberal. Free thinkers, agnostics, evolutionists, socialists, Christian Scientists, and New Thought adherents are not all noted for their toleration or liberality.

The modern evolutionist should be the most tolerant and liberal of all thinkers. Looking back over the interminable ages of gradual, but constant development, he should clearly realize not only that his own present knowledge must expand, but that it is sure to be superseded again and again by conceptions representative of higher and still higher truths. As the evolutionist does not recognize finality, he must know that his highest ideals of today must inevitably be discarded in the future as expressive of a comparatively primitive belief.

The conventional evolutionist—like the Unitarian—has simply transferred authority from one book and one set of men to many books and another set of men. And instead of his dictum reading, "Thus saith the Lord," it reads, "Thus saith Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, etc., etc." And the Unitarian instead of saying, "Christ spake unto his disciples," says, "Parker, Channing, Hale, Elliott, spake thus."

Transferring authority from the oldest traditions to more recent and modern ones, is a long step in advance, but this breadth of view even is not necessarily related to liberalism. In fact, in and of itself, it may have no connection with it.

One's tendency to hold rigidly to authority evidences lack of faith in himself, and bespeaks a distrust of one's power of discrimination and judgment. It betrays lack of individuality; the real individuality that makes no separation in its life purpose and work from that of every other soul in the universe.

The mere acquisition of knowledge does not make one liberal. One may be a veritable encyclopædia of facts, and yet be narrow and illiberal. A Roman Catholic priest may be a liberal thinker, while an evolutionist may be extremely illiberal. One who believes in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, may be broadly liberal. It is not one's accumulation of facts, even scientific ones, that make him a liberal, but his consciousness of the true, the vital, and the inseparable relation of his knowledge with all knowledge, and more especially, to particular expressions of it.

Liberality of thought and knowledge of facts have no necessary relation. Liberality is an attitude of mind. Those are most liberal who are most sympathetic. Hatred and liberality can boast of no acquaintance. It is sympathy, harmony, or love that lies at the root of liberality. Those who feel the most love for their fellow beings, are

the most liberal toward them. Those who most clearly discern the unity and harmony of all phases of life and truth are the most liberal toward its various modes of expression.

Not that emotion is a safer guide than intellect. Neither is reliable by itself. A clear distinction must be made between knowledge and wisdom, between the ascertainment of fact and the understanding of principle. Knowledge involves an accumulation of facts only, while wisdom includes an understanding of their connection and relation. Of itself, knowledge is related to the conception of diversity; wisdom to the conception of unity. Hatred may accompany knowledge: love ever accompanies wisdom.

With increasing wisdom, emotion and intellect gradually interblend. It is the harmonious action of emotion and intellect that includes a consciousness of poise and harmony. And it is this inner understanding that impels outer liberality. It is when emotion and intellect act as one, that the peace of the soul is expressed in harmony of thought and manifested in liberality of action.

Wisdom is measured by one's understanding of unity and the accompanying consciousness of harmony. The conception of unity, and the consciousness of harmony—wisdom and love—are inseparably related. The sympathy, harmony or love that evidences itself in liberality relates itself rather to the impersonal truth than to its personal manifestation.

The true liberal is he who recognizes his limitations in growth and imperfections of attainment; he knows that what he lacks and requires others possess and may furnish him; he understands that every thought and conception of each individual is eternal, and has its beneficent place and purpose; he thinks for himself; he accepts no authority as final; and, above all else, the true liberal is willing to cast aside preconceived ideas and sacrifice personal pride and vanity at the behest of truth, for he knows that this is the only means by which the truth may become his. He must have attained to that vital conception of unity where his enlarged sympathy brings him in conscious harmony with his fellowmen, and with the thoughts and conceptions they represent.

'EXTEMPORANEOUS" ADDRESSES

There are so many instances of carefully prepared "extemporaneous efforts" that it is not difficult to believe that there are very few instances on record where a really great address has been born of the moment. The assumption of extemporaneousness adds to the effect at the time, as it did in the Bryan speech at the Chicago convention. Of all the public utterances of William J. Bryan, that silver address of 1896 was probably the most carefully prepared. At least, every word of it, crosses, crowns, thorns and all, had been written out and conned in advance; but the convention, confused by instructions and embarrassed by indecision, was thrilled by what seemed to be a spontaneous burst—the message for the time from the man of the hour. The effect might have been different if all the preparations for both the speech and the manner of its introduction had been understood then, as they have been revealed since.

But whether great oratory requires great preparation or not, it remains a fact that there is a vast difference in the methods and adaptabilities of public speakers in meeting unforseen contingencies. Impromptu delivery may or may not impress history, but it is still a definite and attractive accomplishment, and one that contributes much to the pleasure of current life.—Kansas City Star.

VICE VERSA

GINGER

ONE day, after awhile, the foreman of the Daily Times Printing Establishment of Blanktown sat in his office looking over some editorial proof sheets. The foreman was President of the Blanktown section of the Typographical Branch of the Federated Employees' Union of America.

There was a timid knock on the door, and upon the foreman's saying "come in," General Otisky, the millionaire owner of the Times establishment, entered, respectfully removed his hat, and said:

"I have been delegated by the Owners' Union of Blanktown to present to you some grievances——"

"Now, now, General," interrupted the foreman, "let me tell you once again, and for the last time, that I will not recognize the Owners' Union or any delegate thereof. If you, as an individual, have any grievance, I will listen to you."

"Well, then," said Otisky, "I find that I cannot live decently upon the fifteen dollars per week that the Employees allow me as owner of this establishment, and I ask for an increase to eighteen dollars per week, and a reduction from twelve to ten hours' work per day."

"No, General, that cannot be done. The business won't admit of it. Our Union has just raised the weekly salaries of employees—that of printer's devil from $75.00 to $100.00; the typesetters and pressmen from $150.00 to $200.00; and my own from $200.00 to $300.00, and made a reduction in all employes' working hours from five to four hours per day, and with these necessary changes, due to present prosperity, we cannot grant your request."

"Won't you submit my case to arbitration?" asked the General, eagerly.

"No, General," responded the foreman, "there is nothing to arbitrate. The Baer truth is that God, in His infinite wisdom and tender mercy, has placed the management of this estabment in the employes' hands, and by the Jumping John Rogers, we, the employes, as true Christian gentlemen, are always infallibly right and just, and, therefore, how can there be anything to arbitrate? If you are not satisfied you are perfectly free to sell out. There are plenty of needy non-union capitalists on the street corners who would gladly buy you out and own this establishment for a much less income than you are getting. You are much better off than the owners of other establishments in the city. The Department store employes allow their owners only $1.98 per day, and that is to be reduced to $1.93 on the first of the month.

"But the cost of living is so high," said the General, mournfully, "rump steak is fifty cents per pound now."

"Steak!" cried the foreman, "oh! I see the cause of your discontent; you are living beyond your means and indulging in luxuries not justified by one in your station. Look over the back numbers of the Times, and you will find many articles telling how nicely people with small incomes can live high on simple vegetable foods, without any meat. One article demonstrates that a man can work hard and retain perfect health on five cents worth of oatmeal per day. Why, General, if you will only acquire habits of thrift and economy, and forego all the enjoyments and pleasures of life, you can be putting money in the savings bank every week."

Otisky disconsolately turned to go—

"Stay a moment," said the foreman, picking up one of the editorial proof sheets, "I see that in this editorial you have covertly introduced some Socialistic nonsense advocating the idea of owners turning over their property to the employes and sharing more equally with them in the general income. I have pencilled out all that stuff, and must peremptorily request that you cease endeavoring to stir up discontent among the owning classes. And you must stop all this agitation and strife against the non-union capitalists. You must remember that this is a free country, that the constitution guarantees that even the largest owners and greatest capitalists have the inalienable right to freely accept the very lowest income that a full and free competition enables their employees to cut them down to. And, if necessary, the full force of the Army and Navy of the United States will be called forth to enable every capitalist, be he millionaire or humble billionaire, to accept the lowest income he can get, and to physically, mentally and morally starve himself, his wife and his babies, without let or hindrance from any discontented and strife-breeding Owner's Unions. Well, General, it is after one o'clock. Besides neglecting your own work you have kept me here several minutes beyond my regular four hours' time today, and I shall have to credit myself with overtime and dock you accordingly. I must run down to the 'Elite' restaurant and get a nice little lunch, and then get out my automobile and take a little spin in the fresh air. I just want to add, General, that although your complaints are very annoying, I have none but the kindest of feelings towards you. Your interests are very dear to my heart. I am constantly trying to find out cheaper ways for you to live, so that you can adjust yourself to the cut in your income which we soon intend to make. Return to your duties, be faithful and diligent, consider your employees' interests rather than your own, and when you pass in your checks and go to the hot place, as, of course, you will, in consequence of your discontent and ingratitude, I assure you that you will have a much happier time than you are having in this world. Say, General," added the foreman, as he stepped forth from his dingy office into the outer sunshine, "isn't this a gloriously beautiful California day? When you get through your work here tonight write up a little poetry on the 'ineffable beauties of Nature,' the 'unspeakable blessedness of living,' etc.; put a lot of religious fervor into it, and we will print it in the Sunday edition."

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE WHITE SLAVE

HENRY O. MORRIS, from theme furnished by SIDNEY STEVENS.

Not bleeding 'neath the lash of Egypt's scorn,
Not in the dungeon, nor in galley chains,
Nor baited to the savage lions now,
Like those to Nero's bloody thirst consigned;
But look on him, the white slave of our time;
See on his face the centuries' stamp of crime.

Ye see no chains, but yet more sharp than steel
Life's shackles cut into his tortured soul.
The white slave toils away his hopeless life,
And dies like coral worm beneath the sea,
That palaces and gardens by his hands may grow,
While kingdoms rise and princes come and go.

His masters revel while the white slave toils.
"Be ye contented," is his only cheer.
And when to God goes up his cry for help,
In vain he prays to Him who dwells on high.
O! "God of plenty!" art Thou blind and deaf
That to this lowly cry comes no relief?

His masters revel; their remorse of soul
Is drowned in ruby wine when tears should flow;
Lights of the ballroom, softly pleading flutes,
What thoughts are left for tales of Man's distress?
Tell these of sorrow and they heed you not,
For splendor hides from them the cancerous blot.

The masters revel—countless thousands starve.
The white slave's cup of woe is surely full.
God of the wealthy, if Thou be their God,
Cover Thine eyes when this cup overflows;
For Satan's realm makes not the whole of hell,
While sons of earth such fearful tales can tell.

The pulpits breathe forth libels on Thy name;
Thou cans't not be the God to whom they cry;
Thou wilt not stand for Treason's earthly lords,
Nor see Thy poor oppressed, forever wronged.
Come quickly, lest Thy teachings fade away
And men forget Thy mercies while they pray.

The black slave cried. His cry was not in vain.
Prophets arose to sound the warning note.
The crisis came, and 'mid the clash of steel
From sable limbs the cruel fetters fell.
Great was the price, but not too great to pay,
That men might be redeemed from slavery's sway.

Ye white slaves stand together side by side,
And list in silent prayer the distant storm.
Though faint and far we catch its murmur now,
Prophetic ears cannot mistake the sound;
'Tis coming—coming fast, this storm-cloud dark,
But those who revel neither see nor hark.

A NEW KIND OF MUSICAL CLUB

The Twentieth Century Mandolin and Guitar Club, of Calumet, Michigan, is composed of children ranging in age from eight to fourteen years. At present there is a membership of seventy-five.

H. M. Draper, the organizer and instructor of the club, has launched out on an entirely different line from that followed by any other musical organization in this country. He purposes giving up his work in Calumet and establishing a musical home for children somewhat after the style of the Co-operative Brotherhood, of Burley, Washington, with the difference that his band and orchestra, composed entirely of children, will be utilized from time to time in playing for the cause of universal Socialism, of which Mr. Draper is an ardent exponent.

The club has already over $500 worth of musical instruments, including two pianos, an organ, about fifty violins, mandolins, guitars and band instruments, as well as a good assortment of sheet music, books, etc., and is fully equipped for the work. He asks all lovers of children who are interested in the cause of humanity and Socialism to come to the front and assist in getting this grand enterprise under way. He already has a children's brass band of about eighteen members, composed of little girls and boys from eight to fourteen years of age, and as soon as sufficient funds are raised he purposes to get an automobile.

Here are three plans by which you can help him in his project:

1st. For fifty cents Mr. Draper will mail you a copy of the "Twentieth Century Mandolin and Guitar Club" beginners' studies. On the title page are pictures of his clubs for 1901 and 1902.

2nd. For $2.50 you will receive the above and a certificate of membership in the Co-operative Music Association, which will entitle you to all sheet music and musical instruments at half the list prices. This includes violins, mandolins, etc., and, in fact, everything in the musical line.

3rd. For $5.00 you will receive all the above and become a life member of The Children's Musical Home Association.

The above propositions do not debar anyone from donating a larger amount, but on the contrary, it is hoped that some one with a large heart and a full pocket may help immediately to get the home on its feet. Mr. Draper is putting all he has—his love, his time, his talent and his money—into this work. What will YOU do?

Mr. Draper's address is 216 Sixth Street, Calumet, Mich.

A TALK WITH ROCKEFELLER

LAST March, while on my way from Los Angeles to San Francisco, I had occasion to stop over a few days at Santa Barbara, one of the most famous of the California resorts. Except for the want of angels, it is about as near an Earthly Paradise as one can imagine. It is directly on the Pacific Ocean at the opening of a lovely little valley. At the head of the valley, under the mountains, about two miles from the sea, is the old Franciscan monastery built by the monks a hundred years or more ago, when California was under the dominion of Spain. The Church of Rome had in hand a grand plan to convert the Indians to Catholicism by the establishment of a chain of semi-socialistic communities, under the rule of the priests, running from San Francisco all the way down to the lower end of the peninsula of California.

With the ceding of California to the United States, the monasteries had a hard time to survive, for the property they had owned was largely lost, and the Indians, who had been faithful workers in their fields and vineyards, were dispersed. Probably at no time before, and certainly at no time since, have the California Indians had either the material or the spiritual advantages that they enjoyed under the kindly rule of the old Mission Padres.

In the old days the missions were surrounded by great stretches of pasture land upon which grazed countless herds of sheep, cattle and horses, all the property of the Padres, and used to contribute to the welfare of all. The monks introduced a good system of irrigation. The fig, the vine, the olive and the orange were cultivated with greatest success. Then the more that was produced, the more the monks and the Indians got. There was no fear of starvation on account of "over-production" in those silly, primitive days. They produced for use and not for profit.

I can imagine how astounded one of the old Padres would have been if told that he would be forced to go without olive oil some day if too many olive trees came into bearing, because the price of olive oil would fall below the cost of production. Such reasoning would have been absolutely incomprehensible to him. For me to have told him that the mission must go hungry simply because there were too many fat cattle would have led him to regard me as a fit subject for a "rest cure." However, in those careless days they had no "rest cures," for paradoxically everyone had to do enough work not to require a "rest."

The people who most require a "rest" are those that do not "have to"

work. I don't say they do not actually work hard, I say they do not "have to" work at all. There is a fine distinction. Schwab never broke down until he worked because he "wanted to."

However, we are in the days when people do need a "rest cure," and Mr. John D. Rockefeller showed his usual good judgment in picking out Santa Barbara to get his needed "rest."

The Hotel Potter is directly on the sea; it is a fine, modern hotel, opened this season for the first time, and Mr. Rockefeller was not by any means the only multi-millionaire there enjoying the perfect climate of Santa Barbara, a climate as perfect in winter as in summer.

The local Santa Barbara paper proudly printed a list of our American nobility there, gauging the relative value of titles by the size of the bank rolls. The total value footed up to something near a thousand million dollars, which can be readily believed when I say that not only were the Rockefellers there, but also Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Marshall Field, Mr. Armour, Mr. Seward Webb, and other noble multi-millionaires too numerous to mention. Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham, was there, and scheduled at ten million. However, of all the lot, Mr. Rockefeller being the richest was the noblest, and was the centre of attraction from all Santa Barbara, including myself.

Mr. Rockefeller, I may say in the first place, is not by any means the physical wreck that the press likes to make him out. I sat at the next table to him and can vouch for the strength and variety of his appetite. His color is good and he looks a fairly healthy man for his age, 64, with the exception that he has lost every spear of hair from his head and face. He was most affable and approachable to everyone and seemed to make a point of going the rounds every day with a glad hand out for everyone. His interest in life seems to be centered on the game of golf. Knowing that his nervous system is so wrecked that he can not care to burden his mind with anything very strenuous, I really felt conscience-stricken in ever departing from the subject of the weather and golf in my talks with him. However, one day I did bring up the subject of Trusts. He listened with interest to my exposition of the Socialist philosophy regarding monopoly and said, "Well, Mr. Wilshire, I can't speak as to other Trusts, but certainly as far as the Standard is concerned over-production of oil led to the formation of the Trust. We were producing three times as much oil as could be sold and the trade was in a very bad way. The Trust resulted in the greatest benefit to the refiners and at the same time the general public were also benefitted by getting lower prices."

Mr. Rockefeller enquired if I had read the articles by Miss Tarbell upon the Standard Oil Trust now running in McClure's Magazine. "All without foundation," he said, "the idea of the Standard forcing anyone to sell his refinery to it is absurd. The refiners wanted to sell to us and nobody that has sold and worked with us but has made money and is glad he did so.

"Now you, Mr. Wilshire, are personally acquainted with so and so (mentioning men, our mutual friends, interested in the Trust), and you know that such honorable men would not do anything maliciously to injure anyone. You know they all did well by coming into the Trust. I can tell you that everyone else has done well that came in with us. It's absurd to say the Standard forced the refiners into the

Trust. They were only too glad to come in and they have all made money by coming in. Natural conditions would have ruined us all if we had not formed a combination. I thought once of having an answer made to the McClure articles," continued Mr. Rockefeller, "but you know it has always been the policy of the Standard to keep silent under attack and let our acts speak for themselves, and I suppose it is the best policy for us to continue upon that line, don't you, Mr. Wilshire?"

I was quite overcome with confusion at having the richest man in the world seek the advice of a Socialist upon a question of personal conduct and could do no more than blurt out a general assent to his position.

"Don't you think, Mr. Rockefeller," said I, "that since the Trust is, according to your own theory, a result of overproduction, it means we are approaching a time when the general stoppage of this unnecessary production by the Trusts will have a tendency to create an unemployed problem?"

"No," said Mr. Rockefeller, "I think the Trust, by regulating industry and systematizing business, will help keep up this present prosperity. We have never had such a period in the history of the country before, and yet there never were so many Trusts, hence it cannot be said that Trusts prevent prosperity. There are less unemployed men than ever known in the history of the country. And, anyway, since we are both agreed that an anti-Trust law is absurd, since it is attempting to prevent the consequences of over-production, how would you propose to solve the Trust Problem?"

"Yes, Mr. Rockefeller, I am as much aware of the futility of anti-Trust laws as you are. The Socialist remedy for the Trust is Government Ownership."

"Do you think the Government could run the Standard as well as we run it?" asked Mr. Rockefeller.

"I would not be positive that the State could run the Trusts any better than you and Mr. Morgan do, speaking from the standpoint of industrial efficiency, but Government Ownership is a necessary basis for the operation of the co-operative wage system which must supersede the present competitive system to allow us to escape an unemployed problem, which is simply the result of competition among laborers, forcing wages down so low that the laborer cannot buy what he produces."

"But we have no 'unemployed question.' We never had such a demand for labor before," returned Mr. Rockefeller.

"Yes, that is true," said I, "but I am looking into the future, and I can see an inevitable unemployed problem looming up there. The Trust is meeting a present emergency, but it is only a temporary stopgap, and it is not in the least going to be able to solve the unemployed problem of the future."

"Well, Mr. Wilshire, I am not looking ahead as far as you are. Business is today good, and I think it will continue so. If it does not, then we must let the future settle its own problems."

"Well, anyway, Mr. Rockefeller, I am very glad to have had the opportunity of having had this talk with you, for I feel that when the industrial crisis does come up in the future it will help very much for us to understand each other's position. There is nothing better than having men like you and me, who have a common interest, coming into personal contact with each other. While our views are different, yet our having met will lead us to have more respect for the sincerity of our mutual opinions, and our personal good faith."

"That is quite right, Mr. Wilshire," said Mr. Rockefeller, "and I am very

glad to have had the pleasure of this talk with you."

This closed the interview upon the Trust Problem, for although I talked with Mr. Rockefeller a number of times afterward, it was nothing but "golf and the weather."

I am satisfied from my talk with Mr. Rockefeller that he is true to himself. He thinks he is all right. He thinks that his business methods have not only been the best for himself and his fellow stock-holders, but also for the public generally. Mr. Rockefeller is in no sense a man of theories. He sees a present necessity, and he acts upon it without considering what will be the next step. He is democratic and without envy in his manner and instincts, and I am sure he would like to have all his brother Americans have as much money as he has. Ostentation is an unknown word for him. His is the instinct of the coral insect that thinks of nothing more than the next infinitesimal layer it is laying upon the coral reef that founds a future continent. Mr. Rockefeller is the power behind Mr. Morgan's throne, and he does not emerge into the light, not because he objects to the world-glare in which Mr. Morgan basks, but simply because pomp and glory are matters of indifference to him. He has no pleasure in making a show of himself. Some newly rich men envy the footman on the box of their carriage, owing to their conspicuous position and their gaudy livery. Mr. Rockefeller is not of that sort. He rides in his carriage not to exhibit himself and his wealth, but to "get there," and he does "get there," too.

I do not think this is at all an unnatural view for me to take of Mr. Rockefeller's philosophy of life. It is the philosophy held by all normal men and I think Mr. Rockefeller perfectly normal except for the having of an unusual ability in the art of the making of money.

We live to live, not to let other people know we are alive. I don't wear clothes for ornament, but for warmth. I don't go to the opera to exhibit myself to other people, but to satisfy my ears and eyes.

The squirrel does not lay up his winter store of nuts in order to make other squirrels envious of him, nor yet to have them admire his wealth and foresight. He lays up his nuts for the one and single purpose of feeding himself when the snow covers the ground and when if he had no store on hand he would starve.

The Bees act on the same instinct. In California the Bees living in a climate where there are flowers all the year round follow up their old instinct developed under different climatic conditions, of gathering honey for a winter that never comes and consequently laying up immense stores of honey that is never consumed at all and simply goes to waste unless man wandering in the forest happens accidentally to find the bee tree.

Mr. Rockefeller is like the California Bee. He is obeying a fundamental instinct to accumulate, although the original incentive for laying up more wealth has long since ceased. However, it is just as much a part of his life to go on accumulating wealth which he cannot consume as it is for the California Bee to accumulate honey which she can not consume. You no more could reason Mr. Rockefeller out of following up his irresistible instinct than you could successfully reason with a Bee. For even suppose you could teach a Bee the futility of gathering honey which would never be eaten, what a miserable little Bee you would make feeding her of the Fruit of the Tree of Economic Knowledge. How could the poor Bee pass away the time if she could not gather honey? Would you teach her to play golf? Would you teach her to gamble with her sister Bees, to see which Bee should have the most of the Useless Honey that no Bee wanted anyway because there was already too much on hand?

No, if you had a kind heart you would let the poor Bee go on for the rest of her Bee life gathering honey, even though you knew she was making something that would be of no use.

For the Bee to be happy she must be a Busy Bee. Her problem in life is not to *own* honey, but to *make* honey. I

don't know that Browning was thinking of either Busy Bees or Busy Rockefellers when he wrote :—

> The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
> Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
> Provided it could be—but, finding first
> What may be, then, how to make it fair
> Up to our means ; a very different thing !

But his philosophy was all right, just the same.

Now, you can't introduce any game to a Bee that will let her be a Lazy Bee and yet imagine herself a Busy Bee. You can't make her drunk, for instance, and make her think she is doing great stunts in the honey-making line, while, as a matter of fact, she is fast asleep in the club window of the Hive. Neither can you get her to chase around the Golf Links of a Honeyless Garden pretending to gather honey, but in reality simply playing in a make-believe Game of Life.

Now, with Mr. Rockefeller it's all different. He has a man's imagination, and so you can fool him. On nice, clear days you can set him to playing golf, and he will forget all about the real Game of Life and enjoy the imitation more than he ever enjoyed the real. At least, he thinks he does, and this is the same thing.

Then, on rainy days, you can let him stay in the Club, and by judicious and sundry Scotch High-balls you can fool him into thinking he is doing things when he is, in reality, not even walking around a golf links. Oh, it's a great thing to be a Man rather than a Bee.

But there is another difference, too. The Bee gathers her honey in a fair field, one that is freely open to all Bees. Mr. Rockefeller gathers his honey from a private preserve. Here we have a great United States Flower Garden and plenty of Honey for All. Years ago our grandfathers made a very silly arrangement with certain people, whereby Mr. Rockefeller owns this Flower Garden. We gather the Honey for him, and he gives us of the Honey such a share that will keep us sufficiently alive that we may have strength enough to fly around and continue the gathering of still more honey for him. I say this was a silly arrangement, for there was no reason why we should not, in our Own Country, our Own United States, our Own Flower Garden, have ALL the HONEY we might make for our OWN SELVES, instead of giving up three-quarters to capitalists like Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan. However, our grandfathers made the agreement and we grandchildren seemed to think that neither should we ourselves back out of it, and that we should, moreover, pledge our own grandchildren to continue the arrangement perpetually.

The trouble that is now vexing our souls, however, is a very serious one. We thought our contract carried with it the implication that as long as we were willing to gather honey from the National Garden for Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan, that they would be willing to let us in the field and to gather and get our one-fourth of the gathering. It appears we made a mistake. Mr. Rockefeller is now saying that he has all the Honey he wants and that there is no use of our making what he don't want. He has formed his Trust for the express purpose of fencing us out of the Garden of Earth. We cannot deny that he has much more Honey than he can use because his big Standard Hive is the most conspicuous thing in the field.

No, we cannot deny that our labor has become useless to him for he has all he wants, but on the other hand we also cannot see how we are going to get any Honey for ourselves when the Big Trust Screen is completed and we are denied access to the Flower Garden of Life. We are very reluctantly being forced to see that we must own the Earth ourselves if we expect to have the right at any and all times of entry into the National Garden to supply ourselves with the needful Honey.

When the Nation Owns the Trust Hive all us American Busy Bees will have the right to enter and make Honey and partake of the common store gathered by all.

If we wish to have what we gather let us Bees Get Busy.

"Let the Nation Own the Honey Trust."

CURRENT EVENTS

ALTHOUGH the great Coal Strike is over, the lessons it has taught us will never be forgotten. One of these is that our industrial system is such a complex structure that when any one part of it goes wrong the whole organism is upset—and that when the whole organism is in a healthy state we may observe certain laws for the governing of our actions, but the moment it becomes deranged we do not hesitate to take the most desperate remedies for relief—remedies so desperate, in fact, that in health we would consider it suicidal to use them. The idea of the sacredness of the right of private property seems primal and inherent to the average citizen of today, and any violation of that right is considered to be fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the social order.

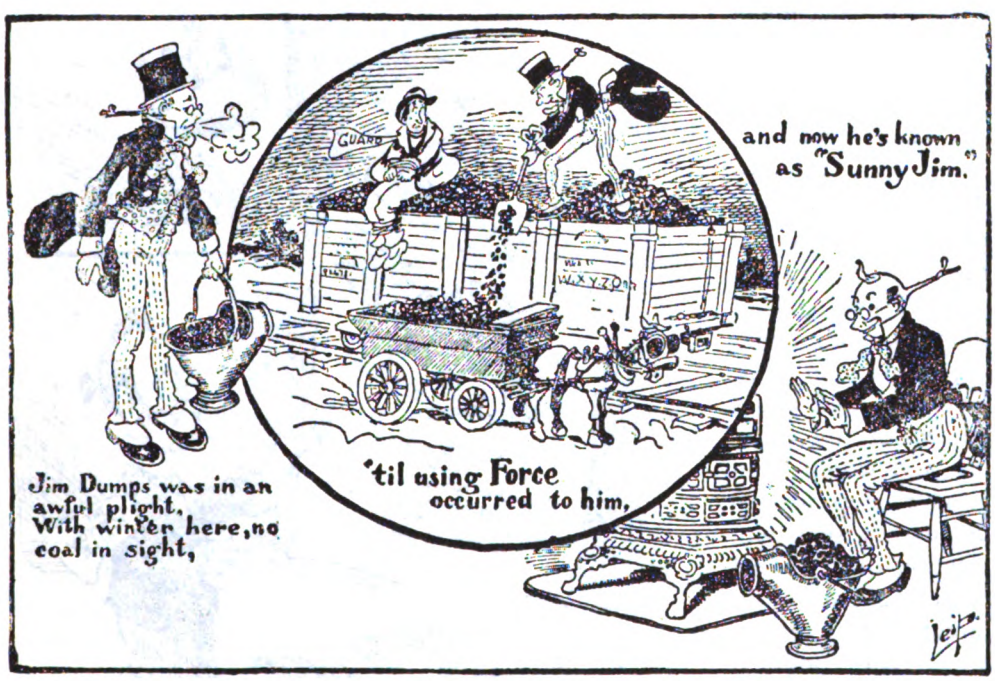
The Law That Necessity Knows.
– Brooklyn Eagle.

However, it is easy to respect the man-made law of the right of property when you don't need the property, but when you need it, and need it badly enough, then the natural law comes into play, and the most law-abiding citizen becomes a law-breaker, often more easily than the man who has had so little respect for law that he has already come into conflict with its rigors. For instance, the incident which occurred in the town of Arcola, where the mayor and the citizens deliberately stole the coal from the coal trains and distributed it to the citizens, was not the act of tramps, or burglars, or vagabonds, but of the first citizens of the town. In fact, it is quite probable that a tramp would have been the last one to have thought of openly taking the coal the way the mayor and his council did.

It is idle to suppose that if another crisis occurs in any other industry, and

people are short of some other commodity which is a necessity of life, they will not take the law into their own hands exactly as they did regarding the coal.

The chief difference, when the great crisis comes, will be that the people will not only seize upon the commodities which are in sight, but they will be compelled to seize upon the machinery which produces those commodities, and use it to produce them and dig out the coal and utilize it to prevent themselves freezing. The seizure of a commodity is only a preliminary step to the seizure of the tools whereby that commodity is produced. In times of no serious stress it does not take much of a barrier to prevent the people from making any move to acquire possession of the machinery of production. The decision of any Court that such a move is unconstitutional is quite sufficient. However,



Jim Dumps to date. —Detroit News

for themselves; not because they will have become more sensible, but because the necessities of the case will be more urgent.

Today the people seize the coal because it happens to be there; but if the coal strike had continued a month or two longer, it is now admitted by all that the United States Government would have been compelled to seize the coal mines and even the coal railroads when the flood of public indignation rises so high, owing to the complete stoppage of supplies, respect for the Constitution will be so completely submerged that we may forget that it even existed. Necessity knows no Constitution. We will then proceed to do as we think we ought to do without waiting for Mr. Hearst to gather together a convention to revise the Constitution. This convention, by the way, if it is

ever called, will be of much greater value to the country than simply to change the method of election of United States Senators. We are now recognizing that the Senate is after all simply a Committee Room of some rather inferior agents of the Trust with little or no power of initiative, so that the mere matter of how Senators are elected is of comparatively small importance, inasmuch as the Senator himself, after being elected, is of no consequence. If we could only elect by direct vote of the people the officers of the United States Steel Trust and of the various big banking houses in New York city, that would be worth considering and would be a greater step toward democracy than any election of United States Senators by direct vote. However, our political movements follow the lines of least resistance, and of course it is much easier to get the people to consider a change in the mode of electing political officers than it is to get them to consider changing the mode of election of more important officers, such as directors of our industrial corporations. These we now think we have no right to elect any more than the Englishman thinks he has a right to elect a member of his House of Lords. Tradition enslaves us all.

Speaking of the English House of Lords, it is noteworthy that the agitation in England against a hereditary House and against monarchy as an institution has practically died out. It is being recognized that after all the political power of the Lords and the King is of little consequence compared with the industrial power of the great capitalists; and it is also recognized that the financial cost of supporting the English political monarchy has become of very little import as compared with the cost of supporting the industrial monarchy. Here we have

His Valentine.

Compliments of the Season, from the Trusts.

—N. Y. American

one capitalist in our country who has an income sufficient to support twenty-five English royal families, with all their dependents, and still have enough left over to support the Czar of Russia and all his family.

It is remarkable that when the people know all this about the enormous cost of supporting our capitalist regime, they don't make any remonstrance. Artist Opper depicts the people in the annexed cartoon as a weak-minded individual who, while he knows that the Trusts are picking his pockets, shows very little sign of making any resistance. Even when he gets a valentine, showing him his condition, he seems to be more mortified at its being a matter of common knowledge that he is robbed than he is at the revelation of his own cowardice and stupidity in allowing the robbery to continue.

Congress has adjourned after passing an innocuous Trust Bill which gives more or less publicity to the Trust. The appropriation for accomplishing this is ridiculously small—but $30,000, I understand, having been appropriated to perform a task which would take $600,000 at least. The absurdity of it is that even if publicity were of the widest possible character, nothing would come of it. We are living under a system of private ownership of capital, and the essence of private ownership is the right to the unearned increment; and it is absurd to discriminate against one set of capitalists and say that they shall not have the unearned increment, and allow all other capitalists to get it. There was a conference in February in New York city of all those interested in municipal ownership of public utilities. I attended several of the meetings, and could not help but remark the fact that few of those people interested in municipal ownership realized that what was pushing them into this position was the general growth of the Socialistic sentiment in the country. They seemed to think that this idea of municipal ownership had grown up without any soil to root itself in, the sentiment of the people for complete public ownership of all public utilities.

In the discussion as to the question of the taxation of franchises there seemed to be two points of view. One was that we should tax the holders of the franchise upon the basis of the stock exchange value of the shares and bonds. The other was to so regulate the fares of the railroads that by continually reducing them we should so reduce the dividends to the stockholders that there would not be any more than the ordinary return for the capital invested. It was proposed either to reduce the fares or to so heavily tax the stock that the same end would be gained, viz., that an investor would not get more than a normal rate of interest on his investment. I made a few remarks, pointing out the incongruity of both these positions. Those who advocated putting the ordinary tax upon stock according to its stock exchange value, without any attempt at reducing fares, were tacitly condoning the robbery of the public and proposed to divide the swag with the robber. That is, supposing the Manhattan Street Railway stock were selling at $140, $100 representing the actual cash invested, and $40 representing the premium at which the stock was selling, owing to the excessive dividends it pays over the normal rate of interest, because people pay more fare than they ought. If it were

attempted to reduce the stock exchange value to $100, by imposing a tax on the railroad, or by reducing fares so that the dividend rate was only normal upon each $100 invested, then we would be making a discrimination between the capitalists who invest in railway shares as against the capitalist who invests in real estate. The man who ten years ago bought real estate in the city of New York, could today get a very heavy premium on his investment owing to the advance of land value; in other words, he gains the unearned increment. Such a gain is considered legitimate by the very men who are denouncing the iniquity of a similar gain by the owner of street railway stock. I said that for my part I could not see why the railway stock owner should not have as much right to participate in the unearned increment as the investor in real estate. No answer was made to any of the points I raised.

Here, Boys, you can take it. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

One interesting feature of this Municipal Ownership Conference was the fact that it was held under the auspices of the Reform Club of New York. Now, the Reform Club was born of the Mugwump Cleveland campaign and is composed of old line Democrats, distinctly of the Spencerian *Laissez faire* school of economics, who have always said "Let us put honest men in office, and the less the government interferes with business the better it is for the people;" yet here they are, chucking overboard all their old theories and going in for Municipal Socialism.

One of the strongest speeches during the Conference was made by the Hon. C. De Witt Warner, whose efforts on behalf of the Cleveland Democracy are still remembered. Mr. Warner was also a Congressman from New York for a term or two, if I remember aright; and it had always been my impression that his politics were the reverse of those of the Socialists. However, Mr. Warner is a man with strongly Democratic tendencies and is a great admirer of William Morris and Walter Crane, and is recognizing that art can never have a free life until the people have a free life, and freedom can only come through a change in our social institutions and conditions.

I was also at another dinner given by reformers, viz., the Economic Club

of Boston. I was put down as one of the speakers on the question of "How We Shall Attain Industrial Peace." There were a number of speakers before me, and among them Mr. Towne, of the Yale & Towne Lock Manufacturing Company, of Stanford, Conn., and Mr. Riebeneck, Assistant Controller of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Towne spoke optimistically upon the possibility of harmonizing Labor and Capital by letting both organize and give to each what it was right they should have. His position is very similar to that of Mr. Hanna and the Civic Federation generally, and looks toward the perpetuation of an Industrial Feudalism.

Mr. Riebeneck spoke upon the new system of pensions introduced by the Pennsylvania Railroad. This pensioning of employees by the great corporations is now becoming a matter of considerable interest among the capitalists, and one would think they had solved the Problem of the Universe to hear them talk of pensions for their employees. The Pennsylvania Company gives a pension to a man when he reaches seventy years of age, at the rate of one per cent. per year of the wages received for the last ten years. That is, if the average wage for the last ten years was $500 a year, he gets $50 a year pension. How a man can live upon one-tenth of what was previously almost the minimum of existence, I am yet unable to understand. But this is the great and glorious benefaction bestowed upon the workingmen by the benevolent Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Another peculiar feature about the plan is that an engineer, say, who receives $1,500 a year, and owing to infirmity has to give up an engineer's job when he becomes fifty years of age, and goes on as a gateman at $500 a year, has his pension estimated, not at the rate of $1,500 a year, but at the rate of $500 a year, that being the amount he was receiving for the last ten years of his service. Inasmuch as very few engineers can work in the cab after sixty years of age, it will be seen that few will get a pension based on the engineer's wage.

The amount of money required to pay the pensions under the system is estimated at about $290,000 a year. As the pay roll of the Company is about $60,000,000 a year, it will be seen that the amount required to pay the pensions would increase the total payroll of the Railroad is only about one-half of one per cent. Inasmuch as the Railroad Company has recently made a voluntary increase of 10 per cent. in its wage scale, it will be seen that paying out a little one-half of one per cent. to establish a pension fund is of no great economic importance to the Company. Even this $290,000 which they pay is more than made up for by the superior efficiency of the younger men they take on instead of the older ones they superannuate, and by the reduced pay they give the new men compared with the pay of the older employees, so that not even one-half of one per cent. is added to their payroll. In fact, it probably results in a net saving to the Company.

However, I am not decrying the principle of pensioning, but pointing out the fact that economically it costs little or nothing to the capitalists, and is of no economic importance in the way of diminishing the accumulation of surplus capital. It does not stay the progress of social evolution, inasmuch as it does not diminish the accumulation of capital, which, when unabsorbed, means an insoluble unemployed problem.

THE "MERGER" DECISION

THE decision of the United States Court against the validity of the Northern Securities Company is, as has been well said, a most revolutionary departure in legal matters, in fact it is so very revolutionary that it is palpably unconstitutional, and I have no doubt that the Supreme Court, upon appeal, will so declare it to be. The very essence of the right of private property is the right of disposal, and if a law preventing disposal of property is declared unconstitutional, then the constitution must part with its time-honored label of "protector of private property." The decision is in effect that certain private persons, to wit, Mr. Hill, Mr. Morgan and others have not the right to dispose of their stock in the Great Northern Railway, the Burlington Railway and the Northern Pacific Railway to the Northern Securities Co., because that company, by holding the stocks in those various competitive roads, effects a combination of competitive railways and hence deprives the public of the currently supposed benefits of competition in railway rates. It seems to me that there could hardly be conceived a more absurd law than one which says to a man, "You must not sell your horse to a man who already owns a horse, for if you do we will make that man hunt you up and return you your horse and take your money back. If you happened to have spent the money meanwhile he must keep the horse until you got some more money." By substituting horse for railway, the old for the modern method of transportation, we have the command that the Circuit Court has issued to railway owners. Of course the decision will embarrass Mr. Morgan until he gets a reversal from the Supreme Court, but to think that it will have any effect to permanently prevent "mergers" is purely childish. For the time being Mr. Morgan may be held up in his great work of unifying and systematizing the railway systems on this continent, but to think a process in the natural development of industry can be permanently prevented is manifestly an absurdity. Even in the unexpected event of the United States Supreme Court affirming the decision of the Circuit Court the general result must finally be exactly the same, viz., the process of concentration and consolidation will proceed, although with a possible halt until Mr. Morgan can find a way around the obstacle. When a huge boulder rolls down the mountain side into the stream it may block the downward course of the water until a new channel is cut out. The "merger" decision may in the same way delay Mr. Morgan until he can cut out a new channel for the rising flood of combination. To think that a new channel will not be found by the water blocked by the boulder is no more silly than to think that a new channel will not be found by Mr. Morgan. Necessity makes new laws.

The president of the Seaboard Air Line, one of the southern railways that Mr. Morgan is preparing to merge in his Southern Securities Co., as soon as he sees the legal coast clear, has expressed great satisfaction at the "merger" decision. Quite naturally, he is one of the useless presidents that

Mr. Morgan will eliminate when he effects his Southern combination. He is not the only railway president of the smaller roads that would like to stop the Morgan's onward march of combination. No doubt the little retail drygoods merchants who are being displaced by the big department stores would like a "merger" decision that would guarantee them their positions. However, I have no doubt that the Seaboard President, a Southern Colonel, sah, would be deadly insulted if he knew I classed him, a railway president, with a miserable little drygoods merchant. I also have no doubt that a few years ago he would not have thought it possible that he, a great capitalist, would have been using such revolutionary language as the following which the press ascribes to him:

"It is idle to talk of a political republic with a financial tyranny; there is no more safety in having commerce at the mercy of an absolute ruler than there would be in having our government controlled by a czar which might be a benevolent or cruel one, according to his whim or ability, or to the circumstances."

It's amusing that he seems to think that the United States is not already under an industrial tyranny simply because he happens to belong to the tyrants himself. Let Mr. Morgan absorb the Seaboard Air Line and throw him out and then the shoe is on the other foot and the Colonel roars "TYRANNY."

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Many letters are received from subscribers before the 5th of the month complaining that they have not received their magazine for the current month. We beg to draw attention to the fact that our magazine, unlike most of the other monthlies, does not come off the press until the first day of the current month of issue, and that it requires from five to seven days to mail the complete edition. Furthermore, we wish to remind our subscribers that the magazine is mailed from Canada, which involves a further loss of time.

When an infant or child is growing too fast it suffers from "growing pains" and its system becomes deranged for the time being. Wilshire's Magazine is just now pleasurably afflicted with "growing pains," and our system is suffering somewhat therefrom. Heroic doses of "night and day work" are being administered copiously, however, and it will only be a short time before the youngster will pull through and come forth with all the added strength and vigor of its new period in life. Meanwhile, please be patient with us, and be assured that by being so you are aiding us very materially in getting through speedily with our present attack of "growing pains."

Many of our new subscribers who wished to commence with the February issue have been disappointed at the non-receipt of the magazine requested. A word of explanation is due them.

The February edition, although greatly increased, proved inadequate for our requirements, notwithstanding the fact that a carefully calculated ratio of increase was provided for. The new subscriptions ran far ahead of the normal ratio, hence the shortage.

While the February edition is exhausted and we still have several thousand subscribers yet to supply, we wish to state that when we receive the returned copies from the news companies, we shall probably be able to supply these back numbers. It will be the latter part of April, however, before we can send these copies to our new subscribers, who will meanwhile have received their March number. This procedure is somewhat irregular, but we trust it will prove satisfactory to these subscribers, as we find that the majority would prefer to wait some time for their copy rather than not receive it at all.

ABOUT NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

All subscriptions received in this office before the 15th of the month will commence with the current issue.

Subscriptions received AFTER the 15th of the month will commence with NEXT MONTH'S issue.

There will be NO EXCEPTIONS to this rule, and workers when taking new subscriptions will please call attention of their customers to this fact. Also please notice that the date refers to the RECEIPT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION IN THIS OFFICE.

In response to numerous inquiries for back numbers, we regret to inform our subscribers that all editions previous to November are exhausted, and it will be impossible to supply copies at any price. Anyone wishing copies of November, December and January should place their orders immediately, as within a month it will be impossible to supply any of these. The February and March issues are nearly exhausted owing to an unprecedented and unexpected demand.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publishers desire to announce the cancellation of all previous "special," "club," and "reduced," and other offers which have been made from time to time in the past in our pages and in the columns of other publications. On and after May 1st the regular subscription price to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE will be $1.00 for one year.

NO MORE 3 AND 6 MONTHS CARDS.

On and after May 1st no more three or six months subscriptions will be sold. The present low price of the magazine and the amount of bookkeeping and correspondence involved in keeping track of these subscriptions does not warrant a continuation of them.

A FEW POINTERS FOR WORKERS.

Our friends can assist us very materially if they will use greater care in writing names and addresses more plainly on the subscription cards and blanks sent us. Upon investigating complaints about the non-receipt of the magazine, we find frequently that cards have been sent in without a pen stroke to indicate whence they came. Again, addresses will be omitted, and sometimes names.

Also, we frequently receive remittances without any explanation whatever, and not being clairvoyants, we have to lay these waifs aside until a letter of complaint—usually a "hot" one—arrives wanting to know why the magazine is not forthcoming.

Others deem it unnecessary to put a date line on their letters, and if by mischance it is not detected in time to obtain the necessary information from the postmark, or the latter is undecipherable, these communications also join the orphan remittances. That pile of "waifs" in our office is an eyesore to us, and if photographed would convey a striking object-lesson to careless correspondents.

All these errors of omission and commission cause friction, delay and expense, and work a serious injury to the magazine, and indirectly to the cause of Socialism.

We therefore earnestly request the kind cooperation of our friends everywhere in exercising due care in these matters, and we assure them that we will do our part in the matter by giving them prompt attention.

We earnestly request our friends to read carefully the "pointers," "to our subscribers," about "renewals," and all other paragraphs in this issue which bear pointedly upon the work of securing and handling subscriptions. The importance of careful attention to these details cannot be impressed too strongly. The work in hand is a vast one, and we need the hearty co-operation of everyone to assist us in producing the best and greatest results with the means now within our power.

As the circulation of our magazine grows larger the machinery for handling the business will correspondingly be increased. We wish our friends to feel that they are an important factor in the success of the cause of Socialism, and as such that they have certain responsibilities as an integral part of the working force of this magazine. Many of the shortcomings of the past are being rapidly corrected, and we wish to assure our friends of our cordial appreciation of their good work, and to extend to them an assurance that in the future they will receive the hearty co-operation of the publishers in every possible way.

RENEWALS

Some of our subscribers who have received expiration notices have written us that they had renewed their subscriptions. We can explain this by stating that very frequently subscribers send in a remittance and fail to state that the same is for a renewal. As a result, their name is entered for a new subscription, and not only is a duplication made thereby, but the subscriber also receives a notice of expiration, as we have had no means of knowing that the subscription had been renewed.

With a subscription list of over 100,000 names, it can readily be seen that it is an impossibility for us to look up every remittance that is received before entering it upon our books.

Workers and subscribers, in sending in renewals in future, will confer a favor by stating this fact, and thereby avoiding confusion, delay and correspondence.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

Baltimore, April 14, 1903.

Permit me to thank you for the *grand* work you are doing. You are putting out the best magazine in the world. Success to you!

"Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

Cordially yours, REV. J. C. HOGAN,
Pastor Emmanuel Church.

Booneville, Ind., April 7, 1903.

Are you making a satisfactory gain in subscribers? Are any of the workers sending in large clubs, or are they mostly a large number of small clubs? Wishing you continued success in publishing so good a periodical. I am working persistently for Socialism.

ALVIN L. HEIM.

[ED. NOTE.—We take pleasure in stating in reply that we are indeed making satisfactory gains and we are having hard work to keep track of the flood of new subscribers. EDITOR.]

Denver, Colo., April 11, 1903.

The work you are doing should be sufficient reason for the parents of children to place the circulation of your magazine at a million in a short time rather than 200,000. A. E. EATON.

The Dalles, Ore., April 28, 1903.

I sold all the cards but two and I will enclose the names, and have you note if they are on your list. I lost my job here on the railroad last May and I have had a hard time making ends meet since then. I worked hard for Socialism among the railroad men and the company got next to me and fired me bodily.

JAMES B. PALMER.

Topeka, Kans., March 2, 1903.

I keenly realize the importance of circulating just such literature as your magazine. It touches the business features of the problem and is just the thing for the business class.

A. O. GRIGSBY.

Newark, N.J., April 4, 1903.

Send me $5 worth of postal yearly subs. Each number of the magazine seems to be the best thing of the kind I ever saw.

G. H. STROBELL.

Rome, N. Y., Mch. 28th, 1903.

I have your February, 1903, issue, and was much interested in the "give and take" of yourself and Crosby.

If Karl Marx is your pope, is not Henry George his pope?

If Das Kapital is your book of scriptures, is not Progress and Poverty his book of scriptures?

If you, as a Socialist, are completely satisfied that you are one of the elect, is not he, as a Single-taxer, completely satisfied that he is one of the elect?

He asks you how you can be sure that State ownership of Capital will not be a colossal failure. Is it not true that he advocates the taking by government of that portion of Capital called "Rent," in its entirety? If he chooses to call land-value "Rent," and you choose to call land-value "Capital" (or a portion of Capital), is it not a question of taste in terms?

I know not by what term he chooses to call the wealth produced by the labor of government officials applied to his "Rent." But if you choose to call such wealth "Capital," and when estimated in regular intervals of time as it arises, "Interest," or the remaining portion of "Capital," it is up to him to find a better term.

He wants to know how a co-operative commonwealth will develop along political lines. He would have the government annually tax rent, and so take land from individual ownership. You would go him one better and take rent and interest in taxes annually, which would make government the Universal Capitalist just as surely as to take rent alone would make government the Universal Landlord.

A. D.

Rialto, Calif., Feb. 28th, 1903.

You are the centre ring in the show. There is genius displayed in "The true joy of living." You would be A1 anywhere. Enclosed find $2 for cards. WM. WESTON.

New Wilmington, Pa., April 9, 1903.

I am a cobbler of shoes and over 40 years have worked late at night to keep a wife and six children comfortable and pay for a home. I am 66 years of age and have just got out of debt. Thank God the long struggle is over. I have been a Socialist for over 30 years, talked it from my shoe bench and made a few converts and intend as long as I live to talk and vote the Socialist ticket. Enclosed find 50 cents in postage stamps for one year's subscription to the Wilshire Magazine; start with this March number. I consider the magazine worth more than 50 cents. THOMAS ASHMORE.

New York City, April 15, '03.

Dear Wilshire.—The February number of your magazine is the best I have seen hitherto. I was particularly interested in the first two articles. Crosby is a valued personal friend of mine. His arguments against Socialism exhibit lamentable ignorance on the subject, and I was pleased to read your effective reply to his letter. Several have said to me that he was not a thinker, in their opinion, so I was not surprised at your announcement, "A Thinker Without the 'H'." For all that, his books, "Psalm and Parable," and "Swords and Plowshares," are among the most highly valued in my library.

"The American Ideal" touched a responsive chord. I graduated from Tufts College, Mass., in 1895, and am a teacher. I have a friend, also a recent graduate of Tufts College, and a teacher, and about a year and a half ago we became converted to Socialism, and have been a part of the movement since that time. Not long ago we learned that the students at Tufts College were taking more interest in economic subjects, and the circulation of the library volumes along those lines of study were markedly increasing. The department was weak in books on Socialism, so a canvass was quietly made among sympathetic alumni, with the result that between twenty and thirty standard works on Socialism were placed on the shelves the first of January, 1903.

It seems to me your "Significance of the Trust" is a classic, and I am glad you republished it. I had the pleasure of hearing you wilt Seligman at Cooper Union. J. P. COLE.

Ladysmith, B.C., April 22nd, '03.

Reading your highly-prized magazine tonight almost caused me to neglect sending you the sub. cards you sent me. You may probably think I have been a long time in returning

them, but I am working for a company and have not even *part* of a Sunday to call my own. But I have done my best with what time I could possibly spare, and have been amply rewarded by the knowledge that each one who has read your magazine has been very highly pleased with it, and it has been the means of inducing many to inquire more fully into the Socialistic problem.

I consider your magazine a "pillar of cloud" by day and a *red hot* "pillar of fire" by night, and if each comrade would only take, say one dozen subscription cards and devote only a small part of their time in getting subscribers for this the ideal magazine, it would be the means of spreading Socialism broadcast over this whole continent. Although my time has been so fully occupied, and living in a *new mining town* where ninety per cent. of the population are entire strangers to me, still I have secured *thirty-four yearly subscribers*, and am fully convinced they will be *permanent* subscribers. Socialism is spreading very rapidly in Canada, and our comrades south of us will have to look to their laurels if they keep pace with us. We ran a candidate in a recent provincial election, and the Reform and Conservative parties combined to defeat him, and had it not been that the old time "ammunition," (money and promises), were freely used, he would have been elected. His opponents majority was small.

In closing I might say that if you wish you may send me some more cards and I will with the greatest pleasure get as many subscribers as I possibly can for such a "dirt cheap" and worthy book as WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

Wishing you every success, I remain,

G. R. WILSON.

New York, April 10, 1903.

Dear Wilshire—

For God's sake, or even for the sake of suffering humanity, put us on your list and send WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE to 59 W. 45th St. How on earth do you expect us to live without it? We've searched the news stands in vain, and but for the fact that I have been so closely confined to the house with work, I should have come to the office for a copy. Get busy, there, and put us out of our misery!

Yours in great pain,

WM. THURSTON BROWN.

Pasaden, Cal., April 7th, 1903.

I congratulate you on the good work you have undertaken. Later generations will admire more and understand better your work than does the present. CHAS. ROSSBERG.

Covington, Ky., April 20, '03.

Enclosed please find money order for $10, for which please send me subscription cards.

R. H. CHALKLEY.

Sinai Congregation.

JOSEPH LEISER, Rabbi

Sioux City, Iowa, May 12, 1903.

A friend has ordered, mailed to my office, a copy of your magazine. I must confess that you have interested me in your magazine, especially since you have turned the tables on the government and gone to Canada. The contents of the magazine are at present of a very high order, which is a rather trite way of saying that the articles are growing more suggestive, or is it that I am growing more receptive to the ideas set forth in them? It is probably the latter, because we are growing more accustomed to Socialistic theories. To be sure, Socialism is not a finality. Socialism is a tendency of our day, our age, and what is more, Socialism of one kind or another must eventuate from the present unjust conditions in which every one of us fret and stew. We are pioneers of the new thought, and like pioneers we are crying in the wilderness. I have not resolved that Socialism is the one remedy. To me Socialism has been a diagnosis. By it we are having our present economic industry exposed. Society is gradually preparing for a change of some kind—I know not what it will be and it doth not yet appear what it will be—it certainly will not be capitalism; I can not say it will be Socialism as you understand it or as it has been presented. But no matter. My individual opinion will not swerve it one way or another—we are approaching a new order, call it what you will, and whatever tends to direct us or enlighten us of present conditions ought to be welcomed, because we look in vain in most literary magazines or papers for that enlightenment. To be the forerunner is always the most fascinating.

To be sure one need not go to this length unsolicited to explain a personal standpoint. Truth, however, is in the mass and my version may be a glimpse of that truth we are all seeking. I have set forth my ideas to explain my reasons in sending the enclosed poem to you. Read superficially it is a mere phantasy and were it accepted by the magazines (but it would never be accepted by the magazines) it would be only a word play. It is not. I have personified a species of "benevolent feudalism" and reading that article reminded me of the poem which has been in the ginger jar for some time. I am scorning the so-called benefactors of our day whose benefactions are the agonies of the untimely dead. With this key one can readily open the contents of the poem and so you see at last that I am one of those who are alive to affairs and by no means enamored of them.

I do not in all this forget or overlook the work capitalism has done. Capitalism has achieved something and the history of humanity would have been something quite different and not so good had capitalism never been affected. Capitalism has however outworn itself, and we are now witnessing on the shores of time the wreckage of this shipwreck.

Hail, then, the new day! Cheer and courage for the work and the workers.

Sincerely yours, JOSEPH LEISER.

CHILD SLAVERY

THE conditions which prevail in the heart of the glass district of New Jersey can only find a parallel in the days before the civil war. Probably then human slavery never reached the high tide of inhumanity that is attained in the New Jersey glass factories, where children who are mere infants are the chattels of glass factory proprietors.

The laws of the State are set at naught in this degrading system of child labor. The State law contains a distinct provision that children under twelve years shall not be employed in any store or factory within the State. Another provision is that all children under that age shall attend school at least sixty days in each year.

Both laws are openly violated in the glass districts under peculiarly revolting conditions.

Think of a boy of nine, weak, puny, stunted, living amid surroundings not the most favorable, dragged from his bed at six o'clock in the morning and an hour later given a seat within two feet of a glass furnace, the heat of which is so great that no thermometer is made that will record the temperature, and then compelled to sit for five weary hours, bending his body backward and forward every fifteen seconds, as he closes the molds for blowers who work just above him!

Midway between 7 and 12 o'clock, through the tender consideration of the factory owner, he is allowed to have a recess of fifteen minutes, and this he spends, not in resting, as one might suppose, but carrying in four or five pails of water, averaging in weight ten pounds each, for the use of the blowers when the recess is over.

Then the lad returns to work. He is allowed an hour for his dinner, when he once more begins the steady grind, being released finally at 5 o'clock for the day.

During the dinner hour he carries water, and he must also have a fresh supply on hand when the workday begins at 7 a. m., which means that he must be at the factory at 6.30 every morning.

Most of these boys live in the country, eight and ten miles from the factory. The strike which has been running against the More Jones factories in Bridgeton, and at Minotola, has temporarily released all of the available boys in the towns, and the factory owners have been compelled to go out into the farming districts to secure their prey. The boys either ride into town every morning or they walk, so that here is an additional tax upon their strength.

The result is a constantly growing generation of lads who are stunted in size, stoop-shouldered, spiritless, veritable gnomes in appearance and, worse than all, taken practically from their mothers' hearts and put to work, they are deprived absolutely of all educational advantages and are growing up in dire ignorance. Three out of five of them do not know their names when they see them in print.

Mrs. Lamphere, a woman who has devoted most of her time to ameliorating the conditions, is authority for the statement that many of the children are

absolutely ignorant of what their names are, and will refer you to their parents and bosses when asked.

This, then, is the situation in a seemingly prosperous section of one of the oldest and most enlightened States in the Union.

The clearest explanation of the many by which the glass factory owners seek to excuse the use of child labor is perhaps that of George S. Bacon, general manager of the Whitall-Tatum mills, at Millville, N. J., where some effort is made to live up to the requirements of the law.

Mr. Bacon made no effort to conceal the fact that the use of child labor was simply and solely because it was cheaper, and yet Mr. Bacon was very emphatic in declaring that he would not want any sons of his, even at the age of twelve, to enter the glass factories. When asked what would be done if the minimum age at which children could be employed was raised to sixteen years, he said:

"I suppose we would try to meet the condition, but to raise the age would make it more costly to make glass. The older the boys, the bigger the wages we would have to pay them, and this is the situation in a sentence. The proprietors of the glass factories say that they must have boys to do the work, because men can't do it, because men are too tall to do the constant bending made necessary and because the boys are more active and agile."

But in other States where glass is largely made, in Indiana and in New York, where the age limit is higher than in New Jersey, grown boys and full grown men do the work and do it as acceptably.

The whole position is simply that the boys can be secured for from 57 to 62 cents per day, while men would have to be paid from $1.00 to $1.50. Therefore, boys are preferred, and as a result not only are mere infants tied down to a slavery that is destroying them mentally, morally and physically, but labor as well is being degraded and reduced to a low level, for the factory proprietor grades all his salaries proportionately to those paid the boy, and in consequence adult labor averages from $1 to $1.50 per day lower than that of almost every other State.

It is this depressing effect upon adult labor that the employment of children has that has caused the Glass Blowers' Union to make a determined stand against the evil, and it goes without saying that the labor leaders are as alive to the inhumanity of the situation as any one, for it must be understood that it is not only in the non-union shops, but in those where the union is recognized as well, that the evil of child labor prevails and general low wages prevail, although a more consistent effort is made by the union shops to enforce the law than elsewhere.

Not all of the children have been deprived of educational advantages either, though most of them have.

The offending factory owners will point to the night schools which have been opened for the boys if you attack them upon that ground, but when a ten, an eleven or a twelve year old boy has been on his feet from 5.30 or 6 a.m. until 6.30 or 7 p.m., he is in no condition to attend night school.

Moreover, these boys alternate on night and day work. One week a boy works all day, the next he works all night, so that it is impossible for him to secure consecutive weeks of schooling. Generally the lad is so completely tired out when his day's work is done that he falls exhausted in the most available spot and sleeps like an animal until morning.

There is a case on record of an Italian lad who, tired out after a day's work, fell exhausted on the railroad tracks at Minotola, where he slept until a train turned his sleep into death. This little fellow was only ten years old, and he had been working with the blast furnace for more than two years.

Though Italians are slowly creeping into the glass business, most of the lads who are held in this bondage are Americans, of an average age of eleven years, and a weight of from forty-five to fifty-five pounds. One of the surprising features of the case is the indifference of public opinion to the plight of the children. — New York American and Journal.

$1.00 PER YEAR 10 CENTS

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

JUNE, 1903

Let Post Master Payne answer:

Is it a Madden'd Fool or a Balked Blackmailer who exiles this Magazine to Canada?

Published Monthly at Toronto, Canada, by the United States Publication Co.
N. Y. Office, 125 East 23d Stree

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

June, 1903

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When notifying us of change of address always give old as well as new address.

When renewing subscriptions please state specifically that the remittance is for a renewal. This will save confusion.

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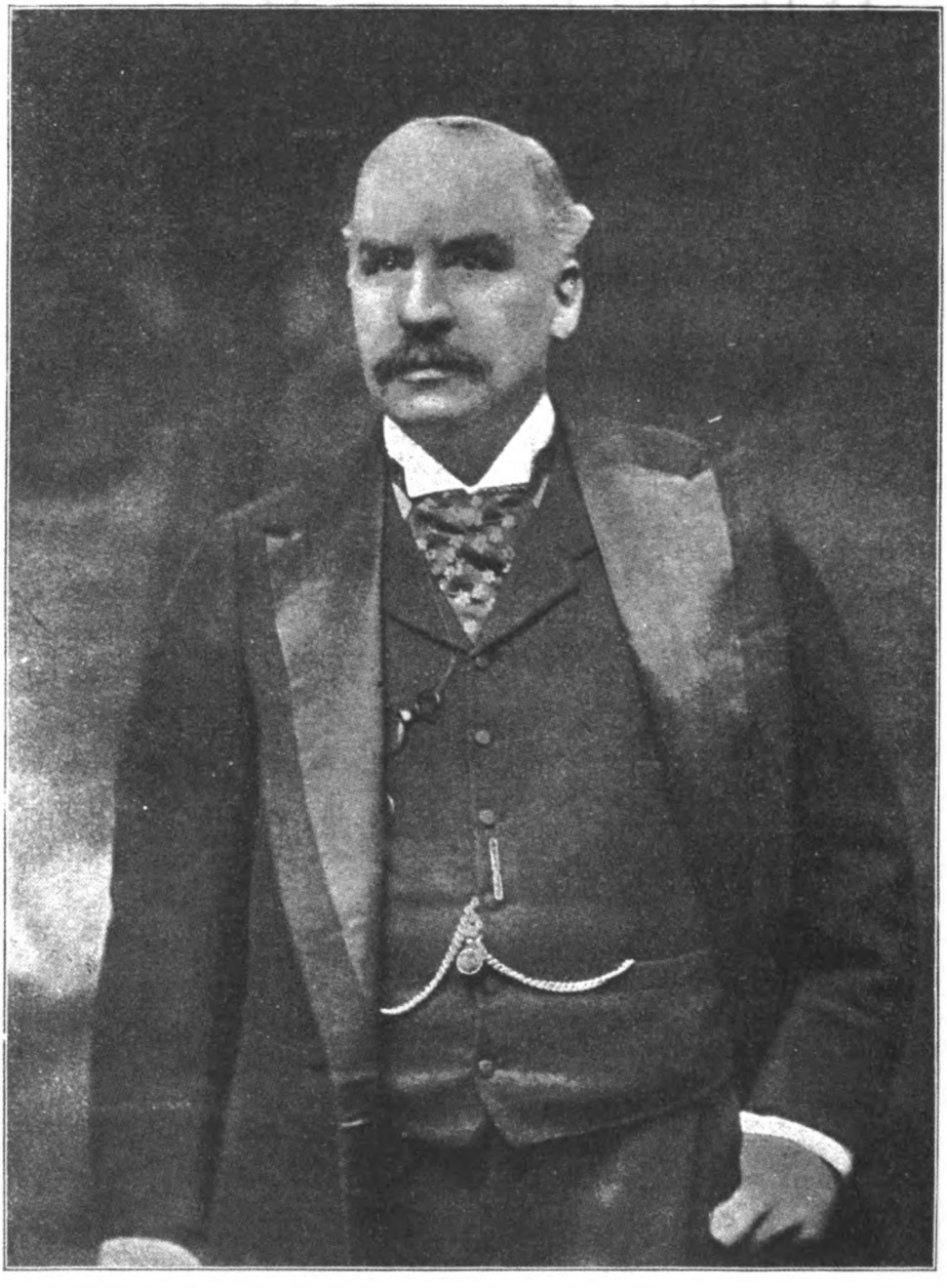

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 59 TORONTO, JUNE, 1903 $1 Per Year

THE MAILS OF THE GODS

THE mills of the gods grind slowly, as a rule, but in some instances they do move with reasonable rapidity. It is only eighteen months ago that the Postoffice Department perpetrated the outrage of refusing this Magazine second-class entry on the ground that it was "designed primarily for advering purposes," classifying it with the advertising circulars which some manufacturers get out for the purpose of advertising their goods and which are required to pay third-class rates.

And now it is the turn of the Post Office. In the February number, 1902, I wrote editorially: "Is Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden aware of the clique organized in the United States, for the purpose of blackmailing publishers whose business success depends upon their uninterrupted enjoyment of second-class privileges for their publications? Was this Magazine suppressed by Mr. Madden because its editor declined to be bled $5,000 to swell the funds of this delectable gang?"

Today the country is ringing from end to end with the Postoffice scandals. Every day brings fresh disclosures of rottenness and corruption in the Postoffice Department.

Here are a few clippings from this week's daily newspapers. This is from the New York Evening Post:

A SMOTHERED POSTOFFICE SCANDAL.

Ex-Postmaster-General Smith, Perry Heath, and Others Implicated in Statement by Removed Cashier of Washington City Postoffice—Asked by Postmaster-General Payne to Explain.

Postmaster-General Payne yesterday addressed letters to ex-Postmaster Charles Emory Smith, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow, Postmaster Merritt of Washington, and Comptroller Tracewell of the Treasury, calling attention to a published interview with S. W. Tulloch, for many years, until three years ago, cashier of the Washington Postoffice. In the interview Mr. Tulloch makes serious charges. He is quoted as saying:

I was cashier of the Washington City Postoffice for more than twenty-one years, and was considered one of the experts in the service. I served during the celebrated Star Route investigation and trial, consequently, when the

irregularities, with which I am personally familiar, took place, I protested, and very vigorously, and demanded everything in writing for my own protection and that of my bondsmen. I became what First Assistant Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath called an "obstacle." Mr. Merritt, then temporarily residing in this city as an official of the Postoffice Department, was appointed as our local Postmaster, and he very summarily removed "the obstacle" in less than five minutes after taking possession of the office.

"Get Them All, General!" —Ohio State Journal.

And this from the New York American:

PAYNE WILL BE FORCED OUT OF CABINET.

Senator Lodge Declares the Whitewash of Machen Will Result in the President Ousting Postmaster-General.

Washington, May 1.—Postmaster-General Payne is likely to be forced out of the Cabinet

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the President's personal friends, waxed wroth tonight on learning that Postmaster-General Payne had defended Mr. Machen, superintendent of free delivery. He intimated strongly that Mr. Machen's discharge had been ordered by the President before his departure, and that unless that was an accomplished fact before his return there would be trouble, and the Postmaster-General might be asked to resign.

Fourteen months ago, in an article entitled "Five Thousand Dollars for an Entry," I wrote:

"Hence, when I was 'tipped' that Mr. Harrison J. Barrett, a young lawyer of Baltimore, was great on Postoffice business, I did not hesitate a moment in inquiring what it would cost to get his services. I knew that Mr. Barrett was a nephew of the Assistant Attorney General of the Postoffice, James N. Tyner, and that he had lately been 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 in so short a time."

I also published the letter I received from Mr. Barrett in reply to my inquiry, in which he said:

"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 term 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 . . . . 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, and an agreement for an additional contingent fee of $2,500, provided the publication is admitted as second-class matter."

On this letter I commented: "With the publicity of the rumor of a disgraceful blackmailing intriguing game that is supposed to be going on in the Postoffice 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, both on account of his being a nephew to Mr. Tyner, the Attorney-General to the Postoffice, and his previous connection with the Postoffice. Having this in mind I decided as a matter of duty and honor that, much as I would have liked to have won my case, I simply could not ask Mr. Barrett to make such a sacrifice for me for a mere $5,000!"

In the daily papers of April 22nd we read:

James N. Tyner, Attorney-General for the Postoffice department, was summarily removed by Postmaster-General Payne on April 23rd. Mr. Tyner had been asked to resign early in March, but upon the pleas of himself and wife the time was extended till May 1 to save him disgrace. On April 21st his wife and her sister, Mrs. Barrett, the mother of Harrison J. Barrett, went to his office with a safe expert after hours and rifled the safe of all it contained. Inspectors went to the Tyner house and were refused the papers. Tyner was dismissed, and it is said all concerned may be prosecuted.

The New York Sun despatch on the matter includes this statement:

It is generally known that a Washington firm, operating through a stool-pigeon, has been in the habit of sending blackmailing letters to mail concerns throughout the country whose methods were considered questionable, and charges have been made that Mr. Barrett was interested in this transaction, and that it was he whose influence was used to secure the approval of the Assistant Attorney-General's office for mail schemes of a doubtful nature.

In November, 1901, I wrote to the Postmaster-General, complaining of the injustice of Madden's decision and asking for an investigation. But he referred me back to Madden, the very man against whom I complained. I then wrote to the President asking for an interview, feeling confident that in five minutes conversation I could convince him that his subordinates had done me a great injustice; but he referred me back to the Postmaster-General who had referred me back to Madden. Even when Hon. F. O. MacCartney, of the Massachusetts Legislature wrote him, appealing for a personal interview on the subject he, too, was referred in the same way to the same official of whom the complaint was made. In an open letter to President Roosevelt at the time, I said: "Why endanger your political future by tying your fortunes to such a man (as Madden)? What greater blunder could Mr. Madden have committed your administration to, than that of suppressing the freedom of the press?"

Again I am substantiated. In the New York World of May 4, eighteen months afterwards, I find the following:

FEAR EFFECT OF SCANDALS ON 1904.

President's Friends Are Greatly Worried by Revelations in Postoffice Department. Baltimore Inquiry Stopped by Officials. Serious Irregularities Believed to Exist There—Now Likely That Machen Will Be Removed.

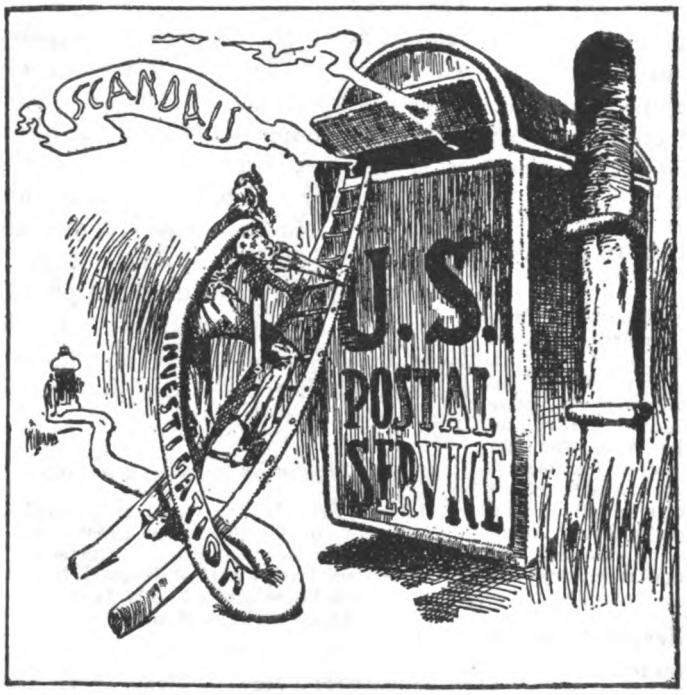
(Special to The World.)

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Many of President Roosevelt's close friends in the Senate and House are worried about the Postoffice scandals. They fear they will be a serious handicap to Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 unless they are rigorously and quickly dealt with. Senator Lodge, who is here now, is one of these. When Senators Aldrich, Spooner, Allison and Platt, of Connecticut, get together at Virginia Hot Springs next Tuesday, ostensibly to discuss a new financial measure, they will also talk over the Postoffice scandals, and Senator Lodge is going down there to tell them what he knows.

Meanwhile Postmaster-General Payne is waiting to hear from Charles Emory Smith and the others to whom he wrote on Friday for an explanation of Tulloch's charges, and Tulloch sits serenely at his home in Forest Glen and insists he can prove everything he says, and more, too.

Postmaster General Payne has been trying to keep the public knowledge of the scandals within bounds. His attempts resemble those of a man fighting a prairie fire. As soon as he gets one spot smothered the fire breaks out somewhere else.

From the moment that Perry Heath became First Assistant Postmaster-General in 1897, to the present time, every investigation of any note that has been started anywhere in the Postoffice Department has been promptly stopped by orders from officials "higher up." There is reason to suppose that the Baltimore Postoffice conceals scandals similar to those in the Washington Postoffice, but when an investigation was started there it was promptly stopped by orders from Washington. From time to time investigations have been held behind closed doors, but the results have always been whitewashed.



In For a Ducking. —Boston Herald

The men who do the actual investigation, the experts, are skilled, conscientious men. They are all in the civil service and they have nothing to fear. However, when they begin to find out things they are promptly called off and they can do nothing but obey.

Although no findings have been announced, there is not the slightest doubt that the great machinery of the Postoffice department has been used unscrupulously to repay political obligations and to favor needy politicians. It has been a grab-bag with plums for all who had the proper standing, and the men who have held the bag have seen to it that they secured some of the choicest plums for themselves.

The present indications are that A. W. Machen, the Superintendent of the Division of Free Deliveries, will be removed or allowed to resign. Now that Tulloch has made his charges public, the affairs of John T. Merritt, postmaster for Washington, will also be investigated. The postmastership at Washington is a bit of political patronage that does not go to the District of Columbia. Merritt is from Lockport, N.Y. He is a supporter of Representative James W. Wedsworth, of Geneseo.

I have frequently intimated that very possibly the politics of my paper had something to do with its exclusion from the mails, but this was denied by the postoffice officials. Today we read the following confirmation in the New York Mail and Express, a Republican paper, presumably speaking on behalf of the administration:

> It is to be hoped that the report which comes from Washington that a campaign is to be begun against Socialism is correct, and that it will be conducted with intelligence and vigor. As outlined, the campaign is to begin at once, it is to be educational in its character, and it is to be prosecuted steadily through this and next year. The plan is the result of many consultations among leading Republicans, including such men as Senator Hanna, Secretary of the Navy Moody, Postmaster-General Payne, and Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin. They propose to make an earnest and comprehensive effort *to check the spread of Socialistic ideas* and to supplant them with sound, conservative opinions on industrial questions, governmental policies and all subjects affecting society and the individual. The scheme is a thoroughly commendable one, and it should receive the support not only of Republicans, but of all intelligent and disinterested citizens as well.

Naturally the best way to check the spread of Socialistic ideas would be to suppress successful Socialist papers,

by refusing to give them publishers' rates, to which they are entitled.

Over a year ago, when this Magazine was about to be forced to remove its printing office from New York to Canada, owing to the unjust ruling above referred to, I called at Mr. Hearst's office, in New York City, and gave full particulars of the effort that was being made to blackmail me. Hearst offered no consolation or help whatsoever.

Today Mr. Hearst is posing as the champion of a free press and the exposer of blackmailers. Why didn't he show his mettle by taking up the matter then, instead of waiting until now when the whole country is conversant with the corruption?

I gave the whole story not only to Mr. Hearst, but to several other New York daily papers, and not one of them would have anything to do with it. They frankly said they were not interested in the Postoffice blackmailing of the weekly and monthly press, as long as the daily press was left unmolested. Now that it has become popular, however, they all join in the general hue and cry.

Meanwhile, from my Canadian vantage ground I look on at the daily disclosures of the fraud, corruption and intrigue which I well knew, from my own experiences, to exist, hoping that when the air clears once more I shall be able to exercise my undeniable right to publish my Magazine in my own country, even though it have for its motto: "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

Since the above was written, the Postoffice has finally given me an answer to my request for Foreign Entry, which was made February 20. Their answer, dated May 8, nearly three months after the application was made, asks for certain facts in regard to circulation, which I should have been only too glad to give them three months ago. Foreign Registry is always granted to a publication printed outside of the United States when it can satisfy the Postoffice that it has the ordinary characteristics demanded for domestic publications entitled to second-class rates. The reason Mr. Madden withholds his decision for so long a time is apparent when it is considered that, if he should decide Wilshire's Magazine to be entitled to Foreign Registry, it follows logically it must have the right to Domestic Entry. I await with some curiosity the excuse he will offer for refusing me Foreign Registry.

THE PRESS ON THE POSTOFFICE SCANDAL

What The American Says:

In the course of his present speech-making tour, President Roosevelt has given the usual emphatic utterance to his familiar gospel of civic righteousness. Ceaseless warfare, he has told us, must be waged upon corruption in public life. He has not repeated, but he no doubt adheres to, his memorable declaration that "words are good when backed up by deeds, and only so."

It must be that Mr. Roosevelt realizes how fine an opportunity is offered him to apply his doctrines of purity and vigor by the conditions existing in the Postoffice Department.

The charges of crookedness, suppression, favoritism and widespread jobbery are bad enough as they stand, but it is observable that everywhere there is a disposition to believe that only a very small corner of the veil has been lifted. The public is quite prepared for much more serious revelations of rottenness than have been made.

Why is this? How comes it that with so strenuous an expounder of honesty and courage at the head of affairs the people instinctively expect the worst?

The President has only himself to blame. When he looked about for a Postmaster-General he did not seek honesty and courage, but selected a man whom he, when a Civil Service Commissioner, attacked as a spoils politician. Mr. Payne was chosen as the head of the Postoffice Department not with a view to improving the service, but as a master of the art of getting delegates to the National Republican Convention and as an adept in practical politics generally.

It is natural, therefore, that the people should take it for granted that Payne is more anxious, in his party's interest, to cover up a scandal than to root out dishonesty from his department and bring scoundrels to justice.

Seymour W. Tulloch, former cashier of the Washington City Postoffice, who has made the most damaging accusations relative to the department, said on Sunday last to the "American's" correspondent:

"If any attempt is made by Postmaster-General Payne to brand me as a liar and calumniator, in consequence of my charges of Postoffice irregularities, I will make revelations as to the acts of certain officials and former officials of the Postoffice Department that will shock the moral sense of the country, as it has not been shocked since the exposure of the Star Route frauds."

It should be the immediate business of President Roosevelt to see to it that Mr. Tulloch is required to tell everything he knows, whether Postmaster-General Payne shall attempt to brand him as a liar and calumniator or not. From all accounts Mr. Tulloch is a man of character and financially responsible—the sort of man who, in order to be induced to disclose every fact in his possession, has but to be given a fair opportunity.

The Postoffice Department needs a thorough investigation. That has become apparent to the whole country. But people will have no confidence in the thoroughness of an investigation directed and controlled by Postmaster-General Payne. The President must be aware of that. Therefore it becomes

the duty of Mr. Roosevelt to order an investigation under such auspices as shall give assurance that it is meant to get at corruption and not to mix whitewash for party and personal purposes in 1904.

What The World Says:

There is an ugly tendency to take the worst possible view of the conduct of public servants—to exaggerate all their errors and overlook the things for which they deserve credit. We regret to observe that this disposition is marked in the discussion of the scandals in the Postoffice Department.

It is said that the department seems to be reeking with corruption, that almost every day brings its quota of sensational discoveries, that high officials are resigning or being removed under fire, that an outfit of burglars' tools, ladies' size, is beginning to be recognized as an essential part of family equipment in the higher grades of the service, and that the investigation of the malfeasance has been so languid as to give the superficial impression that no results are really desired.

But before uncharitable criticisms are based on these alleged facts, let us call the attention of the critics to one unanswerable proof of the stern integrity of the men at the head of the department. A year ago a letter-carrier received two cents for excess postage. He says he turned the money into the office. His superiors say he did not. A force of inspectors has been on his trail ever since. He has been shadowed and followed from place to place, and the other day he was arrested. He will be prosecuted with all the rigor of a government as inflexible as it is just, and in his person crime of the two-cent grade will be made forever odious.

With such a record of fearless and tireless vigilance, Postmaster-General Payne can well afford to despise the censorious critics who cast reflections upon the sincerity of his determination to enforce probity in his department.

PROSPERITY IN CALIFORNIA

WITH the increasing comfort and speed of transportation, California is fast becoming the winter play ground of the leisure class of Americans. I have no doubt that when we have Socialism, and the place of man's abode will be determined by his will rather than as now by his job, Southern California will be the most thickly settled part of the American continent. There Nature provides with the utmost lavishness; in fact she is so lavish that Californians are smothered by her caresses. Because of the abundance, prices are so low that producers are bankrupted. While the rest of the country is booming with high prices, the price of oranges, the great fruit crop of Southern California, is so low that it does not pay to pick them off the tree. Never in the history of the trade has the price of California oranges been so slaughtered as this year. It is not a question of taking a low price for your oranges; it is a question of getting absolutely nothing. It is a

situation for the orange grower similar to that of a workman out of a job. It is not the small price he is offered for his commodity—oranges or labor as the case may be—that disgusts him; it is no price at all that appals him. People are trying to meet the orange crisis, as usual, by calling upon the railways to lower their freight-rates, and just now an official enquiry into the matter is being held in this city by the interstate commerce commission. Not much has been developed that was not already well known. However, the very frank admission of the railway people that there was a traffic agreement between the Southern Pacific Railway and the Santa Fe Railway that each should transport but half of the orange crop may lead to something, owing to the recent decision of the Circuit Court that the Northern Securities Company is an illegal combination.

However, notwithstanding the low price of oranges and lemons, California is booming like the rest of the country. There is an immense amount of building going on; also of railway construction. Wages have not been so high for years, and the trades unions are in full control of the industrial situation. The Los Angeles Times, which has been fighting the Typographical Union for ten years, will either have to shut up shop or unionize its plant within a year at the outside. Those who have followed up the aggressive fight made by General Harrison G. Otis, the proprietor of the Times, will agree that the union situation in Los Angeles must be very powerful if it can make General Otis capitulate.

It is not a question of finances that will compel a surrender, for the Times is paying well, the net profits last year being over $100,000. Although the union boycott has hurt the earning capacity of the paper; still, when a plant that can be duplicated for less than $500,000 pays over $100,000 profits a year, and this after years of boycotting, the unions cannot have much cause for congratulating themselves on the success of their boycott. No, it is not a question of profits that will force General Otis to unionize his shop. It will be a question of being unable to find enough non-union labor to get out his paper. Just now he is compelled to have a certain proportion of union men in his place, and if they should walk out the Times would find it almost impossible to replace them.

The Los Angeles Council of Labor only last week issued an order that in the Building Trades no union man should work alongside of a non-union man, and the edict was obeyed by the contractors throughout the city with scarcely an exception; and where the exception was made the work had to be suspended for lack of men. The great growth of trades-unionism in California and the success along economic lines not unnaturally led up to a movement along political lines. In San Francisco, in fact, two years ago, a labor ticket was successful in electing their candidate, Mr. Schmitz, to the Mayoralty.

This success, together with the difficulty of conducting a straight Socialist political propaganda in opposition to a strong union labor political movement, led a part of the Socialists here to effect a working arrangement with the labor people in the elections of last year. The marriage has, however, proven a barren and unhappy one. The vote fell off enormously from the labor party, not, of course, on account of the alliance, but because such sporadic

labor movements are necessarily bound to be ephemeral, having no real roots in a great ideal, and with the failure of the unification of forces to produce results, most of the Socialists have gone back into the time-tried program of straight Socialism, and straight Socialism alone, in political work.

Neither Mayor Schmitz nor the Labor Party in San Francisco have a ghost of a chance of success in the next elections in San Francisco. In fact, it is doubtful if a straight labor ticket will be run. Theoretically the trade-union movement should be the back-bone of the Socialist movement. As a matter of fact, in nearly every center, until very recently, the trades-unions have given practically no help to the propaganda of Socialism, and have been, if anything, rather unfriendly. They were not unfriendly owing to the nature of the Socialist demands, but because they felt that anything that took the attention of their members from their paramount object, namely, the immediate betterment of themselves through higher wages and less hours, was to that extent inimical to them.

However, with increasing knowledge of Socialism, the trade-unionists are commencing to see that Socialism and trade-unionism can go along hand in hand, and each can help the other to attain its object in life without either weakening the other's strength. The recognition of this truth will take time, however, and nothing but harm can come of trying to force men to accept it until they fully understand and approve of it.

Los Angeles, April 11th.

BE NOBLE

LOWELL

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own ;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

WHAT MORGAN MIGHT DO

J. BRISBEN WALKER

"Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller each control more than $1,000,000,000. If Mr. Morgan chose to use his $1,000,000,000 for dominating the country, this is what could be done," says Mr. Walker, in The Cosmopolitan.

"The preliminary and most difficult step would be the conversion of his resources. When this would be completed he would have invested:

"First. In the controlling banks of the country two hundred millions.

"Second. In the controlling railways of the United States—two hundred millions.

"Third. In mines and most important manufacturing operations—two hundred and seventy millions.

"Fourth. For control of the leading newspapers of the United States—one hundred millions.

"Fifth. For control of the commercial agencies—five millions.

"Sixth. For control of strategic charities and churches—twenty millions.

"Seventh. For retaining fees for leading lawyers and orators—five millions.

"Eighth. Deposited in safety-vaults in gold and legal tenders—two hundred millions.

"We will suppose all of this money to be placed with an eye to that strategical advantage which is so well understood to-day by men in haute finance.

"What, then, would be the situation? The investor would control by his investments:

"First, all the leading banks in the country, and, in fact, the entire banking situation. No conservative banker would be likely to oppose plans backed by interests so gigantic. If anyone dared to do so, he could quickly be bought out and removed from a sphere where he might be in any way disagreeable.

"Two hundred millions, also placed strategically, would control every railway in the United States. If any man presumed to 'kick,' his position could be made untenable by means of other influences at command.

"Two hundred and fifty millions, invested in the United States' steel, copper, and kindred interests, would give control of the great industries.

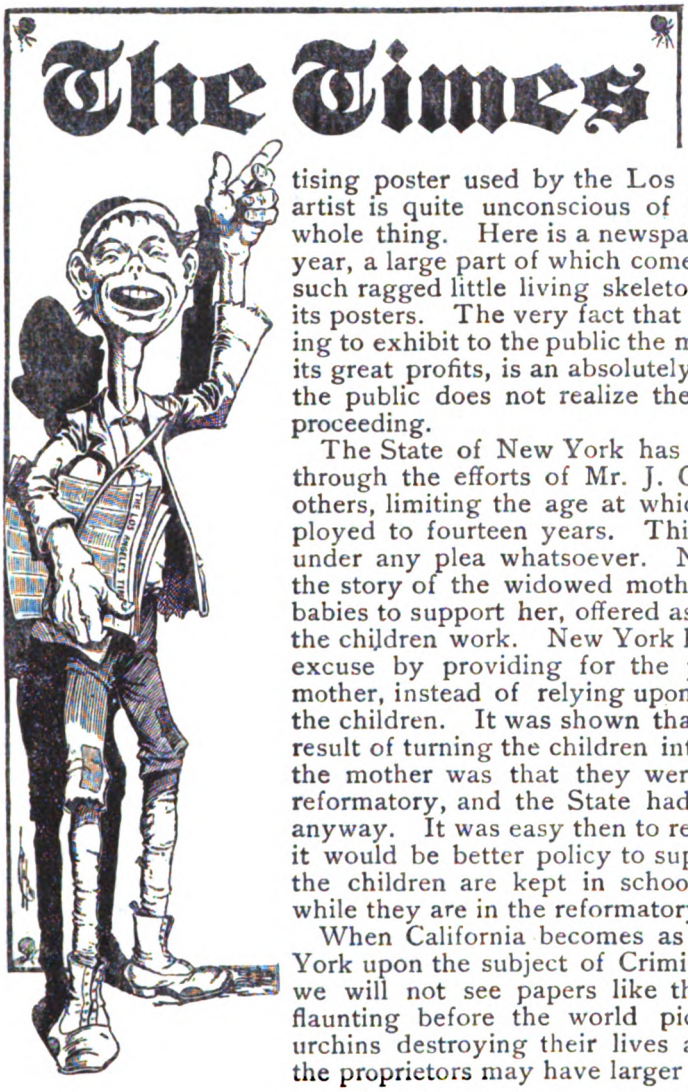
"Then comes the question of the press for controlling public opinion. One hundred millions would buy the controlling interest in the leading papers of every city on this continent, with something to spare for London, Paris and Berlin.

"Five millions would cover the commercial agencies. Twenty millions, again 'strategically placed' would give such influence among church orators and dispensers of charities as to create a decidedly friendly sentiment. Five millions more as retaining fees to orators and leading lawyers would not be without its efficiency. But, as a matter of fact, this would scarcely be needed. The ablest minds of the law would already have been attached to this interest, because of their legal connections with the banks, the transportation companies, the manufacturing and mining interests.

"All the bright men in the newspaper world would either be engaged, or anticipate engagements, upon their Press. In fact, there would be practically no journalistic career outside, except to the man willing to sacrifice his material prosperity to advocacy of a cause.

"But all the powers already enumerated are feeble in comparison with the two hundred millions of gold and legal tenders held in reserve. Placed to-day in circulation, next week withdrawn, again circulated and again withdrawn, the control of such a sum is a power sufficiently vast to make or wreck any institution or set of institutions. There have been times when the sudden withdrawal of even fifty millions from Wall Street at a time of monetary stringency would have been sufficient to have spread the widest ruin.

"And as for national government! The most absolute monarchy that ever existed was merely an independent people in comparison with the solidarity of government by a thousand millions of dollars."



HALF JOKE, WHOLE EARNEST

The accompanying cartoon is the reproduction of an advertising poster used by the Los Angeles Times. The artist is quite unconscious of the grim irony of the whole thing. Here is a newspaper making $100,000 a year, a large part of which comes from the labor of just such ragged little living skeletons as are depicted upon its posters. The very fact that the Times itself is willing to exhibit to the public the means by which it makes its great profits, is an absolutely certain indication that the public does not realize the iniquity of the whole proceeding.

The State of New York has recently passed a law, through the efforts of Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes* and others, limiting the age at which children can be employed to fourteen years. This law cannot be evaded under any plea whatsoever. No longer will we hear the story of the widowed mother dependent upon her babies to support her, offered as an excuse for making the children work. New York has taken away this last excuse by providing for the public support of the mother, instead of relying upon her private support by the children. It was shown that under the old law the result of turning the children into the street to work for the mother was that they were often landed in the reformatory, and the State had to support the mother anyway. It was easy then to reach the conclusion that it would be better policy to support the mother while the children are kept in school, than to support her while they are in the reformatory.

When California becomes as well educated as New York upon the subject of Criminality and Child Labor, we will not see papers like the Los Angeles Times flaunting before the world pictures of ragged little urchins destroying their lives and souls in order that the proprietors may have larger profits.

* J. G. Phelps Stokes, a young man of wealth whose brain and heart will not permit him to lead a selfish life, gives his time to work among the poor. He addressed an East Side society the other evening and said some very striking things.

The recent brutal massacres of the Jews in Russia, he observed, have horrified the world and raised a universal outcry against cruelty so murderous and barbarous.

"But," he continued, "there are other massacres more widespread that are almost unnoticed. They are right here among us. Homes are devastated by them and thousands are killed, not suddenly, but by degrees."

These continuing massacres are committed, not by bloodthirsty brutes or ruthless religious fanatics, but, as Mr. Stokes truly declared, by "our social and industrial conditions."

These conditions kill grown men and women in multitudes, but their most terrible effect is a never-ceasing slaughter of the innocents.

Mr. Stokes quoted statistics to show that there are upward of 1,750,000 child laborers between the ages of ten and fifteen years in the United States. In the Pennsylvania anthracite mines, ruled by Mr. Baer and his fellow Christian men, to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country, there are 34,000 children who toil for wages. "In all," said Mr. Stokes, "there are about 2,000,000 children being subjected to the hardest kind of work, regardless of schooling, health and character. Their capacity for the

development of good citizenship is in many cases destroyed and the mortality among them is appalling."

Who is responsible for the social and industrial conditions which produce results so revolting, so deadly?

The man who profits by the conditions and pleads the existence of the inherited "system" in order to escape personal blame for its ravages —but who nevertheless fights tooth and nail for the preservation of the system whenever and wherever it is sought to improve it; he is responsible. In him is embodied that dull selfishness which calls itself "wise and judicious conservatism." He, in defence of his privileges and profits, and in obedience to an acquired instinct, stones all the prophets, big and little, who view poverty as a disease that can be cured. Upon the head of this always heartless and generally brainless conservatism rests the guilt for the continuance of the social and industrial conditions whose consequences are pictured so vividly by J. G. Phelps Stokes.—The N. Y. American.

ROCKEFELLER, SOCIALISM, MORGAN & CO.

THIS sounds like a strange partnership, but as a matter of fact it is not a more impossible one than Roosevelt, Socialism & Co. In economics, Karl Marx and Pierpont Morgan are in agreement. In ethics they are ostensibly at one. They differ in politics.

Morgan as a capitalist is an aristocrat, Marx as a Socialist is a Democrat. However, aristocracy and democracy are simply matters of expediency and one's views may be modified by particular circumstances. But in regard to economics, when men differ it is a different matter. When I meet a man who will not agree that $2+2=4$, I am very doubtful of ever coming to terms with him under any possible conditions. Morgan and Marx agree in their economics, otherwise their mathematics.

Roosevelt and Marx differ in their mathematics and therefore can never come into intellectual accord.

Philosophizing on these lines the following is pertinent. Under the head, "Anything to Beat Roosevelt," the Journal says, among other things:

"'Anything to beat Roosevelt' is clearly the motto of the powerful financial interests in the Street, so far as 1904 is concerned. What is the fault that Wall Street finds with President Roosevelt? Different answers would no doubt be given to this question by different people. Some would say that the President was dangerous because he was impulsive and erratic; some effect to consider him a demagogue because of his attitude on the trust question and on the coal strike; all would agree in saying that he was not to be controlled by anybody. It seems to us that this last is the crux of the whole matter. No particular fault was found with the President previous to his intervention in the Northern Securities case a year ago. His action in that matter opened the eyes of the financial powers, and did it in the rudest possible fashion. They had neither been consulted nor warned beforehand. The blow fell suddenly. Then came the coal strike, and Mr. Roosevelt's intervention as representing the public. A second time they felt the force of his hand.

"The situation is undeniably interesting. President Roosevelt has in his administration up to date been supported by the general mass of public

opinion in this country. No one in his party is strong enough to stand against him as his equal in the public eye. He has two qualities of a kind that always excite public enthusiasm, namely, absolute honesty and absolute independence. The very fact that his independence has earned for him the whole-souled hostility of Wall Street is not at all unlikely to prove a great element of strength to him in the coming campaign. It is for this reason that we regard the attitude of Wall Street as very unwise at this juncture. . . . How is Mr. Roosevelt, if nominated, to be beaten at the polls? He can only be beaten by the election of a candidate standing for principles such as those embodied in the 'yellow' journalism. A concentration of the forces of Socialism, demagoguery and 'high finance' would be necessary for this purpose, and even then it might not be successful; and if it were successful, would the 'high finance' feel quite comfortable in its new surroundings? It is impossible not to feel some sympathy with the 'high finance' in its present position. It has been accustomed for some time to have things more or less to its liking, and it is not accustomed to dealing as a minority interest, so to speak, and where it does not control. President Roosevelt's independence in matters affecting financial interests has been a great surprise and, of course, a bitter disappointment. This, however, while it may be a bad thing for the country, is not necessarily so. It is not universally admitted that Wall Street is the only safe or proper guardian of the interests of the country. All that can be said about it is that it is the most highly organized and probably the most intellectually efficient portion of the public in these matters.

"It seems to us that, as we have already said, Wall Street is between what it considers 'the devil and the deep sea.' It would be very poor policy to unchain the forces of Socialism merely to get rid of the present executive because he could not be controlled. Wall Street should remember that of all sections of the body politic none is more dependent upon the law than itself. Mr. Roosevelt has ever stood for rigid execution of the law without fear or favor. Wall Street may want to break the law at times, . . . but Wall Street has a great deal more to lose from a general disregard of law than it has to lose from its universal enforcement."

The recent decision in the "Merger" case will do little to reconcile Mr. Morgan to such an impossible reactionary as Mr. Roosevelt. However, he may prefer to be a Morgan in a competitive industrial chaos to being an equal among equals in a Socialistic cosmos.

D. M. PARRY'S LOGIC

The National Association of Manufacturers, which is, in a way, a nucleus for a future organization of employers against employees, recently met in New Orleans. I find the following in the address by their President, D. M. Parry:

Perhaps no proposed act of legislation ever occasioned a greater outpouring of personal appeals to Congress than did the eight-hour bill. On the one side were the labor unions,

sending in countless petitions demanding its passage, and on the other side, in united array, were the manufacturers, respectfully urging its defeat and setting forth unanswerable arguments why it should be defeated. This conflict —and it was a conflict, and a very momentous one—deserves to go down in history as the first decisive defeat of the Socialistic forces which have of late years had such surprising growth.

Now, without going into the merits of an eight-hour law, certainly no one can agree with Mr. Parry and say that for labor to urge Congress to pass such legislation constitutes an "appeal to physical force." This is how the logical Mr. Parry continues:

> Organized labor knows but one law, and that is the law of physical force—the law of the Huns and Vandals, the law of the savage. All its purposes are accomplished either by actual force, or by the threat of force. It does not place its reliance in reason and justice, but in strikes, boycotts and coercion. It is, in all essential features, a mob-power, knowing no master except its own will, and is continually condemning or defying the constituted authorities.

The whole amount of the matter is that President Parry is not objecting to the means by which labor gets an eight-hour law, whether by a strike or by legislation, but he objects to the law *per se*. Trying to cover up his real position, he makes a most illogical ass of himself.

POETRY AND THE SONNET

JOEL BENTON

WHAT is Poetry? is an ever-recurring but never fully answered question. Numberless have been the attempts to confine it to a single definition, from Plato and Aristotle down. But they have been in no one instance wholly successful. Each formula proffered has its fraction, or facet, of truth; and each is notable for the elements missing from its synthesis. Coleridge said that prose is "words in the best places," while Poetry is "the best words in the best places." Wordsworth called Poetry "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." Matthew Arnold called it "a criticism of life," and added that it should be "simple and sensuous." Others have defined it substantially as "beautiful thoughts, metrically arranged."

But no definition seems to be inclusive, though each has its particular particle of truth. Can anyone analyze the rainbow? Or, if this could be done, would one who never saw a rainbow know it through a verbal analysis? Yet we all know the prismatic arch when we see it. To discern Poetry, however, is not so universal a gift as to see some material object. There is glass that superficially imitates the diamond, and that can deceive many by its pretense—but the reverse never happens. The true diamond is never mistaken for glass.

In an interesting book titled "What Is Poetry?"* Mr. Edmond Holmes, an

*What is Poetry, The Silence of Love, The Triumph of Love, and Walt Whitman, a Study, by Edmond Holmes, are published by John Lane, New York and London; uniform edition, $1.25 each.

English writer of rising critical and poetic fame, gives us much to think about. While he does not attempt the difficult feat of an inclusive definition, he shows a keen sense of what it is and what it is not, and makes a sane and lucid thesis. He says: "When I ask myself What is Poetry? I am setting myself a task which far 'exceeds man's might.' I am inviting myself to solve, by implication, all the master problems of human thought." Yet he regards the failure that is inevitable in approaching an attempt at a full solution of the question no reason for withholding partial light on the subject.

It is understood that, in a loose way, we all accept certain worthy efforts in verse as a kind of poetry. They may be satirical, or humorous, or *vers de societe*. But only in rare instances, or in fragmentary samples do these rise to Poetry's high estate. And it is this only which Mr. Holmes and the critics of Poetry have in mind in any discussion of it.

Poetry *per se*, then, has this certain quality. It is spontaneous—it is not manufactured. Mere technique or craftsmanship cannot produce it.

> "'I do but sing because I must'

is the cry—the boast shall I call it, or the apology?—of every true poet." It is also in a measure inspired. For the one who essays its function feels a burden from within, hot and passionate, that prompts him, and that he is unable to escape. "It may be supernormal," says Mr. Holmes, but it "is not supernatural." It is dominantly emotional, but this does not mean that it is not reflective. Every person, too, is in one sense a poet, though not executively. As Dr. O. W. Holmes once so aptly said:

> A few can touch the magic string,
> And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
> Alas for those who never sing,
> But die with all their music in them.

Our author puts the matter well when he says that the feelings of the poet and the ordinary man differ only in this way: In the first they are actual, and in the last potential. The intelligent reader of poetry meets nothing fundamentally new when he reads the poet's productions. He simply finds his own thought in superlative expression. If the poet uses his imagination freely it is not on baseless fancies. With his subliminal instinct, to use our critic's happy simile, he explores and brings to light the world that is truly real, though it is the spiritual, and beyond our material vision. "Poetic creation?" says Carlyle, "what is this but seeing the thing sufficiently? The word that will describe the thing follows of itself from such intense clear sight of it."

Mr. Holmes, it is now proper to say, has not only written *of* Poetry, but he has written three notable volumes that fall under its rubric. They are entitled "Without and Within," "The Silence of Love" and "The Triumph of Love." The first named I have not had the privilege to see; but the last two, which are sonnet sequences, indicate that his pursuit of the poetic art has not been in vain, or of trivial purport. As a critic he has put forth also a creditable appreciation of Walt Whitman.

While it is a perilous adventure to drop upon the sacred and narrow plot of the sonnet, in which some, who are poets when away from it, achieve only futile expression, Mr. Holmes seems to have done his most notable work in its domain. And now what is a sonnet? It is supposed by some that it is merely

a poem fourteen lines long. But it is a good deal more than that. The rules by which it is bound are strict and arbitrary, even when certain defined variations are made permissible. The lines must not only be of the number named, but they are in the true sonnet, decasyllabic lines, divided into an octave and a sextet. There is usually a pause after the eighth line, and there is a prescribed arrangement and a limited number of rhymes to be insisted on. The octave presents the motive, and the sextet its recurring wave and climax; and one dominant thought must be the soul of the poem.

The form is of Italian origin, Dante and Petrarch being almost its first devotees, as in England Wyatt and Surrey were soon after. The English sonnet, however, as made by Shakespeare—and Milton and Wordsworth sometimes—is not quite like the Italian, one of its differences being in having a couplet, instead of an alternate rhyme, at the end. Other minor points might be noted if there were space, but these will suffice for a rough outline of its stringency. In its making, no slovenly diction or weak rhythm is allowed, so that one who writes a sonnet well has achieved the highest performance in literature. Theodore Watts, in a sonnet upon the sonnet, says in his sextet:

"A sonnet is a wave of melody
From heaving waters of the impassioned soul;
A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the 'octave,' then returning free,
Its ebbing surges in the 'sextet' roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea."

And Keats speaks of it as

"Swelling loudly
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly."

Among the great poets who did not succeed well as sonneteers are Shelley and Coleridge, in England, and Bryant and Longfellow with us. Bryant acknowledged that he could not write a sonnet.

In Mr. Holmes' latest book of sonnets, "The Triumph of Love," what seems to make the first impression is the Italian spirit that he shows through the English form. With a wonderfully even execution the series goes on; and the permutation of attitudes over a common and single passion—attachment to one's Psyche, or ideal—is uncommonly Dantesque. It is the Psyche, or mating soul, found or imagined, to which he dedicates not only this book but also his "Silence of Love."

As a test, however, of the book's quality, the four sonnets below will serve better than pages of detailed criticism:

Some seek possession of a winsome face,
A slender waist, a white, voluptuous arm,
Some of a lissom figure's gliding grace,
Some of a voice that haunts with subtle charm.
All these are thine; yet not for these I prize
Thee, my Beloved! whose soul of dazzling light
Burns through thy body's beautiful disguise,
Veiled by its brightness from my baffled sight.
Some are condemned to gain what they have sought—
A face, an arm, a voice, a slender waist;—
Till Time, the disenchanter, brings to nought
Their prized possession and their love misplaced.
But I, who seek what I may ne'er possess,
Find in love's failure proof of love's success.

* * * *

I would that for a season I might merge
My life in thine and be whate'er thou art,
And feel thy restless passion roll and surge.
And read the secret of thine inmost heart:—
I would that, gazing through thy glorious eyes,
My soul might see things as they seem to thee,
See with thy soul the wonder of the skies,
Hear with thy heart the message of the sea;—
Nay, I would be myself a wave, a star,
A flower that scents the air, a bird that sings,
That thou whose brooding love from near and far,
Draws to thy soul the soul of outward things—
That thou mightst love me, for no worth of mine,
And draw my life into the depths of thine.

* * * *

I have a longing for a larger life;
A haunting sense of restlessness is mine:

I long to wage some world-convulsing strife;
To weave the tissue of some vast design:—
I long to do some strong heroic deed;
To right with flashing sword some cruel wrong;
To give to men some soul-redeeming creed;
To blow some mighty trumpet blast of song.
Hence, vain desires! Or are ye wholly vain?
Let others write their names on History's page:
Grace be to love! Mine is a higher plane,
A wider battle ground, a grander stage;—
For when with Fate I wrestle for love's sake,
God's kingdom—lost or ransomed—is my stake.

* * * *

Dear comrades hast thou when thy life is lone—
Dear friends for comfort when thy heart is sad:—
Who, though he feels thy heart-throbs in his breast,
May never staunch thy wounds nor soothe their pain;
Nor hush with fond embraces thy sad sighs;
Nor dry with kisses thy tear-haunted eyes.

The book, published by John Lane of the Bodley Head, is a beautiful square 12 mo., each sonnet in it having an ornamented and enlarged initial, and it seems not unlikely to follow "The Silence of Love" into a second edition.

AGNES TOBIN

The murmuring dove will make thy plaint her own;
The soaring lark will sing to make thee glad;
Soft on thy soul will fall the dews of night;
Radiant with hope will dawn for thee the day;
The sunset-glow will flood thy soul with light;
The wild sea-breeze will blow thy tears away.
These will befriend thee; but he loves thee best,
The hapless friend whose yearning love is vain;

Extremely beautiful is the material make-up of another group of sonnets lately issued (by William Heinemann. London). The volume is thus titled: "Love's Crucifix: Nine Sonnets, and a Canzone, from Petrarch, by Agnes

Tobin. With a Preface by Alice Meynell. Illustrated by Graham Robertson."

These picked sonnets, too, are of rare quality, as their substance and form attest, though it is difficult enough to bring over into monosyllabic English, poetry from a polysyllabic and many-rhyming tongue. Miss Tobin has caught with great felicity the Petrarchan tenderness and passion, and given them wonderfully attractive and musically cadenced English setting. Mrs. Meynell's introduction to the book confines itself to Petrarch mainly, since her friend's translating skill amply speaks for itself. She says, among other things, that "The sonnets of Petrarch did as much as the Divine Commedia of Dante to establish the language of Italy." Both were Tuscans, and because of them Tuscan became classical. Petrarch, Mrs. Meynell says, was "a man of good faith" and not, as Lovell says, weakly "sentimental."

In his dream and romance he speaks for Laura.

"And she remains one of the most nearly silent figures in history. . . . The secret which Petrarch never knew —whether he had touched her heart— she took with her to her discreet and honorable grave. She keeps it from the world. . . . Petrarch's love story has no doubt been burlesqued by the modern sense of humor; he, in his day, foresaw and feared no mockery. What he feared was theological rebuke, and he argued the matter out with his conscience until he died."

Perhaps, as a sample of Miss Tobin's sympathetic work, the following sonnet titled "The Dream," on account of its thirteenth century love flavor, may be considered fairly adequate:

On food in which my Lord doth so abound,
Mourning and tears, I nourish my tired heart;
And often I grow faint and often start,
Musing how that this wound is most profound.
She comes whose like the age has never found,
Soft splendors from her star-bound tresses dart;
She sits, as though we never more must part,
Gently upon the bed to which I'm bound;
Laying the hands which I so much desired
Upon my eyes, and speaking words, a tide
Of sweetness, things no human lips have said.
"What use," she says, "in knowing, if you grow tired?
Do not cry any more. Have you not cried
Enough for me? You see I am not dead."

Edwin Markham says of the book: "It is a clever piece of work—'Love's Crucifix'—touched throughout with great delicacy of feeling."

The illustrations to these sonnets are sombrely ideal, having a touch of Rosetti mysticism; but they are aptly interpretative.

A Letter From Edmond Holmes.

4 Rawlinson Road, Oxford,
England.

Feb. 25, '03.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—Your letter of December 17th has just reached me. Accept my thanks for the copies of your magazine which you have so kindly sent me. My permanent address is given above. If you will be so very good as to continue sending me the magazine it will give me great pleasure to read it. I am much interested in Socialism and have much sympathy with the general aims of Socialists—so far as I understand them. I feel strongly that the existing social arrangements are all wrong and are getting worse and worse. It is easier to say this than to suggest a remedy. Your gigantic "Trusts" with their control of the necessaries of life are a grave national danger, and some day or other you will, I firmly believe,

be compelled in self-defense to nationalize them.

I am glad you like my little prose works. I feel now that I did less than justice to Whitman. For many years I had a strong antipathy to him, but a great friend of mine compelled me to study him closely, and my essay was the outcome of prolonged struggle with his potent personality. I feel much more in sympathy with him now than I did when I was writing about him. I am glad to hear that you Socialists are all Whitmanites; it speaks well for them and for him.

Yours truly

Edmund Holmes

A GUESS ON THE MERGER DECISION

MARGARET HAILE

THAT was a stupendous idea, that Morganization of the world! And we Americans love big things. We delight in superlatives—we glory in our fastest yachts, highest buildings, longest rivers, greatest waterfalls, most beautiful women, in the world. And this Morganization was a scheme of such magnificent proportions and fine audacity that we would really like to have seen it carried out—especially by an American. Ignoring the certain consequences of its realization, we were content to look on with passive curiosity, if not with entire complacency, while Mr. Morgan proceeded to make himself Lord Paramount of the Earth.

But a halt has been called in Mr. Morgan's triumphal march, by the decision in the Northern Securities case—temporary, we may believe, but still an unmistakable halt. The Morganizing process must be postponed for a time. At this we are astonished, and even a little disappointed. The world still loves a Napoleon. And, we ask, why should this halt have been called? True, the merger violated the provisions of the Anti-Trust Law, as the decision pointed out; but what of it? When was a law ever before found through which the Trust could not drive a coach-and-four, if it so wished? We had grown accustomed to the belief that men like Morgan had but to ask and they should receive, whatsoever they might happen to wish—that they were too powerful to be denied.

The Morganizing process was halted because there is something more important than the carrying out of Morgan's plans, and that is the maintenance of the capitalist system itself. There is something stronger than any individual capitalist, and that is the capitalist class as a whole. The process

had gone as far as it could at the present time without endangering the stability of the capitalist system. Had the merger been upheld, a new impetus would have been given to the process of centralization that has been going on with dizzy rapidity for the last five years. Similar "holding companies" would have cropped up on every hand, and greater and broader syndicates—and all requiring to be financed. Financed? Ay, there's the rub. Where is the money to come from for further speculation, when for the past year, in order to avoid embarassing our own banks, many of our heaviest borrowers have placed their loans in Europe, and when the most strenuous efforts of the New York banks during the past year have failed to bring their reserve up to anywhere near the legal requirement?

"Unprecedented activity and prosperity, railroad necessities, corporation borrowing, undigested securities—these are responsible for the present disorder," says the United States Investor, on the question of why money is tight. More holding companies, further centralization, would naturally increase the activity, the railroad necessities, the corporation borrowing, and the amount of undigested securities, and bring out to plain view the fact that we have already exhausted our available floating capital. It would create a demand for money which could not be met. Our own banks now have more demand than they can take care of, and England and Germany are not over-anxious to lend. A pause, therefore, is absolutely necessary in order to allow money to accumulate in the ordinary course of wealth production.

Another important factor in the present situation is the increasing power of the working class. They are better organized now than ever before, more intelligent, more insistent, and more thoroughly alive to their rights. They have been promised prosperity—they see it on all sides of them—and they are now asking for their share of it, after finding that the cost of living has increased to a greater degree than their wages have, leaving them worse off than before. There are strikes and rumors of strikes every way one turns; and strikes, say what you will, mean a reduction of profits to the capitalist. The Union Pacific, for instance, has already lost millions on the strike it now has on its hands.

Then, there are those pestilent Socialists, with their talk about the Nation owning the Trusts, filling the minds of the workingmen with the idea that they have a right to the full product of their labor. They are increasing. They are electing mayors and representatives, and sweeping whole towns in Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Montana. They have able men among them, too, who understand what is going on, and know how to interpret passing events.

And these two bodies are within an ace of joining forces! If they should combine, and if a tremendous financial crash should come —!

To quote again from The Investor: "The whole industrial and financial situation is like a huge balloon, into which some mischievous person is likely to stick a pin at any moment." The possible pin is danger enough—though we may, with care, be able to keep mischievous persons at a respectful distance from it. But at all hazards we must refrain from forcing more gas into the already too-much-distended baloon, on pain of a terrific explosion.

Therefore, Mr. Morgan must needs, for the time being, possess his soul in patience, and give the money market an opportunity to regain its equilibrium.

CHILD LABOR VERSUS EDUCATION

J. G. PHELPS STOKES

THE reports recently issued by the New York Child Labor Committee have aroused widespread interest, and have shown so clearly the usual evil effects of such labor upon the child and through him upon the community, that the State Legislature has responded with legislation of a quite radical nature intended to restrict Child Labor within narrow bounds, and to aid the public school authorities in securing more regular school attendance. * The Committee found that it was no uncommon thing in the State of New York for children of thirteen and fourteen to work in factories and shops ten hours a day, six days in the week, for two to three dollars per week. A few examples will perhaps be of interest, as being illustrative of what the Committee declare to be "typical conditions" of Child Labor in New York, as for instance the following: "According to her employment certificate Angelino Perati is fifteen years old, but her actual age is twelve. She works in a flower factory from seven-thirty in the morning until six in the evening. In the evenings she helps her mother and younger sister make artificial flowers at home. She is in pitiful condition . . . . In all her life she has attended school just one month." The former law contained provisions intended to restrict child labor to such children as could secure certificates from or issued

*The following are some of the results accomplished:—

(1) The perjury of parents regarding the age of their children in order to secure their employment in factories and stores under the age of fourteen, is made impossible by the requirement that a birth or baptismal certificate or other religious record or passport shall be filed as evidence of age.

(2) Vacation work in stores, previously allowed to children twelve to fourteen years of age, is now forbidden in all the larger cities (i.e., cities technically known as "cities of the first and second classes").

(3) A nine-hour day is established for children fourteen to sixteen years of age in factories and stores, in place of a ten-hour day with a provision for overtime which made the law practically unenforceable.

(4) Telegraph, messenger and delivery boys, hitherto unprotected in their work, are given the same protection accorded to children working in stores.

(5) By a special law no boy may sell newspapers in New York or Buffalo under the age of ten, and newsboys between the ages of ten and fourteen must receive a license and badge, to be issued by the Board of Education, and areallowed to sell newspapers not later than 10 p. m.

(6) The compulsory education age is raised from twelve to fourteen, being thus made to agree with the age below which child labor in factories and stores is forbidden.

(7) It is now made unlawful in New York State "for any person, firm or corporation to employ any child under fourteen years of age in any business or service whatever, during any part of the term during which the public schools of the district in which the child resides are in session; or to employ any child between fourteen and sixteen years of age who does not" present a properly authenticated certificate from the educational authorities, showing that the child has received a reasonable amount of public school or other education.

by authority of the Board of Health, to the effect that the applicant in each case was as much as fourteen years of age, and had had an indefinitely specified amount of schooling, and was physically able to perform the work proposed. But these provisions were easily and constantly evaded. The law provided, for instance, that as a rule the child should have attended a school where certain specified subjects were taught, but omitted to require that the child should have received instruction in those branches. "Thirteen-year-old Jennie Chianti 'had to say she was fourteen to get her certificate,' according to the statement of her sister . . . . Every day except Sunday she works from eight in the morning to six in the evening in a factory where she helps trim dresses . . . . Her weekly wages [from this factory] are two dollars and a half." On Sundays and in the evenings she is regularly occupied in doing piece-work at home for another manufacturer. "Milly Agricola and Mary Pelota worked in a legging factory from seven-thirty in the morning until six in the evening, with half an hour for luncheon. Each is thirteen years old and each receives two dollars per week." "Peter Basto is regularly employed in a button factory to sew buttons on cards. He has his certificate, though he is still only thirteen years old, and though he is but four feet in height and conspicuously undeveloped. He works six days in the week from seven-thirty o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night, with an intermission of half an hour at noon. In return for his sixty-six hours of work each week, he receives a wage of two dollars and a half." And so on throughout the Committee's reports, distressing illustrations continue of common forms of child labor.

The long continued toil of children, under close confinement, is of itself bad enough, but when the manual toil deprives them of opportunity for education, the unfairness and injustice of the system becomes strikingly apparent. "Children frequently say," declare the Committee, "I can never go to school any more; I have my working papers." Their history bears out this statement. When they leave school at eleven, twelve, or thirteen, they leave it for all time. A young woman who had grown up among the factory workers in a densely crowded section, stated that she knew scarcely a girl who had not begun work before the age of fourteen; and the principal of an East Side school informed the Committee that three out of five of the child labor certificates that had come to her for endorsement, bore affidavits of the parents which she knew from their school records to be false, the actual ages of the children, as shown by the school records, being frequently from one to three years less than as falsely sworn to in the labor certificates. Even when the children were manifestly so under-age as to be unable to secure such certificates, it seems that unscrupulous employers have found no difficulty in availing themselves of the children's labor during as long hours as they desired; for under the old law children might work for their parents or for members of their family, without restriction, no matter how young they might be. By taking advantage of the opportunities thus afforded to get around the law, unscrupulous employers would arrange with employees of legal age that under-age sons or daughters or brothers or

sisters should apparently be assisting them. In consideration of the children's "assistance" the adult members of the families would then receive larger wages than they could otherwise earn. As the children under such circumstances would be lawfully aiding their relatives and receiving no pay from the employers, their labor would be beyond the reach of the law.

The case of fourteen-year-old Lena Schwartz is given as being typical of the cases of a great number of children whose conditions of employment are "even worse" than that of the average of the child laborer. "During the busy season she 'dips' candy five days in the week from seven in the morning until nine at night, and on the other day from eight till nine, with thirty minutes for supper. Her aggregate number of hours per week during the busy season is seventy-eight and one-half. She has weak eyes, the result of previously working late in the night . . . . and round shoulders and a hollow chest, largely due to the exhausting condition of her present occupation." In five large factories in New York City the day for child labor was found to begin at seven-thirty in the morning, and to end at seven, seven-thirty, nine, or even ten, in the evening, with thirty minutes for luncheon.

Other varieties of prevalent abuses of child labor are cited; as, for example, the case of a little fellow, Tony Rozzi, twelve years old, who is made to deliver bread from six to eight-thirty in the mornings, before school, and again after school from three-thirty to nine in the evenings. In a letter to the Committee, a teacher in one of the public schools wrote of a nine-year-old pupil: "James seems dull and listless most of the time. After school every day he rolls cigarettes in the factory, for which he is paid fifty cents a week. On Saturdays he works from seven in the morning until nine at night, and on Sundays half of the day. James began as a cigarette-maker when six years old." Such are some of the facts in regard to the exploitation of children in our "Empire State." There is no need of multiplying illustrations. The grave misuses that are being made of the feeble powers of children, demand attention. In the greatest and richest State of our Union, industrial and social conditions are such that the health, and strength, and liberty of little children are very frequently sacrificed for pecuniary gain. But the evil is not confined to New York, nor, in fact, are the evils here, bad as they are, quite so flagrantly bad as in some other States where there is no legal restriction on the labor of children of any kind whatever, nor as in other States where legislative restrictions of child labor are even more rudimentary than in New York. Mr. William C. Hunt, chief statistician for population of the United States Census Bureau, is quoted by Mr. William S. Waudby, Special Agent of the United States Department of Labor, as stating that on the mainland of the United States there were in the year 1900 approximately one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand children from ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive, reported as engaged "in gainful occupations." *

Much has been written about the child labor evils in the Southern States, but according to Mr. Waudby, "authentic statistics of the Government show that the State of Pennsylvania alone has many more of these little

* Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, April, '03.

workers employed than have the combined Southern States. . . . Hundreds of thousands of little children (throughout the United States) are being defrauded of their American heritage—the right to a liberal education—by being compelled to work in the mills, the mines and the workshops, thus being stunted in body as well as in mind." In Pennsylvania, in the year 1900, there were employed, according to Mr. Waudby, in the anthracite coal industry alone, an aggregate of 34,003 boys from twelve to fifteen years of age; and he states that in the States of Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, and the District of Columbia, no legislation of any kind as to the hours of labor of children, prevails. In California the minimum age limit for employment in factories, workshops or mercantile establishments, is given as ten years. The legislature of South Carolina recently defeated a bill to prohibit the employment of children under the age of twelve in its factories and mills; yet Mr. Waudby declares that he has received reliable information to the effect that "there were over one thousand children between the ages of six and fourteen employed in five cotton factories within a mile of the State Capitol." "Alabama had an age limit at one time, but it was abolished a few years ago. . . . . North Carolina has not attempted any legislation, notwithstanding the fact that there are employed in that State 3,857 boys and 4,129 girls under fourteen years of age, whose period of labor ranges from ten to over twelve hours per day." New Hampshire's minimum age limit is given as twelve years, and Rhode Island's as twelve. Iowa, Missouri and West Virginia prohibit boys under twelve from working "in the mines," and Alabama, in its beneficence, prohibits children under ten from so working!

When we consider the street trade in our large cities we find that the conditions are in some repects still worse, particularly among newsboys and those employed in the delivery of goods. Mr. Ernest Poole, of the University Settlement, has made this phase of the child labor situation the subject of extended investigation, and his report is of the greatest interest. The advantages of life in the open air are found to be offset by longer hours and often by more exhausting or demoralizing circumstances of employment. "One little chap of eleven, living in Brooklyn, gets up at four in the morning regularly and delivers until school hours. After school he sells till eleven at night. It takes him some time to get home. He has but four hours' sleep. Can he be blamed for piecing this out by snatches of sleep at school? He is only one among scores of these younger newsboys who are reported as constantly dozing through school hours. Is it the friendly, human thing to let them go on? Are they having a fair chance?" "Some twenty school superintendents give the same report, that newsboys are generally backward and ungovernable . . . . Lack of sleep is, no doubt, one main reason, and the other is found in the excitements of the street, which make lessons seem dull and monotonous by comparison. From the teachers come scores of pathetic tales about boys of eight, nine and ten; some undersized, pale and so physically tired and weak that all real progress is impossible. Many are cross and irritable. Others are restless and wholly irregular in attendance." "Bernard S. worked

from five o'clock in the morning until twelve at night. His brother worked from six until eight in the morning, and from five until eleven at night. Morton P. sold from noon at intervals until one o'clock the next morning. All five boys selling papers at ten or under. They were committed through the courts for ungovernableness or theft." The records of the New York Juvenile Asylum are found to indicate that there exists a causative relation between juvenile street trades and much of juvenile delinquency. The President of the New Jersey State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, arguing recently for legislative regulation of child labor in that State, is quoted by the Child Labor Committee as saying, "I find that over thirty per cent. of the street newsboys and bootblacks become inmates of our penal institutions." "Of the five thousand newsboys [in New York City]" says Mr. Poole, reporting to the Child Labor Committee, after six months of admirably conducted investigation, "at least one-half reach manhood handicapped for regular steady work by enduring habits of irregularity and restlessness; with no real school training, with no training whatever in regular trade or business; with none of that training which comes from a bright, natural boyhood. At least five hun dred have learned to live by the earnings of vice and crime and vagrancy," and significantly adds that "in the years ahead there are thousands more coming."

Such are the facts. Where is the remedy? Doubtless a complete remedy for the child labor evil could not be found without abolishing most child labor; for those who pass through it unimpaired in body, mind and character are relatively few. The average child laborer cannot expect to cope successfully in after life with those whose childhood has been spent in school, and at home and at play, in preparation for the duties and opportunities to come. To be sure, individuals can be pointed out here and there who have risen from the ranks of child labor to eminence and success; in many cases strengthened by the struggles through which they have passed. But as has been well said by a friend of the children: "Show me such persons and I shall frankly admit the exceptions; and I shall then refer you to the other persons who have been far stronger after typhoid fever than before!" Yet no one would recommend indulgence in typhoid fever as a means to the development of health. It must be evident, upon reflection, that child labor under prevailing conditions of employment is not apt to be conducive to the physical, intellectual or moral welfare of the child. Childhood should be so spent that good citizenship may follow. And how can good citizenship come, where its essentials—health, knowledge and character—are sacrificed in children for the sake of transitory financial gain? Surely no one who keeps a farm or a ranch would expect his young colts to develop into healthy and vigorous horses if set to work too early, or if kept shut up from morning till night and all night, too, in stables, or sheds, or other places of close confinement. And it would be the same with calves or sheep, or young stock of any kind. Opportunities for the enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine, and for free exercise and rest, are as necessary to the production of strong and vigorous men, as to the development of strong and vigorous cattle. Even in many of our

modern prisons we see to it that the adult prisoners exercise for an hour or two in the open air each day; where kept confined without exercise their liability to tuberculosis and other diseases enormously increases. But for the health of the innocent children in our factories and shops no such thoughtful care is taken.

Health, knowledge and character are essential if an individual is to attain to the highest usefulness of which he is capable. Child labor is rarely conducive to health; and as rarely to knowledge of such kinds as aid to the development of character. The knowledge of the child laborer is apt to be limited to a rudimentary understanding of the requirements of his trade or occupation. He is apt to be, for the time being, little more than an instrument, tool or machine, with little or no knowledge of social relations, and perhaps with no social concepts whatever. The social nature of children must be awakened, and individualistic tendencies, when present, must be replaced by social tendencies and by the spirit of fairness and right, if that sense of human brotherhood is to develop which is essential to the complete prosperity of the people and to social happiness and peace. The child, like every other living thing, grows by the exercise of inherent creative faculties, and the direction of that growth, and whether for better or worse, depends upon the nature and trend of underlying creative activities and on the nature and character of outside influences in the environment in which the growth takes place. The underlying creative tendency is inherent from birth; if uninfluenced, it will follow its hereditary bent, whether for good or ill; but it never does remain uninfluenced by the environment in which it is. The child is constantly developing in one direction or another; toward social citizenship, or towards selfishness and wrong-doing. We, the people, can determine under what conditions of environment that development shall proceed. As a great philosopher has told us,

"'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Education of head, hand and heart will awaken and develop in children all their latent capacity for strong and useful citizenship, and all their latent aptitude for joyful social service. Neglect to provide that education, and ours will be the blame, if selfish and narrow lives continue to postpone the day when glad co-operation by all to promote the welfare of the whole will end the era of social distress, and herald the dawn of peace.

PLAYING TO THE PIT

HORACE TRAUBEL

WHEN an actor is a little too loud or a little too low he is accused of "playing to the galleries." When he is insincere, when he gets offside, when he over-accentuates his text or vulgarizes his gestures, he is declared to be "playing to the galleries." All the vice of the stage is supposed to be played for the galleries. All the virtue goes to the elect on the first floor. If you have doubts about this, put the question to the first dramatic critic you meet. He has the ready-made phrase always inked on his pen. It runs to paper with a suspicious readiness. And he will roll it off

to you from a tongue you cannot doubt.

Yet you may doubt, too. I am fond of the theater. And the gallery of the theater is hospitable and informal and cheap. And so I am a confirmed god. My divinity has been tested by the quarter dollars of a quarter of a century.

Somehow I do not feel played to when an actor is fustianing his part. Or if played to I am not won. And I do not feel that I am played to when a preacher in his pulpit is trying to trick his audience. And I do not feel played to when my editorial confreres are perplexing me hide and seek in verbal gymnastics.

The gallery is always supposed to be played to. The gallery is the poor. The gallery is homespun. And homespun is supposed to be easily fooled. And the man is a dupe in the proportion in which he has failed to make money. And the gallery has dirty hands. And the gallery is indecent and vulgar. And the gallery likes bad English.

The minister pays court to this gallery. So we are assured. And the poets and scribblers. When a public man becomes a liar he plays to the gallery.

Why should the gallery be compelled to shoulder all the sins of the calendar?

Art plays to the pit. As a matter of fact our formal art is the pit. Art plays its insincerity to the first floor. Art is true to the gallery and false to the pit. It treats the pit to the quibble and the evasion. The pit demands to be flattered. And when the church goes wrong it is in the service of the pit. The pit is the advertiser. The advertiser runs the newspaper. You can no more get away from the pit than get away from the fuel in your fire or the sun in your day.

Plain men are supposed to have bad manners because their manners are plain. And good taste is supposed to gather its inspiration from good clothes. But the plain man may have all essential refinement. And a proper habit may cover a corrupt body. For real manners travel with sympathy. They may go wrong at the table. They may go wrong at the reception. But in average life they will be found equal to the diplomacies of personal conduct.

What gallery are you playing to when you hem and haw yourself away in social insincerities? And when you are hat off to a trade you know to be dishonest? And when you bubble yourself up and out to please the parlor? And when you make your office a conspiracy?

Who is it that demands so to be played to, in life and on the stage, through all the four seasons of each year, and to the very x y z of the alphabet? And whose prejudices are more pedestaled? You demand the false play. And then when the play is made you call it a "play to the galleries." You sit down below in your complacent superiority and call the gallery hard names.

The tricksters and trimmers play to the ground floor. They cultivate the gentleman and the lady. They collar and cuff themselves for the boudoir, not the bedroom.

Do not think that I am shying bricks. I am only reciting history. I do not blame the scoundrels. I wonder there are not more scamps. Our social system is ingeniously constituted for the production of the derelict. It is not nearly so well adapted for the production of the saint.

I am throwing down on your baldheads and best dressed worshippers below an epithet which the gallery tries on itself and finds does not fit.

The gallery affords us a very inclusive point of view. We sit up there with the chandelier and the skylight and regard with augmented enlightenment the efforts of the pit to make virtues meet. The gallery is spontaneous and immediate. The so-called common people are near enough to the earth to be at any time within reach of its roots. The gallery has not been overdone. It never puts on airs. It demonstrates the vitality of labor. It pays less for its ticket but more for its life. It wears a heavy shoe. But it has a light heart. The gallery lives nearer the sources of justice.

I have known the gallery many times to frown down the play. And I have known the gallery to rebuke noisy gossippers in boxes, and fussy ushers, and the duderies of the castes in the pit. And I notice that the gallery applauds at the right place. And I notice that the gallery has the courage to weep. And I have seen preachers whose gallery steadied them for religion. And politicians whose gallery strengthened them for statesmanship. And writers whose gallery put nerve and love into their pens.

You may play to the gallery and may fool it. But the gallery does not ask for the play and does not like to be fooled. But the pit demands your deference. It requires of you the last drop of blood. And while I do not think all insincerities are played to the pit, I contend that the pit is there whip in hand demanding its full due. And that pit may be your church, your congress, your newspaper, your home.

The play is often played exclusively to the suit of clothes you wear. The sermon is often preached wholly to the dinner you gave the preacher night before last. The essay may be every word written in spaniel gratitude and expectation. You are the pit and the beggar is your artist. You know you do not wish him to tell the truth. You know that you would not tolerate him if he got in the habit of making your ideas the subject of unpleasant skepticism. The situation reveals your Shylock. And the last drop of blood you must have. And after you have your last drop of blood your artist or your artizan is left with empty veins. When the pit is wholly victorious art is wholly defeated.

The pillars of the church are its pit. And all the sermons are preached to the pillars. The preacher does not need to care what the pauper in the back row thinks of his sermon. He has to take care of the cash box. And the pit is the cash box.

When we consider how we have laughed, and snarled, and shattered the threads of personal and social honor, we may not marvel to find priests and teachers bought and sold. We should marvel rather that any remain honest. Or that any remain sensitive enough to suffer from their bonds. For the complication is one that leaves you little option. We are so pledged to each other, we are so sworn to the dishonors of the flesh, we are so beholden to secondary impulses and trade ideals, that no one man can see a path by which he, as an individual, may escape. And this is why we do not play so much to the gallery as to the pit. For at present the pit holds the keys of reward. And so the pit is played to. But when the average man once learns to know who is the honest custodian of the keys, the gallery will be let down, and no house will thereafter be constructed with reference to castes and classes.

I not only wish to get the play out of the pit. I wish to get rid of the pit itself. The pit exists because of a social wrong. When that wrong is revised the pit will disappear. The pit is an aristocracy. All your schools are aristocracies. Culture is largely a caste affair. The great colleges and universities are inheritances of exploitation. But for endowments they could not exist. And these endowments are conferred because of the labor, though not by the wish, of the social mass. But the scholarships are for the few. Whose gallery is played to when the college appears? Or do you think it was by supreme plays to the gallery, the plays of fraud, that the endowed cultures were enabled to secure and solidify their interests? Are the endowed monopolies in culture the logical return of your plays to the gallery?

After all, we want all free or no one free. Or, rather, we know that no one can be free till all are free. And the gallery must not be played to. And the pit must not be played to. And all present galleries and pits must be destroyed. And we must promise the artist that he need not play to anybody. And, in fact, no man must play to anybody but himself. And until men are left free to play to themselves, with no obligations except to themselves, the thing we call civilization will in substance be prohibited.

Every man lives today by the sufferance of somebody else. No man lives in his own right, by his own will, enjoying the privilege of his own yes and no. The gallery plays to the gallery. Pit calls to pit. Every man plays to somebody else. No man plays to himself. Yet we think that with such factors dragging down our ideals we may still produce the concrete man in the image of his intrinsic nobility. We have all the materials. But we do not mix them right. I do not accuse the materials. I do not even accuse the mix. But I appeal from mix to mix. We want to get men in such relations to each other as to permit the most spontaneous, and therefore potential, interflow of feeling. And that is impossible as long as we are born, and bred, and die in the debtor's prison we now call life. For if I owe nothing I give everything. But if I am forced into debt I avoid all the payments I can. Until men are out of debt they cannot actually train for social honors. Men will not borrow or beg unless they must. But men will steal if they can. So we will make stealing unnecessary. We will turn the pit loose to the gallery and the gallery to the pit, and both to the play, and let the historic struggle translate man in the language of a higher consensus.

I do not ask any man to be honest. I am not dismayed if men dip into the mud. There is life in the mud. I do not try to fit impossible doubles. But first of all I am anxious to get certain elements out of their present tangle. And then these elements will assume more equitable relations. For man must not play for or against man. We must not condone the cut-throat rivalries that today are the desert lands of our commercialism. We conspire to formulate a situation in which men are of one substance in man and of one effect in history. The social body is now cheated of its best blood. We have multiplied our factions. We have contracted our amities. We have compelled men to open themselves for bids. What will you, who are the gallery—you, who are the pit—give for

a man? How much will you pay for a slave of the first class? What is it the player sells? What is it the playgoer buys? Not the play. Men, women, children. Do you like the price current in souls? Do you assert the fatherhood of poverty and the brotherhood of purchase? Is it for this we have advanced and is it for this this we are still to advance? Is evolution to wind up in a human bill of sale? Is history a play to that flaming pit to which ancient theologies have dedicated the best fuel of the human race? Do you throw all emphasis against man? How can man be man while you compel him to bid for your favor? And after you have bought man you find yourself with empty hands. The great democracy will not come to you consigned through some commercial incident. Man will not come to put you in debt. Man will come to make you free. And before men can free man, man must free men. And whether your play is to the gallery or the pit it is against man. And the artist you hire is not writing you odes. He is writing you epitaphs.

JOHN D., THE POWERFUL

OF all men on earth, the most interesting is John D. Rockefeller—interesting, that is to say, in power and possibilities.

There is no such man elsewhere, and there has never been such another.

His qualities are very great—it is more than probable that he fails to recognize them, for we never really see ourselves or our mental equipment.

He has power of many kinds. He is courageous, persistent, patient, capable of organization. He understands human nature, and especially the extent to which human nature may safely be disregarded. He fits exactly the exact present in which his opportunities find scope.

Above everything, he sees clearly into the future—the small, tiny future that limits his own possibilities of activity. Where another man sees a mere kerosene oil lamp, he sees a financial empire. Where another prepares to meet circumstances, he arranges circumstances to meet him.

From tne financial, moral point of view, he is the python's first cousin. He can dine, if necessary, on a rabbit. He can stretch, if opportunity offers, and swallow a buffalo. The opportunity has offered itself, and he has swallowed the American buffalo. He lies, distended and quiet, as his heavy coils stretch across this continent and across the oceans to Europe and Asia. There is no present harm in him. He has more than he wants—but he will probably swallow more. He is too full to be dangerously active—but his eye is sharp, though half slumbering, and it is dangerous to come within reach of him; his gentlest touch is death to the foolishly inquisitive.

Money controls our masses, as shown

in their voting for what they hate; a few able but subservient men control the political destinies of the masses—Rockefeller controls the money and the managing men.

Add to Rockefeller's qualities imagination and personal ambition and you would have the most dangerous enemy of humanity, for his pocketbook can hire a million men daily and influence fifty million others.

But kind Providence keeps Niagara strictly within her banks, as it holds the biggest ocean waves within their bounds—and Rockefeller has no imagination, and no ambition, except the desire to play on his game to the end. He is hemmed in by his own mental bounds.

Give to Rockefeller knowledge guided by philanthropy, and human happiness would hurry to us ahead of time. But we are planned and wound up to work out our own salvation through long effort and self sacrifice—it is not given to any of us little creatures to do too much. Mr. Rockefeller must be content to have on his tombstone, "Greatest of those that ever made money." It will never be said of him, "Greatest of those that ever spent money."

What is money?

Simply the power of one man to control the efforts of other men.

Alexander controlled at first a few thousand men of Macedonia—as Rockefeller controlled a few thousand dollars of Ohio.

Alexander used his few thousand Macedonians to gain control of millions of Persians and others, and he was the world's great emperor. Rockefeller has used his few thousands of dollars to gain control of millions and tens of millions and hundreds of millions and thousands of millions of other dollars, and he is now the world's great emperor.

Every dollar controls one day in the life of some one man. Every dollar can direct some one man's energies for one day. Rockefeller's money can control more men—ten times over—than can be controlled by any other man.

The Egyptian kings compel us to remember their names, because they controlled men, and thus could build the pyramids. Through a combination of military power, religious superstition and general ignorance they gained control of men, and were kings. But how much safer a king is Rockefeller. His men do not require feeding. On the contrary, those dollar men can be safely locked up in banks, and instead of eating between wars, they bring in interest—they reproduce their kind with no marriage ceremony or expense. Rockefeller's dollar men never strike and never rebel. They never overthrow the king. They never complain of long hours, they do not rust in our air-tight safe deposit—and thieves cannot break in and steal, for the securities are not negotiable.

Mr. Rockefeller's power is not understood by the people at large. He himself may not thoroughly understand it. It has outgrown his own ideas and ambitions. He practically owns all the natural mineral oil in the United States—it has been proved in Texas and elsewhere that this oil is worthless unless owned by him, since the railroads dare not handle it without his consent. Therefore the oil is, or will be, his.

It is said that Mr Rockefeller owns now a thousand millions of dollars. That may describe fairly the actual number of dollars that he actually owns in money. It does not describe his fortune. The present and future control of the mineral oils of this country means in itself alone a fortune of five thousand millions at the lowest estimate, and at present prices. Mr. Rockefeller can increase this as much as he chooses by increasing the price of these oil products. By a simple order he doubled the price of gasoline as soon as he realized that automobiles were going to increase the demand.

He can double that price again, or the price of crude oil, whenever he chooses.

There is no use talking about the exact value of Rockefeller's wealth. It is certain that if he should undertake at this moment to sell at market prices all

that he owns, there would not be enough money in the United States, and perhaps in the whole world, to pay the actual cash value of his possessions. The banks would have to manufacture extra paper money, after using up all the existing money, to pay the amount that would be owing to him.

He owns many railroads and controls all the railroads. None would dare to oppose him seriously. He is training one of his sons as a railroad manager, that there may be somebody left behind him to manage a railroad monopoly as he has managed the oil monopoly.

He owns every little kerosene lamp in the most distant farmhouse.

He owns the electric lighting and gas lighting of New York City, and of other great cities.

He controls the street railroads of New York, and of many other cities besides.

In short, it is useless to think of computing the total amount of his possessions. That total amount is really not important, since it is known that money is king, and that he is the king of money.

It is somewhat appalling to reflect what this money power might do.

Mr. Rockefeller already has a reputation for paying his employees well. He probably controls directly and indirectly a million voting workmen. Suppose that he should choose to double the pay of all these workmen, or treble their pay—taking the increase out of the general public. With a million working voters, prosperous through him, and dependent on him for prosperity, he could control every election in the United States, from that of President to that of Alderman. He could control the Senate and Congress by moving his men in bulk from one doubtful State to another before election day. He could be literally a king if he chose. But, fortunately, he is not ambitious in that way. And very fortunately, also, the man who has the fox's qualities is no lion. The rival of Napoleon never comes from the commissariat department, and Rockefeller is the genius of the commissariat, not of the battlefield.

When we contemplate John D. Rockefeller and his vast idle power, the feeling should be one of great thankfulness. In the olden times the character of the king meant a great deal to all of the people. He made the masses happy, or he made them miserable. The old kings ruled conditions.

But conditions rule Rockefeller. And modern ideas of human decency rule Rockefeller, a fact for which he should be given full credit.

He is not ostentatious, he sets no bad example by the very great spending of money, he stirs up no hatred in this way.

He does not employ dozens or scores or hundreds of useless servants, as did the rich men in the olden times. From the point of view of political economy, he is much less harmful than one of the old bishops, who kept hundreds or thousands of men idle as a private bodyguard.

It would be difficult to find in this country, on the whole, a better guardian of the vast Rockefeller fortune than is John D. Rockefeller himself. For he is in reality only a guardian. He gets very little out of the world—the simplest of meals commanded by his poor digestion, the simplest of pleasures, an occasional game of golf, on which he will bet one dollar, but never more.

* * * * * * *

We know that divine wisdom, worked out through human agencies, will not always permit the family of Rockefellers, or any other family, to control the nation's financial power.

It is to be hoped that the change will be gradual, that the proprietors may always be as harmless, modest and really useful as the present Rockefeller, and that the great change which will make the many own all, instead of the one owning many, may come about slowly, painlessly, kindly and scientifically.

Meanwhile, every intelligent American should study with interest, and a sense of personal responsibility, our most striking national feature, John D. Rockefeller, his possessions, character and purposes.—N. Y. American.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER V—THOSE ON THE EDGE.

MY FIRST impression of East London was naturally a general one. Later the details began to appear, and here and there in the chaos of misery I found little spots where a fair measure of happiness reigned—sometimes whole rows of houses in little out-of-the-way streets, where artisans dwell and where a rude sort of family life obtains. In the evenings men can be seen at the doors, pipes in their mouths and children on their knees, wives gossiping, and laughter and fun going on. The content of these people is manifestly great, for, relative to the wretchedness that encompasses them, they are well off.

But at the best it is a dull, animal happiness, the content of the full belly. The dominant note of their lives is materialistic. They are stupid and heavy, and without imagination. The Abyss seems to exude a stupifying atmosphere of torpor, which wraps about them and deadens them. Religion passes them by. The unseen holds for them neither terror nor delight. They are unaware of the unseen, and the full belly and the evening pipe, with their regular 'arf and arf', is all they demand, or dream of demanding, from existence.

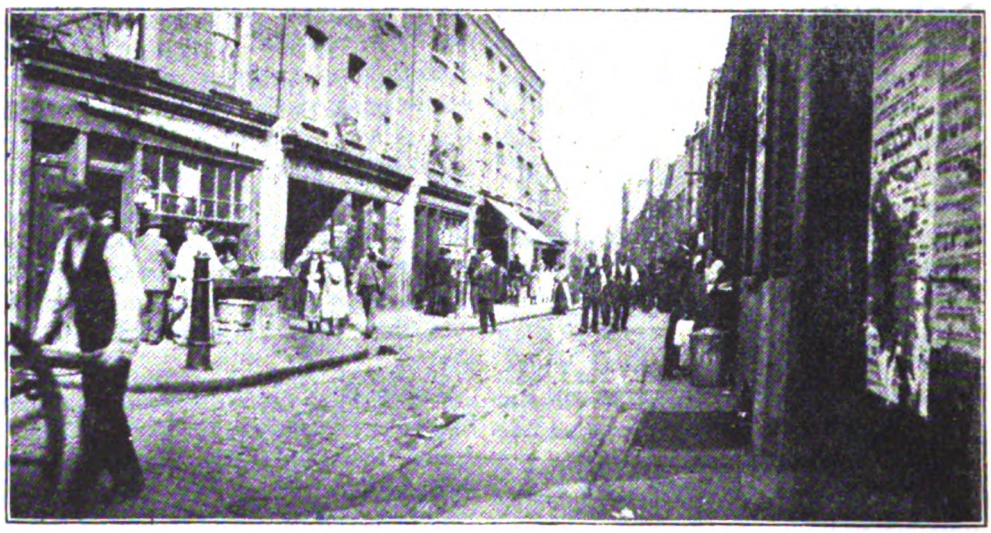
This would not be so bad if it were all; but it is not all. The satisfied torpor in which they are sunk, is the deadly inertia that precedes dissolution. There is no progress, and with them not to progress is to fall back and into the Abyss. In their own lives they may only start to fall, leaving the fall to be completed by their children and their children's children. Man always gets less than he demands from life; and so little do they demand, that the less than little they get cannot save them.

At the best, city life is an unnatural life for the human; but the city life of London is so utterly unnatural that the average workman or workwoman cannot stand it. Mind and body are sapped by the undermining influences ceaselessly at work. Moral and physical stamina are broken, and the good workman, fresh from the soil, becomes in the first city-generation, a poor workman; and by the second city-generation devoid of push and go and initiative, and actually unable physically to perform the labor his father did, he is well on his way to the shambles at the bottom of the Abyss.

If nothing else, the air he breathes and from which he never escapes, is sufficient to weaken him mentally and physically, so that he becomes unable

to compete with the fresh virile life from the country hastening on to London Town to destroy and be destroyed.

Leaving out the disease germs that fill the air of the East End, consider but the one item of smoke. Sir William Thistleton-Dyer, curator of Kew Gardens, has been studying smoke deposits on vegetation, and, according to his calculations, no less than six tons of solid matter, consisting of soot and tarry hydro-carbons, are deposited



"An East End Residence Street."

every week on every quarter of a square mile in and about London. This is equivalent to twenty-four tons per week to the square mile, or 1,248 tons per year to the square mile. From the cornice below the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, was recently taken a solid deposit of crystalized sulphate of lime. This deposit had been formed by the action of sulphuric acid in the atmosphere upon the carbonate of lime in the stone. And this sulphuric acid in the atmosphere is constantly being breathed by the London workmen through all the days and nights of their lives.

It is incontrovertible that the children grow up into rotten adults, without virility or stamina, a weak-kneed, narrow-chested, listless breed, that crumples up and goes down in the brute struggle for life with the invading hordes from the country. The railway men, carriers, omnibus drivers, corn and timber porters, and all those who require physical stamina, are largely drawn from the country; while in the Metropolitan Police there are, roughly, 12,000 country-born as against 3,000 London-born.

So one is forced to conclude that the Abyss is literally a huge, man-killing machine, and when I pass along the little out-of-the-way streets with the full-bellied artisans at the doors, I am aware of a greater sorrow for them than for the 450,000 lost and hopeless wretches dying at the bottom of the pit. They, at least, are dying, that is the point; while these have yet to go

through the slow and preliminary pangs extending through two and even three generations.

And yet the quality of the life is good. All human potentialities are in it. Given proper conditions it could live through the centuries, and great men, heroes and masters, spring from it and make the world better by having lived.

I talked with a woman who was representative of that type which has been jerked out of its little-out-of-the-way streets and has started on the fatal fall to the bottom. Her husband was a fitter, and a member of the Engineer's Union. That he was a poor engineer was evidenced by his inability to get regular employment. He did not have the energy and enterprise necessary to obtain or hold a steady position.

The pair had two daughters, and the four of them lived in a couple of holes, called "rooms" by courtesy, and for which they paid seven shillings per week. They possessed no stove, managing their cooking on a single gas-ring in the fireplace. Not being persons of property, they were unable to obtain an unlimited supply of gas; but a clever machine had been installed for their benefit. By dropping a penny in the slot the gas was forthcoming, and when a penny's worth had forthcome the supply was automatically shut off. "A penny gawn in no time," she explained, "an' the cookin' not 'arf done!"

Incipient starvation had been their portion for years. Month in and month out, they had arisen from the table able and willing to eat more. And when once on the downward slope, chronic innutrition is an important factor in sapping vitality and hastening the descent.

Yet this woman was a hard worker. From 4.30 in the morning till the last light at night, she said, she had toiled at making cloth dress skirts, lined up and with two flounces, for seven shillings a dozen. Cloth dress skirts, mark you, lined up and with two flounces, for seven shillings a dozen! This is equal to $1.75 per dozen, or 14¾ cents per skirt.

The husband, in order to obtain employment, had to belong to the union, which collected one shilling and six pence from him each week. Also, when strikes were afoot and he chanced to be working, he had at times been compelled to pay as high as seventeen shillings into the union's coffers for the relief fund.

One daughter, the elder, had worked as green hand for a dress maker, for one shilling and six pence per week—37½ cents per week, or a fraction over 5 cents per day. However, when the slack season came she was discharged, though she had been taken on at such low pay with the understanding that she was to learn the trade and work up. After that she had been employed in a bicycle store for three years, for which she received five shillings per week, walking two miles to her work, and two back, and being fined for tardiness.

As far as the man and woman were concerned, the game was played. They had lost hand-hold and foot-hold and were falling into the pit. But what of the daughters? Living like swine, enfeebled by chronic innutrition, being sapped mentally, morally, and physically, what chance have they to crawl up out of the Abyss into which they were born falling?

As I write this, and for an hour past, the air had been made hideous by a free-for-all, rough-and-tumble fight

going on in the yard that is back to back with my yard. When the first sounds reached me I took it for the barking and snarling of dogs, and some minutes were required to convince me that human beings, and women at that, could produce such a fearful clamor.

Drunken women fighting! It is not nice to think of; it is far worse to listen to. Something like this it runs:

Incoherent babble, shrieked at the top of the lungs of several women; a lull, in which is heard a child crying and a young girl's voice pleading tearfully; a woman's voice rises, harsh and grating, "You 'it me! Jest you 'it me!"; then, swat! challenge accepted and fight rages afresh.

The back windows of the houses commanding the scene are lined with enthusiastic spectators, and the sounds of blows, and of oaths that make one's blood run cold, are borne to my ears. Happily I cannot see the combatants.

A lull; "You let that child alone!"; child, evidently of few years, screaming in downright terror; "Awright," repeated insistently and at top pitch twenty times straight running; "You'll git this rock on the 'ead!"; and then rock evidently on the head from the shriek that goes up.

A lull; apparently one combatant temporarily disabled and being resuscitated; child's voice audible again, but now sunk to a lower note of terror and growing exhaustion.

Voices begin to go up the scale, something like this:

"Yes?"
"Yes!"
"Yes?"
"Yes!"
"Yes?"
"Yes!"
"Yes?"
"Yes!"
Ad nauseam.

Sufficient affirmation on both sides, conflict again precipitated. One combatant gets overwhelming advantage and follows it up from the way other combatant screams bloody murder. Bloody murder gurgles and dies out, undoubtedly throttled by a strangle-hold.

Entrance of new voices; a flank attack; strangle-hold suddenly broken from the way bloody murder goes up half an octave higher than before; general hullaballoo, everybody fighting.

Lull; new voice, young girl's, "I'm goin' ter tyke my mother's part"; dialogue, repeated about five times, "I'll do as I like, blankety, blank, blank!" "I'd like ter see yer, blankety, blank, blank!" renewed conflict, mothers, daughters, everybody, during which my landlady calls her young daughter in from the back steps, while I wonder what will be the effect of all that she has heard upon her moral fibre.

And then, thank God, a lowering sky, and thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain put an end to the whole beastly proceeding. And I find myself sick and trembling, and reaching out like a drowning man to the good, sweet women I have known.

CHAPTER VI—FRYING-PAN ALLEY AND A GLIMPSE OF INFERNO.

Three of us walked down Mile End Road, and one was a hero. He was a slender young lad of nineteen, so slight and frail, in fact, that like Fra Lippo Lippi, a puff of wind might double him up, and turn him over. He was a burning young Socialist, this lad, in the first and fondest throes of enthusiasm, and ripe for martyrdom. As

platform speaker or chairman, he had taken an active and dangerous part in the many in-door and out-door Pro-Boer meetings that have vexed the serenity of Merry England these several years back. Little items he had been imparting to me as we walked along; of being mobbed in parks and on tramcars; of climbing on the platform to lead the forlorn hope, when brother speaker after brother speaker had been dragged down by the angry crowd and cruelly beaten; of a siege in a church, where he and three others had taken sanctuary, and where, amid flying missiles and the crashing of stained glass, they had fought off the mob till rescued by platoons of constables; of pitched and giddy battles on stairways, galleries and balconies; of smashed windows, collapsed stairways, wrecked lecture halls, and broken heads and bones—and then, with a regretful sigh, he looked at me and said: "How I envy you big strong men! I'm such a little mite I can't do much when it comes to fighting."

And I, walking a head and shoulders above my two companions, remembered my own lusty west and the stalwart men it had been my custom, in turn, to envy there. Also, as I looked at the mite of a youth with the heart of a lion, I thought: this is the type that on occasion rears barricades and shows the world that men have not forgotten how to die.

But up spoke my other companion, a man of twenty-eight who eked out a precarious existence in a sweating den.

"I'm a 'earty man, I am," he announced. "Not like the other chaps at my shop, I ain't. They consider me a fine specimen of manhood. W'y, d'ye know, I weight one hundred and forty pounds!"

I was ashamed to tell him that I weighed one hundred and seventy, so I contented myself with taking his measure. Poor, misshapen little man! His skin and unhealthy color, body gnarled and twisted out of all decency, contracted chest, shoulders bent prodigiously from long hours of toil, and head hanging heavily forward and out of place! A "'earty man," 'e was!

"How tall are you?" I asked.

"Five foot, two," he answered proudly; "an' the chaps at the shop . . . "

"Let me see that shop," I said.

The shop was idle just then, but I still desired to see it. Passing Leman street, we cut off to the left into Spitalfields, and dived into Frying-Pan Alley. A spawn of children cluttered the slimy pavement, for all the world like tadpoles just turned frogs on the bottom of an evaporated pond. In a narrow doorway, so narrow that perforce we stepped over her, sat a woman with a young babe nursing at breasts grossly naked and libelling all the sacredness of motherhood. In the black and narrow hall behind her, we waded through a mess of young life, and essayed an even narrower and fouler stairway. Up we went, three flights, each landing two feet by three in area and heaped with swill, filth, and refuse.

There were seven rooms in this abomination wrongfully called a house. In six of the rooms twenty-odd people, of both sexes and all ages, cooked, ate, slept and worked. In size the rooms averaged eight feet by eight, or possibly nine. The seventh room, we entered. It was the den in which five men "sweated." It was seven feet wide by eight long, and the table at which the work was performed took up the major

portion of the space. On this table were five lasts, and there was barely room for the men to stand to their work, for the rest of the space was heaped with cardboard, leather, bundles of shoe-uppers, and a miscellaneous assortment of materials used in attaching the uppers of shoes to their soles.

In the adjoining room lived a woman and six children. In another vile hole lived a widow with an only son of sixteen who was dying of consumption. The woman hawked sweatmeats on the street, I was told, and more often failed than not in supplying her son with the three quarts of milk he daily required. Further, this son, weak and dying, did not taste meat oftener than once a week, and the kind and quality of this meat cannot possibly be imagined by people who have never watched human swine eat.

"The w'y 'e coughs is somethin' terrible," volunteered my sweated friend, referring to the dying boy. "We 'ear 'im 'ere, w'ile we're workin', an' it's terrible, I say, terrible!"

And, what of the coughing and the sweatmeats, I found another menace added to the hostile environment of the children of the slum.

My sweated friend, when work was to be had, toiled with four other men in this eight-by-seven room. In the winter a lamp burned nearly all the day and added its fumes to the over-loaded air, which was breathed, and breathed and breathed again.

In good times, when there was a rush of work, this man told me he could earn as high as "thirty bob a week." —Thirty shillings! Seven dollars and a half!

"But it's only the best of us can do it," he qualified. "An' then we work twelve, thirteen and fourteen hours a day, just as fast as we can. An' you should see us sweat! Just running from us! If you could see us it'd dazzle your eyes—tacks flyin' out of mouth like from a machine. Look at my mouth."

I looked. The teeth were worn down by the constant friction of the metallic brads, while they were coal-black and rotten.

"I clean my teeth," he added, "else they'd be worse."

After he told me that the workers had to furnish their own tools, brads, "grindery" cardboard, rent, light and what not, it was plain that his thirty bob was a diminishing quantity.

"But how long does the rush season last, in which you receive this high wage of thirty bob?" I asked.

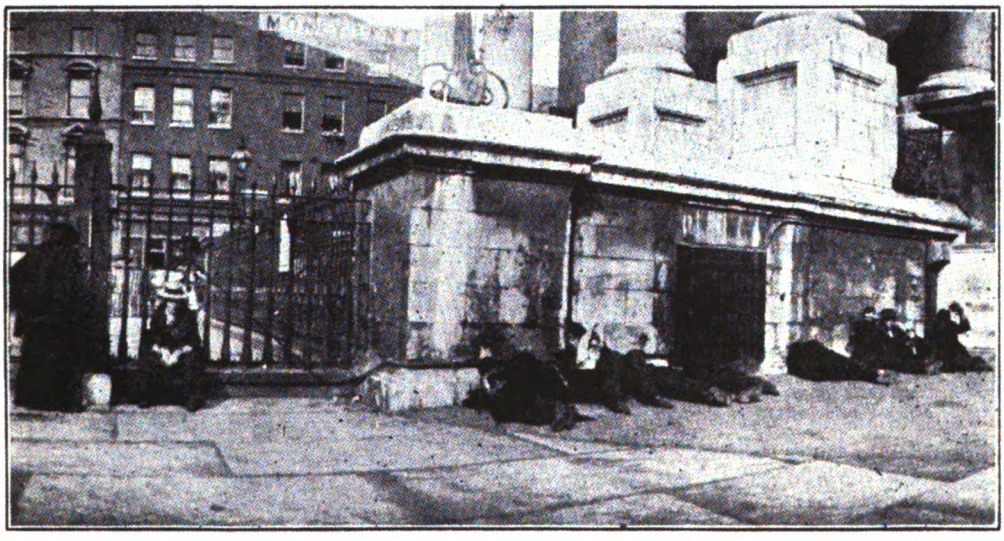
"Four months," was the answer; and for the rest of the year, he informed me, they average from "half a quid" to a "quid" a week, which is equivalent to from two dollars and a half to five dollars. The present week was half gone and he had earned four bob, or one dollar. And yet I was given to understand that this was one of the better grades of sweating.

I looked out of the window, which should have commanded the back yards of the neighboring buildings. But there were no back yards, or, rather, they were covered with one-story hovels, cow-sheds, in which people lived. The roofs of these hovels were covered with deposits of filth, in some places a couple of feet deep—the contributions from the back windows of the second and third stories. I could make out fish and meat bones, garbage, pestilential rags, old boots, broken earthenware, and all the general refuse of a human pig-sty.

"This is the last year of this trade; they're getting machines to do away

with us," said the sweated one mournfully, as we stepped over the woman with the breasts grossly naked and waded anew through the cheap young life.

We next visited the municipal dwellings erected by the London County Council on the site of the slums where lived Arthur Morrison's "Child of the Jago." While the buildings housed more people than before, it was much cleaner and healthier. But the dwellings were inhabited by the better class workmen and artisans. The slum people had simply drifted on to crowd other slums or to form new slums.



"Men and Women Who Have No Other Home or Sleeping Place."

"An' now," said the sweated one, the 'earty man who worked so fast as to dazzle one's eyes, "I'll show you one of London's lungs. This is Spitalfield's Garden." And he mouthed the word "garden" with unutterable scorn.

The shadow of Christ's Church falls across Spitalfields Garden, and in the shadow of Christ's Church, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a sight I never wish to see again. There are no flowers in this garden, which is smaller than my own rose garden at home. Grass only grows here, and it is surrounded by sharp spiked iron fencing, as are all the parks of London Town, so that homeless men and women may not come in at night and sleep upon it.

As we entered the garden an old woman, between fifty and sixty, passed us, striding with sturdy intention, if somewhat rickety action, with two bulky bundles, covered with sacking, slung fore and aft upon her. She was a woman tramp, a houseless soul, too independent to drag her failing carcass through the workhouse door. Like the snail, she carried her home with her. In the two sacking-covered bundles were her household goods, her wardrobe, linen and dear feminine possessions.

We went up the narrow gravelled walk. On the benches on either side

was arrayed a mass of miserable and distorted humanity, the sight of which would have impelled Dore to more diabolical flights of fancy than he ever succeeded in achieving—rags and filth, all manner of loathsome skin diseases, open sores, bruises, grossness, indecency, leering monstrosities, bestial faces, piggish faces, faces of fiends and lost souls in hell, in short, a foul race of animals in straight descent from the adventurers whom Circe turned to swine.

A chill raw wind was blowing, and these creatures huddled there in their rags, sleeping for the most part, or trying to sleep. Here were a dozen women, ranging in age from twenty years to seventy. Next a babe, possibly of nine months, lying asleep, flat on the hard bench, with neither pillow nor covering, nor with anyone looking after it. Next, half a dozen men, sleeping bolt upright, or leaning against one another in their sleep. In one place a family group, a child asleep in its sleeping mother's arms, and the husband (or male mate) clumsily mending a dilapitated shoe. On another bench a woman trimming the frayed strips of her rags with a knife, and another woman, with thread and needle, sewing up rents. Adjoining, a man, holding a sleeping woman in his arms. Farther on, a man, his clothing caked with gutter mud, asleep with head in the lap of a woman, not more than twenty-five years old, and also asleep.

"Where Women Sleep, Pauperized and Unashamed."

It was this sleeping that puzzled me. Why were nine out of ten of them asleep, or trying to sleep? But it was not till afterward that I learned the fearful reason. *It is a law of the powers that be that the homeless shall not sleep by night.*

On the pavement, by the portico of Christ's Church where the stone pillars rise towards the sky in a stately row, were whole rows of men lying asleep or drowsing, and all too deep-sunk in torpor to rouse or be made curious by our intrusion.

"Christ in Hades" is paradise compared to Christ's Church in Spitalfields I thought; and the agony of the cross seemed a vain sacrifice when the Son of God could look down upon this after the centuries. And I remembered Swinburne's "Crucifix," and where I had thought I had understood it before, I now knew that for the first time I really did understand it.

"A lung of London," I said; "nay, an abscess, a great, putrescent sore."

"O, why did you bring me here?" demanded the burning young Socialist, his delicate face white with sickness of soul and stomach sickness.

"Those women, there," said our guide, "will sell themselves for a thru'pence, or tu'pence, or a loaf of stale bread."

He said it with a cheerfulness that was really a bitter sneer.

But what more he might have said, I do not know, for the sick man cried, "For heaven's sake, let us get out of this."

CHAPTER VII—A WINNER OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

I have found that it is not so easy to get into the casual ward of the workhouse. I have made two attempts, now; and I shall shortly make a third. The first time, I started out at seven o'clock in the evening with four shillings in my pocket. Herein I committed two errors. In the first place, the applicant for admission to the casual ward must be destitute, and as he is subjected to a rigorous search, he must really be destitute; and four pence, much less four shillings, is sufficient affluence to disqualify him. In the second place, I made the mistake of tardiness. Seven o'clock in the evening is too late in the day for a pauper to get a pauper's bed.

For the benefit of gently nurtured and innocent folk, let me explain what a casual ward is. It is a building where the homeless, bedless, penniless man, if he be lucky, may *casually* rest his weary bones, and then work like a navvy next day to pay for it.

My second attempt to break into the casual ward began more auspiciously. I started in the middle of the afternoon, accompanied by the burning young Socialist and another friend, and all I had in my pocket was thru'pence. They piloted me to the Whitechapel Workhouse, at which I peered from around a friendly corner. It was a few minutes past five in the afternoon, but already a long and melancholy line was formed, which strung out around the corner of the building and out of sight.

It was a most woeful picture, men and women waiting in the cold gray end of the day for a pauper's shelter from the night, and I confess it almost unnerved me. Like the boy before the dentist's door, I suddenly discovered a multitude of reasons for being elsewhere. Some hints of the struggle going on within must have shown in my face, for one of my companions said, "Don't funk; you can do it."

Of course I could do it, but I became aware that even thru'pence in my pocket was too lordly a treasure for such a throng; and, in order that all invidious distinctions might be removed, I emptied out the coppers. Then I bade goodbye to my friends, and with my heart going pit-a-pat, slouched down the street and took my place at the end of the line. Woeful it looked, this line of poor folk tottering on the steep pitch to death; how woeful it was I did not dream.

Next to me stood a short, stout man. Hale and hearty, though aged, strong-featured, with the tough and leathery skin produced by long years of sun-beat and weather-beat, his was the unmistakable sea-face and eyes; and at once there came to me a bit of Kipling's "Galley Slave":

"By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of clinging steel;
By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars that never heal;
By eyes grown old with staring through the sun-wash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service."

How correct I was in my surmise, and how peculiarly appropriate the verse was, you shall learn.

"I won't stand it much longer, I won't," he was complaining to the man on the other side of him. "I'll smash a windy, a big 'un, an' get run in for fourteen days. Then I'll have a good place to sleep, never fear, an' better grub than you get here. Though I'd miss my bit of baccy,"—this as an afterthought and said regretfully and resignedly.

"I've been out two nights, now," he went on; "wet to the skin night before last, an' I can't stand it much longer. I'm gettin' old, an' some mornin' they'll pick me up dead."

He whirled with fierce passion on me: "Don't you ever let yourself grow old, lad. Die when you're young, or you'll come to this. I'm tellin' you sure. Seven an' eighty years am I, and served my country like a man. Three good conduct stripes an' the Victoria Cross, an' this is what I get for it. I wish I was dead, I wish I was dead. Can't come any too quick for me, I tell you."

The moisture rushed into his eyes, but, before the other man could comfort him, the brave old hero drove it out of his eyes and began to hum a lilting sea-song as though there were no such thing as heart-break in the world.

Given encouragement, this is the story he told while waiting in line at the work-house door, after two nights of exposure in the streets.

As a boy he had enlisted in the British Navy, and for two score years and more had served faithfully and well. Names, dates, commanders, ports, ships, engagements, and battles, rolled from his lips in a steady stream; but it is beyond me to remember them all, for it is not quite in keeping to take notes at the poorhouse door. He had been through the "First War in China," as he termed it; had enlisted in the East India Company and served ten years in India; was back in India again in the English Navy, at the time of the Mutiny; had served in the Burmese War, and in the Crimea; and all this in addition to having fought and toiled for the English flag pretty well over the rest of the globe.

Then the thing happened. A little thing, if it could only be traced back to first causes; perhaps the lieutenant's breakfast had not agreed with him; or he had been up late the night before; or his debts were pressing; or the commander had spoken brusquely to

him. The point is, that on this particular day the lieutenant was irritable. The sailor, with others, was "setting up" the forerigging.

Now, mark you, the sailor had been over forty years in the navy, had three good conduct stripes, had never before been guilty of any offence, and possessed the Victoria Cross for distinguished service in battle; so he could not have been such an altogether bad sort of a sailorman. The lieutenant was irritable; the lieutenant called him a name—well, not a nice sort of name. It referred to his mother. When I was a boy it was our boy's code to fight like little demons should such an insult be given our mothers; and many men have died, in my part of the world, for calling other men this name. I have seen men, good men, splendid men, go stark mad on the instant, so great their frenzy at being called this name.

However, the lieutenant called the sailor this name. At that moment it chanced that the sailor had an iron lever or bar in his hands. He promptly struck the lieutenant over the head with it, knocking him out of the rigging and overboard.

And then, in the man's own words: "I saw what I had done. I knew the Regulations, an' I said to myself, 'It's all up with you, Jack, my boy; so here goes.' An' I jumped over after him, my mind made up to drown us both. An' I'd ha' done it, too, only the pinnace from the flagship was just coming alongside. Up we came to the top, me a-hold of him an' punchin' him. This is what settled for me. If I hadn't been strikin' him, I could have claimed that seein' what I had done, I jumped over to save him."

Then came the court-martial, or whatever name a sea-trial goes by. He recited his sentence, word for word, as though memorized and gone over in bitterness many times. And here it is, for the sake of discipline and respect to officers, not always gentlemen, the punishment of a man who was guilty of manhood: To be reduced to the rank of ordinary seaman; to be debarred all prize-money due him; to forfeit all rights to pension; to resign the Victoria Cross; to be discharged from the navy with a good character (this being his first offence); to receive fifty lashes; and to serve two years in prison.

"I wish I had drowned that day, I wish to God I had," he concluded as the line moved up and we passed around the corner.

At last the door came in sight, through which the paupers were being admitted in bunches. And here I learned a surprising thing: *this being Wednesday, none of us would be released before Friday morning.* Furthermore, and O, you Tobacco-Users take heed, *we would not be permitted to take in any tobbaco.* This we would have to sur-surrender as we entered. Sometimes, I was told, it was returned on leaving, and sometimes it was destroyed.

The old man-of-warsman gave me a lesson. Opening his pouch, he emptied the tobacco (a pitiful quantity, but his all), into a piece of paper. This, snugly and flatly wrapped, went down his sock inside his shoe. Down went my piece of tobacco inside my sock, for forty hours without tobacco is a hardship all tobacco-users will understand.

Again and again the line moved up, and we were slowly, but surely approaching the wicket. At the moment we happened to be standing on an iron grating, and a man appearing underneath, the old sailor called down to him:

"How many more do they want?"

"Twenty-four," came the answer.

We looked ahead anxiously and counted. Thirty-four were ahead of us. Disappointment and consternation dawned upon the faces about me. It is not a nice thing, hungry and penniless, to face a sleepless night in the streets. But we hoped against hope, till, when ten stood outside the wicket, the porter turned us away.

"Full up," was what he said as he banged the door.

Like a flash, for all his eighty-seven years, the old sailor was speeding away on the desperate chance of finding shelter elsewhere. I stood and debated with two other men, wise in the knowledge of casual wards, as to where we should go. They decided on the Poplar Workhouse, three miles away, and we started off.

As we rounded the corner one of them said, "I could a-got in 'ere to-day. I come by at one o'clock, an' the line was beginnin' to form then—pets, that's what they are. They let'm in, the same ones, night upon night."

Pets, on the poorhouse steps! Ye gods!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEEK MORE LEISURE

The American is pronounced the most nervous of any nationality. Why is this so? It probably arises from various causes, but one of them is that we live too fast. We are eager for wealth, or power or place. All things are possible to the American and he is in eager pursuit of that which appears most attractive to him. He wants wealth and he wants it quick. He wants fame or political power, or to stand high in some profession, and he thinks all time lost that is not spent in the endeavor to attain his object. The people of no other nation are in such a constant hurry. We even hurry in our recreations and at our meals. We rise early and go to bed late and drive ourselves all day. The Englishman, the German or the Frenchman, take more hours of rest. If the Englishman takes a short nooning, he quits early in the afternoon. If the Frenchman goes early to his office, he takes a leisurely lunch time. He works hard while he works, but does not keep at it so many hours.

When the American takes a vacation he works just as hard at it as when working at his business. We need to cultivate a faculty for repose, a habit of resting. What does it matter if A or X does acquire a million or two more than we do? What matters it even if we fail of the $100,000 mark? With industry and frugality the most of us can be able to provide comforts for our families, a home, food, clothing and leisure for reading and amusement and social pleasures. We may be able to command time sufficient to enjoy these comforts with our families. All that we strive for, which is only to make appearances to the world and impress others with the extent of our wealth, is but vexation and a burden. While we are working, let us have a thought for the preservation of health both of body and mind. Without that it is little pleasure that can be derived from all we may store up of wealth, all we may win of fame, or place. Let us be content with modest gains, enjoy the good things of life as we pass along and learn that in simple, genuine and innocent lives lies truest joy of living.

HERDING IN CITIES

Have you ever watched a sea gull sailing over the water far out of sight of land? The gull's home may be hundreds of miles away on some white cliff, far down below the horizon. She fishes where she chooses, independent of space, and with a few flaps of her wings is back to her home and her young ones. Kind providence has given to the sea gull rapid transit.

Have you ever studied a Cochin-China hen, laboriously worm-hunting within the dingy walls of the stable yard? She has feathers all down her yellow legs, she is short of breath, she can't run more than a quarter of a mile, she is the abject slave of distance. She is like you, fellow citizens, who read this, the victim of imperfect transit. She is the type of the dweller in cities.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, a man criticized sometimes by respectability because he thinks the poor people should be better off, declares that some day every man should and will live in a house with open land all around it, fresh air and sunlight on all of the four sides. In Boston recently he said that every human being should live in the country. And he said truly:

"The herding of people together in apartment houses is as wicked as hell."

The superior minds that criticize Dr. Hale laugh at his prediction that in time every man will live in the country. But that is absolutely true, and absolutely evident to anybody who will take the trouble to think.

Of course, our friend the fat Cochin-China hen, or the still fatter Cochin-China rooster, will laugh at the suggestion that it could ever lead the free, beautiful life of the sea gull. The Cochin-China hen would say:

"I must scratch for worms within five hundred yards of my nest, otherwise I would never get home at night."

The dull Cochin-China human being in the city imagines that humanity is forever going to scratch for worms—otherwise attend to business—within a few miles of its nest.

But our present hideous cities, where nine children out of ten have only the gutter for a playground, and nine adults out of ten never look at the moon or the stars from one year's end to the other, are only a passing phase of our imperfect life.

We have not as yet conquered time and space, and consequently we live the life of barnyard creatures, of pigs and geese and chickens, crowded together in filth.

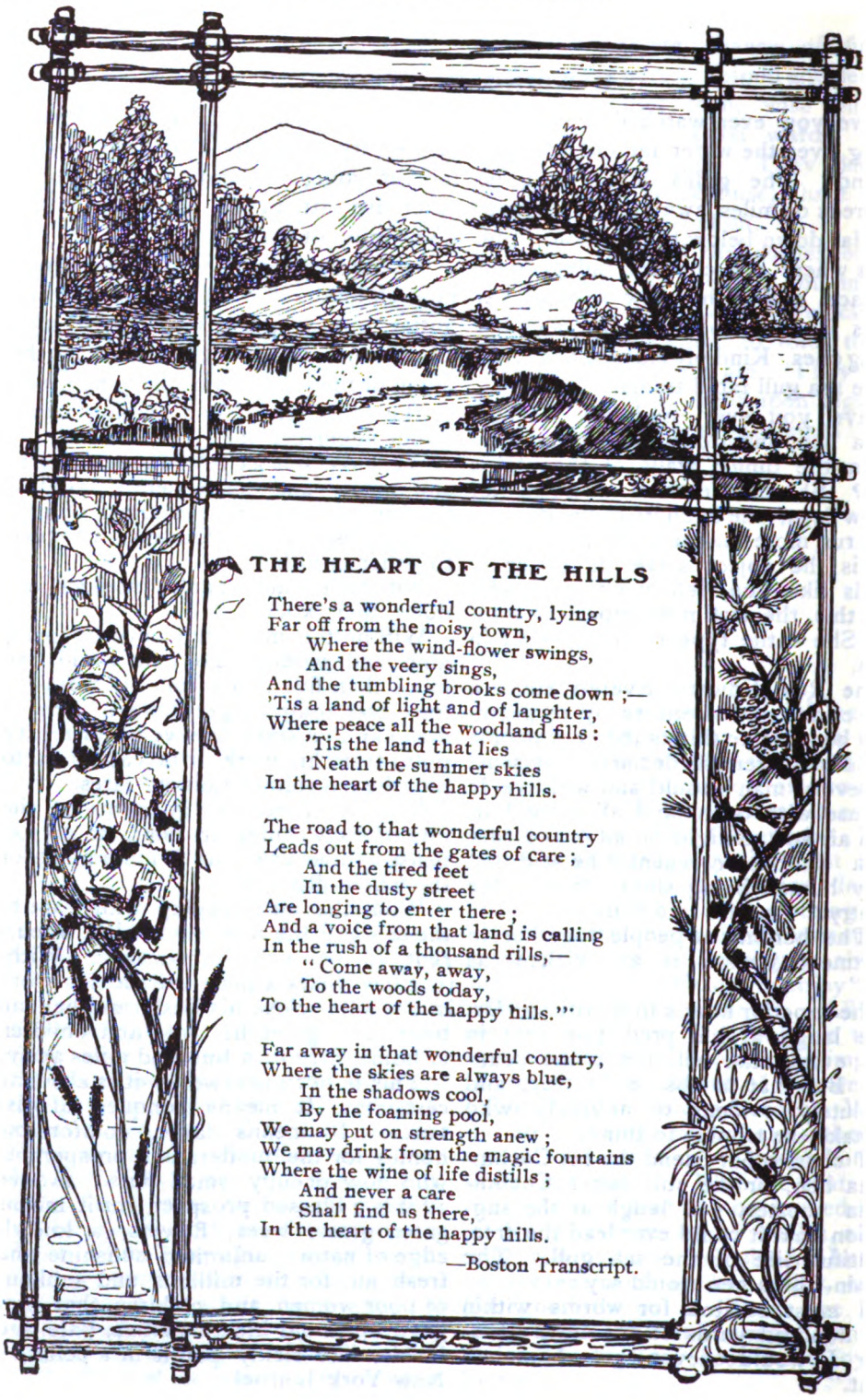
But time and man's intellect are doing their work.

Within the memory of every young man and woman, no man could live more than five miles from his work—it took too long to get home. Now a man can live sixty or seventy or ninety miles from his work, if he can afford to pay the exorbitant railroad fares.

Very soon he will go home at the rate of sixty miles an hour, at an expense of five cents as a maximum for the whole distance.

What the air-sweeping wings are to the sea gull the marvelous electric current will be to the human race. Within a few years a man will do his work in one spot, close his desk, and half an hour later greet his wife and children at home, fifty or a hundred miles away.

This is not guesswork—it is absolute certainty. It means conquest of distance. It means large, comfortable homes for the moderately prosperous, who now occupy small flats. Above all it is a blessed prospect, for it means green grass, trees, flowers, a knowledge of nature, unlimited sunshine and fresh air, for the millions and millions of poor women and children that now grow up in our hideous cities, pale and feeble, like sickly plants in a cellar.—New York Journal.



THE HEART OF THE HILLS

There's a wonderful country, lying
Far off from the noisy town,
Where the wind-flower swings,
And the veery sings,
And the tumbling brooks come down ;—
'Tis a land of light and of laughter,
Where peace all the woodland fills :
'Tis the land that lies
'Neath the summer skies
In the heart of the happy hills.

The road to that wonderful country
Leads out from the gates of care ;
And the tired feet
In the dusty street
Are longing to enter there ;
And a voice from that land is calling
In the rush of a thousand rills,—
" Come away, away,
To the woods today,
To the heart of the happy hills."

Far away in that wonderful country,
Where the skies are always blue,
In the shadows cool,
By the foaming pool,
We may put on strength anew ;
We may drink from the magic fountains
Where the wine of life distills ;
And never a care
Shall find us there,
In the heart of the happy hills.

—Boston Transcript.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GROWN MEN

CHARLES FERGUSON

AS I have had occasion to say before in this magazine, the American idea of the nature of government is so opposed to the European idea that it is difficult for the two kinds of governments to do business with each other without confusion and misunderstanding. That is why we should avoid "entangling alliances" with Europe.

The European idea is that government is an Authority set over the people to decide their differences, something mystical and superhuman. The American idea—in spite of our vast inheritance of old world superstition—is that government is a partnership of the people for the pursuit of well-being, the prosecution of the arts and sciences.

Now Authority means Intellectual Monopoly, such an adjustment of the political machineries that the intellectual force of the mass of ordinary men cannot be brought to bear. What is called free discussion may or may not be allowed; that is unimportant. Talk is cheap. In Great Britain there is free talk, in Russia there is not; but in both countries the political arrangements are insurmountable barriers against free intellectual competition. Government in both countries is carried on by Intellectual Monopoly.

Intellectual Monopoly is a real cause of Economic Monopoly. Without intellectual competition—the free play of intellectual forces—there can be no solution of the economic problem.

America shares that problem with Europe because the work of the American Revolution is as yet only half accomplished. We started out to produce a mobile and progressive social order—a strong government, driven ever forward by the free play of personal forces—and we have not yet done it.

Our government does not answer to the characteristic American definition. In spite of all our theories, this government, like the governments of Europe, is based upon Intellectual Monopoly. The point is that under existing political arrangements in this country, only a small number of very exceptional people can have any real influence in public affairs. Our government is mechanical and unwieldy, it is like one prematurely old and stiff in the joints. Its reflex action is bad; its organs do not respond to the stimulus of popular demand. The world lives and moves, the people are fifty years ahead of their grandfathers, but the government is imperturbable and unaware.

Of course, freedom does not consist in the right to get what one wants every day; but it does consist in the right to take a step every day in that direction, to make one's life count for something in the sum total of human forces. If the average American were free to elect

his own masters, he could hardly be said to be free; much less can freedom be got by the servants of one's masters, the office holders, who do the bidding of the Masters-of-the-Purse.

To have civil liberty is to be a social force. A genuine democratic government is one that is organized so sensitively that it feels and is affected by the aim-in-life of every man, woman and child within its reach. A government that does not register in one way or another the intellectual energy of all-the-people, is a thing against nature. It is a rowdy in the streets of science, a disturber of the cosmic peace.

According to the moral law that is wrought into the grain of the cosmos, every man is given power over material things, that is, wealth—in proportion to his courage and knowledge, his loyalty to his own nature and to the nature of things. The ground plan of the universe is democratic; its working has been spoiled by the self-distrust and ignorance of the people. There is no reason why the distribution of wealth should not be according to the value of work, no reason why the sharpest tools should not be in the hands that are most competent, except the power of Intellectual Monopoly, lodged by the fear and foolishness of the people, in aristocratic governments. Privilege keeps house in a baloon; the law of gravitation is against it.

The way to destroy Monopoly and give every man as much economic power as belongs to him, is for the people to insist upon working the government on an artistic and scientific basis. What we need and must have is a social and political organization of American communities in the spirit of art and science.

We must plant the standard of the University in every town. University is not at all the word to apply to our cloistered academies of polite learning. The University in its orginal and final sense is a social and political conception. It is the normal and rational form of social organization.

The Middle Ages had three great dreams of universal social order. Charlemagne imagined a Holy Roman Empire, and Pope Hildebrand, a Holy Catholic Church that should compass the world. But the greatest dream was the last, the waking dream of a multitude of men of genius who stood at the door of modern times, the dream of an international republic founded upon the arts and sciences, the idea of the University.

This University idea is at the bottom of all the progressive movements of modern times, and all signs go to show that the future belongs to it.

If half of the people in any American community, say a town of ten thousand, were to have faith enough in the God of the healthy human heart and of all out-doors, to break from their religious sects and political parties and organize themselves, under the standard of the University, for the purpose of creating in their town the highest possible artistic and scientific conditions of social life, that town would be the goal of pilgrimages for coming generations, for it would open up the new era of common wealth now long overdue.

It would seem that that era must begin with a struggle between municipal and other political corporations, organized in the modern and democratic spirit, and the huge industrial corporations, the Trusts organized in the spirit of feudalism and aristocracy. High industrial organization is one thing and the appropriation of all the benefits of such organization by private corporations, is quite another. The

municipalities will stand for the former thing, the Trusts for the latter.

The contest will lie between the Free Cities with their feet on the open ground of Nature, and certain monstrous, mushroom growths of the legal imagination, nursed in the cellars of the Past. The issue is not doubtful. The Municipality and the political corporations of larger scope can produce the only commodity that is always in demand, the commodity that gives value to all others, to wit, the artistic and scientific conditions of social life.

Publicity is the right medicine for the Trusts, but it must be a strong dose—a dose strong enough to transform a bad wild beast into a good cart-horse. The private corporations that prey upon the people must be transformed into public corporations. The great industrial organizations must be absorbed into the political system.

The dominance of capital, the accumulation of vast masses of credits in the hands of a few persons was a necessary experience of the nineteenth century, because that century advanced so much faster in science than in civilization. It was driven irresistibly forward to undertake great enterprises, without sufficient social stamina to direct them.

The public had credit, social strength, but no science; the great promoters had science, but no credit. The necessary junction between science and credit was effected very simply by turning over the public credit as a perquisite to the promoters. And the people clapped their hands, so charmed were they with the new toys of chemistry and physics.

There can be no doubt, however, that this same public, as soon as it shall have acquired a little art and science, will insist upon using its own credit for the prosecution of its own enterprises.

The rise of one Free City will sound the *reveille* for all the rest. They will have to get up and stir their blood on penalty of being killed by the competition of a higher type of civilization. A city that works with its own credit can ruin the business of one that pays interest and profits to promoters and private capitalists.

Civilization of a very authentic kind is going to advance with whip and spur as soon as the energies of this intermunicipal competition are fairly let loose. But it will be a generous and humanizing rivalry for, unlike the competition for privilege which is now so rife, this rivalry of municipalities will be a competition toward the swiftest possible destruction of privilege. Success will rest with the city that offers the freest career for artistic and scientific talent, the best chance for a productive and expansive life.

It is not to be expected that a democratic society will ever abolish private wealth or the enterprising private use of it, but the "unearned increment" of capital is not long for this world.

The time is close at hand when capitalists will be obliged to live on their principal or else risk it in experimental enterprises such as yield on an average only compensation for risk, the successful will get more, the unsuccessful less; in either case society will extend the sphere of its knowledge as to what is practicable. Private enterprise will continually open up the way for new public enterprises. The public will, I presume, travel only in the beaten paths, and the public service will train men to serve the public in the adventures of private enterprise.

The moral distinction between the obligations of public and private life

cannot exist in a genuine democracy. It is a relic of the grace-of-God theory of government that we should bind the mayor and the coroner by great oaths to serve only the public, and leave the coal-mine operators and the managers of the oil business morally free to serve only themselves. When the industrial life of the people is completely fused with their political life, a private enterprise that does not serve the public will be abated as a public nuisance. And the distinction between a "public" and "private" man will not have the quasi-sacerdotal significance that it has at present. A man, who under the general provisions of the law, becomes the owner of a corner lot or a grocery store, is the holder of a public franchise and should be accountable as a public servant, quite as much as a sheriff or a policeman, who happens to have been appointed to his place by name. The man with the corner lot on his hands has got his office by answering to the general description of the law as to what a man must do and be in order to achieve that kind of a distinction, while the policeman has been appointed by answering to the particular name of O'Neil or Sullivan—that is the whole difference.

I suppose that under the new order of things, the principle of election by general description will gradually prevail over the other principle, election by name. That is to say, the industrial principle of natural selection under the law, will gradually supersede the political principle of selection by nomination. "Politics"—the competition for public favors—will gradually fade into a memory. Less and less will desirable things be obtainable by getting one's self liked, and more and more by making one's self useful.

No preliminary change in the political structure of the United States is necessary for this fulfillment of the spirit and aim of the American Revolution. One revolution is enough, if used with any reasonable degree of economy.

In Europe the government is sovereign and the people are subjects; the people are morally bound to obey the government, which stands above them and is supposed to breathe purer air. We have changed all that. In America the government is simply the organized energy and intelligence of the social life. Everybody belongs to it. The people are not morally bound to obey it. They are morally bound to respect it and improve it. Starting with this understanding, we can accomplish all that we have in hand with any old rack of a political building that the fathers may have passed down to us.

The obvious defect of our constitutional edifice is that it is too much in the air. In fact, it has no visible foundation at all. That detail of the specifications was, by some inadvertence, left out. The attempt was made to establish a government of and for and by the *people, without any sort of political organization of the mass of the people.*

The peculiar task of this generation is to under-pin this air-castle constitution of our fathers by organizing the basic part of the national government. The task is to establish in every American community, the institution of the creative, the spiritual energy of the world, the seat of the Sovereignty of the People.

SELF SUPPRESSION

LOUVILLE H. DYER

"Nearly every one stands in great horror of annihilation, and yet to give up your individuality is to annihilate yourself."

At the birth of every human being, the world is confronted by a unique personality. There comes to view her grandeurs and listen to her varied harmonies, a person who can hear music not possible to other ears, read in nature's landscape beauties never seen by other eyes. The sea will hoarsely chant to him secrets she has never told before, mysteries that for many years she has carefully treasured for him.

Wise and happy is the child who will shun the stupid authority of the pedagogue, and wander along the pasture's winding paths, listen to the murmuring pines, be opened-eyed to the nodding daisy's greeting, be calmed by the soothing low of the cow whose limpid brown eyes are fathomless.

"I think I could turn and live with the animals,
They are so calm and self-contained."

The search is long and nearly fruitless in seeking a man who is "calm and self-contained."

What beautiful and certain results come from giving unconstrained welcome to the call of yourself, heeding the intuitions and reposing with love and confidence in Nature.

How the soul expands when, care free, we stroll through wood and glade, while day steals away to rest behind the gay hued mantle of the West. Hours thus spent make rich the treasury of the mind, expand and ennoble the soul, cause the spark of hope to burst into flame, gladden and make light the heart, and build a sane and joyous selfhood.

Let us insist that our lives shall not be lost, stifled by custom.

"What custom wills in all things should we do it,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to over peer."

Those who timidly follow custom with shackled minds are soon buried in the dust and rubbish of convention. Only those who scorn worn and weary roads and free and fetterless go where fancy leads, live.

"I am for those who have never been mastered,
For men and women whose tempers have never been mastered,
For those whom laws, theories, conventions, can never master."

The men in literature whom we love were possessed of the same glad, free spirit as the birds. Burns had an untamed soul. Pedants had never clipped his wing; he caught the awful music of the fierce and wailing winter gust; translated the hymn of the snow-burdened wind; read the love notes of

the mating birds; chummed with the flowers and knew the rhythm of the keen edged scythe as it was sent through the staggering grass by lusty arms. What was "commonest, easiest, cheapest," he loved.

Ben Jonson, in speaking to Drummond of Shakespeare, bewailed his reckless mode of composition, for the immortal dramatist was perfectly indifferent to the classic forms; the unities of time and place had no homage from him. While Jonson's plays are vastly overloaded with classical learning, they are lacking the touch of the master spirit that makes the whole world kin. Those who read Jonson are few; the whole world pays increasing homage to Shakespeare.

Rare Ben, never wrote anything that is so widely known as his famous lines prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623. Shakespeare was absolutely fetterless; he had the abandon and audacity of genius. He threw himself with love and perfect trust on the boundless resources of Nature. Humanity was his book, a source of knowledge compared with which all others are mean and beggarly.

He who obtains his information from real things, at first hand, is truly wise; most people feed their minds on the reflection of the real, they study imitations of imitations of imitations.

Shakespeare, the master spirit of mankind, read the original God-made work, men and women, with what results the whole world knows. He alone, could "Turn the accomplishments of many years into an hour-glass."

Shakespeare had—self trust! Do not make your soul dumb; give it a voice. Do not disown the children of your brain; it is as vicious as disowning the children of your flesh.

A few brave souls dispersed through all the ages have believed in themselves and given glad expression to the highest in their nature. O! what a "Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" place this kind, rugged old earth would be, if a few brave and daring souls did not dream such grand and splendid dreams.

Carot, loving, patient, trustful, simple and joyful as a dimpled babe, believing in himself as unquestioningly as a child believes in its mother. He was to humanity what the fertile place is to the desert, he was a blossom beside the dusty highway of our conventional, complex life.

The literary man, the man of culture, feels disgraced by wearing a patched coat, but he willingly wears a patched mind. Those writers who are popular and hold a prominent place in the magazines are at best, but literary "Kings of shreds and patches."

While learned tomes find undisturbed repose on library shelves, quietly making a convenient resting place for dust, those books that are the sincere utterance of great souls, live forever.

"Who troubles himself about his fluency or ornaments is lost."

How a man is clipped away, suppressed and hedged about by the conventions, delusions, and customs of society. The parents begin the dwarfing and repressing process, then pedagogues, then the church, then fashions, then the political party into which one drifts; these all and unitedly demand the surrender of one's individuality.

The many yield and become merged; they cease to be one and become a small part of an aggregation. The few brave, daring souls refuse to capitulate; they prefer to be intellectually free and their "Souls are like stars and dwell apart."

These men are the men of genius; they fill the galleries with marble that vies with life, a mirror in which Nature sees her perfect self; they turn common air into melody that enchants mankind forever; they crystallize thought and make the life blood of literature; they voice the burning eloquence born of great events; they are the constellations in the vast expanse of thought.

"This above all : to thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

Ruskin at the age of twenty-four, in plain and unmistakable words, told the artists and art critics of England that they did not know their business. Ridicule, denial and epithets, that were as weak as wrong, were hurled back at him by those whom he had wounded. The message he delivered was as true as eloquent. Ruskin was right and those who opposed him were submerged in the current they could not stem. Ruskin believed in Ruskin.

To believe your own thought, to know that what is true for yourself down in your own heart is true for all men—that is genius. Thus speaks Emerson, and thus says the brave heart of every true man of genius.

Wagner, who caused the air to vibrate with new notes of melody, whose name is immortal because his work transformed music, and set at naught the traditions of the classics in music, met the common fate of all those who are too great to be muzzled by the commands of artists who have long been dead.

Wagner refused to compromise; he trod with confident step his own road. Those pigmies who opposed him are dreamless dust. They acted according to their darkness, he according to his light, and in the firmament of melody, Wagner is the "one bright particular star."

Thus it is in all lands, at all times. The few have scaled the peaks, bearing in their intrepid hands the sacred flame of genius, while in the valleys below the sons of mediocrity, good form, and dusty tradition cry out, "Heretic!" and their petulant protest dies in an echo, and leaves "not a rack behind."

THE EVOLUTION OF TOOLS

MAY WOOD SIMONS

NECESSITY, it is commonly said, is the mother of invention. The desire for warmth, for protection from the storms and from wild animals, the ever recurring demand for food were the first needs that stimulated man to modify the objects and processes of Nature, that they might better serve his purpose.

It was thus that the digging stick became the ancestor of the present steam plow, the carrying strap of the train and ship, the rude shelter of the palace and the skin or bark coat of the modern costume.

From the beginning these inventions were divided into two classes—first, those objects that were an end in themselves, as the dress or house, and second, those that were used as a means to an end. To these last we apply the terms tools, machines or implements.

We cannot do better than base our history of tools back in savagery and examine briefly the tool chest of one of our primitive forefathers. The earliest tools were unshaped stones and sticks. Even after man began to form these into shapes that would better accomplish his purpose, they consisted at first only of the working part and had as yet no handle. Numerous savages still use only the rudest kind of a grip, simply smoothing the rough surface or wrapping something around it so as not to hurt the hand. But the vast majority of these tools in time became fitted with handles so various that it is plain that the sagacious mind of the savage nowhere worked to more perfect advantage than in the fashioning of these handles or haftings. The evolution of these handles under savagery can be traced from a mere stick or fork of a sapling to one in which the hand was entirely covered, but in such a manner that the muscles, nevertheless, found the fullest play.

We are obliged to give some attention to these savage haftings since this is the part that has been the most prominent in the development of the machine. The actual working part, for instance, of the chisel, the hammer, the wedge, has changed little in form, but it has been the handle or the part in which it works that has been improved. Moreover, there has been a constant removal of the tool from direct contact with the user. Handles with greater and greater modifications have intervened, until today man stands one side and merely corrects breaks in the workings of the vast machines.

We will take up a few of the simple tools. The first class of tools were those used for cutting purposes. These

include such implements as knives, shears, planes, axes, chisels and saws.

The knife was an indispensable implement even for the lowest grade of primitive mechanic. This knife he made of stone, the teeth of sharks and beavers, or of shells or bamboo. The American aborigines made their knives of stone, the East Archipelago inhabitant used bamboo. The shears of the savage do not consist of a pair of cutting edges, one working on the other. There is only one cutting edge, the other part is stationary. The savage mother held a bit of wood against the head of the child and haggled off the hair with a sharp stone or shell.

MAY WOOD SIMONS

For the jack-plane and smoothing plane there is no mechanical substitute in savagery. The axe, chisel and adze of the savage are not very sharply divided. The same stone blade might be inserted in an antler for an axe, attached to a forked handle for an adze, or to a straight handle for a chisel.

In civilization we find a workman using a saw for purposes of cross-cutting and ripping. The savages never used a saw for the latter purpose but accomplished this by a series of wedges. For cross-cutting, however, the saw is one of the oldest tools. There is no race of men existing today who cannot at least haggle off a piece of wood by means of a jagged stone. So much for cutting tools.

A second class of tools have their ancestry in savagery. They are the implements used for smoothing and abrading surfaces. The modern cabinet maker, with his steel scrapers and wood rasps, has his counterpart in the savage with his scraping and grinding tools of stone. The potter, after finishing a vessel, smoothed off its surface with bits of leather or stone and left it without inequalities. We must not omit the grindstone, either, in our enumeration of the tools of primitive man.

No doubt, next in importance are the implements used in pounding, crushing and fracturing. The hammer was an indispensable tool under savagery. It was used in breaking stones to obtain marrow, in driving the pegs of tents and pounding dried meat, in making bark cloth and for breaking dry wood, and finally in breaking off stones in the quarry.

Finally we have a vast number of tools used as needles, awls and drills

of various kinds, and last we have among common tools those used as gripping implements. Tongs, pinchers and vises are well represented in this early tool chest. The use of the screw, the pulley, and the wheel and axle are but little known to the savage. The lever and wedge, however, are well known devices.

These men early learned the advantage of working together when any task was to be accomplished that required great strength. It was in this way that they moved enormous stones for several miles, and this is the secret of the construction of the pyramids.

A complete account of the tools between savagery and the beginning of the present factory system would require volumes. Throughout antiquity and the middle ages, there was an improvement in all simple devices and a discovery of new materials for tool making. But the methods of handicraft still prevailed. Man was both the motive power and the guiding power of his implement, and never has the workman, working in direct contact with his tools, shown greater skill than the masterworkman of the medieval times showed in the construction of the Cathedrals.

It is possible today to trace among different tribes and nations of unequal development, all the steps in tools from the simple stone scraper up through the handicraft tools to the machines of modern industry.

We turn now to the evolution of the machine proper. The distinction between the tool and the machine is of first importance. In other words we must begin our enquiry with the question as to the distinction between a machine and the implements used in handicrafts. The mathematicians, as well as some of the English economists, simply call a tool a simple machine and a machine a complex tool. The word machine has been applied to the simple mechanical powers such as the lever, the inclined plane, the screw and the wedge.

One distinction that has been made of the difference between a machine and a tool is that in the tool, man is the motive power, while in the case of the machine it is some other power, as for example, an animal, wind or water. But this distinction is entirely inadequate. If it were true, then, as pointed out by Marx, a plow of the simplest form would be a machine, while the circular loom invented by Claussen and worked by one man, yet weaving 96,000 picks a minute, would be a tool.

But let us examine a machine; it has been outlined by one writer, Marx, and followed by another, J. A. Hobson. All fully developed machines consist of three separate or different parts. First, the motor mechanism. The motor mechanism is that which puts the whole machine into motion. It may do one of two things, either receive its impulse from some material force, as the wind, or water, in the case of water wheels and wind mills, or it may generate its own motive power, as in the case of the steam engine or electric motor. Laying aside human strength as motive power, one of the earliest powers used was horse power. But with the opening of great manufacturing establishments, horse power became very inefficient. It was not only costly, but its application in factories was very limited. However, the horse was used to quite an extent during the beginning of modern industry, and even to this day the word horse-power is used as an expression of mechanical force.

Wind power applied to sails and to mills has always had one great objection. It is far too inconsistent and uncontrollable to be of great use. Water served the purpose better, but was still inadequate. At certain seasons of the year it quite failed. It could not be increased in power, and further, a most important fact, it necessitated the location of the mill upon the stream, which was often at a distance from the centres of trade and commerce. In short, it was only local in its application. But the increase in the size of the mechanical apparatus to be set in motion demanded a vastly more powerful motor than any of these, and one that could be run constantly and regulated at will. Hence the discovery of steam power.

The advantages of the invention of steam power are summarized by Marx. He says: "Not till the invention of Watts' second so-called double-action steam engine was a motor found that begot its own force by the consumption of coal and water, whose power was entirely under man's control, that was mobile and a means of locomotion, that was urban and not like the water-wheel rural, that permitted production to be concentrated in towns instead of like the water wheels being scattered up and down the country, and that was of universal technical application." Still other means of motor power are the use of compressed air and gasoline.

We proceed now to the second part of the machine—the transmitting mechanism. This is composed for the most part of ropes, bands, pulleys, cog-wheels, shafting and straps. This transmitting mechanism first of all regulates the motion; second, it changes it when necessary, and finally, it divides it among the working machines. There is no doubt but that the development of modern machinery has been largely a development of motor and transmitting mechanisms. Some of the greatest discoveries in the transmitting of motor power have been those gathering around electricity. Although electricity is commonly spoken of as a motive power itself, it really is not that. It is simply a means of transforming and transmitting energy. For instance, in the case of Niagara Falls, the great water power here is used to turn a dynamo that generates electricity that is then transmitted to a distance of a hundred miles. But the power, the original power, is the water power of the Falls.

Electricity is used to transmit power in such a variety of ways as to practically revolutionize this field of industry. It permits the production of power by steam in one central place with great economy of coal, supervision and labor in general. More important still, it makes possible the utilization of water powers located in the most inaccessible places, provided only that a dynamo can be gotten to the water and wires strung out to where the power is wanted. Through the use of the storage battery it is possible to not only apply power which has been generated at a central station to the most diverse uses, but an intermittent power can be rendered continuous and vice versa. This permits the storage of a great amount of power in a small space, a fact of first importance in many lines of industry.

Finally, the third and last part of the machine is the tool or working part proper, and it is this part we must examine in order to find the true distinction between a handicraft tool and a machine.

The knife, the needle, and the saw all are tools of a simple character. The lathe and the potter's wheel are tools more various in their movements. Now, to these tools man stands in a double relation. First of all, as a handicraftsman he guides them within the scope of activity to which they belong. Besides this he furnished the motive power by which the machine works. It is not the last, but the first of these relations which distinguishes the tool from the machine. "When the tool is removed from the direct and individual guidance of the handicraftsman and placed in a mechanism which governs its action by the prearranged motion of some other tool, it ceases to be a tool and becomes a machine."

We find in the machine the same tools and apparatus in altered forms, that are used by the handicraftsman, but there is this difference. They are now the implements of a mechanism, not human implements.

We might say then that the machine proper is a mechanism that, after being set in motion, performs with its tools the same operations that were formerly done by the workmen with similar tools. So much for the difference between a tool and a machine.

We turn now to distinguish a complex system of machinery from the co-operation of a number of machines of one kind. Take first the case of the co-operation of a number of machines all of one kind. In the first place the product is made entirely by one single machine. Take a case given by Marx, the making of envelopes. When this was handwork one man folded the paper with a folder, another put on the gum, and so on. Now one machine performs all the operations at once and makes several thousand envelopes in an hour.

Take the bottling machine. Here the operations that took half a dozen men are now performed by one machine. The bottle filled is placed on a rest. The cork is driven in and cut off, a wire is twisted around and cut off, almost human-like fingers wrap a piece of tin-foil about the top, and the bottle is taken off completely corked and sealed. The Hoe press is even more wonderful. Here the paper is put in at one side and after being printed, dried and folded, comes out at the other side ready to mail. Now, any number of machines of one kind may be working in the same factory and not constitute a system of machinery.

In a machinery system, each machine constitutes a special organ with a particular function in the system. The finished product of each machine becomes the raw material of the next machine, of the next process to it in order. The carding machine passes its product on to the spinning machine, the spinning to the weaving.

Further, we find that with the increased size of machines there was a demand for the making of machines, by machinery. The first step towards this was the invention of the slide rest, a tool that, with the skill and accuracy of a hand, cuts out the detail parts of machines. The second thing necessary for the making of these enormous steel machines were the great steam drills, mechanical lathes, steam hammers and shears that cut iron like paper. Not alone these great machines for making machines were necessary but as well a vast number of new discoveries were demanded. New discoveries in chemistry, for treating steel and iron, were necessary.

We turn now to the aid that machines are to society in the work of moving

matter, for the moving of matter constitutes the sum total of man's work. Machinery aids him by increasing motive power. First of all it makes the application of the forces of man and Nature both more effective by the use of different mechanical contrivances, such, for example, as the levers, pulleys and screws. Second, it enables man to use the various motor forces—wind, water, steam.

In looking next at the economies that arise from the use of machinery, there is first of all a great saving in the use of fuel and in the substitution of mechanical power for more expensive human power. The extended application of machinery has also increased the practice of utilizing all waste material. Much of the refuse of productive processes is now made a source of profit. Especially is this true when the manufacturing establishment is of large size, since many waste products can only be used when they exist in great quantities. There is no better example of this than the Union Stock Yards, where every portion of the slaughtered animals is used, the bristles for brushes, the hoofs for glue, etc. Smaller butchering establishments can not compete with these for this, among other reasons, that they cannot realize an extra profit on these waste products.

There is still one phase of machinery that we have not touched upon, the fact that machines are labor-saving devices. A study of the "Report on Hand and Machine Labor" shows the vast displacement of hand labor by machinery and the reduction of the cost of production for a great number of industries.

The place of machinery in future social evolution is of greatest importance. The power man has gained over productive forces through their use will enable him when once society is organized on a co-operative basis, to provide for the wants of society with comparatively few hours work a day. He will then be left leisure for the development of his mind and the exercise of his inventive genius. All this today is impossible while these great machines are private property. Only when they are collectively owned by the people will man become master of the machine and not a slave to it.

Article.	Quantity	Years	Time.				Cost.	
			Hand.		Machine.		Hand.	Machine.
			hr.	min.	hr.	min.		
Wheat	20 bu.	1830-96	64	15	2	15	$ 3.71	$ .71
Potatoes	220 bu.	1866-95	108	55	38	—	10.89	3.80
Brooms	100 doz.	1881-95	445	25	295	51	73.19	47.93
Collars (linen)	100 doz.	1855-95	1350	—	191	43	42.04	35.96
Bedsteads		1856-97	462	—	64	30	25.09	10.33
Lumber (pine)	100 Mft.	1854-96	16000	—	272	44	2666.66	52.75
Coal (bituminous)	100 ton	1891-97	342	6	188	36	77.60	43.40
Loading grain (wheat from bin to steamship.)	1000 bu.	1853-96	37	—	8	56	6.45	2.50

THE HIGHER CATECHISM

SAM WALTER FOSS

Let us ask ourselves some questions: for that man is truly wise
Who can make a catechism that will really catechise.
All can make a catechism—none can keep it in repair:
Where's the workman can construct one that he'll guarantee will wear?
We are fronted from our birthday onward to the day we die
With a maximum of question and a minimum reply.
So we make our catechism; but our work is never done—
For a father's catechism never fits a father's son.

What are we here for? That's the first one; that's the first we want to know.
We are here and all born little, just because we're here to grow.
What is sin? Why, sin's not growing; all that stops the growth within,
Plagues the eternal upward impulse, stunts the spirit—that is sin.
Who are sinners? All are sinners; but this is no hopeless plaint,
For there never was a sinner who was not likewise a saint.
What's the devil? A convenient but suppositious elf
Each man builds to throw his sins on when he won't "own up" himself.

And where is hell? And where is heaven? In some vague distance dim?
No, they are here and now in you—in me, in her, in him.
When is the Judgment Day to dawn? Its true date who can say?
Look in your calendar and see what day it is today!
Today is always Judgment Day; and Conscience throned within
Brings up before its judgment-seat each soul to face his sin.
We march to judgment, each along an uncompanioned way—
Stand up, man, and accuse yourself and meet your Judgment Day.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the open sky,
The sphere of crystal silence surcharged with deity.
The winds blow from a thousand ways and waft their balms abroad,
The winds blow toward a million goals—but all winds blow from God.
The stars the old Chaldæans saw still weave their maze on high
And write a thousand thousand years their Bible on the sky.
The midnight earth sends incense up sweet with the breath of prayer—
Go out beneath the naked night and get religion there.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the blooming tree,
Beside the hill-encircling brooks that loiter to the sea,
Beside all twilight waters, beneath all noonday shades,
Beneath the dark cathedral pines and through the tangled glades;
Wherever the old urge of life provokes the dumb, dead sod
To tell its thought in violets, the soul takes hold on God.
Go smell the growing clover, and scent the blooming pear,
Go forth to seek religion—and find it anywhere.

What is the church? The church is man when his awed soul goes out
In reverence to the Mystery that swathes him all about.
When any living man in awe gropes Godward in his search,
Then, in that hour, that living man becomes the living church;
Then, though in wilderness or waste, his soul is swept along
Down naves of prayer, through aisles of praise, up altar-stairs of song.
And where man fronts the Mystery with spirit bowed in prayer,
There is the universal church—the church of God is there

Where are the prophets of the soul? Where dwells the sacred clan?
Ah, they live in fields and cities, yea, wherever dwells a man.
Whether he prays in cloistered cell or delves the hillside clod,
Wherever beats the heart of man, there dwells a priest of God.
Who are the apostolic line? the men who hear a voice
Well from the soul within the soul that cries aloud, "Rejoice!"
Who listen to themselves and hear this world-old voice divine—
These are the lineage of seers, the apostolic line.

And what is faith? The anchored trust that at the core of things
Health, goodness, animating strength flow from exhaustless springs;
That no star rolls unguided down the rings of endless maze,
That no feet tread an aimless path through wastes of empty days;
That trusts the everlasting voice, the glad, calm voice that saith
That Order grows from Chaos, and that life is born from death;
That from the wreck of rending stars, behind the storm and scathe,
There dwells a heart of central calm—and this, and this is faith.

What is the world's true Bible?—'tis the highest thought of man,
The thought distilled from ages since the dawn of thought began.
And each age adds its word thereto, some psalms or promise sweet—
And the canon is unfinished and forever incomplete.
On the chapters that are written long and lovingly we pore—
But the best is yet unwritten, for we grow from more to more.
Let us heed the Voice within us and its messages rehearse;
Let us build the growing Bible—for we, too, must write a verse.

What is the purport of the scheme toward which all time is gone?
What is the great æonian goal? The joy of going on.
And are there any souls so strong, such feet with swiftness shod,
That they shall reach it, reach some bourne, the ultimate of God?
There is no bourne, no ultimate. The very farthest star
But rims a sea of other stars that stretches just as far.
There's no beginning and no end. As in the ages gone,
The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of going on.

Practical Solution of the Drink Problem

JOSEPHINE W. ELSTEIN

WHAT causes any person, man or woman to drink? Is it the mere presence of a saloon, or is it the present economic condition with its debilitating and depressing influences on body and mind?

Drinking is only an incident in the hunt for diversion and amusement, on one hand, and the answer to the call of a debilitated body and mind for relief, on the other.

Hard work, poor food, lack of home comfort are the predisposing conditions for the desire to drink in the case of

the workingman. Idleness, want of occupation, physically and mentally, cause the same effect with the wealthy class. Lack of home-comfort is probably one of the most important causes of drinking. A man coming home tired and weary met by an equally tired and weary wife, surrounded within the confines of a couple of rooms, often of the meanest description, by a crowd of noisy children, will seek the companionship of others in more favorable surroundings and within his means. The saloon is the only place that offers this at the price he can afford to pay. There it probably is bright, warm and to some degree cosy. Another reason for the indulgence in drink is the workingmen's total deprivation of all Sunday recreation. Concerts, refined theatrical performances, museums are impossible to him on week-days, either because of lack of means or time and are closed to him on Sundays. Do you blame him for finally losing all taste and inclination towards this class of amusements? Simply going of a Sunday to the park is almost impossible to the poorer class of laboring men. A man wishing to visit the park with wife and, let us say, four children will have to pay in Newcastle for carfare alone ninety cents, almost half a days average wages. The workingman of today and especially of this country is practically driven into seeking the lowest order of diversions.

Prohibitionists say that we should abolish the saloon. Again I ask: Is it the mere presence of the saloon that causes drink? To abolish it would only do away with the saloon-keeper, and thus increase the army of our unemployed, but it would not abolish the inclination to drink. People thus inclined and arbitrarily deprived would resort to all means to satisfy their craving. When retail buying of liquor is abolished, they will resort to wholesale buying and the consumption of liquor will probably be increased on account of the ever-present temptation at home. Prohibitionists ignore all sociological and physiological developments of the race. They wish to abolish, by mere dictum, an evil caused by ages of existing circumstances, and assuming in a large number of cases the importance of hereditary disease. This is impossible. Even were surroundings most favorable it would require time to become accustomed to changed sociological conditions and probably generations to eradicate hereditary tendencies. As it is, with conditions growing worse and causing daily greater discomfort and restlessness, it is impossible to eradicate the desire to drink, and nothing but the disinclination of the people to drink will destroy the liquor trade.

The argument of some Socialists is that removal of profit in liquor selling will solve the problem. The above arguments refute the assertion. Besides why should liquor carefully prepared and at a lower price, which would be the case if it were manufactured in the Socialist state, reduce the drinking habit? If a man now is willing to pay ten cents for a glass of poor whiskey, why should he stop drinking when he can get good whiskey at probably two cents. The only difference would be that instead of at the saloon he would get it at the liquor depot. This would never solve the liquor problem. The only thing that can do this, solve the liquor problem in all its aspects, with due consideration to individual liberty, state of health, as concerns acquired taint and heredity, is Socialism proper.

Socialism will make grand substitution for liquor. It will reduce the hours of labor, insure rest, provide beautiful homes, make access to parks, museums, concerts, lectures free and ever possible. It will supply bountifully all physical and mental wants, reduce all tendencies to sickness and debility, producing a healthy race, with no inclination for drink, almost the only pleasure accessible to the working man of today.

[I quite concur.—H.G.W.]

THE CHILDREN'S CHANCES

MRS. E. R. CORNELIUS

A CHILD'S inheritance should be a sound mind in a sound body. A child's right is shelter, food and clothing. And is that all? Childish natures demand pleasure, demand love, and something beside mere physical necessities. The mind, yes, and the soul, must be fed as well as the body. Children of today may be divided into three classes. First, those who are provided for in every want; second, those partially provided for and compelled to provide in part for themselves; and, third, those wholly destitute, whose existence depends solely on their own efforts. We have not to deal with the first class; their condition might be bettered under a new regime, but they are doing very well. It is the last two named that need the attention of humanitarians. The possibilities of a race lie in its children. Progressive childhood is fundamental to the life of a people. Are the means for our children's advancement less today than at some previous time? If so, then do we retrograde. We must admit that along some lines beneficial provision has been made, even for the children of the poor. But when conditions are such that one cannot avail himself of advantages presented, of what value are they to him? Our free schools and kindergartens, public libraries, etc., are indeed a boon to the children and youth of our land; but a large proportion of the children of the poorer class are unable to profit by these benefits, simply because they must assume the duties of men and become wage-earners. Throughout our land, in its shops, in its mines, and on the streets, are stunted forms, robbed of their childhood, deprived of all pleasures natural to the child, with pinched faces, filled with intense longing for wants never supplied. Little ones, needing the protecting care of father and mother, cast upon the world to jostle with their mates in the struggle for existence. Lives filled with misery and pain, whose mental and moral attributes are consumed by fires, requisite for their physical consumption. Today our city slums are the cesspools of society, wherein breed rowdyism, debauchery, and crime. A being born into such an atmosphere can but imbibe the vicious elements of his surroundings, and his inherited evil tendencies be but augmented by his environment. The offspring of our most destitute populace, be they foreign or American, are born subjects to a despotism as implacable as that of a Herod; destined to feel the iron fetters of poverty and sin hamper their limbs, which should be free to move with youth's vigor. Could we know the inner workings of a childish mind under such conditions, what a picture it would present of a life deprived of the elements for mental and moral growth, struggling to exist, with but partial food for the maintenance of a living soul. Born of a mother whose influence upon the unborn, owing to her surroundings, must have stamped upon him physical weaknesses and moral deficiencies; born into a world with inherited frailties, into an environment of poverty and vice, with prenatal influence, heredity and environment, those three factors which determine the making or a marring of a being, all adverse—who can fortell the culmination of such a life?

Little lives robbed of childish pleasures, starved in mind and body,

compelled to assume man's stature by the performance of man's work, are they not to be pitied? The condition of the children of the poor of our land is indeed appalling. Do we wonder when statistics tell us fifty per cent. of such die under four years of age? Yet, it were better so, than to live and endure the miserable existence of their companions. Every cause produces an effect, nor is there ever an effect without a cause, no matter how remote it may seem.

It is argued, by some, even in this day, that the opportunities of youth are equal; that providing a boy or girl aspires to make a success of life, and is endowed with intelligence and push to go ahead, determined not to be baffled by adverse circumstances, and with untiring perseverance, success will surely be attained. We admit that this is sometimes true, but where one succeeds many fail. Is it through indolence, ignorance or for lack of desire, a life of pauperism is chosen? Some conditions are forced on man by existing conditions of the world about him. In this day of the usurped rights of the laborer, he is bound with chains unbreakable, and apparently the more he struggles the more closely they bind. And the lot of the children is even worse than the father's. Pushed out upon the world, compelled to perform labor unsuited to their years, denied healthful play necessary for their well-being, deprived of proper nourishment for both mind and body, he grows to manhood, to beget children of still lesser intellects and weaker bodies. Is it any wonder that the race degenerates? So closely are the thongs of tyranny drawing around the poor that, ere long, brain and body, unable to endure longer the strain, must give up the struggle. As like begets like, each generation becomes weaker, and a race of degenerates will cease to propagate, and sink into oblivion.

"MAKING A MAN"—ANOTHER PRESCRIPTION.

Take a bonnie baby boy, jolly, fat and rosy;
See him on his mother's lap, sweet as any posy.
Tub him well, and scrub him well, let him kick and frolic;
Milk enough for growing child, stopping short of colic.
Open windows day and night, sunshine, fun and gamble;
When his daddy walks abroad Tommy joins his rambles.
Stuff him not and cuff him not, coddle not or swaddle;
Hardy little man he is as soon as he can toddle.
Bricks, and toys, and picture books, until he's nearly seven,
Let him learn that hate is hell, love and goodness heaven.
By the winter fireside tell tales of knight or fairy,
Of printed books for tiny eyes, parents should be wary.
When to school he trots away, make him true and fearless;
Pure and clean in limb and mind, noble-hearted, peerless.
Learn to swing the ax, or plane, ply the saw or hammer;
Better use his fingers well than cram his head with grammar.
Build up lots of commonsense, character and kindness;
Heavy goods in rotten drums, surely foolish blindness.
Send him out adrift in life, strong and self-reliant;
Calm or storm, he meets them both, steadfast and defiant.
Fond of labor, love to neighbor, reverent and humble;
Taking all the ups and downs without frown or grumble.
When the boy is ninety-odd toll the bell not sadly,
Ripened fruit for kingdom come passes homeward gladly.

—The Clarion.

A VISIT TO EDWIN MARKHAM

CHARLES HENRY GONDISS

IT was a delightful afternoon, one of those still, warm days of mid-August, when the glories of summer seem almost oppressive in their richness, that I paid my first visit to the poet, Edwin Markham. At his pleasant Adirondack cottage, which nestles in the midst of those beautiful hills, I first received that hand of good fellowship which is so truly his. The day and the place were most fitting for the greeting of a poet. The man and his environment were in perfect harmony. I approached Mr. Markham with that feeling of reverential awe that always comes over me in the presence of a genius, forgetting all else except the grandeur and the power of that great poem, "The Man With The Hoe." And as I looked at the majestic old man, snow-capped and rugged, Tennyson's line on Wellington came to me, "O, good grey head that all men know." In a few minutes, however, his genial cordiality, his cheery conversation and his truly contagious laugh dispelled my awesome dream, and I found myself chatting at a very high speed with my unconventional host. The charm of Mr. Markham's personality is twofold. His tall, sturdy figure, his sensitive, intelligent face and calm, thoughtful eyes, all suggest the man of purpose and mentality, and yet his boy-like simplicity is his most marked characteristic. His head is hoary, but his heart is young. Although well past fifty, he is brimming over with good spirits, and possesses the exhilarating enthusiasm of a happy school-boy.

It was, no doubt, this native enthusiasm that has crowned his life with success, for, like most great men, Mr. Markham has risen from the bosom of the people. Without friends or patronage he has forced his way by his own energy and ability. The story of his life is an interesting one, and as told in his own words is, as follows:

"My earliest recollection goes back to the days when I was a shepherd boy on the hills in Central Park, California. I think I was seven years of age at that time, and such was my employment until I reached the age of ten. Then my mother, a widow, turned her sheep range into a cattle range and it became a regular racquero. I soon became an expert horseman and could hold the lariat as well as anyone.

"A little later I became a plowboy, plowing up the little valleys along the foot hills of the range. Every summer I went into the harvest fields as water-boy and binder of sheafs, and sometimes followed the threshing machines. In these ways I earned a little money

to eke out home resources. On one occasion I plowed up a neighbor's wheatfield and received $20 for the job, which I insisted on investing in books. I waited anxiously until my mother went to San Francisco, some 200 miles distant, when I purchased a list of books I felt were necessary to me. I was then about thirteen years of age. I well remember the books I asked for; they were the complete poems of Tennyson, Bryant and Thomas Moore, also a copy of Webster's Dictionary. I graduated from California State Normal School in 1872, and afterward attended college, studying the classics and higher mathematics while I taught as tutor in a preparatory department to help out my slender resources. Journalism came later, and I did much of the hard grind before my ability was in any way remarked upon." Such was the upward climb of the man who, today, is known in two hemispheres.

Among the poets of the present day, Mr. Markham stands beside Walt Whitman as pre-eminently a "Poet of the People." He writes as one who loves his fellowmen, confining his sympathies to no one class, but giving bountifully to all. The strugglers, the workers, the weary and oppressed, he holds dearest, and with a right goodwill he has battled his way against everything which tends to degrade humanity.

But not only as a "Poet of the People" must Mr. Markham be regarded. He is a "Poet of Nature" as well That rare capacity of interpreting Nature in a convincing way, of giving voice to her most subtle words, is his. He talks of her as one who has lived near her and been under her profound influence. His words seem like caresses; sunny vistas open before us, idleness and pleasure lure us gently on, a warm, mellow atmosphere envelopes us; we are invited, not driven, to be happy in those tender Nature poems. What Matthew Arnold called "sweetness and light" permeates all that he has done.

Although so different as not to be well compared with the great imaginative genius of a Hawthorne or a Poe, nor with a colossal mind like that of Emerson; although not great in the same way that these men were great, he is, no doubt, destined to live long. Yea, perhaps even longer than they of greater genius. He has lived and written for the "woes of man," and not for his joys and successes. The essence of his work is the "milk of human kindness," and the knowledge of the ages has declared that he who touches heart-strings is greater than he who builds vast monuments.

THE SOCIAL TREND

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

THE natural trend of a representative democracy is towards a co-operative commonwealth. The transition steps must be made by a socialization of the people in their various interests and pursuits outside of government. Only when the people are prepared through socialization will the transition from industrial capitalization to socialistic co-operation be both natural and easy. The socialization is largely completed.

The social trend in America for the last half century, and especially since chattel slavery was abolished by the Civil War, has been marked and rapid. The associations formed by the Union soldiers returning from the war, and the many auxiliaries which have sprung up in connection with them, pledged as they all are to equality and equal rights, are social centers of a large class, with which they come in touch through the fraternal system which they have inaugurated and successfully carried on. Within their doors, black and white, foreign and native-born, the woman as well as the man, stand as equals. The American woman made her first appearance on the national platform in conformance with the needs and through the recognition of these soldier organizations. Through them Clara Barton, Mary A. Livermore, and their compeers, had their first opportunities for the large work for humanity which they have since carried forward. The ostracism which had attended the efforts of the women engaged at an earlier period in the propaganda of abolition and woman's suffrage, ceased entirely with this period of social development.

The evolution of democracy had been steadily going forward in America for a century and more before the thought of a representative republic forced itself upon the attention of the people. It was only when the town meeting and the public protest had done their work that the principle of equality was promulgated; and it is only when the practice of the principle of equality permeates the public conscience that Socialism will supplant competition as a governing power.

De Tocqueville, maintaining the possibilities of democracy when the sages and divines of the old world were shaking their heads ominously, pointed this out when he said:—"The emigrants who fixed themselves on the shores of America in the beginning of the seventeenth century severed the democratic principle which repressed it in the communities of Europe, and transplanted it to the new world. It has there been allowed to spread in perfect freedom

and to put forth its consequences in the laws by influencing the manners of the country."

For seven hundred years or more, democratic socialization has been evolving throughout Europe, every great event leading up to equality. The Crusades and the prolonged English wars had broken down the nobility and divided up their possessions; the growth of trade guilds and the granting of charters to free boroughs had undermined feudal powers; the invention of firearms had taken the coat of mail from the noble and subjected him to the common danger of fighting at the side of the vassal; the printing of books had extended knowledge from priest to peasant; the insistence of the Lollards that man needs no middleman between him and his God had manumitted conscience; the wandering of the Pilgrims in quest of religious liberty, accentuated the equality of conditions afforded in new America. Here was a train of evolution which led to the foundation of the United States Republic. From flower to fruit, the growth went steadily on. Applying De Tocqueville's words on Democracy to its full fruition in Socialism, it is not necessary to strain a point when he says:—"If the men of our time were led by attentive observation and a sincere reflection to acknowledge that the gradual and progressive development of social equality is at once the past and future of their history, this solitary truth would confer the sacred character of a divine decree of change."

Attentive observers and sincere students of the present social trend rest on the assurance that the principle in equality was never so soundly grounded in the hearts and consciences of men as it is today; and that the socialistic agitation now on in every country, but carries forward the great humanizing propaganda which has engaged the wisest of men in all ages, and towards which the inborn principle of freedom, struggling for expression in the most benighted soul, lends a part. He but dreams who fails to reckon with the Socializing movement, which, begun in the nineteenth century, as a sporadic manifestation, is gathering the force and momentum which are to find their expression in government, as the distinguishing feature of the twentieth century. Labor unions, trade unions, co-operative industries, department stores, college settlements, profit-sharing colonies, mutual benefit societies, associated charities, compulsory education, university extension, manual training, mutual insurance, municipalism and municipal reform; the hundreds of woman's associations, auxiliaries, federations, councils and clubs; all have the great underlying social principle as a basis, from which is springing a fabric perhaps not even dimly seen in the altruistic dream of the founders.

The great Trust system itself is a socializing force, intended in the first place to benefit a class, but designed by that benign power which overrules and controls men and nations, to substitute co-operation for competition. What a part of the people can successfully do, the people acting as a whole can do better. In any case, no one will claim that things could be worse than they are now, when the public good is concerned. A year ago it would have been deemed impossible that a single combine would cause a coal famine in the United States, especially when we recall the plea of the press, as well as the Trust, that it was the scarcity of Texan cattle and not a trick of the

trade that banished meat from the poor man's table.

The public school has been a great awakener of public intelligence. The boy who is taught in the public school that by honesty and industry he can accomplish anything, and then goes out to discover that the good places are all filled, and that he must take a subordinate position in the labor ranks, having no voice or choice as to his time, or the wage he shall receive, thinks quickly and to the point. He feels that he is something more than the engine he drives, or the switch he turns; and when he finds that the virtual management of the entire plant he operates is in his hands, and that without him, and the fidelity with which he performs his particular part, the entire system would go to ruin, he takes on a new understanding of his importance as a social factor.

"What a great system the Pennsylvania Railroad is," I said to the brakeman, standing on the platform of an east-bound car. "And do you ever think of the men who operate it?" was the reply of this young American product of the public schools, adding, "What use would it be for the men down there in New York to plan on paper if it were not for the fidelity and intelligence of the labor army who carry on the work?" As the train moved on, and we passed stations and cars laden with coal and iron and other great national products, I saw the men, signalling to one another, raising their right hands with a flutter of the fingers, and in that sign I recognized the silent slogan of a vast socializing labor army of which the railroad men are but a part.

If you want brotherhood and fraternity, you must look for it inside the labor unions. Fraternity is the animating spirit of the whole economic struggle. John Mitchell writes me that since July, 1902, the bituminous miners paid over ten per cent. of their entire earnings to the support of their brothers of the anthracite strike. From other organized bodies vast sums have been contributed without solicitation.

Into the arena of socialization two new factors have thrust themselves, both inevitable in the evolution of social equality. These are the workingman and the woman, as expressed through organization, singly or together. Time was when both were under the domination of the priest, to such an extent as to make organization outside the church impossible. The church took upon itself to confine the woman to domestic routine, or donation parties and dime socials. It warned the man against the labor union as ungodly, and calculated to fill his mind with unholy ambitions, disturbing the serenity of relations between employer and employed. It is only through the stress of economic changes that fraternal and mutual benefit orders arose, giving members assurance of friends and help in time of distress, such as the church, organized in the first place for mutual burden-bearing, ignored. The State legislatures, once composed of the small farmer and country doctor, passed with the development of industry from the control of labor to the domination of capital. The Pennsylvania legislature, which, in an early day passed a rule forbidding members to attend legislative sessions barefooted, or eat their noon lunches on the capitol steps, was now operated by property represented by Tom Scott and foreign capital. A spurious feudal force was born and labor, relegated to the rear,

found a rallying place in the labor union. In all but name the laborer had become a serf. The woman took to charitable organizations, through pity of the inequalities which had arisen through capitalization, which magnified property and minimized man. New words were coined to express the impoverishment of the masses, or the degradation into which they sunk: such words as "tramp" and "tenderloin."

The outcome of these forces, going steadily forward, the one making millionaires and misery, the other to educate and ameliorate, has been a government within a government; the legislative government fostering greed and protecting property, and a fraternal government developing equality and brotherhood and moulding economic sentiment and force.

Chattel slavery in America arrested economic evolution, resulting in a national upheaval and laying a heavy drain on our economic resources, when, disregarding the warnings of Abraham Lincoln, as to the dangers of a new slave power, we sat down to count our victories, and fight our battles over, while wage slavery stole in and slipped its fetters upon us.

In England the social evolution has gone on uninterrupted, favored by a more homogeneous wage body, the best proof being the presence of John Burns in the British Parliament. Laws for the protection of the working classes, the extension of suffrage to men and women, on equal terms, in municipal and educational affairs, resulted in better economic and educational advantages for the working classes. The Great London Dock strike of 1886, organized and won by Ben Tillett, John Burns and Tom Mann, as well as the miners' strike which followed, were made possible through the aid of women, as Mr. Tillett told me when in this country; and the Anthracite Miners' Strike, led by John Mitchell, will bring about a new and vital alignment of the women and the workingmen in the United States. The first public expression of approval of the course of President Roosevelt, in recognizing the United Mine Workers' Association, by summoning their President, John Mitchell, to the White House for conference with the coal operators, was sent by the National Convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, then in session at Washington, representing one hundred and fifty thousand members, with representatives from every State and territory in the Union.

The National Christian Woman's Temperance Union, numbering a quarter of a million of members, is committed, in its constitution, to an eight hour law for labor, a living wage, courts of arbitration, justice as opposed to greed of gain, peace on earth and goodwill towards man. Francis E. Willard, who penned the constitution, was an avowed Socialist, becoming so after long years of experience and observation in sweeping back the rising tide of intemperance in this country. Finding the great combine representing the brewing and liquor interests, owning and operating the saloons for private profits, she saw how futile it was to bring about temperance reform under the feverish over-wrought regime of competition. Her opinions, as stated in her last address before the National W. C. T. U. at Buffalo, in 1897, are shared by every woman who has made a study of the conditions of poverty and crime in this country. "Look about you," she said, "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 on it—for discerning eyes—the marks of tools and the pressure of labor's hands. But is it not the cruelest injustice for those whose lives are surrounded and embellished by this work to have a superabundance of the money, while the laborer himself is kept so steadily at work that he has no time to acquire the educational refinement 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 we call civilization, all that has been achieved on this continent in the four hundred years since Columbus wended his way thither, 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 practical, and that any other method is simply a relic of barbarism."

The College Settlements and the societies for ethical culture are great factors in socialization, even when the leaders are in the experimental stage, and unprepared to grasp the full social significance of their work. The Chicago Social Settlement offer prizes for the best papers on Sociology, and through model communities contribute to general socialization. The churches are socializing bodies, notwithstanding the restrictions the clergy usually throw around themselves. The abstract theories they advance find practical expression outside, in such societies as the King's Daughters, The Christian Endeavor and the Epworth League, which create the habit of mutual fellowship, the essential spirit of Socialism. Occasionally this social spirit finds expression in the institutional church. The George Junior Republic, The School City, the Complete Education Society, are developing the same spirit through developing co-operation and self-knowledge.

The National Council of Women of the United States, embracing a score of great national bodies, have for their object the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law; and the General Federation of Women's Clubs, one hundred and fourteen thousand strong, organized to raise the standard of womanhood, are proving themselves a great socializing influence. A discussion of the question, "How does the Club Spirit Manifest Itself?" participated in by leading sociological speakers at the last Biennial of the General Federation, held last summer in San Francisco, found its answer in the summary, "The true club spirit manifests itself by Socialism rightly understood." For the next two years the clubs everywhere are commended to work for the abolition of child labor, the founding of working-women's clubs, the increase of civic beauty, the opening of breathing places for the poor, in the way of parks, playgrounds, and vacation schools.

So much for the sentiment developing, but all this aside, there is only one way through which Socialism may become the controlling policy of government, and that is through the education

of the people in economic questions. That this education is proceeding at a rapid rate is shown in the acts of the manifold industrial, civic and charitable associations, which together, or singly, are demanding better economic legislation. The Trusts, operating through the pocketbook, are doing their full share in the agitation. Economic discussion has forced itself upon our educational institutions. Every school and college has its chair of sociology, and though the Professor who occupies the chair is usually turned out when he vibrates too closely in touch with the popular will, yet the vibrations he sets in motion find eager listeners outside the college walls. The hope of Socialism is not that it comes down from the elective few, but that it is the demand of the many and has its healthy germination at the bottom of the social yeast pot.

Far better than a chair of sociology in a university is the socialistic seat in the labor union, and on the charity board, occupied by the man, or the woman, who does not deal in abstract theories, based on a holiday tour through the slum or the factory, but on the common, everyday experience and observations of the workman at his task, or the humanitarian in his quest. "Applied Christianity is the social need of the times," as James M. Brown, President of the National Humane Society expresses it. This insistence upon the Golden Rule in government was the preponderating sentiment expressed by the speakers in the National Association of Charities and Corrections held last summer in Detroit. Applied Christianity is already at work in labor circles. There are now more than one hundred national unions in the American Federation of Labor, representing fourteen thousand local unions, with a paid per capita on 1,025,300 members. Last year the growth was enormous, there having been issued one thousand and twenty-four national charters, which, added to charters issued by affiliated bodies, reached a grand total of three thousand five hundred charters, and a membership of three hundred thousand. Besides fifteen paid organizers, fifteen hundred volunteers were in the field last year, women as well as men. Women's auxiliaries are forming, and each labor union is a center for the discussion of economic questions. The leaven is silently working, the union itself being socialistic, in name and intent, as the word indicates.

With this vast solidarity of labor working for a recognition of the rights of man to the products of his own creation, and with a legislative committee reporting again and again their absolute failure to get Congress to act upon their demands for just concessions, it will not be long until the talk of "keeping out of politics" will cease and the labor union will be of one mind in the conclusion, that neither compromise nor temporizing will avail them anything; and that it is only in conformance with the socialistic program that they can break the bondage of wage slavery, and take their places as the economic equals of their present exploiters.

Education in Socialism must go on until it is clear to the workingman, the farmer and the humanitarian that nothing more or less is contemplated than the giving of every man and woman a chance to use the full products of his own labor for his development, physically, mentally and morally, under conditions that favor such development.

The change from capitalism is co-operation in pursuance of the great socializing process which has been going on, and the general intelligence of the masses, will be easy as compared with the change which abolished feudalism and gave the merchant and the tradesman the chance to own land and hold property.

The greatest economic education ever afforded to this or any other country has been going forward in the anthracite mining region, where, for the first time, foreign labor, introduced by the capitalist to break down competition, has stood solidly by American labor, in the demand for better economic conditions. This is the most hopeful sign attending the present labor struggle, as many a strike has been lost in the past because of the difficulty to hold the foreign element in line. John Markle, the so-called independent coal operator, in his public arraignment of John Mitchell, says there was peace in the anthracite region until the labor agitators went there and formed the unions, unions not only of miners but of the teamsters, and he bitterly accused Mr. Mitchell of even attempting to form a union of the "hired girls" of that region. This is an indirect recognition of the economic education which is going on in the unions, and through which the domestic drudge will eventually disappear, and defined hours and duties of household work become equally binding on employer and employed.

When we consider the rapidity of the industrial development of America, and the marvels wrought by steam, electricity and invention, we have abundant reason to hope that the American people, once fully aroused to the conditions which confront them, will be equally potent in accomplishing a rapid change from Capitalization to Socialism, and then go forward to peace, happiness and prosperity on the solid footing of economic equality.

Toledo, Ohio.

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES

J. R COLE

"And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine will burst the bottles, and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish."

A process is going on in society today which may be compared to the fermentation of new wine. A thought is at work which is changing social ideas, and must eventually revolutionize all social conditions. This thought is accompanied by a living, aggressive, powerful sentiment.

Under the bubble and froth of new wine lies the decomposing sugar of the grape; and beneath the philosophy and sentiment of the social revolution lie the basic facts of changing economic conditions, which will bring about change in the whole composition of society.

It is not in human nature to be purely intellectual, and the possibilities revealed by the new philosophy stimulate the

imagination and awaken emotion. Reason is calm, but sentiment and imagination bubble and expand. They exert pressure against restraining conditions. In proportion as conditions are elastic, the danger of destruction is lessened.

In old times, when liquids were kept in leather bottles, which became hard and stiff with age, it was said that you cannot keep new wine in old bottles. For leather that has become inelastic will not bear the strain of fermenting wine. So here—the old institutions will not contain the new life. New institutions will and must be developed to meet the necessities of new conditions. The wine is working, and the hardened and inelastic vessel will be torn asunder

In the face of the activity now evident in all lines of thought and experiment upon social matters, there are still men who are densely unconscious of any new possibilities in the situation. They see no danger in the path, no necessity of adapting themselves to the changing social sentiment. Their eyes look backward and their ears are unheeding, while the stir and contention and tumult natural to a revolutionary movement are all about them. With opinions governed by tradition, and imaginations limited by the experiences of their own lives, imperfectly understood, they press blindly on, and will realize the situation only when it is thrust upon them. Then it will come like a thunder-clap, finding them wholly unprepared and uncomprehending.

Another class of citizens there is who feel the stir about them and are ready, even eager, to take part in the social activity, but who do not yet realize its depth and radical nature. They think to help matters on by the use of old methods and fancy that the new life can be brought within the scope and governed by the use of old institutions. These well-meaning sympathizers, also, are destined to be swept from their feet when the full tide of the social change rolls in upon us.

"Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." That assertion sounded like blasphemy to the Jews, but it was fulfilled. And it may be prophesied today that the time will come when the forms and methods of our own civilization, though made reverend by tradition and long custom, will be as utterly destroyed as was the temple at Jerusalem, and new forms and customs take their place. You cannot confine new wine in old bottles, and it is a principle of life that the new grows out of the decay and destruction of the old.

Among those who are striving to aid in the regeneration of society, yet who fail to realize the universal nature of the social revolution, I note two classes of persons prominently in evidence. Both have accepted the theory of Socialism and are entitled to be called Socialists. There are, on the one hand, those so-called sentimentalists who are inclined to discredit political activity; and on the other hand, those who are politically active and sneer at all work outside their own programme.

The former are apt to imagine that they can bring about great economic changes and at the same time leave present religious beliefs and institutions undisturbed; and while preaching a new gospel, the gospel of Socialism, they nevertheless imagine they can avoid crossing the path or offending the prejudices of the followers of Individualism. Although they are advocating a revolutionary theory, they hope to keep the favor and even, perhaps, gain the friendly co-operation of the church, our most conservative and anti-revolutionary institution.

This they will find impossible. Only by breaking away from error can men endorse truth. Religious forms are a reflection of economic conditions. When economic conditions change, religious forms undergo transformation to correspond.

On the other hand, we have those politicians who, through a superficial understanding of the situation, are led to sneer at all efforts to bring about better conditions which are put forth outside the field of politics, *as they understand it.* These men, while claiming to be severely practical, are often as sentimental, utopian and illogical as the most extreme of the sentimentalists. They insist that the majority of men are moved by their immediate interest, yet fail to appeal to that interest, and look with scorn upon the tendency of the "sentimentalists" to grasp what appears to offer a present good. While steadily preaching "selfishness" and disdaining to appeal to the social instinct, they set the example of indefatigable activity in a political field, whose immediate benefit to themselves they apparently fail to see; and push steadily onward toward that ideal which is in reality the moving impulse of all their work.

There seems to me little doubt that resistance to the opposition of the capitalist, whether it expresses itself in the political field as a new political party, in the economic field under the form of a trade union, or finds voice in the appeals to social sentiment and love of justice made by the sentimentalists, does undoubtly tend to benefit the worker in the immediate present, while at the same time it brings him ever nearer his goal.

Another inconsistency among Socialist politicians is their disposition to follow methods practised by the old parties, although they are looking forward to and advocating entirely different political conditions. They claim to expect great benefit from the practice of direct legislation in the future; but they witness attempts to introduce direct legislation in the present without a shadow of enthusiasm, professing to believe that people are not capable of legislating wisely. That is to say, they have less faith in the ability of the masses to govern themelves than some men who do not call themselves Socialists.

Again: they are exceedingly loth to see women coming into politics. This is notably illogical in view of the fact that equality of opportunity for woman is one of the fundamental principles of Socialist theory. If it were not so, it is plainly in line with modern economic evolution. The Socialist politician who is not willing to accept woman in the political field, is decidedly behind many other men in this particular. Both the agitation for the abolition of chattel slavery, and the agitation against the Anglo-Saxon curse of intemperance, have drawn much of their strength from women workers, and it is obviously unwise for the Socialist to despise their aid. Yet many Socialists seem to consider the political movement a man's movement, one in which women need not be considered except as passive beneficiaries, or at most, obedient helpers of the men. All this, my Socialist friends, is a long way behind the times. We are on the eve of a revolution, and many things will be changed, including the status of woman. The equality of opportunity you have been so ready to accept and preach as a theory, will manifest itself to you as a fact, and you should be making yourself ready to receive it.

I am inclined to think that this disposition to ignore the woman, is merely the clinging to traditional methods, a failure to realize that the coming change

will affect political methods as well as political aims. The politics of the future will follow new lines, and make use of new instruments. Men whose ideas of political action are limited to the wire-pulling of cliques in the rear of saloons, or possibly in the private office of some contractor or operator, and whose imagination can conceive of no other sort of politics, are destined to meet with surprises; and those who are trying to fit the worn-out garments used by the old parties upon the strong and growing limbs of the new democracy, are likely to find themselves suddenly ignored as politicians. The new movement will fashion methods to meet its needs.

The social change is developing in no one line of activity, but in all. The trade-union movement, the woman movement, the development of combinations of capital, the progress of science, the strengthening of the democratic spirit in all quarters of the earth, the craving of humanity for the ideal good, all are working together in one direction, toward which the political movement of today is but as a finger pointing. The politics of tomorrow must cover all these modes of expression, and will be the interest of the great body of citizens, and not of the few.

The revolution upon which we have entered is as deep as the life of the people itself, and it is coming through all channels—economic, social, religious, political, scientific. No one of our time-worn systems of economy, or faith, or philosophy, will stand the strain of the fermenting wine.

THE NEW LIBERTY BELL

OSCAR SWEENEY

DURING the Columbian Exposition, in 1893, a new Liberty Bell was cast. Great ceremony attended the casting.

When the bell was rung the first time, it was thought to ring true, and the people gave a great shout.

On the bell were inscribed these words, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

The bell was taken later to the Atlanta Exposition, and a proclamation was made that it would go on a journey round the world proclaiming liberty and peace everywhere. But here the bell, which was cast with such high hopes, seemed to give a discordant note, and instead of starting on its journey round the world, it was placed in hiding and has not been heard from since.

It is well, for the only place it might have been rung was at the Peace Congress at The Hague. It was not meet that it should be carried thence to the armed camps of Europe. And had it been carried to Armenia, South Africa, the Philippines or China, an attempt to ring it must have caused it to crack or

break in pieces, so discordant with its silver tones would be the cries of the oppressed, the clash of arms and the roar of cannon.

What with the teamsters' strike of Chicago, the street car strike of New Orleans, a hundred and fifty thousand anthracite miners crying for justice, millions of our people pleading for coal, and the children's voices from a thousand factories raised in tender protest at oppression before their time, this new Liberty Bell cannot ring even in the land which we fondly call the "Land of Liberty."

The principal ring heard here now is the ring of the dollar. The tinkling of the dollars as they rain into the coffers is a sweeter sound to the magnate's ear than any chime of cathedral bells. The cries of the people for humanity and simple justice are drowned.

Co-operation would rob no man, but would secure to the great body of the people what belongs to them as the righteous fruit of their labor. We mean through co-operation to enable the people to found their own universities and build their own libraries, rather than contribute through some captain of industry who takes what does not belong to him and then poses as the benefactor of the people.

We mean to search for this new Liberty Bell until we can bring it from its place of hiding and ring it joyously over all our land. Let us not go singly on this quest, as did the knights of the olden time, but let us co-operate until the bell is found, and, listening gladly to its peals, we find a new-old meaning in the words, "Good will to men."

WAR

EMMA E. HUNT

The base-born child of vanity and greed,
Mis-shapen and ill-favored from its birth;
A withering blight upon the face of earth;
Along its path the carrion vultures breed,
And plenteous harvests turn to barren dearth;
Its hideous form is decked in trappings fine;
The while it struts its nodding plumes keep time;
Earth's lords—its master—see their petty worth
Reflected in its pomp and tinseled show;
Fed by the praise from Adulation's tongue
It stands supreme, the world's most dreaded foe;
Its bloody deeds as triumphs still are sung,
Unmindful of its ravages and woe;
But God is patient, and the world is young.

CURRENT EVENTS

MAN'S NECESSITY IS BAER'S OPPORTUNITY

The annexed cut of Mr. Baer is from the New York Herald, and is given not so much to exhibit the divinity in the man depicted by the artist, as to introduce the headlines adjoining.

"If a rival company were to-day to build a switch into a colliery which we ship from, I would buy the colliery if necessary to hold the traffic."

BAER DEFIES LAW TO SUPPRESS THE COAL TRUST'S WAR

Monopoly Its Watchword Competition Its Foe, the Highest Prices for Its Product Its Aim.

CHALLENGE FOR A NATION'S FORUMS

Dreamers the True Name for Those Who Would Establish Open Trade, His Inference.

STRIKE PRICES EXPOSED

President, Who Denies He Is a Conspirator, Chief Factor in Plot with Independents.

Baer certainly has a right to consider himself an agent of God, if there is any divinity in correctly forecasting economic events, and divining the inevitability of monopoly. He stated frankly, in the investigation of the Coal Trust, that competition is an impossibility and monopoly is a necessity; and he has not only enunciated this theory, but he has shown how well a man can live up to a theory, especially when he is backed by six powerful railway companies. It has been shown very conclusively that Mr. Baer, through the organization of the Temple Coal Company, was made the representative of the six railroads, has a complete monopoly of the anthracite coal product of the United States, and that he can put the price up or down, just as he pleases, without reference to any old-fashioned ideas about the law of supply and demand.

Another significant admission Mr. Baer made was that the first coal strike, the

one which took place before the last presidential election, was only settled because of representations made by Mr. Hanna to the coal operators, that if they did not compromise with their men, McKinley and Roosevelt would be defeated at the coming election. Mr. Baer apparently at once concluded that it was a better business proposition to pay his men more wages and recoup by charging the public more for their coal, than to allow a Democratic candidate in the presidential chair. I, myself, do not think he would have found it very difficult. When the workingmen of this country know as much about what they can do politically to advance their own interests as Mr. Baer and Mr. Hanna know, there will be a political revolution, the extent of which it is difficult to prognosticate accurately, but it can be said that it will never result in the success of the moribund Democratic Party. There is but one party of the future, and that is the Socialist Party.

Saturday, April 18.—I got a faim elefant. He is a peech. I kin make him dants or do wotever I want. When I give him a order he has to mind quick. If he don't he gets it in the nek.

A TAME ELEPHANT.

It is a confession of my opinion of the dearth of good cartoon artists in the United States when I am forced to give so many from one man, Mr. Opper; I would naturally prefer to give a larger representation of the cartoonists, could I find others whose drawings were so pertinent.

The revelations of the investigation of the Coal Trust have shown so conclusively the domination of the Republican Party by the Trusts that the two annexed cartoons are only too well justified. If it were not that the public is quite conscious that though the Trusts are a bad thing, they are an inevitability, there is no question but what the pressing of such suits as are now going on under the anti-Trust law, would be so thoroughly backed by public opinion that every Trust

in the United States would be wiped off the face of the earth. As it is, it is difficult to forsee the end. Here we have the Northern Securities Company declared illegal, and if the law is followed to its extremity in its application to this Company and others, it means the complete disintegration of many of the great business corporations in the United States. In the last analysis, it would mean the return to primitive methods of business relations, the very thought of which shows the absurdity of such a future. The Trusts themselves see the futility of legislation. At the same time they also see that the present agitation may result in very disagreeable consequences for them, in the interim, before the people decide that nothing can be done. As Mr. Hearst says in a very striking editorial, when he began his suit against the Coal Trust, the law upon the statute book provided that if found guilty the people violating the anti-Trust law were not only subject to a $5,000 fine, but were also subject to a year's imprisonment. The mere paying of a $5,000 fine is nothing particular to a Trust, for instance like the Steel Trust, which has a net income of $120,000,000 a year; but a year's imprisonment for Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Schwab would be a rather more disagreeable incident than paying a pro rata share of a $5,000 fine. Therefore, that very astute agent of the Trust in the United States Senate, Mr. Elkins, introduces a new bill as to Trusts, which takes away the imprisonment feature, and this is rushed through and signed by the President, after the evidence is handed in by Mr. Hearst showing the unquestionable guilt of President Baer and others in the matter of the Coal Trust. The result is that even if Mr. Baer should be found guilty, there is no imprisonment attached to his violation of the anti-Trust law.

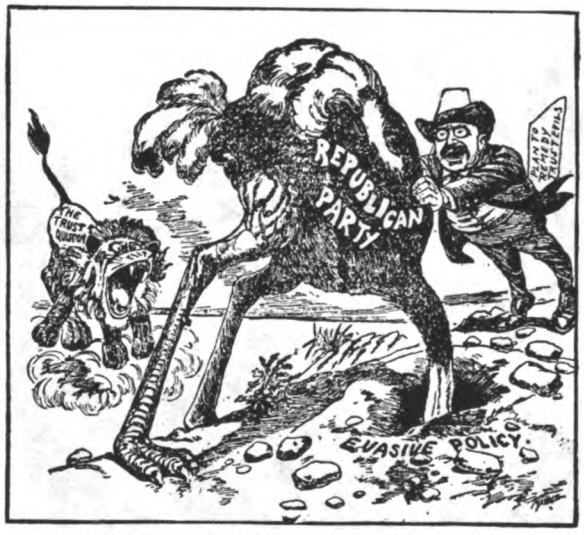
Friday, April 17.—Met that boy that wares glasses. He had a peece of pie. I like pie. He made a nawful rore about it, but Phil Nox, the pleeseman didn't do nothing, only laffed. Phil likes me.

A SOCIALIST FAIR IN NEW YORK CITY

—Harper's Weekly

A SUCCESSFUL SOCIALIST FAIR

A Socialist Party is doing everything in its power to awaken the people of this country to a realization of what may be done politically; and, as one of the means towards this end, desires to establish a Socialist daily newspaper in New York City. During the month of April a fair was held, the main object of which was to raise funds for the starting of such a paper, at which $10,000 was realized. The fair attracted so much public attention by its pronounced success, that Harper's Weekly ran a full page illustration of one of its busy scenes, which we herewith reproduce. It is to be remarked, however, that Harper's did not think it advisable to label it a Socialist Fair, but called it a Workingmen's Fair.



Making him face the Issue.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wilshire's Magazine was well represented at the Fair, having a booth at which were distributed thousands of free samples, and a great number of subscriptions taken.

PLAYING OSTRICH

The Republican Party would like to continue playing the ostrich, sinking its head in the sands of silence on the Trust problem, but Roosevelt is forcing it to face the question, likewise the general public which it represents. The public which keeps it in power is demanding that something be done. Of course the leaders and the backers of the Republican Party realize that there is nothing to be done, and if Roosevelt knew as much about practical affairs as they do, he would not be attempting the impossible. However, the attitude of the Republican ostrich is so palpable to every one that, as a matter of political expediency it must take its head out and let people know that it sees what is going on and must make a move in some direction or other toward a goal. What the Republican Party is going to do about the Trust question belongs to the mysterious future. It certainly cannot keep on forever pretending that it is going to do something and yet do nothing.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A DEMOCRATIC POSSIBILITY.

Judge Parker, who is possibly the man most likely to receive the Democratic nomination for the presidency, delivered a notable speech at the Colonial Club, New York, last month. Judge Parker is certainly a man who would be a very acceptable candidate to the capitalists of this country—even more so, I should judge, than Mr. Roosevelt himself. He is not so anxious to be strenuous that he is irresponsible. He has no sympathy with the modern yearning for a new life and looks with contempt upon both labor organizations and legislative halls. The Judge believes that our final reliance is to be placed on the Courts to withstand the tendency toward Democratic control of the industries of this country. Of course the Judge is quite right; our Courts can always use the Constitution as a bulwark against the Socialist tide. The danger, however, is that by damming up this irresistible flood toward Socialism they will simply prevent any action being taken, until the flood rises so high that the dam itself will be swept away with the irresistible force of public opinion. As long as the Constitution lasts, and as long as there are Judge Parkers on the Bench, there can be very little hope for any political legislation in this country which will ever be made very effective. Judge Parker thinks he is going to bottle up the new wine of Socialism in the United States by confining it in the old Constitutional wine bottles made a hundred years ago. I fear that he is going to be subjected to a very rude awakening. If the Democratic Party should ever be foolish enough to nominate Parker, the issue between dollars and men will be made so plain that the Socialist vote will be enormously increased. If the next election should present a choice between Parker and Roosevelt on the one side and the Socialist candidate on the other, certainly no sane man, who wished to choose between voting for GOLD and voting for a MAN, would hesitate in making a choice.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT'S PESSIMISM.

The late United States Labor Commissioner, Carroll D. Wright, has done some very valuable work in gathering labor statistics, and also at the same time has managed to give some very false impressions. Presumably the latter is quite unintentional. I can easily understand, after seeing the way his subordinates have juggled figures without his being able to detect the juggling, that his own state of mind is such that he cannot reason correctly regarding economic theories.

This is what he has said recently:

"The solution of the labor problem is an impossibility—a conclusion I have reached after years of careful consideration of the question; and I base this assertion upon the fact that in order to solve satisfactorily this difficult problem, the problem of life itself must at the same time be solved.

"By this I do not mean to say that unfortunate industrial conditions may not be ameliorated, for they can be to a greater or less extent when treated intelligently and fairly. The labor problem is one that cannot be ignored or lightly set aside. It is vital, and must be considered from a broad and philosophical standpoint rather than one narrow and selfish.

"The inborn restless hope of mankind for advancement, the ceaseless struggle of the human race for opportunities to enjoy life on a higher plane, the tremendous influence of belief on action cannot be killed, and as they are the very essence of the problem of labor, the impossibility of its solution becomes apparent.

"Capital and labor are mutually suspicious, and if a man firmly believes himself to be wronged, it is practically the same as being actually wronged, and he acts accordingly. The wonderful influence of apprehension in industrial matters is best illustrated by its power to produce and sustain industrial depression. Depression is as much the result of a mental disease as it is of financial causes."

Mr. Wright says the solution of the labor problem is an impossibility, the reason of the impossibility, to his mind, being apparently that poverty is more a mental disease than anything else. He seems to think that when the capitalists stop producing because they find the market is flooded with goods, they do this not from any real considerations, but from a pure delusion. It is simply on account of their falsely imagining that such is the condition of the market. If Mr. Wright could only understand that when the laborer produces ten dollars' worth of goods and receives only one dollar in wages, there must necessarily be nine dollars of unsaleable goods, it seems to me he should see that this unsaleableness is not an *imaginary* condition, but a very *real* one. Mr. Wright is one of those men who think that the workingman does not buy as much as he wants simply because he does not "want" enough. He thinks the workingman is a man of low tastes—does not care for pianos and automobiles and steam yachts—and if we could only get him to "wish" for these things he would go out and buy them. This would occasion a demand for commodities; there would then ever be prosperity; and the capitalists would make lots of money and happiness would abound on every hand.

However, Mr. Wright is perfectly correct in saying that "If a man firmly believes himself to be wronged it is practically the same thing as being wronged, and he acts accordingly." The average American today thinks he is being wronged, and whether he is correct in this or not he is surely going to act upon that thought before many years. Mr. Wright thinks that the average American is mistaken in thinking that he is wronged. It seems to me that, if this average American produces a great deal more than he gets, he is perfectly justified in thinking he is wronged, and no argument of Mr. Wright or anybody else is going to make him think that his wrongs are mere fancy and not reality.

THE RADICALISM OF JUDGE GROSSCUP.

Judge S. P. Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, is continually making speeches of the most radical nature. He seems to be one of the very few judges in this country who can break sufficiently from his environments to realize that a great industrial and social development is going on, which is certain to result in a great change in the attitude of the people toward existing laws and morals in regard to property. The following is

from a speech made by him some weeks ago, before the University of Michigan:

"In the very nature of things, we must expect that men who do not see their way clear to an improvement of their conditions under the old forms of industrial liberty will entertain sympathy for a system that promises something new. The separation of labor from proprietorship, the separate mobilization of these two forces as enemies, instead of their comingling in common interest, is the most unrepublican and menacing fact that now confronts the American people.

"The consolidation idea, thus far, has accentuated this menace. It has done what is still more menacing in narrowing the personnel of the proprietorship of the country, it is detaching from the friends of property the great liberal body of citizenship.

"Our first duty is to wake up to the realities of the situation, and our next to put the forces of industrial freedom in order. Not until we have done this, not until the time when the property-acquiring instinct of the country is again unified upon a basis fair alike to all, can we rest assured that the outcome of the encounter need be no longer feared.

"But what is such fair basis? What changes can we make in corporate policy that will lead to the peopleization of the proprietorship of the country? Will the people under any conditions to any large extent enter the field of corporate ownership? These are practical inquiries that rise naturally to mind.

"For my own part, I believe that once corporate organization and management are cleared of thimble-rigging and pitfalls, so that the fortunes of an enterprise will be bound up, not in an overstrained organization, but solely in the vicissitudes of the business itself, the American people will be found ready to take up again their share in the proprietorship of the country.

"The measures pending in Congress make no change in the basis of corporate organization, nor do they provide for visitation. They exhibit no purpose, at least no controlling purpose, to widen the proprietorship of the country. The publicity proposed is confined to the gathering and publication of statistics, valuable, possibly, to the speculator or the trained investor, but ineffective and worthless to the ordinary man who may be speaking ownership. What chiefly is needed—the intervention of government as trustee, not as mere newsgatherer; a guaranty that when a corporation is created its creator has seen to it that it is fairly organized, not mere statistics of haphazard corporate organization, which the people cannot comprehend—is absent from the bills.

"In short, the measures pending miss sight of the prime mischief to be remedied, and thus running astray miss the remedies to be adopted.

"But though we cannot expect adequate legislation now, it will come. The public mind is forming. Unless I am greatly deceived, the mad-dog policy of treating corporations proposed by some will be rejected; the American people will not, in blind fury pull down about them the industrial edifice. But any policy conclusiveness be rejected; there will be no room, when the public mind is made up, for the diversions of the political masquerade.

"And the public mind will in the end be made up. The people of the United States will in time come face to face with the full significance of the situation on which they are entering. Side issues that now obscure will then clear up, and sordid interests that now obstruct will be brushed aside, and it will be made plain that but for some far-reaching reconstruction of our corporate policy we are on our way either to Socialism or to a form of government no longer republican.

"Then will come about a determined public will to set our house in order; to re-establish, on the secure foundations of popular proprietorship and industrial liberty, the property interests of the Republic; to restore those ideals into the depths of whose firmament the people of America have always looked, and look now, for lights to guide them on their courses."

The "property acquiring instinct" can only be satisfied in these days by public ownership, and I imagine the Judge sees this, but hardly dares to say so at present.

There is no use in the small man trying to compete with the big corporation, and it is axiomatic among business men "that it is dangerous to own a minority of stock in a corporation"; therefore a man must either accept the risk of being a minority stockholder and the liability to be squeezed out of his holdings at any time, or attempt the impossible and try to compete against the big corporation. As the instinct to acquire property will always be strong within men, as long as they need the earth to live upon, and as long as the earth represents property to them, then some other plan must be devised for owning the earth than that of the existing private property plan. A man can never be sure of owning part of the United States except through collective ownership, and it is only a question of time when all will realize this.

I have no doubt that Judge Crosscup, as well as a great many others, will be with us some day upon our Socialist platform. When the people are sufficiently enlightened to refrain from trying to relegate to oblivion or Canada every man who speaks the truth, there will be many people with us who today do not dare speak as they think.

RADIUM VS. MAN

The French Academy of Sciences has just been informed by M. Curie, the distinguished French physicist, that the newly discovered metal, radium, constantly emits heat without combustion, and without change in its molecular structure, which remains spectroscopically identical after many months of this apparently uncompensated emission of energy. This output of heat goes on uninterruptedly for an indefinite period, without loss of weight or power.

When Mr. Morgan gets his new Radium Engine in good working order what use will he have for labor?

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!

Those ultra-conservative and timid souls who scoffed at President Parry's call to arms addressed to employers of labor at the recent meeting of the American Manufacturers' Association have since then had almost daily demonstrations of the wisdom of the position taken by him and of the timeliness of his warning. It came none too soon. The scoffers should have been at that Friday night mass meeting of New York men in the building trades and have noted the earnestness of these eight hundred employers and their enthusiasm at the prospect of an early release from the paralyzing grip of organized labor. That conference and its action are a most convincing proof that President Parry knew what he was talking about and that he then and there named the only remedy for the evil.

"What is it," asked Mr. C. L. Eidlitz of the Electrical Contractors' Association, in his address at the mass meeting, "that has made it possible for these men—many of them ignorant, most of them without a dollar laid aside—to demand surrender by us employers, and to get it? Only the fact that they were thoroughly organized, while we—men of intelligence, men of affairs—have tried to deal with them singly."

Indifference to their own interests and failure to fully sense the growing seriousness of the menace in labor's exacting policies have heretofore kept the employers apart, each working out of his troubles as best he could. But that could not go on forever. The remedy of organization is being applied late—but not too late to effect a cure.

Every employer of labor between the two oceans ought to join in the general movement and give it the aid of his personal effort and influence. The keynote was struck by President Parry when he said: "Organize!"

The above advice sounds exceedingly like an editorial in a Socialist paper if the names are a bit reversed. However, it is not from a Socialist paper that the value and necessity of "organizing" is preached. It is an editorial in a paper, The New York Commercial, devoted especially to the interest of employers.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

The following summary from Vorwaerts, of the electoral status now prevailing in Germany will be of interest, in view of the coming elections there. There is little doubt but that the Socialists (Sozial-Demokraten) Party will make a heavy increase over the figures given below.

	Votes.	Representatives.	No. of votes to each Rep.
Sozial-Demokraten	2,107,076	56	37,626
Centrum	1,455,139	110	13,228
National-Liberale	971,802	47	20,666
Konservative	859,222	54	15,911
Freisinnige Volkspartei	55,8314	29	19,252
Deutsche Reichspartei	343,642	23	14,941
Antisemiten	284,250	10	28,425
Polen	244,128	14	17,437
Freisinnige Vereinigung	195,682	12	16,307
Andere Parteien	143,658	14	10,261
Bayrischer Bauernbund	140,304	4	37,576
Bund der Landwirthe	110,389	3	36,796
Suddeutsche Volkspartei	108,528	8	13,566
Elsasser	107,415	8	13,427
Welfen	94,359	9	10,484
Danen	15,439	1	15,439

BOOK REVIEWS

THE PIT. By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

After The Octopus, The Pit is a distinct come-down; and while it is a book of great brilliancy, it does not fulfill the hopes that many of us had of Norris when his first book appeared. Shortly, it is the story of a great wheat speculation in Chicago, in which the central figure, a Chicago man, runs a deal and for a while makes a great deal of money, and then is bankrupted by being unable to take care of the coming in of the new crop which deluges the market. I have no doubt that Mr. Norris took his cue from the experience of the late Senator Fair, who lost eight or ten million dollars in trying to corner the wheat market some years before his death. Fair had to succumb for the same reason that Mr. Norris's hero did, viz., that he carried the deal so far along that the bears were enabled to unload upon him the new crop and so cover their short sales. Mr. Norris speaks of this event as the wheat having cornered itself. Of course, this is an absurd mistake, as a corner only occurs when the price goes up owing to the shorts being unable to supply what they have agreed to supply. In this case the shorts did meet their contract very easily, and so there was no cornering of the wheat at all, therefore Jadwin went broke. However, the interest of the story does not lie wholly in the manipulation of the wheat market; there is a love story running through the book which Mr. Norris has, I feel, unconsciously made more interesting possibly than he anticipated. One of our typical girls marries Jadwin, not because she loves him, but simply because he loves her and has lots of money; and then, as in all the moral novels and plays which the critics pronounce all right, she falls in love with her husband *after* she has married him. There seems to be no more reason why she should fall in love with Jadwin after marriage than before, because Jadwin is a man of essentially coarse structure, and the wife is represented to be a woman of an aspiring nature. Though her aspirations do not take a very high form, they were certainly higher than anything Jadwin had. There was a dilletante artist who also wished to marry her, and after Jadwin became so wrapped up in his wheat speculation that he did not stay at home, the artist turns up again and makes love to the young wife, who goes to the awful extreme of inviting him into her upstairs sitting-room and allowing him to smoke cigarettes there. A younger sister plays Sherlock Holmes and discovers this fearfully scandalous proceeding, and there is a serio-comic scene between the two sisters upon the question of how a young wife should conduct herself. However, it all ends well by Jadwin being restored to his wife through the breaking of the corner and the loss of his money, so that after experiencing the excitement of a wheat corner, he is reduced to the milder excitement of conversation with his wife. The story ends abruptly here, with Mr. and Mrs. Jadwin departing for a new honeymoon, seeking their fortunes in the far West.

I cannot criticise Mr. Norris to any great extent for his presentation of facts as he has given them. The criticism I make is that he gives no interpretation of the facts. The novelist should not only base his story upon facts, but should indicate the truth underlying these facts. He should not only analyze, but he should give the synthesis of his analysis. This Mr. Norris fails to do. He should tell us what is meant by all this terrible struggle in the wheat pit and the throwing away of people's lives and loves in a sordid muddle of affairs. He should give us a connecting thread. The moral of the tale, as one would have it from Mr. Norris, is that a young girl is doing the perfectly moral thing in marrying a man she does not love, because the chances are she will learn to love him afterward, and that it was better to take the chance upon marrying a rich man she doesn't love than to pass him by and marry a poor man whom she does love. It conveys a pessimistic view of life, this relation of the bare facts without giving any hope of a future in which women will not throw themselves away to the Moloch of money and in which men will not find that their interest in life lies in cornering a great staple article of food and thereby starving millions of their fellowmen.

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION. By I. K. Funk, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. 50 cents.

Here is a little book which will undoubtedly be an inspiration to a great many people who

are absorbed in the Christian ideal of the future universal brotherhood of man. Dr. Funk has managed, with great ability, to connect the scientific with the spiritual concept of the universe, and no one can read his book without experiencing a great spiritual uplift. The most pertinent criticism one can make of the book is that while Dr. Funk is continually talking about the Kingdom of God being at hand, he speaks entirely in the abstract without giving any concrete illustration of the reason of his faith. The first step toward the Kingdom of God on earth is the abolition of poverty, and this can only come throngh the diffusion of wealth. Dr. Funk may realize this, and his natural conservatism may deter him from expressing it, and this may be the excuse for the delinquency. The Trust is the sign in the heavens of the near approach of the abolition of poverty, but I doubt if Dr. Funk would admit the truth of this idea.

THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

This story purports to be the journal of a young man, a young poet, who has within him all that was ever within Shelley, Byron or Shakespeare, but is unable to sell it to a non-responsive public. He gives his experience of the various dealings he has with the publishers and their unfeeling ways, and tells of the desperate straits to which he is put in order to get a living. Finally, after a long struggle, he commits suicide. This very bald account of the catastrophe which befals an aspiring literary man does not give any idea of the interest of the book. This lies in the introspection in which Arthur Stirling indulges from the first page to the last. It is a revealing of a tortured soul, which will give the reader food for thought. I might criticize it as being somewhat disconnected and hysterical, but even with all this, it is a book that will well repay the reading.

THE KEY THAT FITS THE LOCK. By Lizabeth. Printed in two-colors on rich paper. 96 pages. 25 cents, postpaid. Wilshire's Magazine, 125 E. 23d St., New York City.

This book from the hand and heart of a woman goes out with a message of Hope to a bewildered world. It teaches that air, land and water belong to every child of God. They can come peacefully into their heritage through Socialistic education. Ignorance knows no force but physical. This book is a harbinger of the good time coming.

RADIANT ENERGY. By Edgar L. Larkin. Published by Baumgardt Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

This is a book full of information about the very latest theories of energy, matter and cosmic evolution, but, owing to the barbarous manner of compilation, the reader is so repelled that the author's work will be, I fear, largely wasted. However, as I know of no other work that presents in a popular manner the same matter that Mr. Larkin gives us, the book may be recommended to those interested in the matters treated upon. Dr. Larkin believes that all celestial space is saturated, as he says, with inconceivably minute corpuscles which are probably electricity in its ultimate refinement. His theory upon this subject is most ingenious and interesting.—H. G. W.

STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES. By Clara E. Laughlin. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 2 vols. $1.50 each.

When men have given freely to the world the ripened fruitage of their heart and brain, when they have thrilled us with the creations of their fancy and inspired us by their genius, it would seem an unpardonable intrusion to peer into the inner chambers of their lives and seek out their own personal romances, were it done in any other spirit than that of the reverence and sympathy which Miss Laughlin brings to her task. She takes love seriously, and as, in very truth, the crowning glory of the soul, here and hereafter. She is a true hero-worshipper, and the reader need not fear the close and intimate acquaintance with the heart life of our great writers to which she introduces us in this book. Their stories lose nothing in the telling. While she brings the mountains within our view, she does not rob them of the purple haze which romance and distance lend them.

"Love is the great manifestation of Himself which God sends into the world to quicken the hearts of men and put them in tune with divinity. The power to feel Love is the measure of man's divinity, and any man may have as much of this power as he will exercise. It is the one realm in which whosoever will may be a king. But to be king one must have more than mere will to occupy first place; one must have the will to be worthy of first place, for the rule of love goes not by primogeniture, but by sheer kingliness. 'Whoever lives true life will love true love,' and whoever lives truest life will love best. . . . Once in a while it seems as if God set out to demonstrate to humankind what love can mean. . . . He has given many wonderful demonstrations of what love between a man and a woman may mean, but none that has touched a higher plane of spiritual exaltation, none that has seemed to take more hold on Heaven itself, than the famous love-story of the Brownings. For the rest of time all aspiring mortals will regard the story of that love wistfully, and many will strain strenuously towards its standard, and, so straining, find Love's best guerdon. For love is saving only when it makes us strain and reach, nor lets us bide from it until Heaven be ours—and perhaps not even then. . . There is no mere coincidence in the fact that greatest love always grows in greatest stress. It is mere

cause and effect, because great stress helps on great love and great love brings great stress."

In this wise does she introduce "the most ideal of love-stories," that of the Brownings, and in the same spirit she treats our other great ones. She has warm admiration for "brave-hearted Thackeray," and "the long, long faithfulness of Balzac"; sympathetic appreciation for the "heart-hunger of Margaret Fuller, "the pitiful passion of poor John Keats," and even for "the variously estimated Byron and his life of unrest"; and keen delight in the Brownings' "most ideal of love-stories," the Carlyle's "very humanest love story," "the transformation of George Eliot" and "the peace that came to Tennyson."

Certainly, if a perusal of this book would cause others to look at the great subject of Love from the author's high point of view, 'twere well that it were read very widely, in this all too flippant and materialistic generation. —Margaret Haile.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

Seattle, Wash., April 8, 1903.

Socialism is growing rapidly in the West. As fast as the people learn what Socialism really is they come out of the old parties and array themselves on the side of Socialism. Your magazine is read over and over again until it is almost worn out. Your account of Father McGrady's resignation is having a wonderful effect in this country.

Hurrah for Socialism!

R. C. ROGERS.

Muncie, Ind., Mar. 13, 1903.

I am a travelling man; had no trouble to find your magazine in Ohio. Indiana is different; I have looked this town over for it and find none of the books I enjoy so much. Have been a reader of it the past year and cannot do without it. Enclosed find 6 cents in stamps for the March number to above address.

C. P. HAWLEY.

Colfax, Wash., May 11, 1903.

I regard your magazine as the best medium published for jarring the "think-shop" of professional men. Wishing you and the cause of Socialism success, I am,

Yours for the good work,

J. G. ELLIOT.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE DESK

Extract from our letter to a subscriber: "We beg to say that you have failed to receive your magazine probably because of your frequent change of address from Nickell to Nuchols and again to Nickels." An extract from the subscriber's reply: "My address has never been Nickell, Nuchols or Nickels, but *Nuckols*."

OUR QUERY—

If "many a mickle makes a muckle"
How many "nickels" will make a "nuckol?"
'Twixt Nickels and Nuchols
And Nuckols and Nickkell
We find ourselves in a puzzling pickle.

MORAL—Write plainly.

The March number is "sweet reasonableness" from one end to the other and I wish every intelligent person could read it. I am glad that we have passed the whooping stage in Socialistic literature and that Wilshire's is such a lively, dignified, clear, convincing publication. At the cheap price it is going to be a mighty power with the people. The ordinary Socialist paper repels by its slang, abuse, harsh judgments and poor English. I believe it is time to appeal to the rich and educated that we may undermine their position. If conscience tells them that they are wrong they will not fight well even for their precious property and superior station in life.

(Editorial Note—The above from a woman in Ohio whose modesty leads her to request that her name be not published.)

Chicago, Ill., April 3, 1903.

Your excellent magazine is filling a long-felt want among the liberty-loving people of America. WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE should be in

every American Home. Without your magazine I feel like a wanderer without a home. Wishing you and your magazine much success.

C. H. LINTELMANN.

New Bedford, Mass., May 11, 1903.

Your letter of the 4th received, and the Wilshire's Magazines arrived today in first-class condition. I intend to push them among my shopmates as much as possible. I may not be able to sell them all, but what I can't sell why I will make a present of, as I know it will do some thinker good. Please find enclosed one dollar for the magazines, and please send me the same number of magazines next month. If ever Mr. Wilshire comes this way, I would like to have him give a lecture in this city, as they are sadly in need of information along the line of government ownership, and I will do all I can in my humble way to make it a success.

GRAHAM W. FAWCETT.

Macon, Ga., March 17.

Dear Wilshire,—I am glad to note in your current number the reappearance of the "Correspondence" department. To me it was one of the most interesting features of your California weekly (I forgot the name of the sheet which was the "swell" of American Socialistic literature—and there has been nothing like, or equal to it, since); and, I fancy, must have been read with avidity by many other Socialists besides myself. Keep up the correspondence column. It is a sort of social gathering that Socialist journals pay too little regard to. And yet there are probably many cranky and illiterate egotists against whom the door must be closed.

What was the name of the Los Angeles paper which you published, anyhow? My chief clerk and I were trying, the other day, to remember it, but couldn't. Inclose you postal card for name. So long! STEFFEE.

Binghampton, N.Y., May 11, 1903.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire:

Dear Sir,—A few days ago in conversation with two gentlemen, both lawyers, one at least a college man and the other a follower of Henry George, I was amused and disgusted to hear them both exclaim in a breath, "When that (Socialism) comes, I hope to get a good fat job, say a post-office or something of that kind!"

Now, sir, if this does not carry its own elucidation, then pardon me for pointing it out. The A B C D's of Socialism is as little understood even by some who claim to be enlightened, as is the "music of the spheres." "A good fat job" represents the width and length of the views entertained by the majority of those who do *not* understand or grasp what co-operation means. The article published in a recent number of your magazine, written by a clever school girl, does not fill the bill if we desire to throw a search-light upon our subject. Technicalities and definitions should be avoided and we should get down to plain, everyday talks as to what Socialism is and what it is not. For instance, tell people there will be no such thing as "a good fat job" when co-operation is the law of the land and all have enough. Instruct them why this will be a better and happier condition for even those who think the Alpha and Omega of life is "a good fat job."

A man like you, who has long passed this perspective may find it hard to realize that people need such simple instruction, perhaps, but in order to get your pupils into higher classics you must start with a primer class and see that each individual member knows that c-a-t spells cat, and that d-o-g does not mean cow. Therefore, with all due respect and with the deepest interest in our cause, I mildly suggest that there are men and women, yes, men and women of brains, too, who are in need of good, earnest primer work, in order to understand what the alphabet of Socialism is and what it spells out in its primary lessons. When such an understanding obtains, we may hope for a larger number of recruits to the ranks of that which teaches and makes us desire to practice all that is implied in the legend, "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." GEORGE DENTON CANFIELD.

The Nebraska Independent, Lincoln, Neb., will in July have an issue called the "Karl Marx Edition," and devoted to scientific Socialism.

Ten cents pays for an "educational subscription" to The Independent 13 weeks. This will cover the special editions.

THE INDEPENDENT, Lincoln, Neb.

Newark, N.J., May 4, 1903.

Send me $5 worth of postals, yearly subs. Each number of the magazine seems to me the best thing of the kind I ever saw.

G. H. STROBELL.

Freeport, Pa., May 28, 1903.

Strange to say I have been reading Socialistic literature for 10 years, but have just made the discovery of your magazine. It pleased me so much that in twenty minutes I had eight friends subscribe. These will be converts to our "ism" in consequence. SILAS F. CLARK.

The Socialist movement of Los Angeles is more busily engaged than ever before in the all important work of education and organization. New subscribers are pouring into the office of the Los Angeles Socialist as rapidly as the manager can take care of them. The sale of literature is keeping up a stream of orders for supplies.

Ward and street meetings are being held every night.

In the large audience at Simpson's Auditorium April 13th might be seen the faces of people gathered from many towns tributary to the city.

H. Gaylord Wilshire's lecture on "The Labor Problem" was a masterpiece of economic logic. So thoroughly did he prove the absolute inevitability of the Co-operative Commonwealth that some one in the audience was moved to ask why it was necessary to work for what was so certain to arrive. The answer was that it is inevitable for human beings to work for their highest good. —Los Angeles Socialist, April 18.

Nipissing Jct., Ontario,
Dear Sir: May 8th, 1903.

We had the children's photos taken "as they were taking in Wilshire's Magazine," and thought you would probably appreciate one of them, as they both declare they are "Socialists, like Mr. Wilshire."

Sending you one with this mail.

W. T. FRANCIS.

WILLIE L. AND GLADYS MAY FRANCIS
Two young admirers of Wilshire's Magazine, and Coming Socialists
Nipissing Jct., Ontario

Paducah, Ky., May 30, 1903.

I wish to say that I have discovered nothing in "literary explosions" quite so splendid as Wilshire's, and I desire very much to add to your circulation and shorten the distance to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Yours to the Finish, I. O. FORD.

Pleasant City, Ohio, May 30, 1903.

You will find enclosed a list of four subscribers for your magazine, to begin with the April issue. We do not understand how we could have done for so long a time without an introduction to this wonderful magazine of Socialism.

R. B. ELLIS.

Esparto, Calif., May 21, 1903.

Enclosed find stamps for fifty cents to pay for the magazine for one year. How can you publish such a magazine for fifty cents? I have been a Socialist for ten years. I would rather have Socialism than a million dollars. Please do all you can for the cause and we will honor and love you and future generations will call you blessed.

G. WOODS.

My Dear Mr. Wilshire:

I did not think that the body I saw at Markham's could ever contain the colossal soul you exhibit in the little editorial I have just read—"Why Save Men's Souls?" It is superb—it assures and uplifts and consoles. Millions of it should be printed and spread broadcast. Every right-thinking man should have a copy in his pocket. Thank you for handing me a copy. I should like to see and hear more of you.

Put me down as a subscriber for your magazine, and may you prosper in your efforts to do good.

Sincerely yours,

AMEEN F. REHANI.

P. S.—I shall translate the editorial into Arabic and give the Syrians the benefit of it.

N. Y., March 2, 1903.

Glen Stuart, Scotland, March 25, '03.

Dear Mr. Wilshire,—I am much obliged to you for the March issue of your magazine containing your review of Ijain. With your three last paragraphs therein I would like to say I am in cordial agreement, especially with the last one, but I must add to it these words: "and Socialism must teach in its curriculum the necessity of educating children to think, and the virtue of kindness and justice to all living things, non-human as well as human."

In my drama Isola, which I am about to issue in book form, I strenuously state this. That drama, written twenty-five years ago, I still stand by. It is the voice of youth speaking, it is true, but youth speaks truly and from the heart. I enclose you Mr. G. J. Holyoake's estimate of the drama. I value his opinion beyond all things. He is a true Socialist and for over sixty-five years has fought valiantly in the cause of Justice and Truth. I would like my American friends to read Isola. When published, it, like Ijain, can be ordered from Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, same price as the former. The remarks of Mr. Holyoake will be published with the drama. "The Last Watch," to which he refers, will be the frontispiece thereof. The portrait of the figure therein is a lifelike, not fictitious one. I send it to you.

Very truly yours,

FLORENCE DIXIE.

Explanatory.

Kenwood, N. Y., March 3, 1903.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
125 East 23rd St., New York City.

DEAR SIR:—

Permit me, at this late date, to thank you for the publication of my article in January Wilshire, and especially of the friendly notice you took of it editorially.

I fear, however, that I failed to make the point, at which I was aiming, as clear and distinct as might have been wished. A friend told me, last week, he had read my "article on the Trusts," and the same confusion in my presentation of the subject has evidently caused you to mistake me for an admirer of the Russian Race, and the article for a special prophecy of Russia's future, or at least for the future of Russian Socialism.

As I read it over, the first section, together with the title, certainly suggests the bias of a Russophile. Section II, likewise, might be mistaken for an attack on the Trusts, but I had intended that the last section should bring out my central thought with sufficient clearness to prevent any misconception as to the purpose of the article.

I have no partiality for the Russian people. I am not at all sure that we Americans will not—as you suggest—work out this social problem independently of other nations. What I aimed to show was, that certain forces, governed by fundamental principles, whose operations have, in all ages, made and unmade nations, are destined to *force* Socialism on the world, and that in considering such a movement, backed by such allies, adverse arguments, derived from local impracticability, are—from a "world view"—irrelevant.

To illustrate this point I used the Russian race exactly as X is used in an algebraic problem.

I evidently trusted too much to the closing paragraph, and can now only regret that my awkwardness in writing obscured the vital point of my thought.

Again thanking you for your courtesy in the matter, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

PIERREPONT B. NOYES.

NOTE :—We reprint the closing paragraph of the article to which Mr. Noyes refers.

But whatever are the facts regarding the Russian character, the truth of my general proposition is not affected. Russia or Germany, or even China, wherever this capacity for communism really lies in a superior degree, will be made apparent in the progress of social evolution, and such nation will be seen taking the lead in the next great forward movement.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

WE TAKE pleasure in announcing herewith the names of the Prize Winners in the subscription contest which closed on May 1. While only twenty-three prizes were announced, as there are two who are tied for the twenty-third prize we have decided to add a twenty-fourth prize.

Tabulated by states, the result of the contest presents some interesting facts so far as the distribution of the prizes is concerned.

Pennsylvania	6
Ohio	4
California	2
Washington	2
Kentucky	1
Colorado	1
Connecticut	1
Montana	1
Illinois	1
Utah	1
Maryland	1
Tennessee	1
Massachusetts	1
Canada	1
Total	24

Since the great coal strike our circulation has increased remarkably in Pennsylvania. Six of the prizes going there gives testimony to this fact. The prize in Connecticut goes to Waterbury, the scene of the recent trolley strike where so much blood was shed. The Illinois prize goes to the city of Pullman.

In California, Miss Mary Gorman, of San Jose, has done remarkable work and has placed 189 to the credit of the Gem City of the Santa Clara Valley.

The list of those who have turned in more than twenty and less than one hundred subscriptions is too lengthy for publication in this issue but will appear in the July number. Prizes will also be announced then.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the winners in this contest, and we trust that those who have fallen a little short of securing a capital prize will put forth renewed efforts in the new contest

which has now been inaugurated. The standing of the winners in the closed contest will serve as a guide for those who enter into the new contest. The reward which surely awaits you is well worth the most strenuous efforts which you may put forth in this good work.

	RANK	NUMBER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS	PRIZE	VALUE
Chalkey, R. H.....	1	Covington, Ky. ...600	Harvard Upright Cabinet Grand Piano....	$350 00
Emery, Dr. C. S....	2	Toledo, O.....500	Chase & Baker Piano-Player	175.00
Blum, Chas.....	3	Preston, Ont.....468	Columbia Grand Graphophone	50.00
Reese, C. A. Dr....	4	Coudersport, Pa...408	" " "	50.00
Jerden, N. C.....	5	Denver, Colo.....340	" " "	50.00
Casler, W. J.....	6	Wilmerding, Pa...307	Combination Billiard and Pool Table.....	50.00
Fox, Wm. R.	7	Cin., O.....300	Library Pool Table	45.00
Hull, Ernest D.....	8	Waterbury, Conn..288	University Reclining Chair.....	43.00
Baker, Martha	9	Livingston, Mont..233	Combination Billiard and Pool Table	30.00
Gartleman, R.....10		Pullman, Ill. 204	Gold-filled Watch suitably engraved	25.00
Gorman, Mary.....11		San Jose, Calif....189	" " " "	25.00
Webb, Florence....12		Payson, Utah 179	" " " "	25.00
Clark, J. 13		Spring Church, Pa.156	" " " "	25.00
Shertzer, Lillie M...14		Columbia, Pa.....146	" " " "	25.00
Hampton, R.....15		Cambridge, O. 145	Lady's or Gentleman's Bicycle	25.00
Lephardt, Chas.....16		Baltimore, Md. 144	" " " "	25.00
Aydelott, W. T.....17		Bradford, Tenn....140	" " " "	25.00
Miller, G.....18		Darby, Pa. 122	" " " "	25.00
Gilbert, Julie C. 19		Spokane, Wash....118	" " " "	25.00
Reigel, David.....20		Toledo, O.....112	"Al-Vista" Camera.....	20.00
Yingst, John.....21		Harrisburg, Pa....112	" "	20.00
Korstad, T.....22		Dos Palos, Calif...105	" "	20.00
Koehler, Cyrus.....23		Boston, Mass. 100	" "	20.00
Howser, E. A. 24		Waterville, Wash..100	" "	20.00

THE NEXT INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

There is a widespread belief that the periodic industrial panic is due in the United States at or before another Presidential election. That such crisis, under Trustified industrial conditions, will cause a radical reorganization of society is probable.

Upon the intelligence, calmness and unity of purpose in the industrial and producing classes depend the outcome—material progress for the masses, or added burdens of industrial slavery.

Whenever for any cause the massive wheels of Trustified industry shall stop, one-half the iudustrial army of the country will be within sixty days of starvation. Then remedies, not palliatives, will be demanded.

The Socialist says that the financial success of Trusts indicates the remedy. Trusts are the most efficient machines of production. It only remains for real statesmanship to so nationalize, extend and apply this machinery that every useful member of society may have opportunity to develop his or her best capabilities and receive full value for service rendered. Then the wheels of industry will turn merrily until every need of each man, woman and child is supplied. Work under such conditions will be pleasure for the worker and the luxuries of life now reserved for the idle rich will be possible for all who desire them.

It is an undeniable economic fact that an average of four hours per day for five days per week applied to such industrial machinery will provide bountifully for every man, woman and child and provide an enormous surplus for public improvements. When Socialists show how this may be done the apostles of "Vested interests" cry out in tones of horror. "You mean 'confiscation'!" "You can not," they

cry, "mine coal, iron, copper, oil or lead from *our* earth; you can not grow corn, cotton, wheat, rice nor potatoes on *our* land; you can not transport these raw materials over *our* railroads, convert them into merchandise in *our* factories nor distribute the finished products to the workers through *our* stores without *our* consent. The price of *our* consent is that you give us at least one-half the product handled whenever you use *our* mines, lands, railroads, factories or stores. Moreover, we demand that our half, paid in royalties, freights, commissions, bonuses, rents, interest or profits be paid strictly in advance or C.O.D. Otherwise we will close the mines, turn the farms into private parks and padlock the doors of the factories. The railroads will continue to run for those who have the price. Walking on the track strictly prohibited. We shall continue to charge the usual rent for the privilege of living on *our* earth. We have nothing to arbitrate."

Thus "vested interests" stands like the proverbial "dog in the manger" while millions starve. Quietly and peaceably? Hardly.

The maddened and hungry masses would probably kill, burn and destroy in a wild carnival of purposeless rage were it not for the Socialists who will stand forth with upraised hands and cry, "Peace! The earth and the fulness thereof is no man's individual property. We Socialists ask you to vote, fellow workers, and declare that all the means of production, transportation and distribution become National Property. All to be conducted as parts of one National Trust of Trusts in whose joint production every worker shall have such share as his or her labor produces."

In times of industrial activity this teaching may fall on dull and tired ears whose attention is distracted by listening for the factory whistle.

But when the factory whistle shall cease to summon and the wails of wife and child grow faint with hunger, then the giant of labor will listen with eager ears, either to the senseless rage of the firebrand who would "kill, burn and destroy," or to the calm counsel of the Socialist, advising, "Nationalize and operate the means of production. Transport and distribute the products without profit, royalty or dividend to any individual, through our National Trust of Trusts."

The Socialist, forgiving the robberies of the past system would gladly permit former obstructionists to participate in the improved social conditions on equal terms, with equal opportunity to prove their usefulness in the world by taking part in the universal effort.

—S. S.

A PROGRESSIVE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

Sir William Mulock, Canadian Postmaster-General, is free from the American politician's horror of words that happen to have a sinister import to ignorance. He told the interviewers on his arrival in New York the other day that he believed in government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines.

"Isn't that Socialism?" inquired a perturbed reporter.

"Well," answered Sir William, "isn't Socialism a good thing, if built on a proper foundation?"

Fancy the Postmaster-General—any Postmaster-General of the United States saying that!

It depends altogether on what you mean by the word Socialism whether it is good or bad.

National ownership of the nation's highways and the country's natural resources, like coal, on which all must live; municipal ownership of street railways, waterworks and lighting plants —all this in principle is Socialistic, in precisely the same way that public ownership of the post office, the parks, the streets, the schools is Socialistic. And who in this day complains of that kind of Socialism?

The Socialism that looks to government ownership of all industry, of everything, and the regimentation of the human race, is a dream, and not an alluring one, to the individual and energetic American.

All the strong and good tendencies of the time, industrial and political, are Socialistic in the sense intended by Canada's outspoken and level-headed Postmaster-General.—N.Y. Journal

A LITTLE NONSENSE

A May Day Joke

A writer in the New York "Times" says that when Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm, looking in a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It isn't that," said Mark; "I'm moving again."

Not Without Reason

Sunday School Teacher—Well, who was sorry at the return of the prodigal son?

Little Girl—The Fatted Calf.—Boston Christian Register.

If He Wasn't Himself

"I say, Jones, that's the third umbrella you've taken from our office. I wouldn't be an ass if I were you."

"By Jove! Smith, that's the first true thing I've heard you say for a long time."—Columbia Jester.

It Was Bound to Come.

"Tell me the worst, Maria."

"Our daughter's eloped with the chauffeur!"

An Expedient

Henry Guy Carlton, whose stuttering is famous, tells a story of the late William Travers, whose stuttering was notorious. It is that Travers once got in line at the window of a railroad depot and, when his turn came, began,

"Gi-gi-give m-m-me a t-t-t-ticket for—for—for"——

"Oh! get down to the foot of the line!" impatiently yelled the busy ticket seller. "Perhaps by the time I've waited on the rest you'll know what you want!"

Travers meekly retired, and, when he reappeared at the window ten minutes later, he said:

"Just s-s-send m-m-me by—by f-f—freight."

"What do you mean? Why do you say that?" asked the ticket-seller.

"Well, you s-s-s-ee," explained Travers, "I can't express myself."

"No Hogs Now"

President Tucker, of Dartmouth, College, is "telling one on himself." In fact, he avows the entire story is a little too personal to be enjoyed.

Last summer he went to a Maine town for a short rest, and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help "lift the mortgage." Some time ago the president received a letter from his former landlady asking for his patronage during the coming summer.

"There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the coming summer at your house," wrote President Tucker in reply. "We don't like the maid, Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." And this is what he received in reply:

"Mary has went. We hain't hed no hogs sense you went away last September."

The Saving Minority

George Bernard Shaw, on the first night of one of his plays, had just started to thank his applausive audience, when a voice from the gallery called out, "I think the play was rotten!" Mr. Shaw looked up at him quickly, and said: "I agree with you absolutely, but what chance do we two stand against all these others?" —The Clarion.

Little Miss Muffett
Sat py der buffett,
Eading some shavings und beans;
"It's a new breakfast food,
Und I know it iss goot,
But my stomach don'd know vat it means."
—Dinkelspiel's Mother Geese Melodies.

A Court Scene

Nearsighted Clerk—Do you solemnly swear to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you—

Horrified Victim—Great Caesar's Ghost, no! I'm the lawyer for the defense!—Baltimore American.

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

JULY, 1903

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

July, 1903

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H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S PROGRAMME

FREE TRADE is dead. England, its last champion, is about to give it up. When England was in a position to manufacture cheaper than any other country, she could afford to have free trade. Her idea was to make England the workshop of the world, where goods should be made up from the raw material imported from other nations. A fine program, if it could only be carried out perpetually. But, unfortunately for the Cobden theory, other countries began to manufacture even cheaper than England, and today she is threatened upon all sides. The result of it is that the Conservative party, under the leadership of Joseph Chamberlain, has declared for a protective tariff. The tariff is to be used as a club upon foreign nations to force them into admitting English goods on certain terms in consideration of England allowing goods from these countries to be imported into England. This is, of course, a complete reversal of the old time policy of England, and its enunciation by the present administration has created a tremendous sensation in the English political world. The general idea is that a tariff preference shall be given to British colonies in consideration of the British colonies giving a similar preference to Great Britain. This plan, however, will never work, inasmuch as it is based upon the theory that nations trade with each other through racial interests instead of economic interests. Canada, for instance, is perfectly agreeable to doing all she can to help the mother country as long as it does not cost her anything to do it; but the moment a tariff is proposed between Canada and Great Britain which is going to make the Canadians lose anything, it cannot be expected that they will agree to it merely to bolster up British commerce and manufactures.

However, the general principle that England will ultimately come to a

protective tariff is perfectly sound. She must do it because it will be necessary for her to have something to offer in exchange for the permission to enter other countries with her goods. As Chamberlain has said, England is now the industrial dump-heap for all nations. She is particularly menaced by the great American Trusts, which utilize her as a slaughter market for goods which they cannot sell in the United States. It is not so many years ago that English statesmen would have said: "That is exactly what we wish. If foreigners wish to slaughter their goods here, let them do it. The cheaper we can buy, the cheaper we can sell. This talk about England being submerged by cheap foreign goods does not alarm us in the least." Their beliefs were based upon the theory that the more goods you had in the country, and the cheaper they were, the better it was for the people in that country, inasmuch as they would have that much more wealth. But we are now commencing to see that it does not do a man any good to be in a city where the banks are full of money and the stores are full of goods, unless he have a job by which he can get some of this superabundant money and buy some of the superabundant goods. We have quite gotten over the childish notion that the mere fact of there being plenty of money in the city meant that every citizen was well off. This was essentially the free trade idea. It has required a long process of education to teach us that the important thing for a man to bear in mind is that he must get a job before he gets any money, and while a tariff may often compel him to work under very disadvantageous circumstances, still it is better for him to work that way than it is not to have any work at all.

We have solved the problem of wealth production. The only question now is as to distribution. Inasmuch as there is plenty of wealth, in fact, too much, it is necessary to have some artificial barrier to the natural production of goods in order that men may get a job. There is a protective duty against Canadian ice being brought into the United States. Now the free trader would say, how absurd it is not to allow Nature to freeze the ice that we are to use and have it brought into the United States, instead of building an ice factory here and using labor to make artificial ice. This argument would be perfectly true if we were living under Socialism and getting what we produce; but the fact is that today, under our competitive system, what we want is not the ice, but the job of making ice. We really have a good economic reason for a ridiculous tariff which prevents Nature giving us the Canadian ice and forces us to make it artificially at home.

Whatever may be the immediate result of the appeal to the country upon the question of England adopting a protective tariff, there is no question in my mind that ultimately England is bound to adopt the policy suggested to it by Chamberlain and Balfour.

THE FUTURE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE U. S.

THERE is more or less excitement in the political world over the encroachment of Russia upon Manchuria. This march of Russia to the Pacific Ocean is perfectly natural, inasmuch as Russia must have an outlet to the sea, and Manchuria affords her an opportunity for such an outlet, just exactly as in the natural order of events Constantinople must ultimately fall into Russia's hands because she needs that city for an outlet to the Mediterranean. Even Russia, the most backward country in the world, is finding the need of ports from which she can send out her growing surplus. The competitive wage system, limiting the laborers to the minimum of subsistence, throws into the hands of the capitalists of all countries a great surplus product, and each set of capitalists in the different countries is trying to unload this surplus upon the other fellow. Russia as a nation is recognizing this condition of economic affairs within her borders, and is doing what she can to enable her people to export this surplus.

The United States, although having infinite potentialities and actualities as compared with Russia, has as yet initiated no aggressive policy towards opening up markets for her exports. However, she is now quiescent simply because, owing to our great prosperity at home, the manufacturers are able to dispose of all their products here. The moment we have a period of dull times, then we Americans will be forced inevitably into the world contest for new markets, and America will be facing the greatest problem that has ever been before a nation. She must either die or find foreign markets for her products.

England is, in a way, anticipating America's dilemma and preparing to protect herself by erecting a tariff wall around her historic free trade soil. All the other countries have already built tariff walls. Notwithstanding this, the United States is going to have such a tremendous surplus that it will overflow all these tariff walls which are now being built by the European nations. It is evident that it is to the interest of the United States to see that countries, like Manchuria and other semi-barbaric nations, do not fall into the hands of Russia, who will try to isolate them from the rest of the world in order that Russia herself may find in them a market for her goods.

The foreign policy of the United States has not yet been made much of an issue in our politics, but it is evident that the time is fast approaching when the United States is going to be forced by the very conditions of our economic development to become the most aggressive of nations in international politics.

It is to be hoped that a Foreign Policy will not be a red herring dragged across the political trail to get the people off the scent for a strong domestic policy.

EDWIN C. MADDEN

THE distinguished gentleman whose name adorns the head of this column, is one of the unique developments of this unique age, viz., a political catspaw. He is nominally the head of a department in the United States Post Office. As a matter of fact it would seem that he is simply a tool of certain intriguing blackmailers and scoundrels, who use him as a means to help carry out their nefarious game of swindling the general public. As I have repeatedly said, he is quite unconscious of all this. He is honest enough himself, but has not the brains to realize the iniquity of his compliance with the aforesaid scoundrels. For instance, this Magazine has been excluded from the United States mails under the ridiculous plea that it advertised the personal ideas of Wilshire, and that, therefore, it is simply an advertising circular and not entitled to claim publishers' rates. This objection raised by Mr. Madden is so absurd on its face that no one in his senses would have evolved it and presented it as his own. However, Mr. Madden did not evolve it. It was hatched by the blackmailing gang, and Mr. Madden's brain is of that absorbing quality that permitted him to take it all in without realizing that he did not produce the thought himself. Having no originality himself, he relies upon others to produce views for him, and then presents them as his own. Therefore when the blackmailers wish to hold up a periodical upon some specious plea they are perfectly safe, because they know Mr. Madden will adopt their views as his own. They also knew what they were about when they had him appointed to office.

In my case the plan did not work as they had anticipated. The plan was to make me pay $5,000 for my entry at the New York Post Office by having Mr. Madden make an objection to this periodical of such a nature that it could not be obviated except by paying the aforesaid $5,000. It did not occur to them that I might escape the toils by going to Canada, as such a move had never been resorted to by any of their victims. They knew that no matter how loud an outcry might be raised by their victims, the administration would turn a deaf ear to it, as it had been doing for the last six years. All this newspaper notoriety which is now being given to the Post Office scandals was totally unanticipated by them, and it is not at all owing to any desire for honesty on the part of the administration that it has arisen. It is largely a political squabble between Hanna on the one hand and Roosevelt on the other.

The striking feature of it all is that so many blind fools are at the service of official blackmailers.

Of course, everyone who knows Mr. Madden's unimpeachable integrity realizes that the following was done without his knowledge:

Madden, he of the second-class postal fame (?), is heard from. He is caught in the toils of the postoffice department exposures. Miss Charlotte Madden, a relative, of Detroit, Mich., was appointed to a nominal position in Mt. Summit, N.J., but was never at the office. From there she was promoted to a place in the post-office department that she could not have had, because of the civil service rules, only on the supposition that she was already in the employ. O, these good, virtuous, loyal republicans! Do you wonder that the railroads get $45,000,000 a year for pulling the mail cars, for which they could afford to pay millions in bribery, when men occupying high places will prostitute their positions for a petty job for relatives or in some instances for a few dollars in cash paid by the applicant? Washington City is a great den of party thieves, gathered from the ward and town heelers of the G. O. P. from all over the nation. —Appeal to Reason.

It is incredible that Mr. Madden would consciously have placed one of his relatives upon the pay-roll, as was done in the case of his niece. The explanation, of course, is simply that Mr. Madden knew nothing about it, and I am quite certain that if anybody should ask him about it, he would immediately clear himself by declaring that he knew nothing about it. This is the standard way for Post Office officials to clear themselves of all charges. When a man is charged with corruption, Postmaster-General Payne asks him if he is guilty, and if he says "No, I am not guilty," that settles it; he is "not guilty."

THE RISE OF SOCIALISM IN AMERICA

MARY SIMONDS JOHNSTON

A LARGE part of the reading public has been considerably surprised by the result of the recent election. The Socialists, who in 1898 figured on the political stage as fifth party, rose above the dwindling Populists in 1900, and now with a total vote of 285,000 odd, are well ahead of the Prohibitionists.

TABLE I.

	Populists.	Prohibitionists.	Socialists.
1898.....	269,686	141,356	91,749
1900.....	50,373	208,914	130,368
1902.....	48,227	210,124	285,127

To those familiar with European politics, the surprise is rather that Socialism has been so tardy in gaining a foothold in America. Thirty years ago Socialism was as strong in Germany as it is here today. As long ago as 1894 Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, wrote: "It is not . . . . too late for us to escape the situation in which Germany finds herself. Timid, half-way measures' will not stem the tide of Socialism. Socialism in the United States . . . . is more likely to increase in strength than to decrease, and it cannot be ignored." Socialists themselves have been surprised at the previous sluggishness of their growth in this country.

The most fertile soil for Socialism, they say, is a land where capitalism

has its ripest development. Certainly the United States can claim such a development above other countries, and were that the whole story, the Socialists would now be a far more potent factor in our national politics. But there have been certain adverse conditions which it is worth while to consider.

While the country was new all labor problems were less acute. Such an abundance of work was opened up that the labor market was far from overcrowded. Men saw small employees step by step reach financial independence, and the hope of rising themselves, even when their chances had become very much attenuated, kept many laborers in sympathy with the capitalistic system. Besides, earlier conditions blurred class lines and delayed the development and display of an idle class, a class which has invariably incited envy and discontent in the less favored.

Probably a still greater hindrance to Socialistic growth here was the lack of American speakers or writers on the subject. The classic literature of Socialism is in German, and it was therefore several years before much of this could be translated, or a new literature be produced in sufficient variety and quantity to reach many workingmen. The movement was largely in German hands. It was therefore easier then to cast contempt on it as a foreign and un-American thing.

A third difficulty has been the mistakes of the Socialists themselves. They accepted a leader whose vituperative style alienated many sympathizers. They expelled members from the organization for the most trifling heresies. They also antagonized trade-unions by unusually severe opposition and abuse, and by the formation of a rival organization—the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance.

Yet, in spite of obstacles, a movement having the impelling force of Socialism was bound to break these early fetters. Changed economic conditions have done much to stimulate later Socialistic progress. With the recent disappearance of the frontier, and the taking up of the free land, labor no longer has a safety valve. The working man has lost hope as he realizes he can never accumulate sufficient capital to compete with the present large-scale production. He is now one of many, rarely knowing his employer, and feeling, therefore, no bond of sympathy, but rather that they are in classes apart, with interests differing widely, if not conflicting. At the same time, the increase in his wages has not kept pace with the increase in production nor with the steadily rising standard of living. He now sees the extravagance of the leisure class and feels a natural discontent. And with the rapid development of Trusts, the laborer beholds the demonstration of the Socialist contention that great economy in production and distribution is possible by concentration.

Along with these economic changes the Socialist propaganda has each year become more active and extensive. A band of American speakers, enthusiastic and intelligent men, have disseminated Socialist doctrine throughout most of the country. A flood of stirring literature has reached out its appeal to thousands. And as the propaganda has become chiefly American in its personnel, so has its influence been more deeply felt and generally heeded.

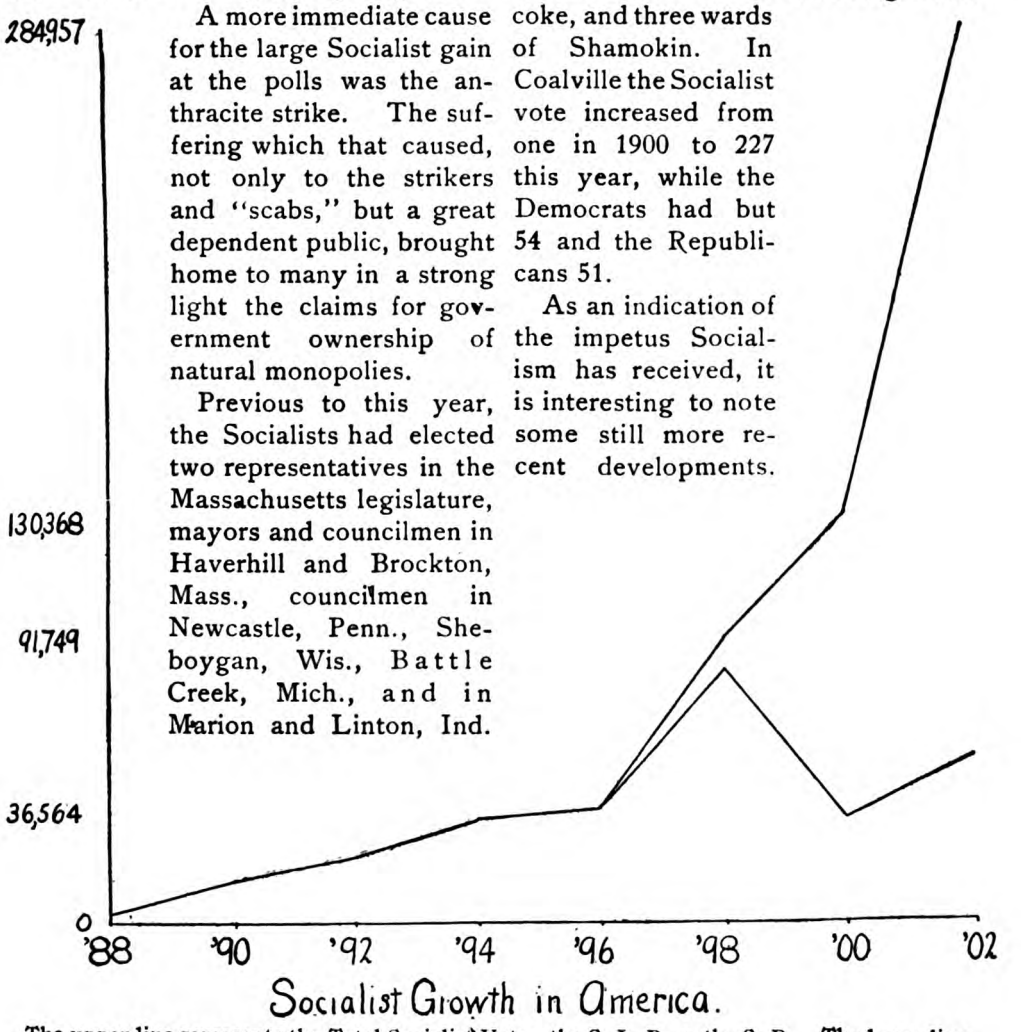
Within the Socialist ranks, the old Socialist Labor Party, whose inefficient policies effectually stunted its own

growth, has been largely supplanted by a younger party, the Socialist, called in some states the Social Democratic Party. This organization has profited wisely by the mistakes of the older one, and its success is strikingly illustrated in the accompanying diagram.

A more immediate cause for the large Socialist gain at the polls was the anthracite strike. The suffering which that caused, not only to the strikers and "scabs," but a great dependent public, brought home to many in a strong light the claims for government ownership of natural monopolies.

Previous to this year, the Socialists had elected two representatives in the Massachusetts legislature, mayors and councilmen in Haverhill and Brockton, Mass., councilmen in Newcastle, Penn., Sheboygan, Wis., Battle Creek, Mich., and in Marion and Linton, Ind. more than double that of 1900, brought an additional Massachusetts representative, city councillors in the old Socialist centers, also in Chicopee, Mass., and in Saginaw, Mich. In the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, eight towns were carried, including Nanticoke, and three wards of Shamokin. In Coalville the Socialist vote increased from one in 1900 to 227 this year, while the Democrats had but 54 and the Republicans 51.

As an indication of the impetus Socialism has received, it is interesting to note some still more recent developments.

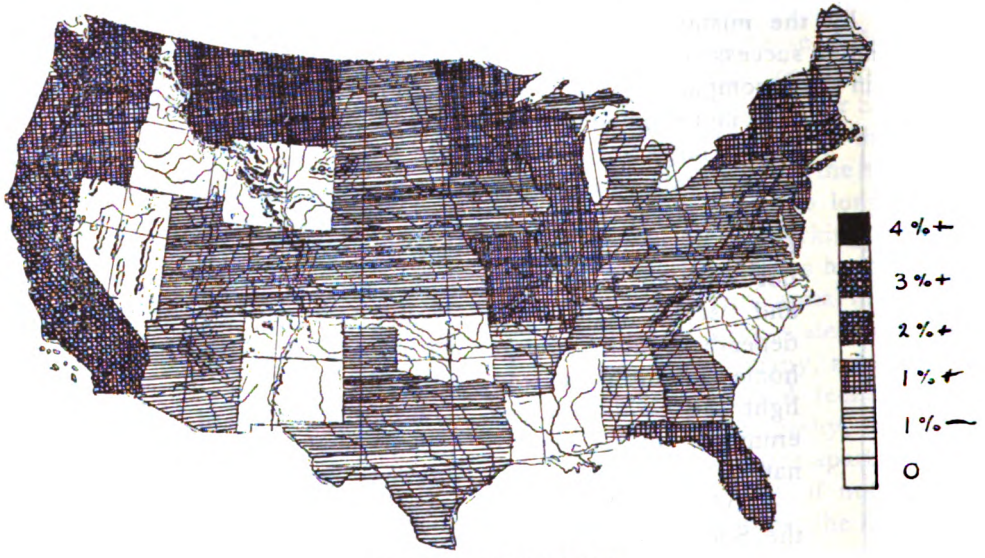


The upper line represents the Total Socialist Vote—the S. L. P. + the S. P. The lower line represents the S. L. P. vote alone.

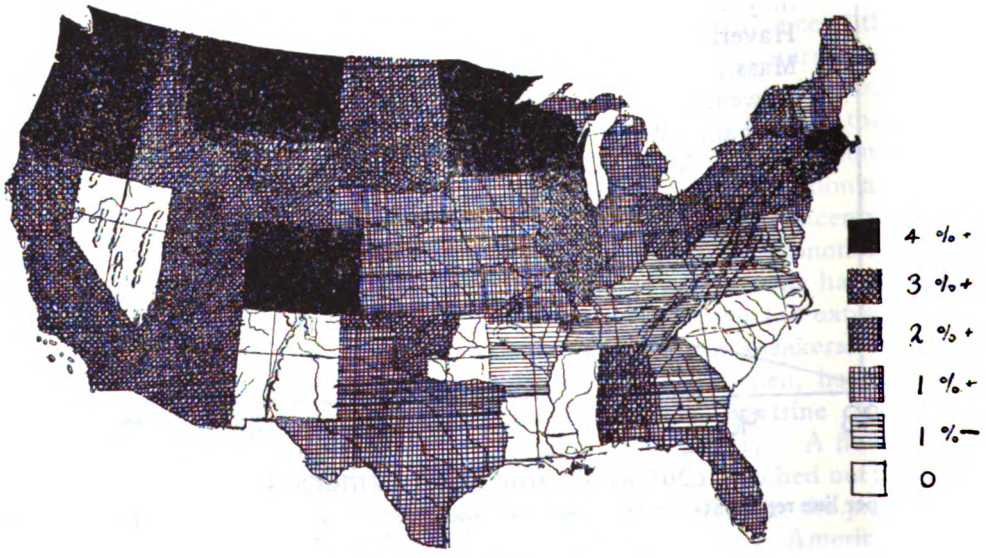
But in the last election Socialist gains were so considerable as to evoke comment from all sides, in spite of suppression by the Associated Press. The increase in vote, which was considerably In Montana five representatives elected on a labor ticket with a Socialistic platform have since joined the Socialist Party, which they will represent in the state assembly. Similarly

two newly elected state representatives in Arkansas have recently applied for admission to the Socialist Party.

of state representatives, six members of upper houses, and one congressman.



SOCIALIST VOTE IN 1900.



SOCIALIST STRENGTH IN 1902.

The same rate of Socialist growth continued for the next two years would probably give about a score

The accompanying maps show graphically the combined strength of the two Socialist Parties.

TABLE II.

SOCIALIST STRENGTH IN 1902.

State.	Percentage of Total Vote.	Combined Socialist Vote.
Massachusetts	9.9	39,065
Montana	5.7	3,131
Washington	5.6	5,573
Colorado	4.8	8,994
Wisconsin	4.6	16,761
Minnesota	4.6	12,699
Oregon	4.2	3,771
Utah	3.6	3,069
South Dakota	3.5	2,620
Illinois	3.3	28,402
California	3.2	9,799
Idaho	2.9	1,737
New York	2.8	39,286
Arizona	2.6	519
Pennsylvania	2.5	26,067
Alabama	2.5	2,312
Connecticut	2.4	3,820
North Dakota	2.3	1,139
Wyoming	2..	552
Ohio	2.1	17,253
Oklahoma	2.1	1,963
Rhode Island	2.1	1,283
Nebraska	1.9	3,757
Maine	1.8	1,973
Indiana	1.6	9,383
Iowa	1.6	6,360
Michigan	1.4	5,535
Kansas	1.4	4,078
New Hampshire	1.2	1,057
Missouri	1.2	6,304
Porto Rico	1.2	685
Texas	1.0	3,513
Deleware	.6	229
Kentucky (pars)	——	2,496
New Jersey (pars)	——	6,623
Vote of 1900 in other States not having tickets this year	——	3,412
Total	——	285,197

Table II. shows the Socialist vote by States arranged in the order of their proportional strength. Though in 1900 no state had a Socialist vote as high as four per cent., now seven States have that or more. These States seem to group themselves in four sections—Massachusetts in the east, Wisconsin and Minnesota in the center, Montana and Colorado in the mining west, and Washington and Oregon on the Pacific.

The Massachusetts socialists lead the country with 9.9 per cent. of the total State vote, having tripled their former count. The reasons for such progress here are not difficult to recognize. The Massachusetts working class is exceptionally intelligent and well-educated. This being the case, the laborers there are more critical in regard to existing conditions, more keen in comprehending projects of reform, and more eager to express their wants through the ballot. Yet even in Massachusetts the strongholds of socialistic activity are offset by less responsive towns. In the largest manufacturing cities where a man is lost in the crowd, socialism does not grow so rapidly as in smaller places, where there is more social contact and opportunity for exchange of ideas. So we see not Boston taking the lead in Massachusetts, but Brockton and Haverhill, shoe towns built up around great factories, where productive interests are paramount to trading interests. In these towns socialism is much farther advanced than in the textile centers, because no trade has been more revolutionized by machinery and concentration than the shoe trade, and the workmen in these factories, which are less noisy than the textile factories, are largely trade unionists. In the textile towns, on the other hand, unions are far less developed on account of the large proportion of women and French-Canadians in the mills.

The growth of Wisconsin and Minnesota is largely due to the stimulus given the movement at the outset by settlements of stirring German socialists.

Farther west, Colorado and Montana get their chief strength in the mining centers. In Colorado especially a most vigorous campaign was carried on, and the miners, being well organized, embraced Socialism so enthusiastically that the whole Western Federation of Miners resolved to vote the Socialist

ticket. The growth on the Pacific coast seems to be the result of the well known radical spirit of pioneer communities.

The South, on the contrary, is the part of the country least affected by Socialism. That this is primarily due to its backward industrial development is shown among other things by the exception of Alabama, the state containing iron deposits. One must further consider the extraordinarily high rate of illiteracy and a lack of general intelligence that is by no means confined to the negro.

One naturally wonders if this rapid rise of the Socialist Party since 1898 is merely a sporadic phenomenon or whether the organization is destined to become a great political factor. There can be no question as to its persistence, for the causes that have been making for Socialism are deep-seated and are still potent in our economic life. Socialist Parties are found in every country of capitalistic development. In spite of present prosperity, there is wide spread discontent among the working class at the growing concentration of wealth, the getting and spending of fabulous fortunes. With the further concentration of industry, the small employers find themselves forced to become employees. Moreover, the capitalists are augmenting the feeling of class distinction by their aloofness and often by their contempt. Workmen believe that through the instrumentality of their powerful employers, the militia is ordered out in strikes with insufficient provocation, primarily to intimidate them. The trade unionists perceive the breach between them and the capitalist class growing wider as the latter refuse in many instances to recognize their right to organize for collective action. Yet in spite of this antagonistic attitude unions continue to grow and form centers for Socialist activity.

Certain as it is that Socialism will persist, various circumstances will either speed or retard its further progress. If crises become more frequent or severe, many will turn for help to the Socialist Party. If, on the other hand, the Democrats should adopt radical reform planks, many who would otherwise vote for Socialism will be satisfied with these palliatives. Should the political structure of the United States be modified according to some of the proposals now under consideration, the growth of socialism would be considerably facilitated. Thus, if the Initiative and Referendum were now in operation, municipal ownership would be far more extensive, because in spite of popular support, it can rarely pass legislative councils. Similarly, proportional representation would give to minor radical parties representation which they now lose. The abolition of upper houses, partial renewal, and long terms would of course make legislatures more liberal. Lastly, if we had a second ballot, as in France and Germany, men would not fear to risk their first vote on minor party candidates, knowing it would not be "thrown away," as the phrase goes.

Much, too, depends on the attitude assumed by the employer to the employee. Conciliatory schemes for industrial betterment, such as the voluntary raising of wages, profit sharing, improved working conditions and general friendly consideration, would do much to soothe the worker's dissatisfaction. On the other hand, his discontent will be fanned into flame if harsh discipline be maintained and cheapness be the only criterion in the

factory or mine. The active lobbying undertaken by a national organization against such mild legislation as the Eight-hour and Anti-injunction Bills is far from conciliatory. Further, any attempt on the part of politicians to require higher qualifications for the right of suffrage, or to admit Chinese labor, will drive great numbers of workers into the Socialist Party.

Since the wage-workers do not alone constitute a majority of the voters, Socialist success hinges on the political affiliation of the farmer. A very significant question, then, is what stand will the farmer take? Will the propaganda make headway among them as it has thus far in the Dakotas and Oklahoma, or will it find little response among them as seems to be the case in the East and South? Agrarian discontent is so characteristic as to make the expression well known. Although the farmers of regions exceptionally favored are prosperous and conservative, this very fact makes the lot of the farmers in other regions more oppressive. The exactions of grain manipulators and railroads also contribute to bring the income of the majority down to the level of the wage-workers. Yet, since they own their own land and capital, they are theoretically in a very different position. If three great political organizations were possible with our system of government, there would undoubtedly be an agrarian party, but our history makes this seem impossible. Will the farmers' interests as property owners and employers of farm-labor cause them to side with the capitalist, or will their exploitation by society lead them to side with the Socialists?

After having made an impartial survey of the Socialist situation in America, one is bound to admit that Socialism has come to stay. It seems likely, moreover, that it will outstrip the movement in Europe, and that it will spread with amazing rapidity in our next crisis.

POSSIBILITIES

ETHEL NEWMAN

SOCIALISM opens a vast, living, moving sea of possibilities, in the midst of a dense primeval forest of what has been. Who knows the sensation of walking through the gloomy streets of a smoky town on a stormy day, and suddenly coming face to face with the sea—the clouds breaking over its distance, and a light on the far horizon? Who does, has felt a little of what the first grasp of Socialism means to many. It is the ideal made real; a possibility; the beautiful, certain destiny of man.

Lingering in my mind is the frag ment of a story I once read—the description of a school in which all idea of boundary or barrier was excluded. What would be the fate of those scholars when they went out into the world, and at every turn were met by barriers of ignorance, crime and death?

Would they not all become pessimists and agnostics? Yet I wove the fancy of that school into a tale for the children, and told them how at last those sad scholars, who had set out to correct the world and returned disheartened, went out once again and loved the world—and all the people in it, joined hands and made a magic circle and destroyed much evil, and brought new life and happiness into the world.

There seemed a golden truth underlying the fairy story.

Man is not purely human or purely divine. Humanity is the creation of circumstances—divinity creates its own surroundings. Man is as a bronze, wrought of the differing elements. The divinest among men strive to create circumstances, most men are created by them. The strongest man is the most evenly balanced man—brain and body vigorous and responsive to grasp and express the great designs of the spirit. Neither the idler nor the slave aid truly in the world's development—its strange halting, striving after truth. Men are clamoring for the fruit before they have planted the tree.

Each would leap over the wall, but their striving is vain and hurtful, because they have not built the steps.

"Do the next thing." Workers, preachers, poets, people, clear the ground that lies nearest to you. Do away with those blots that disfigure the whole social landscape till the sensitives, those great Artists, who from time to time visit this world, and tell of, and bring to light the wonders and beauties of it, find all their creations dwarfed and stunted by pain.

Make it possible for all to possess a healthy body, and sound, vigorous brain, steadied by work, and lightened by ample leisure. Then, when the cry of the hungry and the striving of the covetous no longer rise as a veil between you and Truth, when Socialism replaces Antagonism, and human needs leave time for spirits' longings, reach out for, and possess, and go on gaining forever, those golden possibilities that are always opening around you.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

FRANK PUTNAM

I SHOULD say that the history of Socialism is the whole history of mankind since the foundation of the first family. All clans, tribes, kingdoms, empires, republics, cities, towns, states, religious organizations, political parties, literatures, arts, wars, commerce, industry, sciences—all proclaim and celebrate steps in the socialization of the race.

The first man, I suppose, was solitary; though doubtless it was not long before a woman discovered him and took over the management of his affairs. With the coming of the second man, society began—Socialism was a live issue There was room enough in that day—no need to crowd each other off the earth. They passed isolated lives, or touched each other's spheres seldom

and lightly. But man has over-run and populated the earth—some portions of it are very densely crowded. Meantime, he has become less a solitary, more a social being. He has instituted governments, laws, churches, schools, parties, —all born in response to his needs, and all constantly in process of change, advancing, receding, modifying, disappearing to give way to newer and more highly complicated forms of socialism.

These changes were not wrought without opposition, the bitterest and most determined opposition. Christ on Calvary was Rome's retort to his plea for the further socialization of men. The ships and cannons and armies of George III. were his answer to the American colonists' demand for a finer Socialism than the monarchs of George's day were willing to concede to common men. Abraham Lincoln's *Proclamation of Emancipation* is one of the noblest and most precious documents in the history of socialism. By a sweep of his pen—backed by a million fighting men animated by the social ideal—he brought four millions of human beings into membership with all the others in the social organization of this nation. The emancipation of women, so marked and beautiful a characteristic of our own time, is a forward step in socialism.

So, I say, with all these vast facts in the background of our generation, I cannot think ill of a force that has wrought so much and so well for mankind. If I am privileged to perceive a Higher Intelligence guiding the little affairs of men, and I believe that I do, then I must believe this whole scheme and process of the working out of our lives from savagery in isolation to brotherhood in a perfected socialism, are in obedience to the will of that Higher Intelligence we call God.

Each generation has its own small portion of the forward march to make in the socialization, or, if you prefer the other word, the civilization, of mankind. Let us not be confused by names. Republican and Democrat and Prohibition and Populist and Socialist parties are all varying expressions of the one universal and all-inclusive forward movement of humanity. One party, counselled by the grave needs of its members, wishes to move the whole mass forward rapidly, in order that its own wants may be supplied. Another, controlled by those who prosper under present conditions and who are not yet sufficiently filled with the Christ spirit to love their neighbors as themselves, wish to "let well enough alone." We witness the pathetically ludicrous spectacle of men chosen to great offices of state, solemnly declaring the peril of further progress in that highway which mankind has traversed since the beginning. We hear them prophesy with fearsome faces that this terrible Socialism will extinguish individuality and make man the slave of government—when the whole purpose and net result of every step taken in this direction has been to enlarge the liberty and the usefulness of the individual.

Some of them know better now: the others will learn better in due time. We are all in school for life, and for an endless succession of lives; none of us can dodge the truth forever. Not even the man who regards civilization as a finished product—and he is pretty nearly the dullest pupil in the school. Nothing in human power can chill or kill the impulse that animates man's social progress. It is mightier than religions: it creates religions, uses them and casts them off like worn-out gloves. It is greater than governments: it makes and breaks governments. It can conquer even human greed, for it reveals to the human soul something so far finer than the satisfaction of human greed that these lose their hold upon humanity.—National Magazine.

RATIONAL HOUSEKEEPING

ELEANOR REEVE

MANY of the evils of domestic life can be traced to the economic system which is so badly out of joint.

To have more than two children causes a man to be first pitied for having such a financial burden to bear, and then to be condemned almost as a criminal by every land-lord and land-lady from Brooklyn Bridge to the Bronx.

For a respectable looking man and woman hunting a modest home in any city, to confess to being the parents of even two children requires strong nerve and more than ordinary courage. But there are people in the world who still love children, and who desire to have the satisfaction of watching the development of a growing family. Men and women still exist who deplore the degeneration of the race involved in all the degradation of women and murder of unborn children, that is such a fearful part of our civilization.

And yet the intelligent women—women who have worked many years to develop some talent, or who have faithfully studied a profession, hesitate long before entering the marriage relation.

Artists who have, perhaps, enjoyed the comradeship of brother artists in Europe, doctors, lawyers, teachers, writers and musicians feel that they have just as much right to marry as their men friends, but as soon as that happens, they are at once expected to lose their individuality; their profession must take a second place, while their husbands may look upon fatherhood as simply an incident, and their profession still remains the great master-passion of life.

All the skill of the surgeon, the inspiration of the artist, the genius of the musician, must be subject in the woman to the fact of motherhood. All the petty details of housekeeping must vex her soul and drag her from the heights, to which she has climbed, to the sordid level of being just a female, first, last, and all the time a female.

Many eager, ambitious girls have asked the writer if it is possible for a woman to keep on with her chosen life-work, and yield to the love of her heart, and to the instinct of motherhood.

This problem coming so often to be solved was at first turned aside quite easily by a dissertation on the "bad economic system"; the girls were impressed with the idea that when the capitalist system was abolished life would be entirely changed; that then women would have equal opportunities with men. This worked pretty well for a time, but the girls finally turned me down completely by saying that

they realized fully the evils of the present system, but that, while all the years were passing that would be required to educate men as to their duty in changing the system, they would be losing their youth and beauty and would be old enough to be grandmothers before their chance to marry would come. Wasn't there some way to make actual living easier, so that a woman could refrain from being merely a cook when she preferred being, say, a dentist, or creating real works of art?

Finally, after years of struggling to maintain the right to be a mother and at the same time continue regular studies and professional work, for my own sake as well as for the coming women, the following theories were evolved which may grow into practical demonstrations if carefully worked out by thoughtful men and women.

A co-operative scheme? Yes, and calculated for those who have outgrown the superstition that "privacy" in home life, that is to say, the eating and the drinking part of it, is a thing to be fought for to the last ditch.

Men and women who delight in restaurant suppers after the play and other showy affairs, would be the ones, perhaps, to raise the loudest outcry against this destruction of private life.

For our plan we will suppose that ten families living in New York city, join together with a common desire to free the wife and mother from the routine of housekeeping, that she may have as full an opportunity as her husband to follow a profession or public duty, barring, of course, the few months when actual child-bearing must be considered.

With the man and woman both working, we can easily make our estimate for an income of thirty dollars, or more, per week, and that ten families will mean at least fifty persons, including servants.

We will now suppose that these ten families rent a large apartment house, which would have to be built for their purpose, as it must have a large, bright room at the top of the house for the children, and one common kitchen.

With but one kitchen, the cost of plumbing, water, rent, and stoves would be so reduced the owner could afford to rent the house for two hundred dollars per month for the ten families, making an average rent of five dollars per week for each family.

The most important thing to be considered in our estimate is the selection of a good housekeeper, a young woman who really likes this kind of a profession, who will buy the food and collect and disburse all money — some there are who have a very genius for buying.

Next we must have a good cook—one who knows how to prepare wholesome and attractive food—with one assistant, fifty people could be catered to. Two colored boys, strong and willing, could wait on the table, do errands, and wait on the door, while the janitor, for the rent of his rooms (as in other flat houses) would tend fires, clean halls, etc. For our janitor we will select a man whose wife will, for a certain sum per week, do extra cleaning desired by each family. A common laundry will also be provided where a laundress can easily accomplish the washing for the combined household for five dollars per week and board.

That the mother may feel that her children will be well and happy while she is engaged in her duties, a trained kindergartner will take charge of the little ones, with one assistant. We will

suppose that she lives in the house and has her board and room as part of her salary, otherwise a more liberal figure would be mentioned.

With all the important duties covered that make up the daily drudgery of a woman's life, there are, of course, other things to be considered, incidentals, which could be met by co-operative methods just as in the buying of the food.

It is a well known fact that food can be bought at wholesale at a saving of more than ten per cent. At this rate, a good hotel manager tells me that a good substantial table can be set for these ten families, supposing some of them to be young children, for one hundred and fifty dollars per week. Now we are coming to the actual figures.

Combined income per week, at the average salary, $30 per week for each family	$300
Combined rent for each family, $5	50
Steward	15
Cook	10
Kindergartner	5
Assistant	4
Two boys as waiters, $3 each	6
Food	150
Gas	5
	$245
Coal in winter	5
	$250

This set of figures is, of course, open to much criticism and leaves but a margin of five dollars per week for each family—supposing the salary limit to be thirty dollars per week—but we are working out this theory for men and women working in professions which ordinarily yield more than the stated amount. Another much more moderate set of figures could be made for a number of families whose combined income would be but $200 per week, differences of rent, food, service, etc.

Those who are working and hoping for the Socialist Republic will realize how far from ideal the plan is, as it must necessarily be a part of the present system, and must be influenced by its evils. This is particularly true of the details of service. For such valuable men and women much higher salaries should be paid, but this theory must be worked out in the environment that comes with an over-crowded labor market—must grow right out from the present conditions.

Advantage must, also, be taken of the best part of institutions that already exist.

This makes our theory more practical today, and emphasizes the difference between the Utopias that have been tried and proven failures, because they have been established outside the present system—isolated from existing conditions—and in nearly every instance have included a certain amount of household drudgery for every member of the "scheme"—drudgery that we aim to escape entirely.

Who can tell but what Brook Farm would have had an existence many more years if the great men and women who were living there had not been compelled to feed the pigs, scrub the floors, bake bread and wash dishes.

Far from meaning to degrade such work, my purpose is to prove that all domestic work is a profession by itself, and should be so considered, and that men like Emerson and Alcott would certainly be kept from doing their own special work well if their time was spent in doing house-work in a slouchy, half-hearted manner. True, all men and women need actual manual labor and fresh air and exercise, and we still contend that if there was a proper division of labor, even in our present unbalanced system, more leisure could be secured for recreation, especially for the now over-strained women.

Many objections, will, of course, be raised to our plan of co-operation. One

will be something like this, "Could ten families eat together in harmony?"

With a large dining room furnished with ten family tables one would suppose that as much courtesy would be shown as is now in evidence in thousands of hotels and apartment houses all over the country, with this vital difference: Children are a part of the plan; light, air and space is specially provided for them; they are allowed to live free, healthy lives. The stunted, elfish, forward child of the usual boarding house type disappears and the normal, well-cared for child takes its place.

Then, as to an invasion of our "private home life." We know that the struggle of motherly, good women to maintain a good spirit in the home is growing harder every year. The energy expended to keep up the outward form of the household, just the necessary details of living, uses up the vital force to such a degree that there is none left for the cultivation of the true spirit of home life—helpfulness, comradeship and congenial work. Given the leisure that comes even to a business woman, if free from domestic cares, the mother will then bring to her children the best of her intellect—the vigor of a fully developed individuality. Privacy becomes, in the light of this new development, only a secondary consideration, and enough of it will always be secure where an intelligent well-balanced woman reigns supreme.

Is it worth while, then, for those of us who desire to preserve a true and highly developed motherhood and the perpetuation of the race, to endeavor to work out some of these problems?

While the greater problems still clamor for solution, and the class war that may be more than a "thirty years' war" wages around us, may we not, in all good faith, make our tents on the battle-field a little more comfortable and spend more time on the physical development of our soldiers.

Surely our campaign will be more effective if we have better rations, more music, and occasional resting places along the weary march.

TRANSFORMATION

FREDERIC W. BURRY

AS the powers and resources of men and women are brought to the front they force themselves out into fields of Expression. With an army of laborers in this beautiful garden, the Earth, giving vent to their genius in works of art and science, combining the work of hand and head and thus achieving the best results, the world might be said to have reached its zenith of development.

Man has been unfolding through the ages, and so has the earth and the forces of nature. There has been a slow and gradual growth of all things; and now when men are recognizing everywhere their power and authority, the world's resources have just reached the stage of ripeness and maturity; the world is only now ready for man's controlling hand.

There is much in store for the mind that can see into the future; that is, for one who does not seek for mere immediate effects, which must pass away, but prepares his plans with future

ends in view, while he does not neglect the present.

Time passes both speedily and happily when one is at work on interesting and useful things; though its quick flight by no means shortens the diligent workers' life; even with all the limitations of the past, the workers have lived to advanced ages, especially when there was not too much dissipation of force in worry and nervous haste.

We are not particularly concerned over the swift flight of time when we know the years and centuries are becoming our servants; that the succession of events is marking only added strength and vigor with us, prolonging the period of youth and putting off old age indefinitely.

We are just commencing to live, just learning how to live. We have turned a new leaf in our existence. Times and seasons, waves and tides, may come and go; we do not mind what passes or transpires; we are here; and here we mean to stay until we see fit to move to more promising lands.

As a matter of fact, there is every good reason why we should stay here, and with our renewed life and youth, with the increased consciousness of our power, proceed to improve life, and unfold the hidden possibilities of the earth.

It is folly to talk of a land of fair promise far away, when the earth is only just being discovered. This is the land of promise, overflowing with life and abundance. There are no doubt other worlds of perhaps a higher order, but we could hardly appreciate them before we have learned to make the most of the world we are in.

This is an era of unfoldment, year by year becoming more markedly so. Changes, of a large and far-reaching nature, are matters of daily history Events take place each year, which are greater than any recorded of the past; we are living in the midst of mighty revolutions—every hour bringing some epoch and turning-point.

Some might imagine that with so many expressions of Life's energies, there is a chance of reaching the limit of one's power, and that our individual opportunities for development are not really very numerous. At first sight, the world does not seem to offer a large enough field for the expression of the many ideals awakening in millions of souls. And so, many prophets and philosophers who could foresee the universal unfoldment of consciousness that this time was to bring forth in the whole kingdom of Man, imagined that the world could not be the place for its expression, and thus they devised their theories of transcendental planes and worlds which they imagined were the necessary complement for man's mental unfoldment.

They could not see that the same power which was capable of regenerating the life as manifested in humanity could also renew the earth.

But it is the possibility of Transformation that is the greatest hope of the race. It clings naturally to its home; and its home, the earth, may—and must—be made over, its higher life unfolded.

A philosophy that is reared upon the theory of Unfoldment—the philosophy of Evolution—is naturally very practical; it calls for work more than for dreaming, for labor rather than prayers. Nevertheless, it does not ignore the value of ideals and aspirations, but it demands their expression, their application.

The future is the extension of the present; what we sow to-day we reap

to-morrow. And the further on we go, the easier and more rapid are our strides; this is because it is Experience that teaches us, making our energies freer and stronger.

Exercise and practice are necessary for our unfoldment. These requisites are always at hand in various forms. Our consciousness is made to grow through our feelings, by making us come in contact with all sorts of conditions; the law of evolution brings our energies to the front. Expression is what makes us strong and vigorous, what gives us life and aids our growth.

These principles apply to every side of our life, because they are at the foundation of Character; with this in its right attitude of positiveness, all conditions and things, high and low, fall in their place. Health, business, recreation, intellectual and artistic pursuits, ambitions and visions of masterful attainment, every desire of the heart that yearns for the elements that help to make up a perfect personality, follow in the train of a positive mental Character.

It is necessary for us to take all-round views of life, before we can give anything like a full expression of ourselves. It is necessary to ride above the dead levels of custom and habit, and thus allow our Reason to decide which is the right way; and an unbiased reason shows that the most expedient way is the right course to take, as looked at from all points of view.

We must rise above the standards of so-called righteous living created in ignorance and superstition. We must order our conduct by the natural standard of Love—the real kind—not the excuse for selfishness that has so far held a usurped place of authority in Society.

Men who would rise to the untold heights of Mastery must give expression to the natural universal side of their nature; their recognition of life must be expansive, their interests world-wide; the prison walls of every false sense of duty, either to self or to a few others, must be torn down, and the free ether of heaven allowed to be a medium for love-currents directed in some degree to all, expressed in thoughts and words of devotion, and, as well, in deeds of kindness.

This era of unfoldment calls for the best, the fullest, the highest, that a man can give—that each may do his share towards transforming surrounding conditions; thus shall the earth be renewed, and its inhabitants raised on to another plane—the same life, the same world, but purged from all deadness, purified and made perfect.

There is something in every man that resents outside interference and complaint; as there is something that cannot help being touched by kind attention and encouragement. Villainy forms no real part of any man's nature. Friendship and Love are hidden in the breast of the "vicious" as well as the "virtuous"—these two terms being merely matters of location and period; for different places and times have made these terms interchangeable to suit the prevailing fashion.

We know we cannot escape coming in touch with the kind of people and conditions which in the past we have perhaps designated as being, to say the least, "undesirable." And perhaps some will say that it is out of the question to be friendly with them or to graciously accept them. But, after all, is not the non-resisting attitude the best one, even as a mere matter of expediency, since it is clearly the way

to make the most of circumstances? And from a more all-round point of view, it is seen as the only just attitude to take.

We must not forget that if other people have their imperfections, we have ours; and that if we spend much time looking into the imagined evils outside, we are likely to lose sight of the propriety and usefulness of self-examination—not that there should be either at home or abroad any condemnation, for all human weaknesses are condonable, at least when ignorance is their cause.

There is a certain wilful protracted ignorance, however, that almost becomes the exception to the rule of overlooking mistakes, either in self or others. And there are times and occasions when in some way a man who sharply awakens himself or his brother out of a lethargic dream, with the force of spiritual dynamite arousing the dying flame of life and energy into renewed action, is pursuing the most commendable course.

We must all give up the long-cherished habits of thought and action which were born in ignorance. Anything that rids us of these useless and retarding influences ought to be joyfully welcomed. The dreams of our childhood have been clung to by some of us year after year; with strange wilful tenacity and a false conception of faithfulness we have rallied round standards that our Reason could not but reject. The progress of the world has now reached a point when Nature actually commands us to let go of the ridiculous timidities and temporizings that have hitherto kept our individualities down and our forces back. The currents of Life must be impeded no longer; their flow must not be checked. Every pretense and farce and absurdity, every doubt and fear and worry, must give way for the onward march of evolution.

We are living and growing in these days in a very real sense; and there is every reason why the Economy of Nature should now call particularly for the elimination of all that is useless and the sacrifice of all that is dead.

It is the part of each soul who is blessed with that only substantial prophetic power which is the result of a complete interpretation of existing causes, that discerns future events because of a thorough analysis of today's, to set an example.

Setting an example—in other words, original action—may often call for a degree of daring that is at first not altogether agreeable; but those who hold the privileged position of being in the Vanguard can fulfil their destiny only by taking initiative stands.

When we investigate the canons and archives of the venerated schools of learning, we find many theories and principles which are simply errors. Whether these falsities are wilful misrepresentations or the result of the natural earlier inclination of human-kind to make blunders, we may be too charitable to enquire into. But if we are sincere and truthful in our particular sphere of action, we will not allow our footsteps to be guided any longer by precedents which we have discovered to have no sound foundation, and that lead either nowhere or to worse than negative conditions.

We have simply got to make new tracks for ourselves—create other precedents; we have our own ideals, and they call for their own particular mode of expression.

Laying aside for the time being the larger and more important affairs, let

us consider for a moment the question of recreation or pleasure.

Among certain classes, fashionable sports and pastimes are the rule, although it is clear that these are often absolutely boresome and distressing, especially as it is quite common, if they are of length and frequency. Many of our "entertainments" are like some of the learned lecture courses—both have a tendency to make us tired, and even sleepy.

There is plenty of opportunity for the clever artist who can invent something for the stage or the music hall or the parlor that will both amuse and instruct—for our interest can now only be held by what appeals to our intellect as well as our fancy.

Our natures are becoming more enlightened with intelligence, which is far from the ponderous affectation that has so often been called intelligence. We are, in short, becoming educated in the realities of life. We are feeling and thinking more than in the past; we thus know more, and our characters are being crowned with added power.

What is there in the world as it is for the man of strong character? Is it any wonder that all his aspirations call for change and improvement?

In our own lives each particular line of action, our happiness demands original moves. In matters of health, success, or pleasure, we are compelled to find out our own way, and then follow along it, without deviation. Yes, we are compelled to take this course, for the simple reason that there is nothing else for us to do. We may, to be sure, gather some useful advice and suggestions from others—there are many of the old teachings even that possess distinct value—but these must at least be supplemented by our own intuitive conclusions, born of experience or inner convictions, born of the light of Reason.

Let us, we ask the world, go on our own way; let us have freedom. This may seem a reasonable request; especially when only the welfare of the community is in our view; but custom will not allow us to pass along without many restrictions and halts; and we are, therefore, forced to hang back until the throng catches up somewhere near us.

It is doubtless well that we are restrained at times. Our enthusiasm might lead us into reckless moves, which would only land us in new labyrinths and confusions; though, to be sure, there is more danger from holding back than in moving on.

All of us have our peculiar set of experiences, day by day; but the principle of originality may with advantage be applied in some way to them all. Greatness is a condition that belongs at once to a creator, to one who has allowed himself to become self-reliant, and thus original in his moves, expressing himself in work that bears the stamp of personal character.

Solitude to the average person is almost unbearable; to one awakened, who grows day by day in the recognition of unity, in the knowledge that one is forever linked with all, in constant touch with the well-springs of infinite life and energy, there is no solitude. When he is alone in the Silence of Reality, he is in touch with the Centre of life, the centre even of each individual soul, as they are related to his work; and as the days go on he becomes more conscious of this unity. He is never alone in the ordinary sense, for the infinite Universe he knows to be One Life—the life of the suns and

stars and the Life of the children of Earth all one—his Self this Life, his Personality a medium for limitless Growth and Expression.

The mental basis of Life, the fact of Evolution as the principle of existence, each kingdom being the expression of a new plane of consciousness, is the one eternal guarantee of our security.

It is no vain theory for the consolation of disappointed souls and the bolstering up of impossible though encouraging wishes, this theory of mental supremacy; it is the Truth, if there is any Truth in Life at all.

We have all heard and read of the wonderful results in the shape of healing and the marvelous building up of enterprises which have been brought about by Faith. Faith has been an influence which has at times seemed to take the place of usual effort, accomplishing almost instantaneously what would be ordinarily either impossible or requiring a long period of patient and untiring labor.

There are doubtless many "miracles" which have had their origin in the fancy of imaginative minds, but our knowledge of man's power, what has been called the Science of Being, places a larger number of the recorded miracles within the realm of not only possibility but probability.

And for that matter, to-day, at various religious shrines throughout the world, people are continually being restored to health and vigor, giving an undeniable proof of some mystic, invisible influence.

Besides these records and current instances of healing, in every place throughout the world, when men and women have had Faith, whether this Faith has been a reliance on Self, or on an ideal divinity, or in some amulet or talisman, the faith has made them whole.

Physical health is not perhaps the greatest blessing of life, though this may be open to opinion; but it is certain that millions who have been brought out of physical discord into physical harmony, mainly by Faith, will be inclined to say that it is.

Their statement in this matter is, of course, prejudiced; and yet after all, what teacher knows so much as Experience? Where is there a prompter and guide that so nearly approaches infallibility as Sensation?

Whether health or widsom or any other state occupies the position of first importance in man's life, it is not necessary here to pass an opinion. That physical health is of very great importance no one will deny; and it is easily understood why the signs of healing should make men investigate the new theories of mental supremacy and explore further into the possibilities of the mind.

These scientific expeditions by individuals and schools are meeting with appreciable results; though, while research of this nature has its own value, there are some earnest souls who without being less diligent in a desire to learn more about life's mysteries, are nevertheless convinced of the greater need of living one's ideals, of becoming incarnate manifestations and living expressions of their new-born consciousness.

Metaphysical systems and theories are well enough, so long as they do not tend to get into any such stereotyped doctrines like the old creeds, which have tied us down, in mental slavery. Let us, however, learn above all things to be practical.

There are some unprecedented things which we hope will not come again—

we pray that their first appearance will also be their last. Things of this character may vary from simple personal matters to large and complex affairs.

But there are more unprecedented things, a repeated visitation of which would arouse in us feelings of approval and pleasure.

To our developed twentieth-century minds, the history of the past does not seem overcrowded with great and glorious events. What the race has done, what individuals have done—all the memorable achievements of genius seem small in the light of modern thought. In the past, we used to marvel at the mighty creations of men; now, we are inclined to be dissatisfied with the material results, since we recognize what infinite stores of energy are in us.

We are living in an age of unprecedented things. The imaginative fiction and fairy-tales of our fathers seem dull now that we are surrounded with more wonderful facts. Is there anything in the Arabian Nights that can beat the actual manifestations of the electric forces? Was there ever a wizard that could compare with an Edison or a Marconi? And the stupendous virtue of the mental and spiritual sciences, with their palpable benedictions of health, wealth and wisdom—more than all else the very greatest gifts of the ages—how incomparable and unprecedented are these things!

We are on the threshold of a great Age of Achievement. Very, very new is this modern and advanced thought, with its practical messages touching all sides of life, all arts, all sciences—the person, the community, the nation. We, students of occult forces, earnest questioners and researchers of life's long concealed mysteries, are only commencing to realize with any degree of thoroughness what depths of infinite resources Nature holds for us, waiting for us to unfold and bring them out into the field of manifestation.

THE BORDERLAND OF UTOPIA

W. P. BORLAND

FROM the report of the Seligman-Wilshire debate, as it appeared in the March number of Wilshire's Magazine, I note that Mr. Wilshire makes a definite prophecy, or perhaps it would be more correct to say "another definite prophecy," as I believe this is not his first attempt in the prophesying line. He has placed the great unemployed problem into which the country is drifting at a date not to exceed five years hence, and according to his reasoning this problem will be so serious as to compel the people to adopt Socialism in order to avert starvation. I wish I could bring myself to agree with Mr. Wilshire on this point, but I am compelled to believe that his conclusion lacks the very important element of probability.

Concerning the inevitability of Socialism there seems to me very little

chance for a difference of opinion, but I have not Mr. Wilshire's easy confidence regarding the *HOW*, the *WHY* and *WHEN* of the coming social order. I cannot understand how a believer in the evolutionary theory can commit himself to an exact statement of the coming of Socialism, especially at so early a date as five years hence, and it seems to me the greatest folly for any person to say of Socialism, as does Mr. Wilshire, "We can have it, by voting for the Socialist party, whenever we please." The notion that we can have Socialism whenever we want it, by simply voting for a political party that advocates it, is an entire abandonment of the development idea, and involves the relegation of Socialism to the untenable field of Utopian speculation. The so-called "scientific" Socialists have expended a great deal of energy in exposing the weak points in the Utopian theories of a ready-made social system, that have attracted countless followers, from the time of Robert Owen down to the colony promoters of quite recent memory, but they seem entirely unconscious of any Utopianism in the cry: "If you want Socialism, vote for the Socialist Party."

Socialism is a natural growth, a definite stage in the orderly development of the social organism, not simply the triumph of a political party. It appears as the ripened fruit of the competitive industrial order, not as the result of a count of noses in the political state. These are very elementary statements, and seem adapted only to the primer class in social science, but there is certainly need of restating elementary propositions when the American Editor of the Fabian Essays commits himself to the Utopian assertion that we can have Socialism whenever we want it, by simply voting for the Socialist Party. Socialism is merely the short for "Industrial Democracy," and it is quite true, as stated by Professor Triggs in his admirable article, "Industrial Feudalism and After," that "industrial democracy can never be established on the basis of a political system."

As a matter of historical fact, radical or revolutionary political parties are never constructive, and never live to see the fruition of their ideals. Witness the Chartist Party in England and the Abolitionist Party in the United States. Practically all the important demands of the Chartists are now accomplished facts in England, enacted into law by the conservative, constructive political parties of the country, after the Chartist Party itself had ceased to exist. The Abolitionist Party in the United States carried on a vigorous war against human slavery for thirty years, but finally ceased to exist when its more conservative elements (which were also its constructive ones) united their forces with the newly formed Republican Party, an organization whose strongest demand on the slavery question was that it be restricted to its then existing area, and denied the right of extension to new territory. A short seven years later the fullest demands of the extinct Abolition Party were accomplished, through the medium of this same Republican Party!

Instead of being true that Socialism will come as a result of voting for the Socialist Party, I believe it will come only after the existing Socialist Party, with its narrow, dogmatic creed, its "class conscious" propaganda tommy rot, its factional quarrels and obstructionist tactics, has ceased to be. When the various warring factions of the

political Socialist movement have died a natural death, it will be a sign that actual Socialism is near at hand.

As to the WHY of Socialism: According to Mr. Wilshire, who follows the catastrophic theory of the complete breakdown of competitive society, it will be adopted consciously, as the only possible solution of the problem of the unemployed.

It is quite certain that a serious unemployed problem looms very large in the near future; in placing its appearance at a date not to exceed five years hence I think Mr. Wilshire is well within the mark. But to suppose that the reappearance of this problem will have such an effect on the country as adoption of Socialism appears to me to require a wide stretch of the imagination.

In the first place, because of its purely industrial character, the problem will be insoluble by the existing political state—at least by direct effort. The solution of the problem necessarily involves the question of state employment of idle labor, and there is absolutely no constitutional authority for anything of the sort. The state cannot act without a proper sanction, and without the proper machinery in its possession.

The logical place for the inauguration of state employment of labor is within the sphere of the local governing bodies concerned, state and municipal. Because the constitutional difficulties in the way can there most easily be overcome, it is reasonable to suppose that the development of public employment will be primarily along municipal lines, and it is within the municipalities where Socialism will gain its first foothold. But our municipalities will not be sufficiently developed industrially to adequately deal with the next unemployed problem. Stagnation of industry will be nation wide, and the crisis can only be adequately dealt with by federal authority. But the constitutional limitations to federal action cannot at present be surmounted.

A case in point: Our last industrial crisis developed a very serious unemployed problem, giving rise to the Coxey movement. Great armies of unemployed persons marched on the national capital, demanding the inauguration of public work for the employment of the millions of idle men who had been deprived of their means of subsistence by the stoppage of private employment. The demand of the Coxeyites was treated as a complete and self-evident absurdity, notwithstanding that the popular mind regarded it favorably, and had the question been put to a vote of the people at large, there can be little doubt that the demand would have been sanctioned at the polls. However, the constitutional difficulty in the way was plainly seen. This difficulty even formed one of the principal texts of the presidential address of the late Judge Thomas M. Cooley, at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association in 1894. Judge Cooley, who was regarded as our highest authority on constitutional law, made a very clear exposition of the federal power's utter inability to act in the matter, and my recollection is that the general verdict gave him credit for covering the ground so completely that there was nothing more to be said.

The general government will be no more able to undertake the employment of the unemployed five years hence than it was in 1894, as the legal difficulties

that existed then are still present. However, the problem will undoubtedly assume such proportions as to demand state action, and because of the inadequacy of our municipal machinery it will be up to the general government to take the initiative and introduce some sort of an expedient to relieve the strain on the country. Now, what the general government cannot do directly it may do indirectly, and thus the constitutional difficulty may be slurred over and the government permitted to act.

It is absurd, however, to suppose that state action will assume the form of actually taking control of the stagnated industries and operating them for the benefit of the people. The state will no more be able to operate those industries than the Trusts are, and for the same reason—lack of a market.

A moment's thought will enable one to see that the existence of the unemployed problem is due to stoppage of work primarily in the mechanical and manufacturing, mining and transportation industries of the country ; in other words, in the secondary industries. It is by reaction from these that the primary, or food producing industries are affected. The demand of the unemployed will be for food, and it will clearly be the primary industries that must be set in motion by the government in order to meet the needs of the situation.

Suppose the state should say to Mr. Morgan, " Your Steel Trust has failed to provide employment for the people, and has thus become a menace to the safety of the state, wherefore we have decided to dispossess you and run your Trust for the benefit of the people." This would sound very nice as a matter of theory, but as a matter of fact it would be mere buncombe on the part of the state, as it would be no more able to operate the steel Trust under the conditions present than was Mr. Morgan.

The demand of the people would be flour, pork and potatoes, which demand could scarcely be met by the government taking over an industry for the manufacture of structural iron, tin plate and ten penny nails If it had been possible to trade the latter products for the former, it could have been done under the supervision of Mr. Morgan as well as under the supervision of the government, and the Trust would not have shut up shop in the first instance. In other words, the government would stand in need of the very thing that Mr. Morgan needed—a market. If the government owned the railroads, the mines, the great shipbuilding plants, etc., it might be possible to supply the market that had failed the steel Trust, in other words, if industry were completely socialized, the problem would be soluble, because the state would be able to create such a demand in the secondary industries as would cause a reaction to the primary ones and set them in motion, thus relieving the situation.

But it is not conceivable that the general government would proceed to so radical a measure as the complete socialization of industry for the simple purpose of settling an unemployed problem, temporary in nature, however serious it might be, even supposing it were not deterred from doing so by the constitutional difficulties before pointed out, and the powerful capitalistic interests that would be opposed to such a measure from the standpoint of self-preservation. The solution of the State would much more likely take the form of an appropriation for the inauguration of public improvements of a

permanent character, such as great irrigation works for the reclamation of the arid lands of the west, which would cause an immediate reaction to the primary industries without the necessity of a market for the products of a secondary one, thus enabling the starving unemployed to supply their need for food and clothing. Aid might also be voted to states and municipalities where the unemployed problem was most acute, for the inauguration of public work of a permanent character, such as the improvement of roads, or the establishment of municipal farms.

All such schemes as these could be undertaken without the opposition of the capitalistic interests of the country; indeed, they would receive hearty capitalistic support, because of furnishing a means of relieving the strain of a situation whose danger could be plainly seen, and at the same time furnishing a number of fat, profit producing contracts of a public nature, for the employment of idle capital.

Another thing which negatives the assumption of Mr. Wilshire is that the state has absolutely no organization for handling and operating the Trusts which he expects to be taken over, and it could not appropriate the Trust's organizations without their consent. This talk about the state simply stepping into the shoes of the Trusts, and everything going right on smoothly, as if nothing had happened, is all right as a matter of theory, but I do not believe it will ever happen as a matter of fact. The state will only take possession of the Trust *when the Trust becomes the state.* Of course, this is simply bald assertion on my part, but it is an assertion that will bear the test of investigation and analysis much better than the assertion of Mr. Wilshire, "We can have it (Socialism) by voting for the Socialist Party, whenever we please."

As to the *when* of Socialism, I am not one of those who look for "Socialism in our time," by this meaning that it will burst upon us full bloom, as the result of a victory at the polls of the National Socialist Party three or four political cycles hence. At the same time, I look about me and find much more socialism in operation than I believed possible a decade ago. With Mrs. Besant, I do not believe "there will ever be a point at which society crosses over from Individualism to Socialism," but I am convinced the transition may be hastened by saner and calmer methods of propaganda than have heretofore prevailed.

Mr. Borland sees some things very clearly, and where he sees clearly I naturally agree with him. It is quite true that when the unemployed problem bursts upon us it is likely that the first attempt at relief will be for the state to inaugurate a system of employing labor by building permanent improvements, such as new highways, municipal buildings, afforestation of land, and irrigation works in the West, but at best all these will be but temporary stop-gaps.

Mr. Borland does not seem to understand that the cause of the unemployed problem exists in the capitalist system. I am not contending that the Government should take over industries because it will manage them any better than the capitalists do, but because Government Ownership is a necessary basis for the co-operative system which must succeed the competitive system. Mr. Borland seems to think that he could cure the disease without removing the cause. The cause is the

competitive system, and that system must be ended the moment the unemployed problem gets to a certain degree of acuteness.

Yes—I say we can have Socialism whenever we want to vote for it, but there is no one more willing than I to admit that we will not want to vote for it until the conditions exist which will necessitate our desiring it. I say the baby will starve unless it takes its milk, and I say that the ordinary, normal, healthy baby has an appetite for its milk at the right time, but it is not hungry before it is born. We Americans are like unborn babes, at present, and have only the vaguest desires for sustenance under the new life that Socialism will mean for us. The reason we do not vote the Socialist ticket today is that we are not socially conscious of the necessity for Socialism. When we become socially conscious we will vote for Socialism, not before.

It may be, as Mr. Borland predicts, that Socialism will be ushered in by some other party than the Socialist Party, exactly as the abolition of slavery was accomplished by the Republican Party and not by the Abolitionist Party. The Socialist Party is organized primarily for the purpose of propaganda, and only incidentally for the purpose of translating its views into action. Its platform represents a social philosophy, and when the people accept this philosophy the matter of whether they will use the Socialist Party as a means to achieve their end is immaterial.

The local governing bodies will find it impossible to meet the unemployed problem except in its primary stage, when it is not of large proportions. As I have said above, the unemployed problem will arise as the outcome of the competitive system, and it is of course absurd to look for a solution by any means whatsoever, short of the abolition of the competitive system.

As far as the constitution is concerned, Mr. Borland's fear that it will prove a barrier to our doing anything because we will not be able to calmly revise it at a critical point, is not well founded. The constitution will not stand in our way when the necessity arises for the abolition of the competitive system. The constitution is based upon the assumption that private property and the competitive system are integral parts of our social system, and inasmuch as we are going to abandon those tenets we will abandon any part of the constitution which upholds them, at the same time.

It is quite true that the demand of the people will be for bread and potatoes, and also that it would be absurd for the state to run the steel works when there is no demand for steel and expect thereby to supply the people with bread and potatoes. This again is simply a further substantiation of my oft-repeated remark that it is the abolition of the competitive system we are demanding, and it is only because state ownership of the Trusts is necessary to this end that we demand that the Nation Shall Own the Trusts. Mrs. Besant may think that the chicken doesn't know the difference between being in the shell and being out of the shell, just as she thinks we will not know the difference between being under the competitive system and the co-operative system. It is one of those absurdities which could only be uttered by people who are unfamiliar with the fundamental thought of Socialism. A man may not know when he is dead, but he certainly knows when he is alive.

Mr. Borland says the State will not be able to operate the industries any better than the Trust does, and for the same reason—lack of a market. This would be

perfectly true if we assume that the competitive system is to continue, because the competitive system itself is the cause of the lack of a market. I insist, however, that the competitive system must be done away with, and the co-operative system of production substituted for it. Mr. Borland seems to think that I am advocating government ownership, which is quite a different thing. He sees a remedy in government ownership. I see in government ownership only a means to an end—viz., the abolition of the competitive system.

Then he speaks of "the reappearance of the unemployed problem," and does not see why it should have any more effect than previous unemployed problems in forcing us to adopt Socialism. It is altogether a question of the relative seriousness of the next unemployed problem. If we can readjust relations so that we may resume operations again, of course we can get along without introducing Socialism. On the other hand, if the next unemployed problem betokens such a complete stage of industry that there is no way of longer continuing the competitive system, then Socialism becomes absolutely inevitable. All the indications now are that production in this country has reached its highest possible stage under the present system, and, in fact, that we are now about to enter the stage of over-production. The production of iron, which is the barometer of the industrial market, has increased steadily in the last ten years from nine million to eighteen million tons, and it is evident that this high rate of production cannot continue for a much longer period. When the next industrial crisis appears it will not indicate a reappearance of any previous disease. It will be so much more intense and deadly in its character that it might well be termed a new social disease altogether, and one which can be cured by only one remedy—Socialism.

The Leaves of Life are Dropping One by One

MARGARET HAILE

ON May 26th, at Rockland, Massachusetts, there passed beyond our mortal ken one of the great men of this age. He had not captured the cities of the enemy nor sunk his fleet; he was not an industrial Napoleon; he had not written books or painted pictures which the world will zealously treasure—yet was he great, and with the truest greatness. With piercing vision he scanned the fields of art and science, of philosophy and religion, in eager search for Truth and Good, and his great soul leaped to a comprehension of the underlying unity of them all, which must needs find expression in the distinctive movement of our age—the Socialist movement—ere these goodly trees may yield their perfect fruit. The foes he fought were the enemies of the race; the power he sought was power to thrill the hearts of men with love of justice and freedom, to voice the cry of those who dumbly suffer, to awaken the indifferent and rouse them to deeds of love and daring in the cause of humanity; the pictures that glowed in his soul and upon which he wrought with tireless master hand, were those which shall be completed only when injustice, poverty and oppression are banished from the earth, and the sons of men shall dwell together in a world of beauty and harmony.

Frederic O. MacCartney was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, in 1864. He was graduated from Iowa College in 1889 and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1893; preached a year in the second Unitarian Church in Boston, and in the Unitarian Church at Rockland for five years. Like thousands of others, he owed his first introduction to Socialism to Bellamy's Looking Backward. This was while he was a student at Andover. From that time on he continued the study of Socialism in its deeper economic and philosophic aspects, which finally led, in 1898, to his resigning his pastorate at Rockland and allying himself with the Socialist organization. Regarding this momentous step in his career he told me at the time: "I believe in and love the preaching of the higher life to the people, and had expected to spend my whole life in doing it. But I have been growing more and more profoundly interested in the Socialist movement, until I have finally awakened to a realization that it, and not the Church work, holds first place in my thoughts and interest. There is but one course open to me—to resign my pastorate and put in my work where my heart is." Pre-eminently a man who squared his life with his convictions, he could not stand in the pulpit and preach beautiful abstract truths while his strongest desire was to take part in the actual hand-to-hand struggle of the oppressed around him to change conditions, so that it would be possible to live the higher life he had been preaching. He gave up his church; cut himself off from a life of comfort, of advancement, of association with people of education and refinement, and other things which the world calls good, and cast in his lot unreservedly with the toiling, struggling, down-trodden class. In the spring of 1898 he joined the Socialist Party, and in November of the same year he was elected to represent that party in the Massachusetts Legislature, from the Fourth District of Plymouth, and has been re-elected every year since that time.

The advent of a man of the stamp of Frederic O. MacCartney had much to do with giving the Socialist movement the standing necessary to win recognition from the conservative and eminently

respectable citizens of the Old Bay State. A Socialist in the Legislature, elected from an Old Colony district, by the purest American stock—the descendants of the Pilgrims themselves—was a standing refutation of the current jibe that "Socialism is un-American."

As a speaker MacCartney was eloquent, thrilling, convincing. In debate he was quick, keen, resourceful. One of his fellow representatives in the Legislature said to him once when he had made instantaneous and brilliant use of an opening left by an opponent: "What I like about you, MacCartney, is that you always have your head where you can use it." And he had.

Speaking of the two Socialist representatives in the Massachusetts Legislature, the Springfield Republican of July 16, 1901, said:

> The Social Democratic Party consisted of two members—Messrs. Carey, of Haverhill and MacCartney (Rev.) of Rockland. The party has been prominent far out of proportion to its membership. They are both profuse speakers and fearless fighters in debate. They are deserving of the attention of the public more than any other two men in the house, aside from their personality. They are the ones of all the house who seem to have a mission to perform, who have political principles on which to act, who have an ideal of the relation of man to society, which controls every sentence they utter and every vote they give. They seem, somehow, to have a closer touch with the current of events, with the progress of the times and with the uplift of humanity than any other members of the house. One cannot watch their course throughout the session without feeling that in their line, more than in the lines of either of the other two parties, is the real line of progress and growth of the state. He will feel this, even though the utterances of the men may seem extravagant and their methods unwise, and in Mr. Carey's case unfair at times. They represent the tremendous upward struggle of men which is felt to a less degree in the democratic party and least of all in the republican party. They have been a positive element of good for the state, though they have been so few in number as to have absolutely no political power whatever, save by the force and clearness with which they impressed their ideas upon the other members. They have generally been defeated. Many members have no patience with them or their doctrines. But the nonpartisan will see in them much which promises well for the future and a safer line of development than is promised by those who would build upon the foundation of wealth and class privilege, which men of their class are trying to overthrow, in order that progress and reward may be based upon true worth and service to mankind.

Honored by all who came in contact with him during his life, his death brought together in common grief men of all creeds, all political beliefs, and all conditions. On the day of his funeral the business places and public schools were closed, and all work was suspended during the services. Flags were displayed at half-mast from all the public buildings. The funeral service was held in the Unitarian Church where he had been pastor for five years, and was attended by thousands. The Rockland clergy were present in a body, the town officials, the school-teachers, prominent labor leaders, and leading officials of the Socialist Party in Massachusetts and neighboring states. Some of his own compositions were rendered by the organist, for MacCartney was a musician of rare ability. The address was delivered by his intimate friend and college class-mate, Rev. A. L. Weatherly, of Worcester, and the eulogy by his colleague in the Massachusetts Legislature, James F. Carey. "That such men have lived is the glory of the race, that such men must die is its sorrow," Carey said. "He loved mankind, for in each man he saw the basis of mighty possibilities. He labored that they might be attained, and though giant wrongs must be uncrowned, though ancient privilege must be hurled down, though a long night of misunderstanding by friends and misrepresentations by others who knew him not must be passed through, he did not hesitate. Those who saw him in battle wondered at his intensity. They did not know that as he fought he heard the tears of the children of the poor dropping like rain, he heard the heartstrings of working women break, he saw the very souls of working-men grow black with the wrongs they endured. Seeing this, feeling this, he fought strongly, almost fiercely, that it might end. Men live and strive today for profits. He lived and sacrificed for human progress. Like the sower who may not live to reap the harvest, yet the joy of sowing was his, the joy of sowing the seeds of liberty, of equality, of fraternity — the flower of human

achievement that will yet 'burst full blossomed on the thorny stem of time.'"

Memorial services were held in Boston on the Sunday after his death and in Rockland on the following Sunday, where mourning friends and comrades came to pay their last tribute of respect, and fellow-workers told, in voices that could scarce be steadied, their appreciation of his worth, his gifts and his usefulness as a man and as a Socialist, and their grief at his loss.

Like a terrible and unexpected blow, the news of his death had come upon us —a thing incredible!

Physically he was strong, healthy, well-built,— possessing that outward wholesomeness and sweetness which is the natural outcome of a sweet and wholesome nature.

His personality radiated purity, earnestness, peace and self-control. But his peace was the calm that comes after the storm; the light in his eyes was the "clear shining after rain." He had learned how to live. Dare one speak, ever so reverently even, of a subject to which he himself never alluded—the girl-wife who died fourteen years ago, after six brief months of wedded life, and whose image was shrined forever in the inmost tabernacle of his heart, giving rise, as a perpetual fountain, to that reverence and respect for all women which was one of his distinguishing and noblest characteristics.

When the sweetness had gone out of his life, he found the possibility of living in working for humanity. His joy in his militant life was not the enthusiasm that is inspired by the hope of an immediate victory. He had learned to fight on, without reference to the end. If defeat should come, it was but to get up and go on again. If victory, that too, was only incidental; there were battles to-morrow and next day, and every step was newness of life. It was not triumph, not achievement he sought; not even rest after work well done. He wanted only "The glory of going on, and not to die."

It is hard to think that a soldier so true and strong, so well-equipped, so seasoned, so fearless, should have to lay down his arms thus early in the Great Campaign. It is hard to accept the fact that a man so loved and trusted, so able, so needed, in the fulness of his powers, in the zenith of his usefulness, should have to drop the work he loved so well and which so sorely calls for him. But—let us take heart of hope. Not all the work of the world is done within the range of our vision. It is impossible to think of MacCartney as dissociated from the active forces that make for the uplifting of mankind. Think not that he who fought so well among us here has yet been mustered out. Wherever he may be today, be sure he still is on God's firing-line.

A HERO FALLEN

MELVILLE A. FLOYD

A hero true has fallen,
Bow the head!
And the cause of Liberty
Mourns its dead;
Oh spirit brave and pure!
Thy record shall endure.
Bow the head!

A comrade has departed,
Bow the head!
Let us twine a wreath of myrtle
With the red;
In the name of Brotherhood,
For which he steadfast stood,
Bow the head!

A patriot has fallen,
Bow the head!
A soldier brave has fallen,
Where he led;
A tear for him today,—
Then close ranks and march away,
Straight ahead.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER VIII—THE CARTER AND THE CARPENTER.

The Carter, with his clean-cut face, chin beard, and shaved upper lip, I should have taken in the United States for anything from a master workman to a well-to-do farmer. The Carpenter —well, I should have taken him for a carpenter. He looked it, lean and wiry, with shrewd, observant eyes, and hands that had grown twisted to the handles of tools through forty-seven years' work at the trade. The chief difficulty with these men was that they were old, and that their children, instead of growing up to take care of them, had died. Their years had told on them, and they had been forced out of the whirl of industry by the younger and stronger competitors who had taken their places.

These two men, turned away from the casual ward of the Whitechapel Workhouse, were bound with me for Poplar Workhouse. Not much of a show, they thought, but to chance it was all that remained to us. It was Poplar, or the streets and night. Both men were anxious for a bed, for they were "about gone," as they phrased it. The Carter, fifty-eight years of age, had spent the last three nights without shelter or sleep, while the Carpenter, sixty-five years of age, had been out five nights.

But, O dear, soft people, full of meat and blood, with white beds and airy rooms waiting for you each night, how can I make you know what it is to suffer as you would suffer if you spent a weary night on London's streets? Believe me, you would think a thousand centuries had come and gone before the east paled into dawn; you would shiver till you were ready to cry aloud with the pain of each aching muscle; and you would marvel that you could endure so much and live. Should you rest upon a bench, and your tired eyes close, depend upon it the policeman would rouse you and gruffly order you to "move on." You may rest upon the bench, and benches are few and far between; but if rest means sleep, on you must go, dragging your tired body through the endless streets. Should you, in desperate slyness, seek some forlorn alley or dark passageway and lie down, the omnipresent policeman will rout you out just the same. It is his business to rout you out. It is a law of the powers that be that you shall be routed out.

But when the dawn came, the nightmare over, you would hie you home to refresh yourself, and until you died you would tell the story of your adventure to groups of admiring friends. It would grow into a mighty story. Your little eight-hour night would become an Odyssey and you a Homer.

Not so with these homeless ones who walked to Poplar workhouse with me. And there are thirty-five thousand of them, men and women, in London Town this night. Please don't remember it as you go to bed; if you are as soft as you ought to be you may not rest so well as usual. But for old men

of sixty, seventy, and eighty, ill-fed, with neither meat nor blood, to greet the dawn unrefreshed, and to stagger through the day in mad search for crusts, with relentless night rushing down upon them again, and to do this five nights and days--O dear, soft people, full of meat and blood, how can you ever understand?

I walked up Mile End Road between the Carter and the Carpenter. Mile End Road is a wide thoroughfare, cutting the heart of East London, and there were tens of thousands of people abroad on it. I tell you this so that you may fully appreciate what I shall describe in the next paragraph. As I say, we walked along, and when they grew bitter and cursed the land, I cursed with them, cursed as an American waif would curse, stranded in a strange and terrible land. And, as I tried to lead them to believe, and succeeded in making them believe, they took me for a "seafaring man," who had spent his money in riotous living, lost his clothes (no unusul occurrence with seafaring men ashore), and was temporarily broke while looking for a ship. This accounted for my ignorance of English ways in general and casual wards in particular, and my curiosity concerning the same.

The Carter was hard put to keep the pace at which we walked (he told me that he had eaten nothing that day), but the Carpenter, lean and hungry, his gray and ragged overcoat flapping mournfully in the breeze, swung on in a long and tireless stride which reminded me strongly of the plains coyote. Both kept their eyes upon the pavement as they walked and talked, and every now and then one or the other would stoop and pick something up, never missing the stride the while. I thought it was cigar and cigarette stumps they were collecting, and for some time took no notice. Then I did notice.

From the slimy, spittle-drenched sidewalk, they were picking up bits of orange peel, apple skin, and grape stems, and they were eating them. The pits of green gage plums they cracked between their teeth for the kernels inside. They picked up stray crumbs of bread the size of peas, apple cores so black and dirty one would not take them to be apple cores, and these things these two men took into their mouths, and chewed them, and swallowed them; and this, between six and seven o'clock in the evening of August 20, year of our Lord 1902, in the heart of the greatest, wealthiest, and most powerful empire the world has ever seen.

These two men talked. They were not fools. They were merely old. And, quite naturally, a-reek with pavement offal, they talked of bloody revolution. They talked as anarchists, fanatics, and madmen would talk. And who shall blame them? In spite of my three good meals that day, and the snug bed I could occupy if I wished, and my social philosophy, and my evolutionary belief in the slow development and metamorphosis of things —in spite of all this, I say, I felt impelled to talk rot with them or hold my tongue. Poor fools! Not of their sort are revolutions bred. And when they are dead and dust, which will be shortly, other fools will talk bloody revolution as they gather offal from the spittle-drenched side-walk along Mile End Road to Poplar Workhouse.

Being a foreigner, and a young man, the Carter and the Carpenter explained things to me and advised me. Their advice, by the way, was brief and to the point; it was to get out of the country. "As fast as God'll let me," I assured them; "I'll hit only the high places, till you won't be able to see my trail for smoke." They felt the force of my figures rather than understood them, and they nodded their heads approvingly.

"Actually make a man a criminal against 'is will," said the Carpenter. "Ere I am, old, younger men takin' my place, my clothes gettin' shabbier an' shabbier, an' makin' it 'arder every dry to get a job. I go to the casual ward for a bed. Must be there by two or three in the afternoon or I won't get in. You saw what happened today. What chance does that give me to look for work? S'pose I do

get into the casual ward? Keep me in all day tomorrow, let me out mornin' o' next day. What then? The law sez I can't get in another casual ward that night less'n ten miles distant. Have to hurry an' walk to be there in time that day. What chance does that give me to look for a job? S'pose I don't walk. S'pose I look for a job? In no time there's night come, an' no bed. No sleep all night, nothin' to eat, what shape am I in in the mornin' to look for work? Got to make up my sleep in the park somehow" (the vision of Christ's Church, Spitalfield, was strong on me) "an' get something to eat. An' there I am! Old, down, 'an no chance to get up."

"Used to be a toll-gate 'ere," said the Carter. "Many's the time I've paid my toll 'ere in my cartin' days."

"I've 'ad three 'a'penny rolls in two days," the Carpenter announced, after a long pause in the conversation.

"Two of them I ate yesterday, an' the third to-day," he concluded, after another long pause.

"I ain't 'ad anything today," said the Carter. "An' I'm fagged out. My legs is hurtin' me somethin' fearful."

"The roll you get in the 'spike' is that 'ard you can't eat it nicely with less than a pint of water," said the Carpenter, for my benefit And, on asking him what the "spike" was, he answered, "The casual ward. It's a cant word, you know."

But what surprised me was that he should have the word "cant" in his vocabulary that I found was no mean one before we parted.

I asked him what I may expect in the way of treatment, if we succeeded in getting into the Poplar Workhouse, and between them I was supplied with much information. Having taken a cold bath on entering, I would be given for supper six ounces of bread and "three parts of skilly." "Three parts" means three-quarters of a pint, and "skilly" is a fluid concoction of three quarts of oatmeal stirred into three buckets and a half of hot water.

"Milk and sugar, I suppose, and a silver spoon?" I queried.

"No fear. Salt's what you'll get, an' I've seen some places where you'd not get any spoon. 'Old 'er up an' let 'er run down, that's 'ow they do it."

"You do get good skilly at 'Ackney," said the Carter.

"Oh, wonderful skilly, that," praised the Carpenter, and each looked eloquently at the other.

"Flour an' water at St. George's in the East," said the Carter.

The Carpenter nodded. He had tried them all.

"Then what?" I demanded.

And I was informed that I was sent directly to bed. "Call you at half after five in the mornin', an' you get up an' take a 'sluice'—if there's any soap. Then breakfast, same as supper, three parts o' skilly an' a six-ounce loaf."

"'Tisn't always six ounces," corrected the Carter.

"'Tisn't, no; an' often that sour you can 'ardly eat it. When first I started I couldn't eat the skilly nor the bread, but now I can eat my own an' another man's portion."

"I could eat three other men's portions," said the Carter. "I 'aven't 'ad a bit this blessed day."

"Then what?"

"Then you've got to do your task, pick four pounds of oakum, or clean an' scrub, or break ten to eleven hundredweight o' stones. I don't 'ave to break stones; I'm past sixty, you see. They'll make you do it, though. You're young an' strong."

"What I don't like," grumbled the Carter, "is to be locked up in a cell to pick oakum. It's too much like prison."

"But suppose after you've had your night's sleep, you refuse to pick oakum, or break stones, or do any work at all?" I asked.

"No fear you'll refuse the second time; they'll run you in," answered the Carpenter. "Would'nt advise you to try it on, my lad."

"Then comes dinner," he went on. "Eight ounces of bread, one and a 'arf ounces of cheese, an' cold water. Then you finish your task and 'ave supper, same as before, three parts o'

skilly an' six ounces of bread. Then to bed, six o'clock, an' next mornin' you're turned loose, provided you've finished your task."

We had long since left Mile End Road, and after traversing a gloomy maze of narrow, winding streets, we came to Poplar Workhouse. On a low stone wall we spread our handkerchiefs, and each in his handkerchief put all his worldly possessions with the exception of the "bit o' baccy" down his sock. And then, as the last light was fading from the drab-colored sky, the wind blowing cheerless and cold, we stood, with our pitiful little bundles in our hands, a forlorn group at the workhouse door.

Three working girls came along, and one looked pityingly at me; as she passed I followed her with my eyes. and she still looked pityingly back at me. The old men she did not notice, Dear Christ, she pitied me, young and vigorous and strong, but she had no pity for the two old men who stood by my side! She was a young woman, and I was a young man, and what vague sex promptings impelled her to pity me put her sentiment on the lowest plane. Pity for old men is an altruistic feeling, and besides, the workhouse door is the accustomed place for old men. So she showed no pity for them, only for me, who deserved it least or not at all. Not in honor do gray hairs go down to the grave in London Town.

On one side the door was a bell handle, on the other side a press button.

"Ring the bell," said the Carter to me.

And just as I ordinarily would at anybody's door, I pulled out the handle and rang a peal.

"Oh! Oh!" they cried in one terrified voice. "Not so 'ard!"

I let go, and they looked reproachfully at me, as though I had imperilled their chance for a bed and three parts of skilly. Nobody came. Luckily, it was the wrong bell, and I felt better.

"Press the button," I said to the Carpenter.

"No, no, wait a bit," the Carter hurriedly interposed.

From all of which I drew the conclusion that a poorhouse porter, who commonly draws a yearly salary of from thirty to forty dollars, is a very finicky and important personage, and cannot be treated too fastidiously by—paupers.

So we waited, ten times a decent interval, when the Carter stealthily advanced a timid forefinger to the button, and gave it the faintest possible push. I have looked at waiting men where life and death was in the issue; but anxious suspense showed less plainly on their faces than it showed on the faces of these two men as they waited for the coming of the porter.

He came. He barely looked at us. "Full up," he said, and shut the door.

"Another night of it," groaned the Carpenter. In the dim light the Carter looked wan and gray.

Indiscriminate charity is vicious, say the professional philanthrophists. Well, I resolved to be vicious.

"Come on; get your knife out and come here," I said to the Carter, drawing him into a dark alley.

He glared at me in a frightened manner, and tried to draw back. Possibly he took me for a latter-day Jack-the-Ripper, with a penchant for elderly male paupers. Or he may have thought I was inveigling him into the commission of some desperate crime. Anyway, he was frightened.

It will be remembered, at the outset, that I sewed a pound inside my stoker's singlet under the arm-pit. This was my emergency fund, and I was now called upon to use it for the first time.

Not until I had gone through the acts of a contortionist, and shown the round coin sewed in, did I succeed in getting the Carter's help. Even then his hand was trembling so that I was afraid he would cut me instead of the stitches, and I was forced to take the knife away and do it myself. Out rolled the gold piece, a fortune in their hungry eyes; and away we stampeded for the nearest coffee-house.

Of course, I had to explain to them that I was merely an investigator, a social student, seeking to find out how the other half lived. And at once they

shut up like clams. I was not of their kind; my speech had changed, the tones of my voice were different, in short, I was a superior, and they were superbly class conscious.

"What will you have?" I asked, as the waiter came for the order.

"Two slices an' a cup of tea," meekly said the Carter.

CAT NAPS.

"Two slices an' a cup of tea," meekly said the Carpenter.

Stop a moment, and consider the situation. Here were two men, invited by me into the coffee-house. They had seen my gold piece, and they could understand that I was no pauper. One had eaten a ha'penny roll that day, the other had eaten nothing. And they called for "two slices an' a cup of tea!" Each man had given a tu'penny order. "Two slices," by the way, means two slices of bread and butter.

This was the same degraded humility that had characterized their attitude toward the poorhouse porter. But I wouldn't have it. Step by step I increased their orders—eggs, rashers of bacon, more eggs, more bacon, more tea, more slices, and so forth — they denying wistfully all the while that they cared for anything more, and devouring it ravenously as fast as it arrived.

"First cup o' tea I've 'ad in a fortnight," said the Carter.

"Wonderful tea, that," said the Carpenter.

They each drank two pints of it, and I assure you that it was slops. It resembled tea less than lager beer resembles champagne. Nay, it was "water-bewitched," and did not resemble tea at all.

It was curious, after the first shock, to notice the effect the food had on them. At first they were melancholy, and talked of the divers times they had contemplated suicide. The Carter, not a week before, had stood on the bridge and looked at the water, and pondered the question. Water, the Carpenter insisted with heat, was a bad route. He, for one, he knew, would struggle. A bullet was "'andier," but how under the sun was he to get hold of a revolver? That was the rub.

They grew more cheerful as the hot "tea" soaked in, and talked more about themselves. The Carter had buried his wife and children, with the exception of one son, who grew to manhood and helped him in his little business. Then the thing happened. The son, a man of thirty-one, died of the small-pox. No sooner was this over than the father came down with fever and went to the hospital for three months. Then he was done for. He came out weak, debilitated, no strong young son to stand by him, his little business gone glimmering, and not a farthing. The thing had happened, and the game was up. No chance for an old man to start again. Friends all poor and unable to help. He had tried for work when they were putting up stands for the first Coronation parade. "An' I got fair sick of the answer: 'No! no! no!' It rang in my ears at night when I tried to sleep, always the same, 'No! no! no!'" Only the past week he had answered an advertisement in Hackney, and on giving his age was told, "Oh, too old, too old by far."

The Carpenter had been born in the army, where his father had served twenty-two years. Likewise, his two brothers had gone into the army; one, troop sergeant-major of the Seventh Hussars, dying in India after the Mutiny; the other, after nine years under Roberts in the East, had been lost in Egypt. The Carpenter had not gone into the army, so here he was, still on the planet.

"But 'ere, give me your 'and," he said, ripping open his ragged shirt. "I'm fit for the anatomist, that's all. I'm wastin' away, sir, actually wastin' away for want of food. Feel my ribs an' you'll see."

I put my hand under his shirt and felt. The skin was stretched like parchment over the bones, and the sensation produced was for all the world like running one's hand over a washboard.

"Seven years o' bliss I 'ad," he said. "A good missus and three bonnie lassies. But they all died. Scarlet fever took the girls inside a fortnight."

"After this, sir," said the Carter, indicating the spread, and desiring to turn the conversation into more cheerful channels; "after this, I wouldn't be able to eat a workhouse breakfast in the morning."

"Nor I," agreed the Carpenter, and they fell to discussing stomach delights and the fine dishes their respective wives had cooked in the old days.

"I've gone three days and never broke my fast," said the Carter.

"And I, five," his companion added, turning gloomy with the memory of it. "Five days once, with nothing on my stomach but a bit of orange peel, an' outraged nature wouldn't stand it, sir, an' I near died. Sometimes, walkin' the streets at night, I've been that desperate I've made up my mind to win the horse or lose the saddle. You know what I mean sir—to commit some big robbery. But when mornin' come, there was I, too weak from 'unger 'an cold to 'arm a mouse."

As their poor vitals warmed to the food, they began to expand and wax boastful, and to talk politics. I can only say that they talked politics as well as the average middle-class man, and a great deal better than some of the middle-class men I have heard. What surprised me was the hold they had on the world, its geography and peoples, and on recent and contemporaneous history. As I say, they were

not fools, these two men. They were merely old, and their children had undutifully failed to grow up and give them a place by the fire.

One last incident, as I bade them good-bye on the corner, happy with a couple of shillings in their pockets and the certain prospect of a bed for the night. Lighting a cigarette, I was about to throw away the burning match when the Carter reached for it. I profferred him the box, but he said, "Never mind, won't waste it, sir." And while he lighted the cigarette I had given him, the Carpenter hurried with the filling of his pipe in order to have a go at the same match.

"It's wrong to waste," said he.

"Yes," I said, but I was thinking of the washboard ribs over which I had run my hand.

CHAPTER IX—THE SPIKE.

First of all, I must beg forgiveness of my body for the vileness through which I have dragged it, and forgiveness of my stomach for the vileness which I have thrust into it. I have been to the spike, and slept in the spike, and eaten in the spike; also, I have run away from the spike.

After my two unsuccessful attempts to penetrate the Whitechapel casual ward, I started early, and joined the desolate line before three o'clock in the afternoon. They did not "let in" till six, but at that early hour I was number 20, while the news had gone forth that only twenty-two were to be admitted. By four o'clock there were thirty-four in line, the last ten hanging on in the slender hope of getting in by some kind of a miracle. Many more came, looked at the line, and went away, wise to the bitter fact that the spike would be "full up."

Conversation was slack at first, standing there, till the man on one side of me and the man on the other side of me discovered that they had been in the smallpox hospital at the same time, though a full house of sixteen hundred patients had prevented their becoming acquainted. But they made up for it, discussing and comparing the more loathsome features of the disease in the most cold-blooded matter-of-fact way. I learned that the average mortality was one in six, that one of them had been in three months, and the other three months and a half, and that they had been "rotten wi' it." Whereat my flesh began to creep and crawl, and I asked them how long they had been out. One had been out two weeks, and the other three weeks. Their faces were badly pitted (though each assured the other that this was not so), and further, they showed me in their hands and under the nails the "smallpox seeds" still working out. Nay, one of them worked a seed out for my edification, and pop it went, right out of his flesh into the air. I tried to shrink up inside my clothes, and I registered a fervent though silent hope that it had not popped on me.

In both instances, I found that the smallpox was the cause of their being "on the doss," which means on the tramp. Both had been working when smitten by the disease, and both had emerged from the hospital "broke," with the gloomy task before them of hunting for work. So far, they had not found any, and they had come to the spike for a "rest-up" after three days and nights on the street.

It seems that not only the man who becomes old is punished for his involuntary misfortune, but likewise the man who is struck by disease or accident. Later on, I talked with another man—"Ginger" we called him—who stood at the head of the line—a sure indication that he had been waiting since one o'clock. A year before, one day, while in the employ of a fish dealer, he was carrying a heavy box of fish which was too much for him. Result: "something broke," and there was the box on the ground, and he on the ground beside it.

At the first hospital, whither he was immediately carried, they said it was a rupture, reduced the swelling, gave him some vaseline to rub on it, kept him four hours, and told him to get along. But he was not on the streets

more than two or three hours when he was down on his back again. This time he went to another hospital and was patched up. But the point is, the employer did nothing, positively nothing, for the man injured in his employment, and even refused him "a light job now and again," when he came out. As far as Ginger is concerned, he is a broken man. His only chance to earn a living was by heavy work. He is now incapable of performing heavy work, and from now until he dies, the spike, the peg, and the streets are all he can look forward to in the way of food and shelter. The thing happened — that is all. He put his back under too great a load of fish, and his chance for happiness in life was crossed off the books.

Several men in the line had been to the United States, and they were wishing that they had remained there, and were cursing themselves for their folly in ever having left. England had become a prison to them, a prison from which there was no hope of escape. It was impossible for them to get away. They could neither scrape together the passage money, nor get a chance to work their passage. The country was too overrun by poor devils on that "lay."

I was on the seafaring-man-who-had-lost-his-clothes-and-money tack, and they all condoled with me and gave me much sound advice. To sum it up, the advice was something like this: To keep out of all places like the spike. There was nothing good in it for me. To head for the coast and bend every effort to get away on a ship. To go to work, if possible, and scrape together a pound or so, with which I might bribe some steward or underling to give me a chance to work my passage. They envied me my youth and strength, which would sooner or later get me out of the country. These they no longer possessed. Age and English hardship had broken them, and for them the game was played and up.

There was one, however, who was still young, and who, I am sure, will in the end make it out. He had gone to the United States as a young fellow, and in fourteen years residence the longest period he had been out of work was twelve hours. He had saved his money, grown too prosperous, and returned to the mother country. Now he was standing in line at the spike.

For the past two years, he told me, he had been working as a cook. His hours had been from 7 a.m. to 10.30 p. m., and on Saturday to 12.30 p.m.— ninety-five hours per week, for which he had received twenty shillings, or five dollars.

"But the work and the long hours was killing me," he said, "and I had to chuck the job. I had a little money saved, but I spent it living and looking for another place."

This was his first night in the spike, and he had come in only to get rested. As soon as he emerged he intended to start for Bristol, a one-hundred-and-ten-mile walk, where he thought he would eventually get a ship for the States.

But the men in the line were not all of this calibre. Some were poor, wretched beasts, inarticulate and callous, but for all of that, in many ways very human. I remember a carter, evidently returning home after the day's work, stopping his cart before us so that his young hopeful, who had run to meet him, could climb in. But the cart was big, the young hopeful little, and he failed in his several attempts to swarm up. Whereupon one of the most degraded-looking men stepped out of the line and hoisted him in. Now the virtue and the joy of this act lies in that it was a service of love, not hire. The carter was poor, and the man knew it; and the man was standing in the spike line and the carter knew it; and the man had done the little act, and the carter had thanked him, even as you and I would have done and thanked.

Another beautiful touch was that displayed by the "Hopper" and his "ole woman." He had been in line about half an hour when the 'ole woman" (his mate) came up to him. She was fairly clad, for his class, with

a weatherworn bonnet on her gray head and a sacking covered bundle in her arms. As she talked to him, he reached forward, caught the one stray wisp of the white hair that was flying wild, deftly twirled it between his fingers, and tucked it back properly behind her ear. From all of which one may conclude many things. He certainly liked her well enough to wish her to be neat and tidy. He was proud of her, standing there in the spike line, and it was his desire that she should look well in the eyes of the other unfortunates who stood in the spike line. But last and best, and underlying all these motives, it was a sturdy affection he bore her; for man is not prone to bother his head over neatness and tidiness in a woman for whom he does not care, nor is he likely to be proud of such a woman.

And I found myself questioning why this man and his mate, hard workers I knew from their talk, should have to seek a pauper lodging. He had pride, pride in his old woman and pride in himself. When I asked him what he thought I, a greenhorn, might expect to earn at "hopping," he sized me up, and said that it all depended. Plenty of people were too slow to pick hops and made a failure of it. A man, to succeed, must use his head and be quick with his fingers, must be exceedingly quick with his fingers. Now he and his old woman could do very well at it, working the one bin between them and not going to sleep over it; but then, they had been at it for years.

"I 'ad a mate as went down last year," spoke up a man. "It was 'is fust time, but 'e come back wi' two poun' ten in 'is pockit, an' 'e was only gone a month."

"There you are," said the Hopper, a wealth of admiration in his voice. "'E was quick. 'E was jest nat'rally born to it, 'e was."

Two pound ten—twelve dollars and a half—for a month's work when one is "jest nat'rally born to it!" And in addition, sleeping out without blankets and living the Lord knows how. There are moments when I am thankful that I was not "jest nat'rally born" a genius for anything, not even hop picking.

In the matter of getting an outfit for "the hops," the Hopper gave me some sterling advice, to which same give heed, you soft and tender people, in case you should ever be stranded in London Town.

"If you ain't got tins an' cookin' things, all as you can get'll be bread an' cheese. No bloody good that! You must 'ave 'ot tea, and wegetables, an' a bit o' meat now an' again, if you're goin to do work as is work. Cawn't do it on cold wittles. Tell you wot to do, lad. Run around in the morning an' look in the dust pans. You'll find plenty o' tins to cook in. Fine tins, wonderful good some o' them. Me an' the 'ole woman got ours that way." (He pointed at the bundle she held, while she nodded proudly, beaming on me with good nature and consciousness of success and prosperity. "This overcoat is as good as a blanket," he went on. advancing the skirt of it that I might feel its thickness. "An' 'oo knows, I may find a blanket before long."

Again the old woman nodded and beamed, this time with the dead certainty that he *would* find a blanket before long."

"I call it a 'oliday, 'oppin," he concluded, rapturously. "A tidy way o' getting two or three pounds together an' fixin' up for winter. The only thing I don't like"—and here was the rift within the lute—"is paddin' the 'oof down there."

It was plain the years were telling on this energetic pair, and while they enjoyed the quick work with the fingers, "paddin' the 'oof," which is walking, was beginning to bear heavily upon them. And I looked at their gray hgirs, and ahead into the future ten years, and wondered how it would be with them.

I noticed another man and his old woman join the line, both of them past fifty. The woman, because she was a woman, was admitted into the spike; but he was too late, and, separated from his mate, was turned away to tramp the streets all night.

The street on which we stood, from wall to wall, was barely twenty feet wide. The sidewalks were three feet wide. It was a residence street. At least workmen and their families existed in some sort of fashion in the houses across from us. And each day and every day, from one in the afternoon till six, our ragged spike line is the principal feature of the view commanded by their front doors and windows. One workman sat in his door directly opposite us, taking his rest and a breath of air after the toil of the day. His wife came to chat with him. The doorway was too small for two, so she stood up. Their babes sprawled before them. And here was the spike line, less than a score of feet away—neither privacy for the workman nor privacy for the pauper. About our feet played the children of the neighborhood. To them our presence was nothing unusual. We were not an intrusion. We were as natural and ordinary as the brick walls and stone curbs of their environment. They had been born to the sight of the spike line, and all their brief days they had seen it.

At six o'clock the line moved up, and we were admitted in groups of three. Name, age, occupation, place of birth, condition of destitution, and the previous night's "doss" were taken with lightning-like rapidity by the superintendent; and as I turned I was startled by a man's thrusting into my hand something that felt like a brick, and shouting into my ear, "any knives, matches, or tobacco?" "No, sir," I lied, as lied every man who entered. As I passed downstairs to the cellar, I looked at the brick in my hand, and saw that by doing violence to the language it might be called "bread." By its weight and hardness it certainly must have been unleavened.

The light was very dim down in the cellar, and before I knew it some other man had thrust a pannikin into my other hand. Then I stumbled on to a still darker room, where were benches and tables and men. The place smelled vilely, and the sombre gloom, and the mumble of voices from out of the obscurity, made it seem more like some anteroom to the infernal regions.

Most of the men were suffering from tired feet, and they prefaced the meal by removing their shoes and unbinding the fifthy rags with which their feet were wrapped. This added to the general noisomeness, while it took away from my appetite.

In fact, I found that I had made a mistake. I had eaten a hearty dinner five hours before, and to have done justice to the fare before me I should have fasted a couple of days. The pannikin contained skilly, three-quarters of a pint, a mixture of Indian corn and hot water. The men were dipping their bread into heaps of salt scattered over the dirty tables. I attempted the same, but the bread seemed to stick in my mouth, and I remembered the words of Carpenter: "You need a pint of water to eat the bread nicely."

I went over into a dark corner where I had observed other men going, and found the water. Then I returned and attacked the skilly. It was coarse of texture, unseasoned, gross and bitter. This bitterness which lingered persistently in the mouth after the skilly had passed on, I found especially repulsive. I struggled manfully, but was mastered by my qualms, and half a dozen mouthfuls of skilly and bread was the measure of my success. The man beside me ate his own share, and mine to boot, scraped the pannikins, and looked hungrily for more.

"I met a 'towney,' and he stood me too good a dinner," I explained.

"An' I 'aven't 'ad a bite since yesterday mornin'," he replied.

"How about tobacco?" I asked. "Will the bloke bother with a fellow now?"

"Oh, no," he answered me. "No bloody fear. This is the easiest spike goin'. Y'oughto see some of them. Search you to the skin."

The pannikins scraped clean, conversation began to spring up. "This super'tendent 'ere is always writin' to the papers 'bout us mugs," said the man on the other side of me.

"What does he say?" I asked.

"Oh, 'e sez we're no good, a lot o' blackguards and scoundrels as won't work. Tells all the old tricks I've bin 'earing for twenty years an' w'ich I never seen a mug ever do. Las' thing of 'is I see, 'e was tellin' 'ow a mug got out o' the spike wi' a crust in 'is pockit. An' w'en 'e sees a nice ole gentleman comin' along the street 'e chucks the crust into the drain, an' borrows the old gent's stick to poke it out. An' then the ole gent gi'es 'im a tanner" [sixpence].

A roar of applause greeted the time-honored yarn and from somewhere over in the deeper darkness came another voice, orating angrily:

"Talk o' the country bein' good for tommy [food] I'd like to see it. I jest came up from Dover, an' blessed little tommy I got. They won't gi' ye a drink o' water, they won't, much less tommy."

"There's mugs never go out of Kent," spoke a second voice, "an' they live bloomin' fat all along."

"I come through Kent," went on the first voice, still more angrily, "an' Gawd blimey if I see any tommy. An' I always notices as the blokes as talks about 'ow much they can get, w'en they're in the spike they can eat my share o' skilly as well as their bleedin' own."

"There's chaps in London," said a man across the table from me, "that get all the tommy they want, an' they never think o' goin' to the country. Stay in London the year 'round. Nor do they think of lookin' for a kip [place to sleep], till nine or ten o'clock at night."

A general chorus verified this statement.

"But they're bloody clever, them chaps," said an admiring voice.

"Course they are," said another voice. "But it's not the likes of me an' you can do it. You got to be born to it, I say. Them chaps 'ave ben openin' cabs an' sellin' papers since the day they was born, an' their fathers an' mothers before 'em. It's all in the trainin', I say, an' the likes of me an' you 'ud starve at it."

This also was verified by the general chorus, and likewise the statement that there were "mugs" as lives the twelve-months 'round in the spike an' never gets a blessed bit o' tommy other than spike skilly an' bread."

"I once got 'arf a crown in the Stratford spike," said a new voice. Silence fell on the instant, and all listened to the wonderful tale. "There was three of us breakin' stones. Winter-time, an' the cold was cruel. T'other two said they be blessed if they do it, an' they didn't; but I kept wearin' into mine to warm up, you know. An' then the guardians come, an t'other chaps got run in for fourteen days, an' the guardians, w'en they see wot I'd been doin', gives me a tanner each, five o' them, an' turns me up."

The majority of these men, nay, all of them, I found, do not like the spike, and only come to it when driven in. After the "rest up" they are good for two or three days and nights on the streets, when they are driven in again for another rest. Of course, this continuous hardship quickly breaks their constitutions, and they realize it, though only in a vague way; while it is so much the common run of things that they do not worry about it.

"On the doss," they call vagabondage here, which corresponds to "on the road" in the United States. The agreement is that kipping, or dossing, or sleeping, is the hardest problem they have to face, harder even than that of food. The inclement weather and the harsh laws are mainly responsible for this, while the men themselves ascribe their homelessness to foreign immigration, especially of Polish and Russian Jews, who take their places at lower wages and establish the sweating system.

By seven o'clock we were called away to bathe and go to bed. We stripped our clothes, wrapping them up in our coats and buckling our belts about them, and deposited them in a heaped rack and on the floor—a beautiful scheme for the spread of vermin. Then, two by two, we entered the bath-room. There were two ordinary tubs,

and this I know: the two men preceding had washed in that water, we washed in the same water, and it was not changed for the two men that followed us. This I know; but I am quite certain that the twenty-two of us washed in the same water.

I did no more than make a show of splashing some of this dubious liquid at myself, while I hastily brushed it off with a towel wet from the bodies of other men. My equanimity was not restored by seeing the back of one poor wretch a mass of blood from attacks of vermin and retaliatory scratching.

A shirt was handed me—which I could not help but wonder how many other men had worn? and with a couple of blankets under my arm, I trudged off to the sleeping apartment. This was a long, narrow room, traversed by two low iron rails. Between these two rails were stretched, not hammocks, but pieces of canvas, six feet long and less than two feet wide. These were the beds, and they were six inches apart and about eight inches above the floor, The chief difficulty was that the head was somewhat higher than the feet, which caused the body constantly to slip down. Being slung to the same rails, when one man moved, no matter how slightly, the rest were set rocking; and whenever I dozed somebody was sure to struggle back to the position from which he had slipped, and arouse me again.

Many hours passed before I won to sleep. It was only seven in the evening, and the voices of children, in shrill outcry, playing in the street, continued till nearly midnight. The smell was frightful and sickening, while my imagination broke loose, and my skin crept and crawled till I was nearly frantic. Grunting, groaning, and snoring arose like the sounds emitted by some sea monster, and several times, afflicted by nightmare, one or another, by his shrieks and yells, aroused the lot of us. Toward morning I was awakened by a rat or some similar animal on my breast. In the quick transition from sleep to waking, before I was completely myself, I raised a shout to wake the dead. At any rate, I woke the living, and they cursed me roundly for my lack of manners.

But morning came, with a six o'clock breakfast of bread and skilly, which I gave away; and we were told off to our various tasks. Some were set to scrubbing and cleaning, others to picking oakum, and eight of us were convoyed across the street to the Whitechapel Infirmary, where we were set at scavenger work. This was the method by which we paid for our skilly and canvas, and I, for one, know that I paid in full many times over.

Though we had most revolting tasks to perform, our allotment was considered the best, and the other men deemed themselves lucky in being chosen to perform it.

"Don't touch it, mate, the nurse sez it's deadly," warned my working partner, as I held open a sack into which he was emptying a garbage can.

It came from the sick wards, and I told him that I purposed neither to touch *it*, nor to allow *it* to touch me. Nevertheless, I had to carry the sack, and other sacks, down five flights of stairs and empty them into a receptacle where the corruption was speedily sprinkled with strong disinfectant.

Perhaps there is a wise mercy in all this. These people of the spike, the peg, and the street are encumberances. They are of no good or use to any one, nor to themselves. They clutter the earth with their presence, and are better out of the way. Broken by hardship, ill fed, and worse nourished, they are always the first to be struck down by disease, as they are likewise the quickest to die.

They feel, themselves, that the forces of society tend to hurl them out of existence. We were sprinkling disinfectant by the mortuary, when the dead wagon drove up and five bodies were packed into it. The conversation turned to the "white potion" and "black jack," and I found they were all agreed that the poor person, man or woman, who in the Infirmary gave too much trouble or was in a bad way, was "polished off." That is to say, the incurables and the

obstreperous were given a dose of "black jack" or the "white potion," and sent over the divide. It does not matter in the least whether this be actually so or not. The point is they have the feeling that it is so, and they have created the language with which to express that feeling — "black jack," "white potion," "polishing off."

At eight o'clock we went down into a cellar under the infirmary, where tea was brought to us, and the hospital scraps. These were heaped high on a huge platter in an indescribable mess— pieces of bread, chunks of grease and fat pork, the burnt skin from the outside of roasted joints, bones, in short, all the leavings from the fingers and mouths of the sick ones suffering from all manner of diseases. Into this mess the men plunged their hands, digging, pawing, turning over, examining, rejecting, and scrambling for. It wasn't pretty. Pigs couldn't have done worse. But the poor devils were hungry, and they ate ravenously of the swill, and when they could eat no more they bundled what was left into their handkerchiefs and thrust it inside their shirts.

"Once, w'en I was 'ere before, wot did I find out there but a 'ole lot of pork-ribs," said Ginger to me. By "out the ." he meant the place where the c' ruption was dumped and sprinkled with strong disinfectant. "They was a prime lot, no end o' meat on 'em, an' I 'ad 'em into my arms an' was out the gate an' down the street, a-lookin' for some 'un to gi' 'em to. Couldn't see a soul, an' I was runnin' roun' clean crazy, the bloke runnin' after me an' thinkin' I was 'slingin' my 'ook' [running away]. But jest before 'e got me, I got a ole woman an' poked 'em into 'er apron."

O Charity, O Philanthrophy, descend to the spike and take a lesson from Ginger. At the bottom of the Abyss he performed as purely an altruistic act as was ever performed outside the Abyss. It was fine of Ginger, and if the old woman caught some contagion from the "no end o' meat" on the pork-ribs, it was still fine, though not so fine. But the most salient thing in this incident, it seems to me, is poor Ginger, "clean crazy" at sight of so much food going to waste.

It is the rule of the casual ward that a man who enters must stay two nights and a day; but I had seen sufficient for my purpose, had paid for my skilly and canvas, and was preparing to run for it.

"Come on, let's sling it," I said to one of my mates, pointing toward the open gate through which the dead wagon had come.

"An' get fourteen days?"

"No; get away."

"Aw, I come here for a rest," he said, complacently. "An' another night's kip won't 'urt me none."

They were all of this opinion, so I was forced to "sling it" alone.

"You cawn't ever come back 'ere again for a doss," they warned me.

"No bloody fear," said I, with an enthusiasm they could not comprehend; and, dodging out the gate, I sped down the street.

Straight to my room I hurried, changed my clothes, and in less than an hour from my escape, in a Turkish bath, I was sweating out whatever germs and other things had penetrated my epidermis, and wishing that I could stand a temperatnre of three hundred and twenty rather than two hundred and twenty.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHITE SLAVES

HAROLD BALLAGH

A SENSATIONAL title? Nevertheless, the most fitting one to describe a widespread condition of servitude in the cotton mills of the Southern States.

A generation ago the good people of the North raised such a hue and cry over the unpaid services of black adults —some of them mere savages from Africa—that one of the costliest wars of history resulted. Today the good people of the North have joined a like good people of the South and are employing not only adult labor at low wages, but thousands of little white children, under twelve years of age, who labor from dawn to dusk at starvation wages.

The old master of black slaves cared for his people in feudal fashion. They came to no grief until he died, when, indeed, they ran the risk of being sold. The new masters, northern and southern, of white slaves give barely living wages to as vigorous employees as they can obtain, but have we heard of pensions for those who become incapacitated? And when they have worked out their short lives—for statistics prove how short are those lives in the cotton mills—will great dividends on cotton stocks pay for ruined bodies and crushed souls?

There is even now a hue and cry. What has it amounted to? Have the New York and Massachusetts (Oh, shades of the Boston abolitionists; stir yourselves for the shame of your sons whose bank accounts wax fat on the labor of babies!) investors in cotton mills done more than smile at the little tempest in the teapot, the *inky* squall of penny-a-liners?

Legislation is bound hand and foot, the lobbyist, told off by the mill owners, smiles over the ease of his work. He knows, and the legislators of every Southern State know, that the man who votes for the child labor law defeats his own re-nomination. Why? The entering wedge of labor legislation is a bug-bear that causes every mill owner to shudder. Today pass the child labor law, limiting the age at which he shall be employed, tomorrow would pop up a bill limiting the hours of labor, next day other intrusive legislation, and in the end would appear strikes and lockouts—in short, the full-grown labor monster claiming his share of the wealth he has helped to make. Thus reasons the cotton investor, and shuts his ears to the cry of under-fed, dwarfed childhood, and to the thunders of his conscience. With specious argument he says:

"The naked mountaineer comes to us; if we do not employ him and

his children, they will go to the poor-house.

"The widow, to support herself, must bring her children of tender years with her to the mill. We do not encourage, we merely tolerate this state of things.

"If we do not take them another mill will.

"Many never saw money until they came to us.

"Give the children their choice of school or work, and it will be work rather than study

"They have the privilege of quitting."

Now, one little stone will demolish such breastworks. *Better wages to adults, smaller dividends!*

Then can be passed compulsory school laws in the illiterate States. For the children, study and play; health and happiness will take the place of pallid faces, stunted forms, aching bones, old age and even death at the average age of twenty-five years—according to the statistics of a physician who attends several mill villages in North Carolina.

The census figures of 1902 give 6,405,993 spindles in the South. The estimate made by the chairman of the Alabama Committee on Child Labor is 50,000 children less than sixteen years old at work in the mills. A conservative estimate has been made as follows:

32,000 under fourteen years.

12,000 under twelve years.

5,000 under ten years.

These children work from 54 to 74 hours a week; they are paid from ten to fifty cents a day. Some of them labor all night instead of in the day. Many have never been inside of a school room.

The writer, upon personal investigation, has found that the relations of the mill operators and the employees are most kindly, in some instances (only too few) churches, schools and auditoriums have been erected for the benefit of the employees. They are properly housed, and seemingly the only flaw in the fabric is the sacrifice of little children to the 20th century golden Moloch, the food of tender lives to the modern Minotaur, industrial competition.

An atmosphere redolent of oil, thick with lint, the deafening, incessant whirr of machinery, in summer stifling heat, always the insensate machinery claiming the strained attention of young eyes and tiny fingers, broken threads clamorously crying for adjustment, all requiring not hard work, but incessant vigilance, springing feet and nimble fingers. Young eyes watching anxiously for a fault in these intricately constructed machines, paying with crushed or broken members for an error in judgment, for the crime of carelessness, how must the responsibility—lightly smiled at by adults—weigh upon the barely developed intelligence of a young child? And after long hours, lagging footsteps, throbbing heads, wandering attention, what sort of stone is this, Oh, Brothers, to be placed in the children's hands who cry for bread?

Better the case of the children of the once black slave. For them their parents labor incessantly that they may go to the schools supported by the white man's taxes. Their childhood is a normal childhood, free from corroding responsibility. No stooping shoulders, no blotched faces covered with oil pimples, no incipient lung trouble from breathing the linty atmosphere, no wa. and stolid faces, no old young people

It is all work and no play (is it a wonder that Jack is dull?) with the child of the ignorant, the shiftless white man; the child of the incompetent, snuff-dipping widow.

Boys and girls work side by side; propinquity, premature maturity does the rest. They marry very young, and they marry on nothing. The mother cooks until the girl-wife—who has always worked in the mill—learns how. In a year or two the weakened constitution proves inadequate to the duties of mother-hood and the girl dies. In a short time her place is supplied by another, and the tragedy is repeated. It is nothing unusual for a boy of nineteen to have been married twice. Before he is twenty-five he is perhaps in the strong grasp of consumption, over-heated mills, under-heated houses, insufficient food, stunted physical development, combined render him an easy mark. This then is the end of the mill girl and boy, the new race of American dwarfs!

But to return to the child and the conditions that are perpetuating this shameful state of affairs in a country that boasts of freedom and the free pursuit of happiness(!) for all the downtrodden. The daily routine of work is as follows: At four o'clock in the morning a bell rings to remind housekeepers that they must get breakfast, at twenty minutes to six the whistle blows for work, at half-past six in the evening work is theoretically over, but there is always time to make up. A minor break in the machinery causing a loss of time is distributed over the week until the hours lost are made good. Also the half day, or two hours, holiday on Saturday is distributed over the week, without extra pay. For dinner the employees are allowed from half to three-quarters of an hour. The children run out of steam-heated mills through the snow and slush of winter to their homes, bolt a little food and rush back.

Some mills do not work at night, but those that do employ children, many of them under twelve years of age! Yet no farmer permits a colt to be ridden, nor a calf to be burdened! Often the children have to be kept awake by having cold water dashed on their faces. When morning comes they throw themselves on their bed too tired to undress.

The mill owners are often very frank and courteous in answering questions concerning child labor, usually deploring the fact that they have to employ children at all, but I have yet to find one who will not change the subject when it comes to the topic of the night labor of children. Some say that this is merely a sensational newspaper story, yet the fact remains that photographs have been taken showing many children under twelve years of age in the night crews, not to mention the many persons who testify to having seen and talked to these children.

Mrs. Irene Ashby-Macfadden says: "I have talked with a little boy of seven years, in Alabama, who worked for forty nights; and another child not nine years old, who at six years old had been on the night shift eleven months."

Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, says: "In South Carolina, in a large new mill, I found a child of five working at night. In Columbia, S. C., in a mill controlled by Northern capital, I stood at ten-thirty at night and saw many children who did not know their own ages, working from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.

A *New York Herald* reporter testified to the truth of this night work of children.

Elbert Hubbard in *The Philistine* says: "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 miners of 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 in my own America—the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Mill city physicians own that ten per cent. of the children who go to work before twelve years of age, after five years are the prey of consumption. Oftener they are carried off by pneumonia owing to the sudden change from a hot atmosphere to the chill air of night or morning. The children often suffer from dropsy also. One mill doctor acknowledged that he had personally amputated more than a hundred children's fingers mangled in a cotton mill. It is not unusual to see children in the villages minus fingers or thumb, and even the whole hand must be amputated on account of accidents, for children and machinery naturally spell disaster.

These accidents are so frequent that some mills require parents to sign a contract for their children not holding the mills responsible for injuries.

The Southern press makes pointed remarks about those "sentimentalists" who "interfere" in labor matters. Is it possible that the lesson of a recent "interference" in "labor matters" is so soon forgotten? They complain of "theory," and ask what "provision has been made for these *white slaves* by their sympathetic friends."

This is begging the question. The pity is not that adults must labor, for that blessing started from God seemingly as a curse, but that men and *women* who own cotton stock are too greedy to give the parents enough wages to keep their young children from the martyrdom of mangled members and night work. Better off are beasts of burden! The rest in the hours of darkness granted to all young animals is denied to these impressionable little human beings!

Whose fault?

The fault of shiftless fathers who often content themselves smoking and talking politics, while to support them their little children wear out their young lives in labor; the fault of greedy corporations and stockholders, north and south, who fatten on dividends earned by the cheap labor of sad-eyed, stunted little children; the fault of politicians more concerned for re-nomination than legislation in behalf of the coming generation; the fault of editors fearful of losing subscriptions through championing an unpopular cause; the fault of public opinion that gazes on these intolerable conditions, but passes by unconcerned; and finally, the fault of our competitive wage system.

Oh, for a Good Samaritan! not only with the oil for the fainting childrens' wounds, but a scourge for the defilers of these living temples of God, for "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

These things are seen through the eyes of a "sentimentalist" and are overdrawn?

Take, for example, the one State of North Carolina. One million and a half of spindles and not twenty-five per cent. of the little children go to school for they have to work from twelve to

fourteen hours a day even for a few months. To be able to read the second and third reader is to be a finished scholar. Not one-half of the adult employees can read or write. There are twenty-thousand more illiterate white women than men. In spite of these shameful conditions, legislation in behalf of child labor and compulsory schooling in 1897 was staved off on the plea of hard times.

Yet in 1900 the cotton and cotton seed of the South brought in an income of $545,000,000—the most valuable single crop of the world!

In 1901 legislation was again evaded by the mill owners, representing one million spindles, voluntarily agreeing not to employ children under twelve years of age, except in case of widows and orphans. This was to avoid a law being passed making the limit fourteen years—as it should be—with *no* exceptions, leaving the pauper question open for other solution.

On account of this voluntary agreement the committee on Child Labor recommended the Legislature to "indefinitely postpone legislation," which compromise was readily effected.

The result is that half a million of spindles are under no law but the sweet will of the owners, who can employ babes just able to stand—if they want to; the other million are responsible to no one, but to the degree of honesty each mill owner is possessor of, and to the wide latitude of "exceptional cases!"

What the present legislature will do remains to be seen; the question inevitably comes up and is inevitably shelved.

Let the Northern stockholders of North Carolina cotton mills no longer shift the burden upon the Southern mill owners, but remember that they themselves are slave-owners, slave drivers, and that these slaves for whom a plea is made are not adults, but little white children of tender years!

It is enough that parents must work to support their children, that young men and women should struggle to support their aged parents, but it is past the bounds of endurance that little children should be denied play, education, healthy exercise, even necessary sleep, in order to help support the rest of the family and pile up profits for the capitalists.

Also adult labor should be paid enough to support the children. The hardship—so prated of by mill owners—to the widow and the orphan can be obviated by better wages to that widow and her larger children, by industrial schools, by discriminating charity—any plan better than immolating young lives upon the altar of the golden calf—that god of America, the Almighty Dollar!

Look to yourselves, educated and enlightened descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers; examine your own responsibilities and cease prating of southern slaves, when your own greed is the root of this bitter tree, watered by the tears and sighs of children reduced to this extremity by your demand for greater profits.

Again, in a few years where will you get workmen for your mills?

These children of mountaineers, so dwarfed and short-lived—by changed environment—will be replaced by whom?

Imported labor? But that will not be cheap.

Colored labor? It has been tried and found wanting, or be sure you would employ it even now.

Policy, then, as well as humanity, demands that the fiat against child labor should be issued in no uncertain tones by the northern stockholders of the southern cotton mills!

POVERTY: THE WORST OF ALL CURSES

BY some well-meaning writers we are told that poverty is a blessing, that the poor are the really happy, and are to be envied.

If these writers meant what they say literally, they would be densely stupid. But they do not mean what they say.

When they speak of poverty, they mean comparative poverty. When they speak of the poor, they mean those who work for a living and get along without the unnecessary luxuries of life.

The life of the hard worker, whose hard work brings life's necessities, is indeed a good life, often happy and enviable.

But it is a very different life from that of the really poor.

These are days when men do their hardest work for money, when they scramble and struggle and strike each other down in the effort to reach wealth. And it is not possible to blame them. They are trying to escape from poverty, from a disaster worse than any prairie fire or other physical danger.

Dire poverty is the worst of curses. It combines every kind of suffering, physical, mental, moral, and in the end it means either death or degradation.

The great task of humanity is the abolition of poverty. The great benefactors of humanity are the great industrial organizers of this day, because, in spite of individual selfishness, they are planning production on a scale that will in the end provide for all.

At this season of the year especially it is worth while to discuss and realize what real poverty means. If we can realize its meaning, every one of us must be more anxious to relieve as far as we can the poverty around us, and especially anxious to work for the social betterment that shall one day wipe out poverty forever.

Poverty means dirt.

The thoughtless and comfortable have a way of saying: "The poor might at least be clean." But cleanliness is a luxury; it demands leisure and peace of mind, as well as bathtub, soap, hot water and good plumbing. The very poor cannot be clean.

Poverty means ignorance, and it means ignorance handed down from father to son.

Poverty means drunkenness. The pennies of poor men and poor women pay for more than half the vile whiskey, gin and other poison that men buy to help them to forget.

Poverty and its sister, Ignorance, fill the jails and the insane asylums.

Poverty is the mother of disease, and it fills the hospitals.

Tens of thousands of consumptives alone are murdered every year by

poverty. They are too poor to do that which is required to save their lives.

The great men of the world do not emerge from poverty, from squalor.

They come from very modest homes, from the log cabin, and from the tow-path, as advertised. They come from those whose fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers had at least enough to eat, and enough fresh air to give them pure blood and proper nourishment for their brains.

Poverty destroys ambition, inventive power and the capacity to struggle.

A starved body produces a starved brain. The greatest genius that ever lived could not think better than a child of ten if you deprived him of food for ten days.

What can you expect of the inferior minds that have been half fed through a lifetime, or through several generations?

Do you know what made the Revolution and changed conditions in France? It was not poverty. Not a single poor man was a leader in that Revolution. Every one of them was well fed, had a well-nourished brain—Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Desmoulins, Mirabeau—every one a well-fed brain in a vigorous body.

The labor unions and the great strikes, although sometimes unwise and unreasonable, are great blessings to the Nation. They compel the worker to get such pay as will feed himself and his children, giving the Nation well-fed brains. The Union is the enemy of poverty, and for that reason especially it is an agent for good.

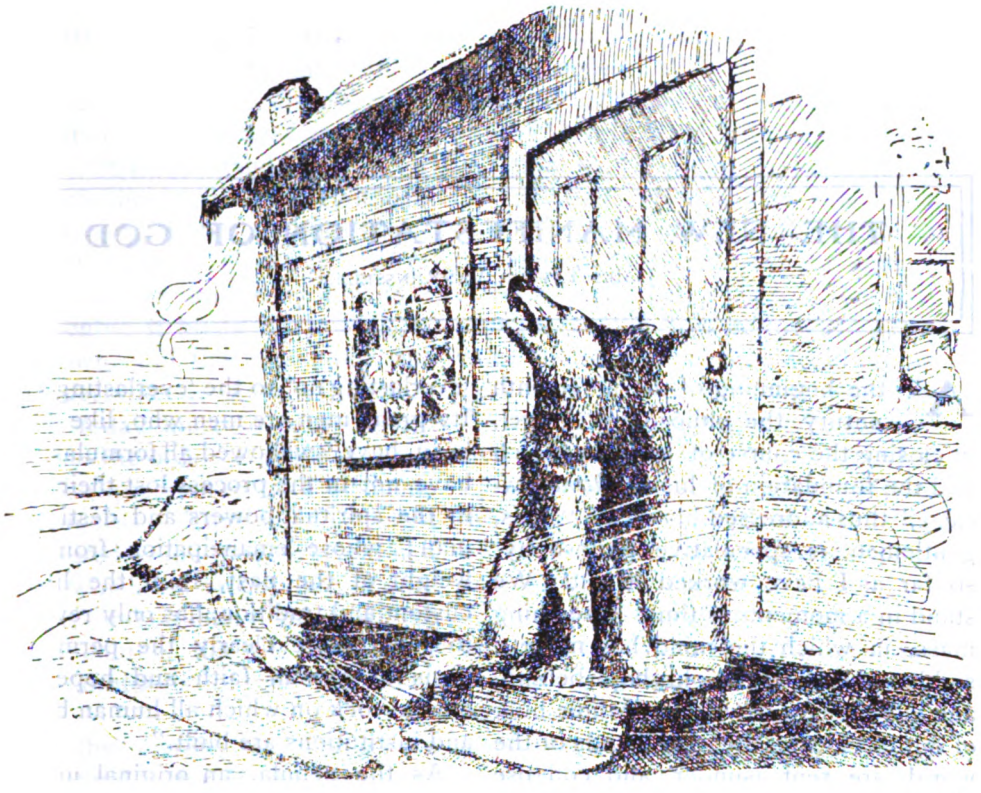
As poverty breeds ignorance, so ignorance breeds poverty. The greatest enemy of poverty is the Public School. Work and vote, therefore, for public school betterment.

Miserable women walk the streets by thousands on cold Winter nights—poverty has put them there.

Hundreds of thousands of children are born only to struggle for a few years through a stunted infancy—poverty digs their graves.

For one genius that has fought and conquered in spite of poverty, ten thousand have sunk out of sight in the fight against the worst of enemies.

Don't waste time extolling the blessings of poverty—use your energies to diminish poverty's curse, and to improve humanity by giving it the full efficiency which freedom from worry alone can give.—N. Y. American and Journal.



—Davenport.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

There's a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away—
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold.
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles,
From our mother's toil untold,
We are born to hoarded weariness,
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work;
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or by steel
Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here.
But this is a fear that no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to the earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there.

The slow, relentless, padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

Thers's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! in Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door.

THE NEW MANIFESTATION OF GOD

JAMES TAYLOR VANRENSSELAER

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century the philosopher Hegel, in closing the course of lectures which laid the foundation of his "*Phænomenology*," thus addressed his class: "This, gentlemen, is speculative philosophy, so far as I have worked it out. We stand in a momentous time—a seething mass, in which the mind has made a sudden bound, left its old shape behind, and is gaining a new. The whole bulk of our old ideas, the very bands of the world, are rent asunder, and collapse like a dream. Mind is preparing a new start. Philosophy, above all things, has to own and welcome such a start. While some in powerless resistance cling to the past, and the majority help, but unconsciously, to swell the number of its cortege, philosophy, recognizing it as the eternal, has to show it due honor."

This sudden bound, which began in France with Voltaire and the Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, and which has made such rapid growth in the past one hundred years, is that great movement of thought so characteristic of our own day and generation. It is a movement, well described by Caird in his monograph on Hegel, "through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to reconstruction—in Carlyle's language, through the 'everlasting no' to the 'everlasting yea. Its great men are men who, like Mirabeau, have 'swallowed all formulas,' yet have not in the process lost their faith in the spiritual powers and destiny of man; whose emancipation from the weight of the past, from the life of custom and tradition, has only revealed to them more clearly the permanent basis of human faith and hope, the eternal rock on which all human beliefs and institutions are built."

As the nebula, an original unification, condensing towards the center, disintegrates and throws off successive rings, which, on disruption and further condensation, are reunited in the form of planets, so this great movement of thought, following the same triadic law of thesis, antithesis, synthesis, a perpetual law of thought, is the rhythmic self-unfoldment of the absolute, or new manifestation of the cosmic process governing all Nature and history. For as everything mortal ebbs and flows, and nothing alive stands still, all Nature is in a constant "movement through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to reconstruction, through the 'everlasting no' to the 'everlasting yea,'" and so God, being eternally present, perpetually reveals Himself through a rhythmic movement in the logical idea, in Nature, and in mind.

Thus the stationary thesis of the present day Christian church no longer appeals to the people, for the original unification of thought has been disintegrated by a negative or dialectical antithesis, and the whole world stands waiting for the self-unfoldment of a new synthesis through a reunification of these seemingly contradictory elements. For reason is neither stationary nor is it negative only; it binds up as well as breaks down, and the new unity, the new manifestation of the absolute that we await today must so readjust and reconstitute the older or original thesis as to give expression to both elements in the process. That is, God must be manifested to the modern world in a new idea which must comprise not only the older, or stationary thesis of the Christian church, but the newer, or negative antithesis of the dialectical reasoner.

Since the coming of Christ—the most potential factor in the history of the world, whose life has ever exercised so vast an influence on all the lives that came after it, such as no one life has exercised since history began—the one central thought of human development has been towards a universal oneness with all nature and with God. We see this emphasized throughout all succeeding centuries. In the first four centuries of the Christian era it was actively demonstrated in the communism of the early Christian church. In the fourth century a great reunification was effected when Constantine established Christianity as a universal religion. In the thirteenth a new synthesis is unfolded by the consciousness of unity in religious feeling being revealed to all European peoples. In the fourteenth a singular antithesis is brought about by the introduction of gunpowder, when the world was freed from the dominion of individual physical force, and the various orders of society united by being for the first time placed on a physical level. In the fifteenth a disintegration or revolution is enacted by the printing press giving the Bible directly to the people. In the sixteenth the Reformation in protesting against ecclesiastical paternalism, brought about a reunification in enhancing the value of each man considered as an individual. In the eighteenth the whole Christian world is convulsed by a disintegrating demand for physical equality. In the nineteenth the idea of the *unity of mankind* becomes not merely a dogma, but an almost presupposition of a civilized man.

Thus, after centuries of germinating, the fruit follows in a great universal awakening to the truth that Christianity seeks *positively* to knit men together by a spiritual bond of fellowship, of which all men are regarded as capable. For we know now, in a way in which it was never known before, that humanity is a genus which has no proper species; *i.e.*, that the divisions between men are as nothing in comparison with the fundamental fact of self-consciousness which unites them all to each other. Hence there has spread through all the nations a belief that the best man has it in him to do or to be, springs out of that which is common to all.

It was in this idea, carried even still farther, that in his "Principles of Psychology," Herbert Spencer gave the first application as he developed the theory of evolution on a large scale. This, taken in connection with the economic writings of Karl Marx, with the rapid growth of industrial combinations, with the discoveries of natural selection, of specrum analysis, and of the

mechanical equivalence between molar and molecular motions, has led the way to that sublime conception of the Unity of Nature by which the minds of religious and scientific thinkers are now coming to be dominated. Hence, whatever God may have been to the ancients, the only Deity we can believe in today, nay, we might say the only Deity that we can disbelieve in, or seriously deny, is a universal God, a cosmic consciousness, a spiritual principle manifested in all Nature and history, a God who is an omnipresent, unifying force among all creatures.

"What were a God," cries the poet Goethe, "who only gave the world a push from without, or let it spin round His finger? I look for a God who moves the world from within, who fosters Nature in Himself, Himself in Nature; so that naught that lives and moves and has its being in Him, ever forgets His face or His spirit." So this great movement of thought being a universal movement, that is, having relation to all things natural or spiritual, for as we know the natural in its ultimate reality is itself spiritual, is essentially a great religious movement. It is a movement of all people in the interest of all people. It concerns equally on the one hand the saint, the religious man, the moral teacher, and the philosopher, the scientific man, the artist, on the other. It concerns equally the so-called believer and unbeliever, the churchman and the infidel. God, says the Bible, is no respecter of persons, and the great cosmic consciousness unfolding itself around us, has no more or no less concern for a silent devotee kneeling in profound contemplation of his own worthiness or unworthiness than it has for a noisy infidel denouncing what he fully believes to be a lie. What does concern it is that all men shall understand that "truth of necessity is freedom," and that human righteousness depends on man possessing the earth and the fulness thereof, for as Hegel tells us, "it has been left for our day to challenge again as the property of man the treasures that were formerly squandered upon heaven and to set man actually in possession of his own."

What Aristotle did for the theory of demonstrative reasoning, Hegel attempted to do for the whole of human knowledge. His logic is an enumeration of the forms or categories by which our experience exists. Every truth, according to his system, every reality, has three aspects, or stages; it is the unification of two contradictory elements, of two partial aspects of truth which are not merely contrary, like black and white, but contradictory, like same and different. The first step is a preliminary affirmation and unification, the second a negation and differentiation, the third a final synthesis. For example, the seed of the plant is an initial unity of life, which, when placed in its proper soil, suffers disintegration into its constituents, and yet, in virtue of its vital unity, keeps these divergent elements together, and reappears in the plant with its members in organic union. Or again, the process of scientific induction is a threefold chain; the original hypothesis (the first unification of the fact) seems to melt away when confronted with opposite facts, and yet no scientific progress is possible unless the stimulus of the original unification is strong enough to clasp the discordant facts and establish a reunification. Thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, a Fichtean formula, is

generalized by Hegel into a perpetual law of thought.

In the more general terms of philosophy I have attempted to outline the workings of this triadic law; let us now apply it to our ideas of the church and of God. We have seen the seed in Nature disintegrated and reunited. We have seen how that transformation followed a rhythmic process of unification, disintegration, reunification. We shall now apply the same process to a church or party.

Hegel tells us that "a party first truly shows itself to have won the victory when it breaks up into two parties; for so it proves that it contains in itself the principle with which it had at first to conflict, and thus that it has got beyond the one-sidedness which was incidental to its earliest expression." That the "discord which appears at first to be a lamentable breach and dissolution of the unity of a party, is really the crowning proof of its success." Hence the proof of vitality in all bodies will be found when they break up into two parties, when they pass from an original unification to disintegration, from belief to unbelief, arriving at reunification in some higher, but by no means final, conception of the truth. It is this conflict of elements which, in spite of their apparently absolute antagonism, are really held within the unity of one life, and which, therefore, must be reconciled by its further development. The interest of a body, then, which formerly divided itself between it and that to which it was opposed, now falls entirely within itself, while at the same time it is to be observed that when the old principle thus reappears, it is no longer what it was before; for it is changed and purified by the higher element into which it is now taken up. It is necessary, therefore, to the vitality of the Christian world that progress should be "through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to reconstruction, through the 'everlasting no' to the 'everlasting yea.'" From dogmatism to skepticism; from belief to unbelief. In other words, infidelity, so-called, is as much a necessity to the vitality of the Christian world as is the existence of the devotee himself. But at the same time the things protested against in religion by the infidel are necessary to it, since it is only in denying and protesting against them that religion can reach a higher point of view. "Pharisaism is a protective husk, within which the treasure of spiritual religion is preserved till the fulness of the times is come." For as all Nature is in a constant rhythmic movement from an original unification through disintegration to a reunification, so the Christian world, to remain the Christian world, must be in a constant state of self-unfoldment to higher and higher, and more sublime conceptions of the truth.

Let us now apply the same process to the idea of God. If we do so we shall find that our conscious life is circumscribed by three ideas. These are the ideas of the subject or self, the idea of the object or not-self, and the idea of the unity which is presupposed in the difference of the self and the not-self, and within which they act and react on each other; in other words, the idea of God. Here the initial unity is the subject or self, which is disintegration, as the subject or self loses itself in the object or not-self, and is reunited in that sublime conception of the Unity of Nature which is presupposed in the difference of the self

and the not-self, or in other words, in the idea of God. Thus God is manifested to us through a ryhthmic self-unfoldment; through a triadic law; through a perpetual law of thought.

Beginning with the nebula hypothesis nowhere in Nature is there any breach of continuity in this cosmic process. This rhythmic self-unfoldment of the absolute is the only possible account which can be given to explain the theory of evolution. It is what Herbert Spencer means when he defines evolution as "a change from an indefinite coherent heterogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations." God is thus manifested to us both in Nature and in mind as the co-operative principle presupposed in a sublime conception of the Unity of Nature. The idea of the absolute, our conception of God, must, therefore, conform to the same triadic law, to the same perpetual law of thought, to the same formula of thesis, antithesis, synthesis. Each age must have its dogmatic or abstract thinker to whom God is one person, simple and stationary. It must also have its dialectic or negative reasoner, a dislocating power, the enemy of convention aud conservatism. From both elements in this process must we readjust or reconstitute the original thesis. The manifestation of God in the Old Testament is certainly not the manifestation of God in the New. The manifestation of God to our immediate sucessors is not the manifestation of God of today. While to succeeding generations God must self-unfold Himself by the same rhythmic process, "through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to reconstruction, through the 'everlasting no' to the 'everlasting yea.'"

If we have closely followed this rhythmic process, the workings of this triadic law, we must now be prepared to recognize that the most perfect manifestation of the absolute, that is, of a sublime conception of the Unity of Nature, is only to be found in the highest degree of co-operation conceivable to the mind of man. God, Unity of Nature and Universal Co-operation are equally commensurate terms to all Nature, as Christianity, Democracy and Socialism should be equally commensurate terms to all men. For God becomes the God of all men and nations, the God who is revealed in Nature and history alike, while the whole process of finite existence is viewed as one connected evolution.

Thus Christianity, following the same perpetual law of thought, manifests itself in "an enthusiasm of humanity," in an effort after the reconstruction of the social life of mankind on the basis of their essential unity with each other and with God. This effort is only accomplished by our going out of ourselves to be ourselves, by our dying to live. "He that saveth his life shall lose it," says Christ, "and he that loseth his life shall save it." The individual must die to an isolated life, that is, a life for and in himself, a life in which the immediate satisfaction of desire as his desire is an end in itself—in order that he may live the spiritual life, the universal life which really belongs to him as a spiritual or self-conscious being. Thus, following the triadic law, the subject or self, an original unification is disintegrated by dying to self and merging into the universal life, and is reunited in the co-operative idea or higher being which is presupposed in the difference between the self and the not-self. "Except a corn of

wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," and it is this idea that gives unity and consistency through all the antithesis. Hence, Jesus Christ, in announcing that it is in the co-operative idea that man will realize himself, becomes, says Caird, the most consistent of all idealists. "No one ever lived and died in more constant defiance of the faint-hearted maxim, that 'that which is true in theory is false in practice,' or that there are things which are 'too good to be true.' Even Plato tells us that it is 'in the nature of things that practice should fall short of theory,' and flinches from recommending the realization of his ideal state. But Jesus not only treats the ideal or universal as the divine, and so as the highest reality; he maintains that it can and must be realized in this life; and further, that it must be realized, not by the agency of an external miraculous force compelling man against his will, but by the penetrative attraction of a love that draws forth the hidden energies of his nature, and so brings him back from his wanderings to the divine principle of his own life."

Said Jesus, "If ye continue in My word, *then* are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." What, then, is the new synthesis of our own day and generation? It is this, that the development of man is one continuous process, by which he is brought to a consciousness of the world, of himself, and of God, and every step in that process is equally essential to the ultimate result. "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

But from this general proposition we must proceed to extract a particular proposition around which we might say all other propositions, for the time, at least, must be made to revolve. To attempt this we must first turn to the life and teachings of Jesus in so far as with our present knowledge they are capable of a rational interpretation. The first thing, then, that we shall discover will be, that as philosophy is the child of religion, Hegel reduced this portion of the teaching of Jesus into terms of philosophy, and that these terms are expressed in the workings of the rhythmic process, the triadic law, the perpetual law of thought, "through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to reconstruction, through the 'everlasting no' to the 'everlasting yea,'" until we arrive at that sublime conception of the Unity of Nature which is presupposed in the difference between the self and the not-self, or, in other words, in the idea of that absolute co-operative principle which we call God.

Thus, logically, there can be no idea of God which does not contemplate also that of universal co-operation, nor can we entertain an idea of universal co-operation without equally holding to an idea of God. Hence the words God and universal co-operation become to us synonymous terms. Need we be surprised, then, that when Karl Marx reduced the teachings of Hegel to terms of economics, that his great work on *Capital* should become known as the "Bible of Socialism?" For from the great Marxian antithesis to competition springs into view a new synthesis in the idea of universal co-operation, around which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." The whole cosmic process is an orderly development "through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to

reconstruction, through the 'everlasting no' to the 'everlasting yea,'" and so we have arrived at a stage in our own day and generation when the widest scheme of universal co-operation must not only be conceived, but also realized, so that all human conception of the absolute, that is, of the idea of God, shall not altogether die and pass away. For it is impossible for the human brain in this age of enlightenment and education to longer carry in one lobe the most sublime conception of the principle of righteousness, and in the other to preserve the daily reflection of an equally sublime conception of the principle of unrighteousness. To develop true righteousness the act must conform to the thought, and the thought to the act, and the great cosmic consciousness cannot bring all things to itself so long as men are at war with themselves and with God.

Thus the new synthesis of our own day and generation is bound up in that vast scheme of universal co-operation, that alliance between man and man, or man and Nature, for man is at least some part of Nature, which is known under the general name of Socialism. This, the latest, but by no means last, manifestation by which, in religious language, God is to reveal Himself to all His children, will be the most notable manifestation of the absolute known in all Nature and history since the coming of Christ. It will be the first universal manifestation in act as well as in thought of the teachings of Jesus, for capitalism, an original unification, is to be the seed that, when placed in the ground, will, in the course of disintegration, throw off so much that is evil, that in the reunification man will make rapid strides towards a universal oneness with all Nature and with God.

Thus a rhythmic self-unfoldment of the absolute, following a triadic law, a perpetual law of thought, like a mist rising from the mountain, reveals itself to the human understanding in the most sublime conception of the Unity of Nature yet presented to the mind of man, in a great movement of thought "through negation to reaffirmation, through destruction to reconstruction, through the 'everlasting no' to the everlasting yea.'" So

"Only when the sun of Love
"Melts the scattered stars of thought,
"Only when we live above
"What the dim-eyed world hath taught.

"Only when our souls are fed
"By the fount which gave them birth,
"And by inspiration led
"Which they never drew from earth.

"We, like parted drops of rain,
"Swelling till they meet and run,
"Shall be all absorbed again,
"Melting, flowing into one."

THE POETRY OF HUMANITY

MOLLIE S. BLOOM

TO have beautiful relations which shall constantly tend toward perfection, we must have beautiful men and women evolving toward the ideal. "To have a friend we must be a friend;" and equally true is it that it takes a genius to appreciate a genius; hence the higher we strive toward complete life, strained to the greatest degree of sensitiveness in the spiritual and intellectual world, the more will our range of possibility in choosing our friends decrease; but when found, the search shall be rewarded by an increase in the quality of friendship, and a deepening in the spiritual life before which everything pales.

It is toward this goal of spiritual friendship, of congeniality of soul, that the relations of the human family are slowly but surely approaching, and it is to create a possible atmosphere for such longings in the human heart that we, who have cast our lot with the new thought, are constantly striving.

Humanity, like poetry, in order to reach its highest expression, must consist of three parts. In the former we speak of the physical, spiritual and mental; in the latter we mark rhythm, form and content. To say, however, that good men or good poems have not existed without some of these three elements, is to say that which the least of us knows to be false. For, as poetry valued for its musical cadence only has charmed the human race, so the physique alone has played a most prominent part not only in the lives of some men, but in that of nations as well; take for instance Greece, where physical beauty was their highest ideal, beauty which in its broadest sense is truth.

Thus to our minds comes the poetry of the infant world, full of vigor and life, beautifully written in words which seemed chiseled from the quarry of language to fit their respective places. It brings before us the beauty and wholesomeness of the physical life in such a manner as to cause us to clasp our dear old Homer to our heart, and wish that the days of the childhood of earth, with its simple adjustment to primitive conditions, would return again.

But the human race advanced, and faith with its accompanying stress upon the spiritual life, ruled the world. The Middle Ages, through their greatest spokesman, Dante, gave to humanity poetry with its mystic concepts and symbols, in which we were entranced as much by the deeper and hidden meaning of the words as by the form of the whole. Mankind had begun to grow up, and had reached the spiritual

plane; but neither he nor his poetry philosophized about the whence or whither of life, but accepted both upon faith, and builded up their system of symbols thereon.

But as the youth grew to manhood he began his career of doubting, followed by independent research, while the growing intellect of man rapidly and more rapidly tore down the walls of ignorance and superstition, which faith had for thousands of years been building. New ideas, and with them new hopes, sprang up in the human heart. Questions of vital importance to the human race were solved, not, as of old, by faith in the supernatural, but by human love and reason, and our literature reflected back the change. From the philosophic Shakespeare down to modern times, we find the intellect playing a greater and greater part in our poetry, so that it was no longer merely beautiful and mystical, but became the interpreter and prophet of the times, the poet grasping by intuition what the people slowly worked out through their reason.

This invasion of the mind upon literature has continued until in our greatest poet, Tennyson, we find that union of the elements of music, form and thought which characterizes poetry in its greatest perfection; just as our ideal man is he who embodies in himself the united beauties of the physical, spiritual and mental life. As in painting men turn to the wonderful Mona Lisa, trying to fathom the depth of those liquid eyes, or catch the meaning of that mysterious and bewitching smile, which adds at every second a new expression to that soulful face, so in life we hail as our dearest friend he who not only shows perfection upon the material plane, but whose eyes, filled with the secret of life, and whose mind, struggling for the possession of universal knowledge, suggests to us the ever-inspiring, ever-refreshing mystery of existence, with its possibilities of the finite reaching out toward the infinite.

This is our ideal, the realization of which is yet to come. When the human body is no longer cramped or degraded by material conditions, when the spirit can soar to its highest pinnacle of inspiration without at every point meeting the chilling influence of the baseness of life; when the mind can contemplate not only the past and present, but anticipate the future as well, without being mocked and villified, not only by those who ignorantly hold the power to do so, but by the very men who stand to their contemporaries as beacon-lights of thought—then, and then only, will the human race be free. And only after we have free, noble and true men can we have free, noble and true relations.

Then will physical man clasp the hand of his brother across the plane of their spiritual existence, while King Reason will sit upon his throne welcoming and praising this perfect union, which bears the sacred stamp of the struggle of generations untold, climbing by the light which they saw, toward that goal which love, faith and reason have continually held out to them.

THE DEEPER HARMONIES

GEORGE F. VIETT

Upon the wakened wonder of my soul
The deeper harmonies of nature roll
And break; and yet their cold waves have but found
An empty shell wherein strange echoes sound.
When Faith lies shattered at proud Learning's feet
What is there left to render music sweet?
When all the sacred altars are in dust
What Shrine can Science rear that man may trust?
This is the death-in-life, this is the woe,
That seeing all, yet we may never know.

When awed before the glories of the night
That roll resplendent on my raptured sight,
I marvel much a creature of an hour
Should probe the problems of the mighty Power
That poises worlds, and portions space to give
The just relation that the whole may live—
That is the wonder; this the soul-distress—
That palls the senses, galls the bitterness—
To feel the thirst and see afar the fount,
And call on Fate in vain for means to mount!

To touch the veil with touch all powerless;
To find the field, and find it flowerless.
To see the fires of Hope all cold and dead,
Her holy temples all untenanted.
To sail all seas and find no beacon-light;
To strike! to sink! in endless gloom and night.
This is the bitterness, yea, this the woe—
To know the journey, but not where to go.

Yet, on the edge of this despairing hell
There comes a voice assuring, "All is well."
"This dread—this doubt, of thy brief earthly span
Are part and portion of the Master's plan."
"His scales are just, Beloved, have no fear,
And in their balances the righteous tear
Is weighty, and the deeds of love and truth
Are seeds that shrine the germ of endless youth."
"And foolish child, herein thy error lies—
To seek immortal things with mortal eyes."

IGNORANCE ENSLAVES US

Editorial from DETROIT TIMES

[I reproduce the following with great pleasure. The Detroit Times is a daily paper published purely upon a commercial basis. The proprietors have found that running Socialist editorials pays, and they are therefore running them. What the editor's private views are, it is unnecessary to enquire; but certainly his public views, as stated in his editorials, could not be more forcibly expressed by any avowed Socialist. Such developments are a very encouraging symptom of the progress of our times.—H. G. W.]

PRINTERS are regarded as perhaps the shrewdest of all organized workingmen. Their shrewdness and intelligence are reflected in the results of their organization. They get better wages for their class of work than any other workers.

The printer who "sets" these editorials is not an exception to the rule. He is mentally alert and progressive. He is also a Socialist. But his conversion is of recent date. A few days ago, he said:

"Until I read your editorials, I used to think that Socialists had horns. Now I know that they advocate pretty much what the Bible advocates, so far as the relations that should exist between men are concerned. I shall never vote anything but the Socialist ticket in the future."

J. A. Wayland, the editor of the greatest Socialist paper in the United States, the Appeal to Reason, of Girard, Kansas, became a Socialist in the same way—by having the truth thrust upon him.

Wayland was a prosperous real estate dealer in a Colorado town. One winter, he and his wife made up their minds that they would take a short course in the study of German from an itinerant German professor.

At the end of the course, they were told that in order to retain the language they must read German books and speak German among themselves.

Wayland asked the old man if he had a German book that he would lend him. The old man handed him Karl Marx's "Das Kapital."

Not being able to read German fluently, Wayland and his wife plodded through the book laboriously and slowly.

At first, they were not interested in the book itself. They soon became interested, however, and at the end Wayland went to his brother-in-law, whom he had always ridiculed for believing in Socialism, and asked him if the Socialism that Karl Marx taught was the same kind of Socialism in which he believed.

His brother-in-law replied in the affirmative, whereupon Wayland exclaimed: "Well, it is I, then, who have been a fool, and not you."

That moment, another life was consecrated to Socialism. He sold out

his real estate business and started a Socialist paper.

These two instances are of importance only as they tend to illustrate this fact:

That most persons who are opposed to Socialism are opposed to it because they don't know anything about it.

Like the intelligent printer, they think that Socialists "have horns," or that they are infidels, anarchists, or almost any other terrible thing that the mind can conceive.

Suppose that we knew as little about anatomy as some persons do about Socialism; that tradition pictured the human heart as an ugly animal trying to beat his way out through the ribs to freedom, and that the welfare of the race depended upon ascertaining the exact form and movements of the human heart, when in the body of a living man.

Then suppose that some skillful surgeon, with one stroke of his knife, should lay that heart, bare and pulsating, before you. You would believe your own eyes, wouldn't you? Then look at the beating heart of Socialism:

Socialism is the living protest of plundered labor against the private ownership of the tools of production which enables the men who own these tools but do not use them to compel the men who use these tools but do not own them to give four-fifths of all they create for the privilege of using these tools.

That is the heart and soul of Socialism as its reverse is the heart and soul of capitalism. Socialism stands for some other things, too, like pensions for worthy aged persons overtaken by misfortune, and the most stringent laws against child labor.

But these are supplementary to the main purpose rather than a part of it.

If you believe that the tools of production should be owned by those who use them, that is, by the people, instead of by those who do not use them; that the ownership of these tools by those who do not use them is responsible for the injustices of the wage system, which, according to the last census reports, gives the average laborer only $437 of the $2,451 he produces in a year, you are a Socialist, whether you know it or not.

And if you are a Socialist, but still vote against Socialism, the least that can be said about you is that you owe it to yourself and your fellows to inform yourself and make your ballot square with your beliefs. You should do so, because so much depends upon it:

The possession of its tools is the all-important question to labor. Bær and his kind recognize its importance when they talk about shipping all of the Socialists to an island and organize leagues for the dissemination in subsidized newspapers of false information for workingmen.

Capitalism is a public enemy. And the legislation that a public enemy doesn't want is usually the kind it should get. The very fact that Mr. Bær and his kind are so opposed to Socialism is an indication that they believe it would do what Socialists claim it would do—end the accumulation of great fortunes by a few at the expense of the rest by giving each toiler the full product of his toil, leaving nothing for the idler.—Detroit Times.

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS*

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

DR. BUCKE tells this story. One evening, in London, after reading poetry (including some Walt Whitman) with some friends, he was driving home, in the calm of midnight, "when all at once, without warning of any kind, he found himself wrapped around as it were by a flame-colored cloud. For an instant, he thought of fire, some sudden conflagration in the great city; the next, he knew the light was within himself. Directly afterwards came upon him a sense of exultation, of immense joyousness accompanied or immediately followed by an intellectual illumination quite impossible to describe. Into his brain streamed one momentary lightning-flash of the Brahmic splendor which has ever since lightened his life; upon his heart fell one drop of Brahmic bliss, leaving thenceforward for always an after taste of heaven. Among other things, he did not come to believe—he saw and knew that the Cosmos is not dead matter but a living presence, that the soul of man is immortal, that the universe is so built and ordered that without any peradventure all things work together for the good of each and all, that the foundation principle of the world is what we call love, and that the happiness of every one is in the long run absolutely certain. He claims that he learned more in the few seconds during which the illumination lasted than in previous months or even years of study, and that he learned much that no study could ever have taught." Dr. Bucke adds that he was at the time of his experience in his thirty-sixth year.

Afterwards he discovered that he was not singular in his vision. It had been shared, previously, by thirteen other persons whom he names; among them, Gautama, Jesus, Paul, Mohammed, Dante, Bacon, Behmen, Blake, de Balzac, Edward Carpenter, and, especially, Walt Whitman. These were the most distinguished examples of the strange illumination known to him historically; but there were, of course, many others, of some of whom he appends information. He was thus led to believe that the experience was an example of a normal, though as yet, rare process of evolution of the human mind and nature; just as the experience of self-consciousness is an evolution from simple consciousness, and that, from mere sensation. He was led to call the new thing Cosmic Consciousness; and his present book comprises an attempt to defend this conclusion,

*COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS: A Study in the Evolution of the Human Mind. Edited by Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke. Innes & Co., Philadelphia, 1901. $5.

and to explain the nature of the experience, and to draw deductions from it as to the future of mankind and of the world. He thinks that, after some thousands of years, all mankind will have this experience, and that their earthly life will in consequence become paradisiacal, and happiness and goodness will everywhere prevail.

We are thus confronted with an alleged truth which few of us can hope to be able to confirm, and which the writer does not attempt to prove, and confesses himself unable even adequately to describe. Yet let us not too hastily set it aside. Mysticism is a very ancient phenomenon, and better men than you or I have been affiliated with it. The illuminati declare that their phenomena transcend reason; but it may happen that the causes or philosophy of the phenomena may turn out to possess a rational basis. You and I may not happen to be numbered among the illuminati; but it may be granted to us to resolve that the possibility of the existence of illuminati may prove reasonable. The world, and man, came to pass somehow, and they are mysterious. Let us not take sides either for or against the theory, but take our seat on the fence for a while, and talk the matter over quietly.

Dr. Bucke's Brahmic splendor is confessedly a subjective illumination. But though, in his case, it lasted but a few moments, and never returned, the effects upon his character have endured for some thirty years. It changed his views of things; it stimulated and beatified him; it removed his doubts, and it bestowed upon him, he thinks, powers and insight and knowledge otherwise unattainable by him. It assured him that this universe is a universe and not a poliverse; and it convinced him that he was not a detached atom, but was intimately and organically united with —at one with—the entire realm of Nature and of mankind, and even with the Power that is behind or within that realm. It inspired in him emotions of intense and profound happiness; it made him feel that he was privy to divine secrets which he cannot translate into mortal words. And what he perceived and felt, others have in like manner felt and perceived. This is not argument or demonstration; yet it has a certain cogency; it carries weight, of a kind. It merits attention, and examination. And if Cosmic Consciousness be a reality, it is a reality of vital importance. Is there any substantial ground for crediting it?

What is this Cosmic sense or consciousness? Dr. Bucke traces it through various disguises. The Buddhists call it Nirvana. Christ called it The Kingdom of Heaven. Paul called it The Christ; Mahommed called it The Angel Gabriel; Dante called it Beatrice; in the Shakespearian sonnets it is Beauty's Rose; and so on. We may surmise that the experience of it would be termed by Swedenborg the Opening of the Spiritual Eyesight; and by the ordinary pious person the Experience of Religion. The man who attains Cosmic Consciousness answers to what is known in the Christian dogma as the regenerate man. For him there are no more negatives; no more sin; all that is, is right. What seem to be suffering and evil are in truth the unripe state of joy and good. Each of us is mystically identified with the All; the man of Cosmic Consciousness is aware of the fact, and thereby abides in a plane above the rest of us. He actually sees and knows that the macrocosm is reflected in the

microcosm; he sensibly feels that there is space within the human soul which laughs to scorn the spaces of sidereal zenith and nadir. He realizes the verity of Brahma's Song:

"They reckon ill who leave me out:
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the song that Brahma sings.
Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame."

All this, and more, is contained in Cosmic Consciousness—according to its votaries. It is an alluring story; can we put faith in it? It is obviously of small consequence whether you and I are able, personally, to become subjects of this glorious state; but it would be of great consequence if the truth of the state could somehow be certified to, by means not transcending the comprehension of common people like you and me. There were many amiable persons who could not follow Columbus to his Indies; but even they were the better for knowing that such a land of promise existed, and would be enjoyed, if not by them at that time, yet by unnumbered myriads in time to come; and that human life would be thereby enlarged and made rich and happy.

In all these investigations or speculations, we are brought back to the great fundamental questions: What is man? —what is creation? And here, perhaps, the ordinary man has an advantage, of a sort, over the illuminati. For the latter, having witnessed the glorious revelation, feel absolved from the necessity of accounting for it; they know it; and they require no argument to prove what they know. Preoccupied in announcing and rejoicing in their discovery, they cannot linger to teach us the grammar and alphabet of a language into which they have been born immediately. Yet the plodding, ordinary person thirsts for explanations and reasons, and is apt to apply himself to the attempt to find and make these; there is no supernal splendor to dazzle his eyes, but from his obscurity he peers earnestly towards the light, and is eager to take notice of anything leading him towards it. Conceivably, therefore, he may arrive to tell the illuminati how they came to attain their vision. The fullness of their experience may, indeed, transcend statement and reason; but the foundation upon which it is erected ought not to be beyond comprehension.

There are two sides to man; the side of individuality, and the side of identity. On the latter side he is related to mankind at large, and indirectly to all nature; on the former, he is separated from these, and shut up in himself. His human "nature," like his flesh and bones, is general—is shared in common with his fellows; but that which he calls himself, is unique, and proper to himself alone. These two elements seem to exist in direct contradiction of each other; they appear incompatible. If you say that one is real and true, you seem compelled to declare that the other cannot be so. You cannot prove your identity—you can only feel it; and yet, if you take away from yourself all that constitutes your identity, what have you left? On the other hand, nothing seems so certain to a man as that he is himself and nobody or thing else; and yet, if you ask him to state precisely what is himself and nothing else, he finds himself with very little available material to make answer withal.

Pick up a pebble from the road. It is a particular pebble—no other is quite like it. Its shape and size are unique.

But of what element does it consist? Obviously, it consists of a mineral substance—quartz, granite, sandstone, or what not; and, in addition to that, of this particular form and dimensions. Now, if we think away from it the mineral, which identifies it with all mineral of the same kind, we have left only a pure abstraction, invisible and intangible: a certain form and size, which, divorced from their mineral substance, are actually nothing at all. The substantive pebble has vanished out of our hand, and only a mental conception is left. This mental conception was derived from our sense of touch and our eyesight; but, the mineral being eliminated, there is no longer anything of which our touch and sight can take cognizance. Is it the mineral that was real, or the pebble, or both, or neither? And the case of pebble and mineral is analagous to that of you, John Smith, and the human race.

If you can answer this riddle, you can solve the whole problem of creation. Let it suffice to remark, here, that the only thing which is real is the thing which is created. Now, it seems plain that something cannot be created from nothing. We will probably admit that man, that is, human nature, is the creation of the Creator; and that it was created out of something, and, since there could be nothing else from which to create it except the substance itself of the Creator, it must have been created out of that substance. This being conceded, what was that specific form of human nature known to himself as John Smith created out of? Was that also created out of the Divine substance? Not so; for we have seen that between the individual, John Smith, and his nature, there is a contradiction; one denies the other. Moreover, if we think away from John Smith the nature which supplies him with existence, what is left? Nothing but the name of John Smith, which, without a soul or body, is nothing. But the Creator, whatever else he may be, is surely the source of all life and reality, and what he creates out of himself cannot be—whatever else it may be—nothing. Consequently we seem driven to the conclusion that the Creator did not create the specific John Smith. And since there can be but one Creator, how came John Smith to be at all? Is it not painfully evident that he possesses no being—he is nothing? Well, but he appears to be. Yes; and that is as far as we can go. The individual is not, but he appears to be; and appears to be so much, that, to himself at least, he is the sole reality. The individual is an apparition—an illusion; he is authenticated, in himself, neither by sense nor by reason. But then the question remains, How comes he to appear; if he be an illusion, at least he is that; and by what means, and to what end, was this illusion produced?

The answer would seem to be, that he is an illusion produced by the Creator upon the surface, so to speak, of the created reality which we call human nature, or Man, in order to enable that nature, or Man, to attain self-consciousness. Obviously, human nature, or Man, unindividualized, cannot have consciousness of self, for the excellent reason that there would be no self for him to be conscious of. But what is the object of this self?—why not have allowed Man to remain without it? We reply, that the object, or use, of self in the creative scheme is, to enable human nature to evolve and develop itself. Without self, the creature cannot

distinguish itself from the Creator. Self not only so distinguishes it, but it antagonizes it with its Creator, also; or, as we say, it breeds evil and sin. But this is only the inevitable first stage of the process. The second step is, that Man shall perceive the folly of this antagonism, and shall spontaneously exert himself (in his individual phase) to counteract the effect of this grand illusion of self-hood which the Creator imposed upon him. In other words, the individual is to turn his back upon his self as being an empty apparition merely, and shall embrace his nature, which is the only reality; he shall, that is, become unselfish or social. Of course, though John Smith may turn his back upon John Smith—nay, cease to love and cherish him supremely, and to seek to aggrandize him at the expense of all other persons—it does not follow that the illusion, John Smith, will actually cease to appear. No; he will remain, as recognizable as ever. But he will no longer obstruct the formation of a true society, because his virus will be out of him; he will no longer be a centre towards which, but a starting-point from which, all the activities of that phase of our common nature which appertains to him are directed. And those activities will be all the more effective—will, in fact, owe their effectiveness to the circumstance—that there was this self to resist and overcome. It was a *Pou Sto*—this self—from which, by the lever of free will, to stir the sluggish moral world, or, as our religious friends would say, to attain salvation.

I am at the limit of my space; but my aim, at present, was only to suggest that Dr. Bucke's Cosmic Consciousness is only this overcoming of self-hood which has ever been the theme and lesson of religion, and the end of the Creative energy. It is the vision of the true human society—Dr. Bucke and his fellow illuminati attain it, apparently, *per saltum*—in the twinkling of an eye; but it may be and has been attained by multitudes in a less sensational way, by the quiet practice of mutual love and unselfishness. Mankind is approaching this change—this Socialism—and as we draw near to it, certain select organizations, in increasing numbers, will be struck by the rays of the supernal light, and will prophesy of the good time coming. They are extra sensitive. They have their use and function. But the way of getting illumination is not the only way, and doubtless, for the bulk of the race, not the best way. Beacons are valuable as guides and assurances; but we will not, all of us, be beacons. All of us, no doubt, will ultimately ascend the Mount of Vision; but the most of us will climb it in the usual plodding way, and not be caught up by angels and deposited upon it of a sudden. And possibly we shall see the deeper, and stand the firmer, for that fact.

This is not a criticism of Dr. Bucke's book, but a parallel disquisition on his theme. There are many statements and postions of his with which I take issue; but the truth is, that nothing in his volume, except its theme, seems to me of importance; and I will therefore leave to others the task of agreeing with these incidental features, or controverting them.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
  What I am and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand which bears me
  Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
  O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye, who from my childhood up have calmed me,
  Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
  On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
  Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

"From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
  Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
  "Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
  Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
  Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
  And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
  All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
  In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
  These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! Long since severely clear,
  A cry like thine in my own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
  Who finds himself, loses his misery."

MARVELOUS OCEAN DREDGES

ADELBERT G. HUBERT

TWO of the most remarkable ships built in recent years are the great ocean dredging steamers, the "Mills" and "Thomas," that are now at work off Sandy Hook dredging the new channel entrance to New York Harbor.

The rapid increase which has taken place within a few years in the size and draught of ocean steamers has made the navigation of the present Gedney Channel a matter of great difficulty. Some of the modern freighters carrying a full cargo, draw thirty and thirty-one feet of water, while the great Oceanic, if fully loaded, would draw thirty-five feet of water. The present main ship channel, which is but thirty feet deep, extends almost due south from the Narrows to a point opposite Sandy Hook Point, where it makes a sharp turn at right angles to the east.

This sharp turn has always been a serious hindrance to navigation, and modern vessels of six hundred and seven hundred feet in length, have to proceed with the greatest caution to avoid running aground at that point.

Congress has authorized the cutting of a new channel from a point about three miles outside of Sandy Hook, where there is forty feet of water. This channel will extend northwest in almost a straight line to Norton's Point at Seagate, where deep water is again encountered. The route by this new channel, which will be known as the Ambrose Channel, will be several miles shorter than the present ship channel, and vessels of the greatest draught will be able to enter the harbor at any stage of the tide, whereas now the time of entering and leaving the port for all large steamers is arbitrarily determined by the hour of high tide.

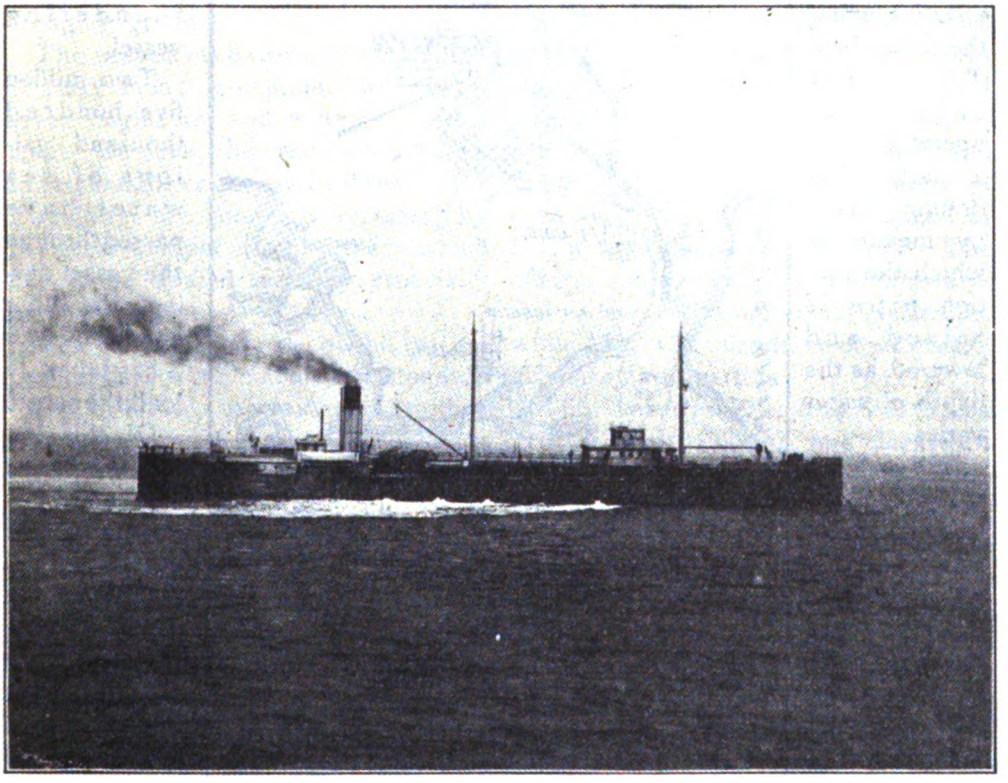
When completed the Ambrose channel will be nearly eight miles long, two thousand feet wide and forty feet deep. This means that the enormous quantity of nearly 40,000,000 million cubic yards of sand will have to be dug out and removed, and this, too, under most difficult conditions.

Ordinary methods of dredging for this channel were out of the question, the work being all in the open sea where a severe storm would sink all but staunch sea craft.

The undertaking of this great work, which will require five years or more to complete, necessitated the construction of two immense dredging ships, the most powerful in the world, at a cost of over a million dollars.

These vessels, the "Mills" and "Thomas," which were built at the Maryland Steel Company's works at Sparrow Point, Md., are now at work

on their gigantic task outside Sandy Hook. From a nautical standpoint these ships are not beautiful to look upon, but they impress one for what they are, staunch and powerful floating machines. Three hundred feet long, fifty-two feet beam, with both stem and stern straight and equally sharp, they present an odd appearance which is accentuated by an entire lack of "shear." That is, the hulls and deck are perfectly straight from stem to stern, having none of those graceful curves rising at each end which give that touch of beauty to all floating craft. They are built for business from the flat-bottom hulls to the tip-top of the masts, which serve as derricks. It is in their interior arrangement, however, that they differ from any vessel ever built heretofore in this country. The bold conception and marvelous ingenuity of their construction has rightly led them to be classed among the most wonderful ships afloat. They are practically similar in design, and their description identical.



THE "MILLS" AT WORK, SHOWING DISCHARGE FROM OVERFLOW OUTLET.

In the center of the vessel there is a bottomless well, up through which the green sea surges, foams and overflows. Down through this well passes the suction pipe, four feet six inches in diameter, which is connected with the huge rotary pump.

The channel to be dredged is marked in advance with buoys, and the work

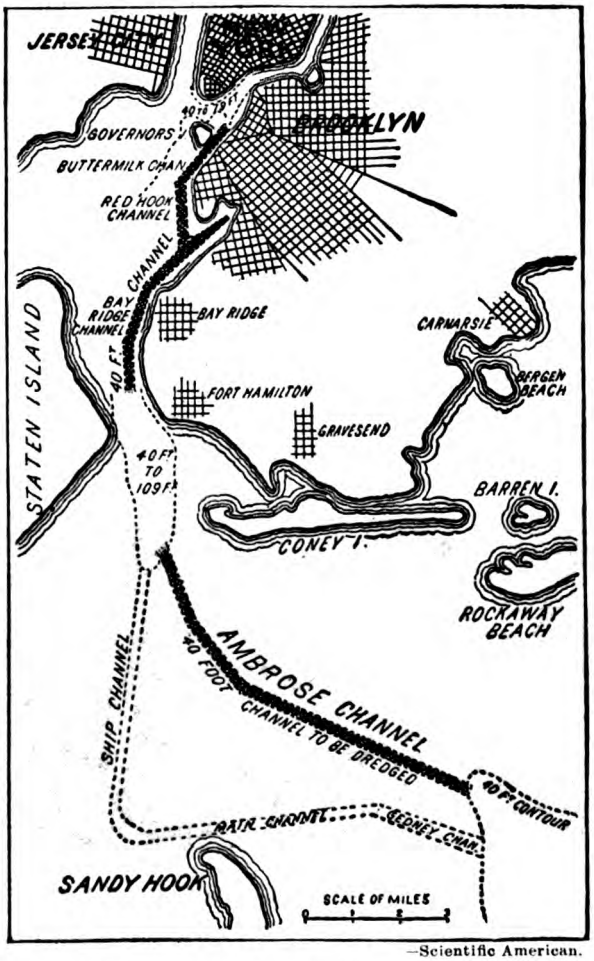
proceeds from the ocean end of the bar. Approaching the bar, the vessel anchors over the spot to be dredged. When the wind and tide have finally swung the vessel into correct position, a signal is given and the great suction pipe, resembling a huge sea-serpent, is lowered by means of wire cables until the nozzle touches the ocean bed. The wire cables are operated by a large hydraulic ram, by means of which the suction pipe is raised and lowered as the depth of water varies.

When the nozzle has touched bottom, the big centrifugal pumps are started. With cataract roar a torrent of sea water comes pouring into the ship.

The interior of the vessel is divided into twelve great iron hoppers. Into these hoppers pours the inflowing deluge of sand and water at a rate which would quickly sink a less staunch vessel.

As the sand settles to the bottom of the hoppers, the water overflows and runs back to the sea through six discharge pipes on each side. Lower and lower sinks the vessel until her decks are actually awash.

The sensation of the overwhelming torrents of water pouring into the vessel, and the slow, but very perceptible, sinking is realistically suggestive of a foundering vessel.



—Scientific American.

MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING NEW 40-FOOT AMBROSE CHANNEL.

Two million five hundred thousand gallons of sea water have passed through the vessel during the hour and a quarter it has taken to load the cargo.

Of this immense volume of water less than two per cent. has remained in the vessel in the shape of four thousand eight hundred tons of wet and firmly packed sand.

Anchor is hoisted, and the dredge proceeds seaward under her own steam, staggering along with her sodden load, like a drunken sailor. About five miles beyond the lightship, at a point designated by the government inspector on board the vessel, the engines are

stopped and the crew piped to quarters.

At a given signal the bottom of the hoppers are opened, and the sand is forced out with the aid of hydraulic jets. Out goes the sand, and before the sea can overcome the force of the outrushing stream, the hopper bottoms are snapped shut and the vessel swings about for the return voyage to the dredging ground.

The vessels each carry a complement of forty men; a captain, two mates, seven engineers, and a crew of thirty men. On deck, the crews work in two shifts, and the engineers in three shifts. The latter are rendered necessary by the great amount of machinery which has to be treated carefully, especially the suction pipe.

The officer in charge of this all important part of the machinery, stands in the pilot-house, where the controlling levers are located. An indicator shows the depth of water, while another shows the fluctuations in the rise and fall of the suction pipe. The manipulation of the latter requires great skill and ceaseless vigilance on the part of the operator. Frequently the nozzle will sink into a hollow or pocket.

These "pockets" are the dread of the operator, for if the sand should cave in and bury the nozzle, the rolling of the vessel would wrench it off and effectually stop work until the damage could be repaired.

At night the buoys and marks are readily located with the aid of powerful search lights, and the indicator on the suspension rod of the suction pipe is also brilliantly lighted for the guidance of the operator.

A high order of intelligence is required for the handling of these great pieces of floating mechanism, and the crews for the vessels were selected with the greatest care.

The scientific papers published articles about these wonderful vessels during their construction, and as a result the dredging company was overwhelmed with applications from every part of the world for employment. From this lengthy list of applicants the officers, engineers and crew were gradually selected during a period covering nearly a year. High wages were offered, and the best and most skilled men thereby obtained for the work.

Life on board the "Mills" and "Thomas" is by no means one of ease and comfort, yet is far ahead of that in any similar line of work. The officers and engineers have comfortable state-rooms, with individual bedsteads, while the crew also have comfortable, airy sleeping quarters.

Tub and shower baths for all add greatly to the comfort and cleanliness of the men. There is a "Social Hall" where the men off duty congregate for a quiet smoke, indulge in a game of cards, or peruse the daily papers.

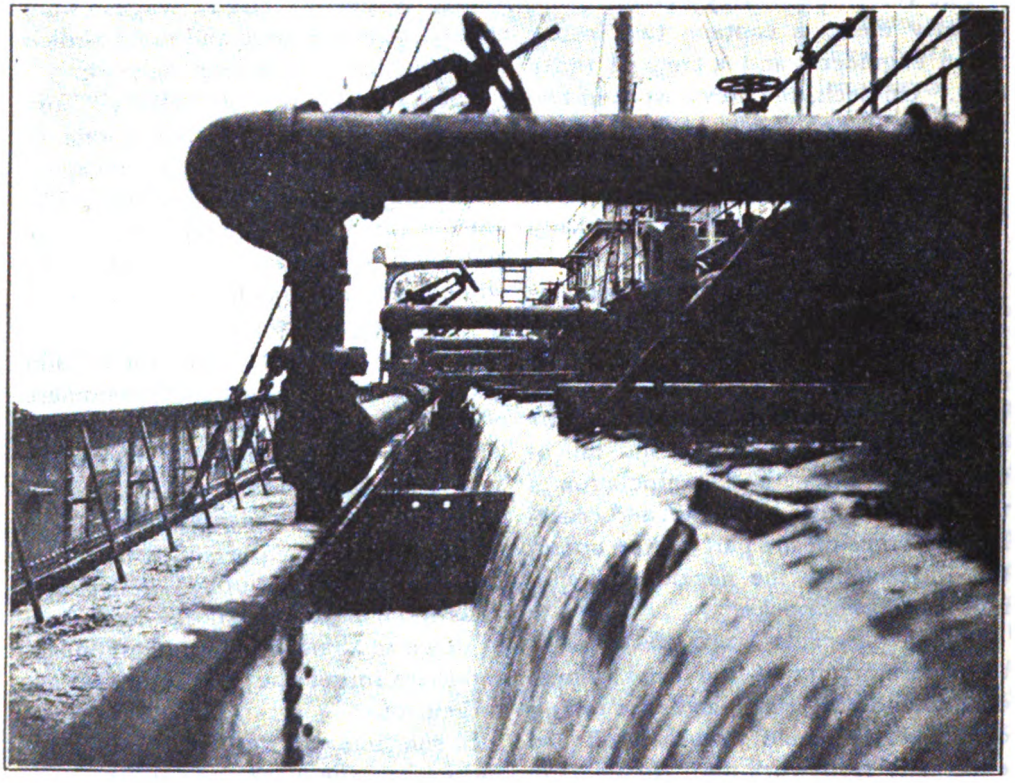
Not the least important part of the ship is the well equipped galley and mess-rooms, where offi ers and crew sit down to abundantly supplied tables, and there forget the hard work which is their lot.

In sunshine and rain, in fair weather and storms, the work goes steadily on. The elements are defied and laughed at by the hardy men on these staunch crafts.

The work is going on ceaselessly day and night, and will continue until the great undertaking is completed. For those engaged upon the work it is peculiarly unsatisfactory for the reason that there are no apparent results to show for their arduous labor. If it

were cutting away a mountain, or digging a canal, the inroad made upon the work would be visible, and the men would have that intense satisfaction which comes of the contemplation of results achieved. Here it is different. On every hand is the restless, heaving sea, with a few bobbing marks indicating the path to be followed. Foot by foot they painfully creep along that path, to reach the end of which will take five long years of the hardest and steadiest labor. Meanwhile there is nothing to indicate the progress already made, and the work becomes irksome and monotonous to a degree which soon wears upon the crew, mostly men who have followed the sea all their lives and who are accustomed to the exhilaration that comes of being aboard a vessel under full headway and free from all restraint.

During the winter, when frightful gales and snowstorms were sweeping the coast and burying the land in snow-drifts, but few people were aware that just outside Sandy Hook, exposed to the full sweep of the elements, were a number of human beings pursuing their calling without once faltering.



OLD OCEAN POURING INTO THE "THOMAS" AT THE RATE OF 2,000,000 GALLONS PER HOUR.

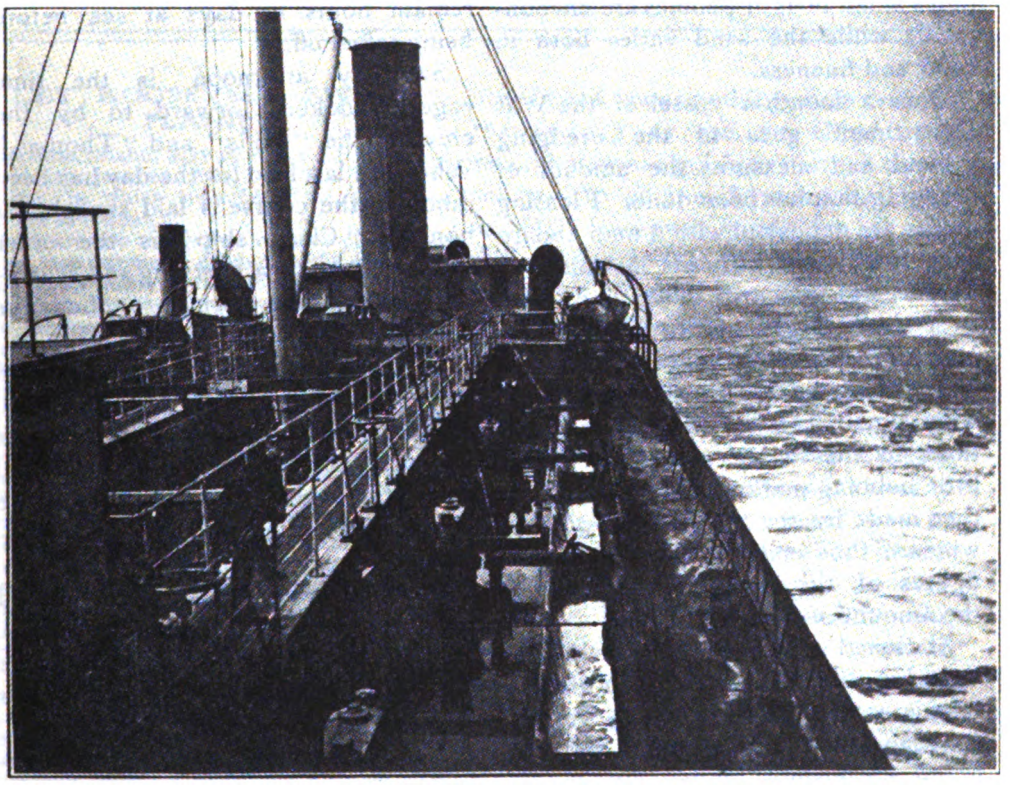
On bitter cold nights, when great seas were breaking over the ships from stem to stern, and coating them with tons of ice, the work never halted.

The monotony of life aboard the dredges is varied somewhat by the daily visit of the tender "George Hill,"

a staunch and speedy tug-boat which carries the mail, supplies and water to the two vessels. The arrival of the tender is the event of the day for these men isolated from the world.

No sooner is the tug espied in the dim distance than the word passes quickly, "The tender is coming." Sometimes when the tender arrives at the mail has been passed aboard and the numerous little commissions which the Captain of the tender has executed for the sailors. Here a plug of tobacco, there some smoking tobacco. A number of daily papers and magazines are always a part of the cargo.

The tender usually reaches the vessels about noon if the weather is



DECK VIEW OF THE "THOMAS" WHILE AT WORK.

the dredging grounds, the dredges are out at sea dumping, and the little tug-boat drifts idly about, rolling and pitching like a cork, awaiting the return of the two ships. When the latter have resumed their positions, the tender goes alongside, makes fast, and a long hose is run out. The water tanks of the vessels are then filled. Meanwhile favorable, and leaves them about two o'clock.

While at work the two dredges usually anchor opposite each other about two hundreds yards apart. There is a great rivalry between the crews of the two vessels to see which shall dig out and dump the greatest number of loads in a given time. There is a great

difference in the bottom. Sometimes one vessel has the advantage and then the other—and the friendly contest, which goes on night and day, lends considerable interest to the work.

Samples of the sand dredged up are kept in long glass tubes for reference as to the character of the ground dredged over. There is no mud; nothing but the cleanest sand. Sometimes small beds of pebbles are encountered, while the sand varies both in color and fineness.

Once a month a vessel of the War Department goes to the dredging ground and measures the amount of dredging that has been done. Floating marks are deposited with a man aboard to keep a record with his instruments. The vessel proceeds back and forth over the dredged surface, and soundings are taken every few feet, while a man stands on top of the pilot-house with signal flags to wig-wag instructions to the lonely men afloat on the little bobbing marks. Calculations are then made by the government officers, who are thus enabled to check up the figures of the dredging company as the amount of sand excavated.

Stationed within three miles of the lightship, the men aboard the dredges take great interest in passing vessels. Passengers on the incoming and outgoing steamships invariably inquire about the two queer looking ships anchored in the offing.

Sandy Hook pilots, too, have become familiar with the two ships. Many of these pilots have reason to be glad of the presence of the dredges. Out going pilots who are placed aboard the station boat are obliged to remain there until some chance vessel inward bound stops to take them home. The daily trip of the tender, George Hill, to the dredges has proved a great boon to these pilots. On their displaying a signal from the station-boat, the captain of the tender obligingly alters his course for the station-boat, and frequently takes off pilots and brings them home when otherwise they might have had to remain hours or days at sea before being taken off.

Saturday afternoon is the time eagerly looked forward to by the crews of the "Mills" and "Thomas." When the last load for the day has been dumped, the course is laid straight for home. "Clean ship" is the order given. There is a hurrying and scurrying as the men spring to obey the welcome order.

By the time that Stapleton is reached the stains of the week's work are all removed. The iron decks are swabbed and oiled, the brass work polished, and when the lines are made fast to the wharf everything is snug and shipshape.

Shore-leave is given to the crew and they are free until midnight Sunday. Machinists and shore engineers come aboard and the machinery and boilers are carefully overhauled.

Monday morning, long before daybreak, the journey seaward is begun. The lonely sentinel pacing the parapet of Fort Wadsworth, high above the Narrows, pauses a moment in his measured beat, looks down upon the two dark objects slipping silently out to sea, and he knows that another week of hard labor has begun for these "men who go down to the sea."

EDITORIAL NOTES

LET ROOSEVELT SPEAK PLAINLY

Harrison, Idaho, May 26.—The feature of the President's journey today was his speech at Wallace, in which he referred to the labor troubles as follows:

There are two things, which, as a people, we cannot too strongly condemn—the arrogance which looks down on those not so well off and treats them with brutal and selfish disregard for their interests, and the equally base spirit of hatred and rancor for those that are better off. Either spirit is utterly un-American and utterly alien to our institutions; utterly alien to the spirit shown alike by the men who founded th i republic and the men who, under the lead of Abraham Lincoln, saved and perpetuated the republic.

The worst foe to American institutions is the man who seeks to cause hatred and distrust between one body of Americans and another body of Americans. It is just as base, no matter whether the appeal is made to influence section against section, creed against creed, or class against class. In any event, the appeal is unworthy of American institutions, and, if listened to, will hurt none so much as those who pay heed to it. Any man who endeavors to make you do wrong, under the plea that it is in your interest to follow him in doing wrong, will do wrong to you if the opportunity arises.

The only principle upon which to act is in accordance with the immutable law of decency and fair dealing; to give each man a chance; to give one man the same justice that you give to any other; to draw the line not between one class and another on artificial grounds; not between the rich and the poor man, but between the man who is straight and the man who is crooked, without any reference to whether one be rich or one be poor.

What rubbish all the above is when viewed fundamentally. First, Mr. Roosevelt says it is base to array class against class. Yes, this is true enough, if the end be simply "arraying." But when one class owns the earth and the other class owns nothing, it is certain, that as long as the sun shines, the second class are going to "array" themselves "to give each man a chance," as Mr. Roosevelt expresses it. He also advises us that the principle to act upon is "to give one man the same justice you give to another."

I would like the President to explain how one can act upon that principle unless he advocates an equal ownership of wealth. How can one advocate this equality without setting the class of non-owners against the class of owners?

Then the President talks about hatred and rancor. I do not wish to incur anyone's hatred, but, certainly, the hatred of the man who can translate his hate into action is more to be dreaded than the man who is unable to do anything more than simply "hate." Now the rich can starve the poor by refusing them access to the earth, but the poor cannot starve the rich by refusing them anything, for the poor own nothing.

Here is an item from today's paper that completely illustrates the point:

Springfield, Mass., May 26.—The Smith & Wesson Co., makers of revolvers, has always been a non-union labor plant. A short time ago, the employes held an informal meeting to organize a union. The company heard of it and summarily objected, discharging several of the leaders. The men persisted in the organization. Thereupon, the company posted last night a notice that the factory would be closed

that night indefinitely, but stated that any employe desirous of resuming work could notify the officers.

Before 7 a.m. today the street was filled with men anxious to give notice of returning to work. They filed into the offices and were given the following statement to sign :

"I hereby affirm that I am a member of no labor union whatsoever and agree that I will not join any such union while in the employ of the Smith & Wesson Co., without first notifying it in writing of my intention of doing so."

At five o'clock today 387 of the 500 employes had signed the agreement. The works will reopen Monday. The men's only grievance was granted some time ago.

Now the Smith & Wesson firm are typical of the rich. They simply say to the poor, "work on our terms or starve." The poor may return and say "all right, we will starve, but you will not make any profits while we are starving." However, it is easier for a rich man to go without dividends than for a poor man to go without dinner. No, Mr. President, if you look forward to a future of a continued division of men into rich and poor, then you must expect class to be arrayed against class.

A THIEF TO CATCH HIMSELF

If President Roosevelt wishes to have the Post Office thieves exposed, why doesn't he appoint an independent Commission to investigate?

Yesterday Mr. Tulloch's charges were "hot air" to Postmaster-General Payne. Today they are a "stump speech" which he meets with an oration to the reporters. It is evident that if Mr. Tulloch had not kept a copy of his charges and printed them, they would never have seen the light of day, or have been seriously considered. As it is, Mr. Payne has written letters to the Comptroller of the Treasurer, the Auditor of the Postoffice Department, and to other officials asking for their opinions on the charges. Now it may very possibly be that Mr. Payne is correct in his view as to their real credibility. But if this be the case, he has nevertheless treated them in a most ill-tempered and undignified manner, and in a way to shake the faith of the public in any investigation now or in the future. Mr. Payne might well take a lesson from the English Postmaster-General about the way to act when his Department is criticized. When the question of political pressure brought by postal employes upon members of the House was recently ventilated in the House of Commons, Mr. Austen Chamberlain announced with courage and directness that he intended to grapple with the question, and would appoint a committee of business men to go over the subject, and to make recommendations. Curiously enough, he used neither slang nor abuse; nor did he make reflections upon Mr. John Burns, who led the discussion, and who boldly declared that public servants should be disfranchised.

The above is from the New York Evening Post, and the point is well taken.

COMPETITION THAT BURNS MONEY

"Competition is the life of trade" only in a restricted sense. Here are the retail cigar dealers of New York, for instance. For months past they have been cutting their own and each others' throats with a cut-rate war unprecedented in the trade.

"There is not a cigar dealer in the city," declares an official of the United Cigar Stores Company, "who has not lost from 5 to 7½ per cent. on all his sales of imported cigars by this rate-cutting. But the grocery stores started it, and we had to follow. The dealers have finally come together, and unless some unexpected hitch develops, the cinch the smokers in this town have had for three months will soon come to an end."

Continued losses of from 5 to 7½ per cent. on sales of this sort mean only an ultimate exhaustion of the dealer's capital. This cigar competition has been keen enough, general nough, no doubt, to suit the most exacting proverb-maker. But it is in the end only the destruction of the trade, the killing of business, the wiping out of capital. In other words, in this cigar-war incident, the dealers have only been giving the public a portion of their capital in the form of rolled tobacco—and that the public speedily burns up.

The public, no doubt, enjoys that sort of thing while it is going on, but does the public really care to have it go on to its logical end—the burning up of all the active cigar capital in the United States?

Better far a "Trust" or two in the cigar trade than a condition of affairs that must inevitably kill the trade entirely!—N. Y. Commercial.

There was a time when our political economists said that trade could not live without competition, but nowadays we say trade can't live outside of monopoly.

LET ROOSEVELT CHALLENGE THE CZAR

The news has arrived in this country of a terrible massacre of Russian Jews in the city of Kisheneff, Russia. It is a city of something like 140,000 inhabitants, about one-third of whom are Jews; and apparently the whole Jewish population have been robbed of their property and a large number massacred in the most barbarous and atrocious manner. While it is true that this country has not done anything like what it might have done to stop such massacres, because a word from President Roosevelt or a declaration from a few Senators and Congressmen as to the duty of this country to interfere would go far towards stopping the whole thing, yet the very fact that so much attention is being paid to it by the press of the country, is an evidence of the growth of the feeling of human solidarity. Here, in the United States, where we are supposed to be particularly callous to human life and suffering, there are certainly a very large number of people who are exceedingly wrought up over these massacres, and are willing to see this Government go to any extreme to prevail upon the Czar to take action to prevent further occurrences of the sort.

The tremendous growth of this country from an industrial standpoint, together with its growing military and naval strength, is making it a factor from a military point of view in the European situation, where only a few years ago it was quite insignificant. That this country could interfere in this matter is shown by the precedent established by Secretary Hay when, in his letter of last year to The Powers in the case of Roumania, he said:

> "The United States offers asylum to the oppressed of all lands. But its sympathy with them in nowise impairs its just liberty and right to weigh the acts of the oppressor in the light of their effect upon this country and to judge accordingly. . . . These helpless people, burdened and spurned by their native land, are forced by the sovereign power of Roumania upon the charity of the United States. This Government cannot be a tacit party to such an international wrong. It is constrained to protest against the treatment to which the Jews of Roumania are subjected, not alone because it has unimpeachable ground to remonstrate against the resultant injury to itself, but in the name of humanity."

The suggestion that this country should remonstrate with Russia on the treatment of the Russian Jews will certainly become a very important political question. If only there were a few Socialists in our United States Congress to voice such a sentiment, there is no question but what the Czar would be warned emphatically that it is dangerous to him to treat with indifference the indignation of the United States toward his policy of inaction regarding these atrocities. There are no real bounds which determine the action of men or of nations in defending the rights of humanity. We are all one great society upon this earth, and it is just as much our duty as Americans to prevent an injustice to our neighbor who lives next door as it is for us to throttle the Czar of the Russias when he would murder his unoffending subjects. We did not hesitate to interfere with Spain for conduct toward the Cubans, which was not nearly as inhuman as that of Russia against the Jews of Kishineff.

To a certain extent the political effect of President Roosevelt's grand tour about the United States has been diminished very much by the continued cropping out of scandal in the Post Office. When even such a strong

administration paper as Pierpont Morgan's Harper's Weekly had the following to say, it shows that things have gone pretty far:

A new charge of suppressing frauds has been brought against the Postoffice Department by a thoroughly reputable man, Mr. S. W. Tulloch, formerly cashier of the Washington postoffice. Mr. Tulloch asserts that three years ago the Comptroller of the Treasury, Mr. Tracewell, found irregularities in the accounts of the Washington postoffice, and employed one of the Treasury experts to investigate them. Mr. Tulloch asserts that the inquiry was stopped by high-placed officials in the Postoffice Department, and the expert punished for excessive zeal. Mr. Tracewell has since testified that in 1900 he did find many irregularities, not to say frauds, in the accounts of the Washington postoffice, and disallowed many items. On a promise from the postal officials that such improper disbursements should not be continued, he agreed, he says, not to hold the disbursing officers responsible. This, of course, is substantially an admission of the truth of Mr. Tulloch's charges. Mr. Tracewell also acknowledges that the expert employed in the investigation was punished by being transferred to another office, which amounted to a reduction in grade. The expert, he says, was very efficient, but was not sufficiently tactful in his methods, and some of the persons investigated complained of his conduct and demeanor as offensive

Curiously enough, the postal officials see nothing humorous in these adjectives, tactful and offensive. Their attitude recalls the adage that "no rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." The American people do not want an investigator of frauds to show himself over-tactful and offensive. We regret to see that Postmaster-General Payne seems to think that Mr. Tulloch's accusations would be disproved if they are met with a general denial on the part of the accused persons. They certainly will not be deemed disproved until Mr. Tulloch has been called upon to produce the evidence for his statement, evidence which he claims to possess. It is high time President Roosevelt should give his personal attention to the state of things in the Postoffice Department. The investigation made in 1900 was carefully kept from public knowledge, and it remains to be seen whether any of the persons convicted of "irregularities" have been subjected to any penalties. It will be remembered that when the frauds in the Cuban postoffice were exposed, the Postoffice Department evinced no eagerness to bring the delinquents to justice. We should have more confidence in a drastic purgation of the department if Postmaster-General Payne were invited to resign, and if such a man as Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow were appointed to fill the vacancy. It is quite absurd for postoffice officials to imagine that the present scandal can be hushed up.

OUT OF PLACE

ALLAN BRANT

Thy little face is sad to see,
A sorry story seems to be
Writ there by cruel hand.
Ah, little urchin, with big eyes,
Is there no place beneath the skies
For thee, no happy land?

He seemed to be a timid thing
With hardly breath enough to sing
Or joy enough to play.
He raised his eyes and looked around,
His gaze then falling to the ground,
He slowly walked away

I saw him look at other boys;
In truth he seemed to fear the noise
That at their play they made,
Although he longed that he might be
As glad and brave, as rich and free;
Will his heart ne'er be glad?

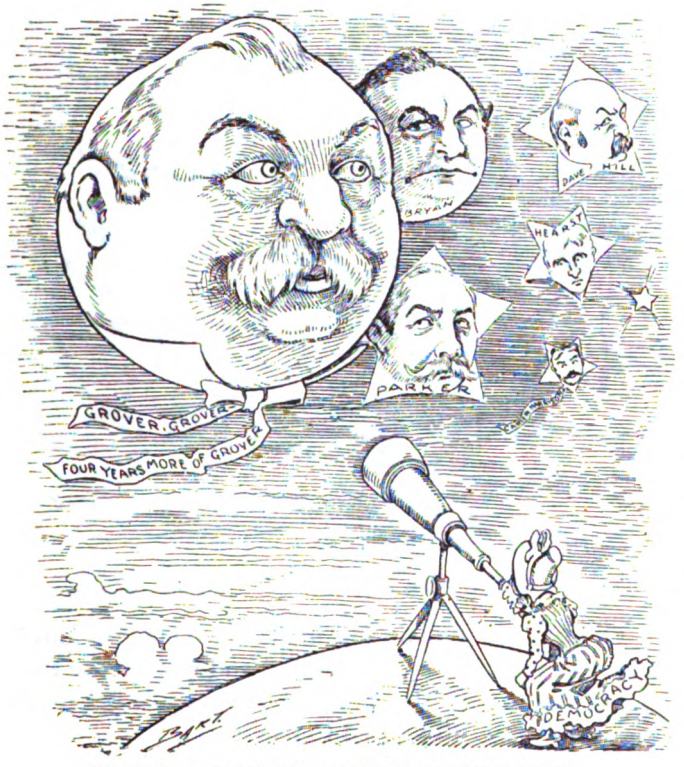
Why should so innocent a thing
E'er stand in awe of boy or king,
Or lack the hope of youth?
Why should the stamp of cruelty
Thus mar the face of such as he—
Of any one, forsooth?

Ah, saddest sight there is to see;
When such a little thing as he
Is stamped with sorrow's care.
For woe is sadly out of place
When found on childhood's tender face;
No shadow should be there.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE RISING STAR

The whirligig of politics is pointing to the possibility that the line-up of the next presidential campaign is going to be Grover Cleveland against Theodore Roosevelt. It is pointed out that Cleveland has the confidence of the moneyed men of the country much more than has Roosevelt, and that in case such a line-up does occur, the power of Morgan and the Trusts will unquestionably be thrown on the side of the Democratic Party. This, on all theoretical grounds, would be absurd, because the Democratic Party is essentially the representative of the smaller capitalists and, as such, should be opposed to the Trusts; but while personalities are not cutting the figure they were once supposed to cut, there is no doubt at all that there is a strong possibility of Grover Cleveland being nominated and proving a more acceptable candidate to the Trusts than Roosevelt as the Republican one. While I know perfectly well, and have repeatedly shown in this magazine, that Roosevelt is absolutely



It looks like a Total Eclipse of the Entire Constellation.
—Minneapolis Journal.

ignorant of the real basis of economic disturbances, and is as reactionary as any man can possibly be, yet this very ignorance and reactionary tendency makes him all the more dangerous to the Trusts. For instance, his continual advocacy of the curbing of the Trusts, and his urging of the case against the Northern Securities merger, are the strongest possible evidence of his attitude toward modern industrial development. He does not realize the necessity of the Trusts, and he would turn back the hands of the industrial clock to the time when competition could exist.

Roosevelt is a political bull in the Trust china shop, whereas Cleveland would be no more dangerous to the goods within than a wooden Indian. Cleveland would see that honest men were in office and that the *statu quo* of industrial affairs should be maintained. He would have no Paynes and Maddens in the U. S. Post Office. If strikes and rioting became serious, he would not hesitate to call out the United States troops to assist the employers, though, in that respect, Roosevelt would be no whit behind.

The difference between Roosevelt's attitude toward the Trusts and that of the Socialist is that Roosevelt would break up all the existing machinery and turn us back to barbarism if he had full sway, whereas the Socialist, recognizing the inevitability of industry being carried on on a large scale, would not injure the Trust, but would see that it was properly cared for and taken charge of by the general Government, to be owned and operated by the people. Roosevelt would break up the machinery, the Socialist would use the machinery, Cleveland would do neither. He would allow the machinery to remain idle in Mr. Rockefeller's and Mr. Morgan's hands, and call out the troops to shoot down the people when they attempted to use it.

THE ENEMIES HE HAS MADE.

Isn't this Aggregation Opposing President Roosevelt Enough to Insure the Election of a man Even Less Popular! —Minneapolis Journal.

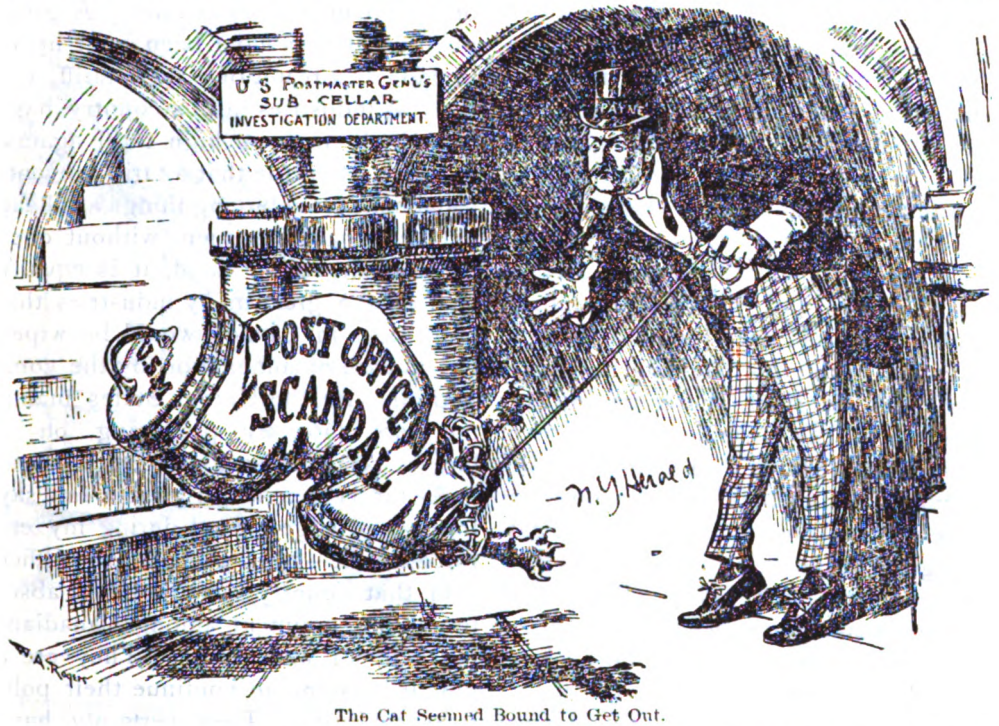
Today there can be no doubt that Mr. Morgan is opposed to Mr. Roosevelt, but whether such a condition of things will continue indefinitely is a matter of doubt. Roosevelt is too anxious for re-nomination to jeopardize his chances of success by forfeiting the Morgan

contribution to the campaign fund, and there can be little doubt that if Cleveland became the Democratic candidate, Roosevelt would hasten to Morgan and promise to be a good boy if Morgan would help him to be re-elected.

In the meanwhile it is better to view things exactly as they are. It is the fashion among some radicals and socialists to decry the possibility of Morgan not liking Roosevelt, because they assume that any one who represents capital in general as well as Mr. Roosevelt does, must be agreeable to Morgan, the chief of the capitalists. There is no doubt that Morgan would prefer Roosevelt to a Socialist, but to say that he would prefer Roosevelt to Grover Cleveland or some other candidate is another matter altogether. Roosevelt is too erratic a man for any one to place any great confidence in, and no one knows this better than Mr. Morgan.

THE CAT IN THE BAG

The palpable absurdity of having the Post Office investigate itself and expecting a verdict of guilty, should be so apparent to everyone that it should be unnecessary to have attention called to it. The President should appoint an investigation committee to go thoroughly into the whole Post Office scandal and make a complete clean-up. As long as a politician like Payne is at the head of the Post Office, who thinks only of keeping the administration clear of scandal by attempting to suppress all evidence, the public will have no confidence whatsoever in any honest termination of his investigation of himself. It is absurd to suppose that Postmaster-General Payne is going to push an investigation which will make him out to be an incompetent. He was not appointed by Roosevelt for any special administrative ability he might have in regard



The Cat Seemed Bound to Get Out.

to Post Office matters, but simply upon his record as a good machine politician and a man who would be handy to have in the Cabinet for advice on machine politics. If these scandals had not cropped out, forcing Payne to give some attention to the Department of which he is nominally the head, he would never have had anything to do with the Post Office at all, but would have confined his attention to keeping up the Roosevelt political fences.

Some time ago I wrote to Mr. Payne, calling attention to the fact that this magazine had been made the subject of an attempt to blackmail by people closely connected with the Post Office Department, and that, as a consequence, it seemed, of not paying this blackmail, I had been refused second-class entry, and in order to continue publication, had been forced to move to Canada. I print this magazine in Canada and mail it from there, paying my postage to the Canadian Post Office. The United States Post Office does the carriage, but Canada gets the postage. One would have thought that, considering the scandals being exposed every day in the Post Office, Postmaster Payne would have been glad to have looked into the matter of how I happened to be excluded from the mails. However, in response to my request for a personal interview I had a peremptory refusal. I have no doubt that President Roosevelt is sorry now that he didn't take my advice a year and a half ago and remove the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Edwin C. Madden, from office on account of malfeasance. He must recognize today what a political blunder it was to have continued him in office.

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

From time to time we hear the press discussing the probability of reciprocity with Canada, and even going so far as to intimate that Canada would finally like to be annexed to the United States. A tariff is essentially a means of giving employment to labor, and inasmuch as the giving of employment to labor is the great problem of today, I cannot see that Canada is going to let down her bars, either by means of a treaty or by means of annexation. A great many industries have been built up in Canada as a result of a high tariff, exactly as industries in this country have been built up by a high tariff against Europe. It is true that a tariff prevents Canadians from buying things as cheap as they could get them without one; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that a great many industries that now exist in Canada would be wiped out in case of annexation by the competition with the United States manufacturers who, by producing on a larger scale, can easily undersell them.

As far as annexation goes, I can say from knowledge gained during my enforced exile—by the U. S. Post Office—in that country, that there is absolutely no sentiment among Canadians in favor of annexation. They are a unit in wishing to continue their political integrity. They certainly have no economic reason for desiring annexation to the United States. Their whole industrial fabric rests largely upon a Canadian tariff, and if this tariff were taken away by annexation, it would mean their industrial ruin. Again, as far as a political basis for annexation is concerned, the Canadians have really a much better form of government than we have, a much freer one. It is true that they are nominally

under the government of England, but as a matter of fact they are self-governing, and their responsible parliamentary government is a much more democratic form of government than is our representative one.

Suppose, for instance, corruption should be discovered in the Canadian Post Office, such as has been exposed in the United States, it would become a subject of parliamentary inquiry, and if the Canadian Postmaster-General should himself try to conduct an investigation of charges against himself and declare himself not guilty, the Canadians would have the means of immediately throwing him out, with his whole administration, simply by getting an adverse vote of parliament. Here we can do nothing of the sort. Our President is elected every four years, and until his time expires he may have all the incompetents and dishonest people in the United States in office, and there is no relief except through impeachment, which is a practical impossibility. Congress can do nothing more than remonstrate, and it does not dare to do that because of the loaves and fishes involved in the presidential appointments which it will lose if it should antagonize the President.

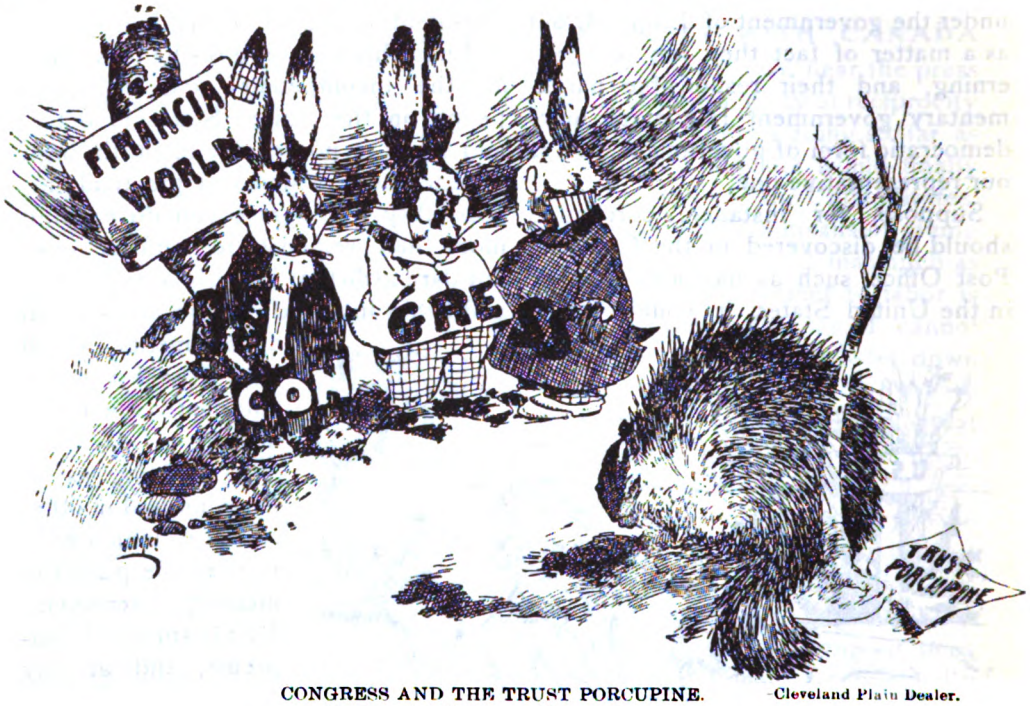
GETTING TOGETHER.

A Prominent Canadian says, relative to Reciprocity with Uncle Sam :—"If the Government at Washington will move towards us, we will move just as far towards them." —Minneapolis Journal.

In Canada, as in England and in other countries which have responsible parliamentary government, Parliament is supreme, and at any time a majority vote of Parliament can change the administration; and this power resting in Parliament has a strong purifying influence upon Canadian politics.

The Trusts are still as much in evidence as ever. There has recently been a great combine of the big watch concerns in the United States and Canada, and also a combine of the principal electric trolley lines in the State of Ohio, forming a combination of something like four hundred million dollars.

The adjournment of Congress without doing anything regarding the Trust was only what was to be expected.



CONGRESS AND THE TRUST PORCUPINE.
About to handle him without gloves.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

David and Goliath to Date. —Minneapolis Journal.

As a matter of fact, it is becoming pretty well recognized that there is nothing to be done. However, there is little doubt that next year the same bluff will be made about Congress doing things against the Trust; and we will continue to have this bluff year after year, until a crisis arrives which will drive us to do something whether we will or no.

The changed attitude of the American people toward the Trust problem is

reflected more or less clearly by the cartoonists. For instance, it is not so very long ago when the cartoonists would have conformed to the popular idea of the relative strength of the Trust and the general Government by representing the Government as very much the bigger man. Nowadays we realize that the Trusts are the whole thing, that what they say goes, that this Government is controlled completely by the Trusts, and that as long as the Trusts own the wealth of the country they are bound to control the Government. It is true that the cartoon of the Minneapolis Journal implies that when Roosevelt, as David, comes up against the Trust Goliath, a victory will await him similar to the one that crowned the small man in the biblical story; but these are the days of Maxim guns, not of boy's slings, and as far as the immediate outcome is concerned there is little doubt that "God will be found to be on the side of the heaviest battalions."

BOOK REVIEWS

THE KEMPTON-WACE LETTERS. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. $1.50. Anonymous.

We have had many a love story, but the love story that consists of a debate as to whether love itself is worth while or not is a novelty.

And when the novelty adds to itself the sanest and most scientific word upon that all-absorbing mystery—love—we have a book well worth the reading.

The letters are between Kempton, an elderly poet living in London, and Wace, a young man, a student in the University of California. Wace has announced to Kempton his engagement to marry. Kempton writes an overflowing congratulation, a congratulation based upon the supposition that young Wace is enjoying the transports of love.

Young Wace dashes cold water upon his enthusiasm in the following strain, 'It is you who are young, you who love; I who have lived and am old. Yes, I am going to be married. At this present moment, I doubt not, a million men and women are saying the same thing. Hewers of wood and drawers of water, princes and potentates, shy-faced maidens and brazen-faced huzzies, all saying, "I am going to get married." And all looking forward to it as a crisis in their lives? No. After all marriage is the way of the world. Considered biologically, it is an institution necessary for the perpetuation of the species. Why should it be a crisis? These million of men and women will marry, and the work of the world will go on just as it did before. Shuffle them about and the work of the world would yet go on."

But poet Kempton refuses to have his fire snuffed out by scientist Wace, and very aptly replies that even if life would go on just the same without love and romance and beauty, what would be the use of it all. Why do we live except to love, he asks. It seems to me that when the author speaks through Kempton's voice he strikes the true note, although I do not hesitate to admit that he presents a most powerful argument for a bad cause when Wace speaks. In fact it is a source of wonder that the author can look upon both sides of the question in such a fair and impartial manner. Nothing it would seem has been left unsaid upon either side, although the *denouement* of the book would seem to indicate that the author is rather more partial to the God of Love than his Mr. Wace would lead us to believe. It seems to me that no paraphasing of mine can do as much justice to the views presented by the author as direct quotation, and therefore I give the following as two sample letters of many of the good ones in the volume.

"FROM HERBERT WACE TO DANE KEMPTON.

The Ridge,
Berkeley, California,
April 2, 19—.

So you have met Hester's brother? Well, I have had an outing with Hester. She loves me

well, I know, and I cannot but confess a thrill at the thought. On the other hand, well do I know the significance of that love, the significance and the cause. Notwithstanding that wonderful soul of hers, she is in nowise constituted differently from her millions of sisters on the planet today. She loves—she knows not why; she knows—only that she loves. In other words, she does not reason her emotions.

But let us reason, we men, after the manner of men. And be thou patient, Dane, and follow me down and under the phenomena of love to things sexless and loveless. And from there, as the proper point of departure, let us return and chart love, its phases and occurrences, from its first beginnings to its last manifestations.

Things sexless and loveless! Yes, and as such may be classed the drops of life known as unicellular organisms. Such a creature is a tiny cell, capable of performing in itself all the functions of life. That one pulsating morsel of matter is invested with an irritability which, as Herbert Spencer says, enables it 'to adjust the inner relations with outer relations,' to correspond to its environment—in short, to live. That single cell contracts and recoils from the things in its environment uncongenial to its constitution, and the things congenial it draws to itself and absorbs. It has no mouth, no stomach, no alimentary canal. It is all mouth, all stomach, all alimentary canal.

But at that low plane the functions of life are few and simple. This bit of vitalized inorganic has no sex, and because of that it cannot love. Reproduction is growth. When it grows overlarge it splits in half, and where was one cell there are two. Nor can the parent cell be called *mother* or *father*; and for that matter, the parent cell cannot be determined. The original cell split into two cells; one has as much claim to parenthood as the other.

It lives dimly, to be sure, this mote of life and light; but before it is a vast evolution, Dane, on the pinnacle of which are to be found men and women, Hester Stebbins, my mother, you!

A step higher we find the cell cluster, and with it begins that differentiation which has continued to this day and which still coutinues. Simplicity has yielded to complexity and a new epoch of life has been inaugurated. The outer cells of the cluster are more exposed to environmental forces than are the inner cells; they cohere more tenaciously and a rudimentary skin is formed. Through the pores of this skin food is absorbed, and in these food-absorbing pores is foreshadowed the mouth. Division of labor has set in, and groups of cells specialize in the performance of functions. Thus, a cell group forms the skinny covering of the cluster, another cell group the mouth. And likewise, internally, the stomach, a sac for the reception and digestion of food, takes shape; and the juices of the body begin to circulate with greater definiteness, breaking channels in their passage and keeping those channels open. And, as the generations pass, still more groups of cells segregate themselves from the mass, and the heart, the lungs, the liver, and other internal organs are formed. The jelly-like organism develops a bony structure, muscles by which to move itself, and a nervous system—

Be not bored, Dane, and be not offended. These are our ancestors, and their history is our history. Remember that as surely as we one day swung down out of the trees and walked upright, just so surely, on a far earlier day, did we crawl up out of the sea and achieve our first adventure on land.

But to be brief. In the course of specialization of function, as I have outlined, just as other organs arose, so arose sex-differentiation. Previous to that time there was no sex. A single organism realized all potentialities, fulfilled all functions. Male and female, the creative factors, were incoherently commingled. Such an individual was both male and female. It was complete in itself—mark this, Dane, for here individual completeness ends.

The labor of reproduction was divided, and male and female, as separate entities, came into the world. They shared the work of reproduction between them. Neither was complete alone. Each was the complement of the other. In times and seasons each felt a vital need for the other. And in the satisfying of this vital need, of this yearning for completeness, we have the first manifestation of love. Male and female loved they one another—but dimly, Dane. We would not today call it love, yet it foreshadowed love as the food-absorbing pore foreshadowed the mouth.

As long and tedious as has been the development of this rudimentary love to the highly evolved love of today, just so long and tedious would be my sketch of that development. However, the factors may be hinted. The increasing correspondence of life with its environment brought about wider and wider generalizations upon that environment and the relations of the individual to it. There is no missing link to the chain that connects the first and lowest life to the last and highest. There is no gap between the physical and psychical. From *simple reflex action*, on and up through *compound reflex action, instinct*, and *memory*, the passage is made, without break, to *reason*. And hand in hand with these, all acting and reacting upon one another, comes the development of the imagination and of the higher passions, feelings, and emotions. But all of this is in the books, and there is no need for me to go over the ground.

So let me sum up with an analysis of that most exquisite of poets' themes, a maiden in love. In the first place, this maiden must come of an ancestry mastered by the passion for perpetuation. It is only through those so mastered that the line comes down. The individual perishes, you know; for it is the race that lives. In this maiden is incorporated all the experience of the race. This race experience is her heritage. Her function is to pass it on to posterity. If she be disobedient, she is unfruitful; her line ceases with her; and she is without avail in the generations to come. And, be it not forgotten, there are many obedient whose lines *will* pass down.

But this maiden is obedient. By her acts she will link the past to the future, bind together the two eternities. But she is incomplete, this maiden, and being immature, she is unaware of her incompleteness. Nevertheless she is the creature of the law of the race, and from her infancy she prepares herself for the task she is to perform. Hers is a certain definite organism, somewhat different from all other female organisms. Consequently there is one male in all the world whose organism is most nearly the complement of hers; one male for whom she will feel the greatest, intensest, and most vital need; one male who, of all males, is the fittest, organically, to be the father of her children. And so, in pinafores and pigtails, she plays with little boys and likes and dislikes according to her organic need. She comes in contact with all manner of boys, from the butcher boy to the son of her father's friend; and likewise with men, from the gardener to her father's associates. And she is more or less attracted by those who, in greater or less degree, answer to her organic demand, or, as it were, organic ideal.

And upon creatures male she early proceeds to generalize. This kind of man she likes, that she does not like; and this kind she likes more than that kind. She does not know why she does this; nor, with the highest probability, does she know she is doing it. She simply has her likes and dislikes, that is all. She is the slave of the law, unwittingly generalizing upon sex-impressions against the day when she must identify the male who most nearly completes her.

She drifts across the magic borderland to womanhood, where dreams and fancies rise and intermingle and the realities of life are lost. A dissatisfaction and restlessness come upon her. There seems no sanity in things, and life is topsy-turvy. She is filled with vague, troubled yearnings, and the woman in her quickens and cries out for unity. It is an organic cry, old as the race, and she cannot shut out the sound of it or still the clamour in her blood.

But there is one male in all the world who is most nearly her complement, and he may be over on the other side of the world where she may not find him. So propinquity determines her fate. Of the males she is in contact with, the one who can more nearly give her the completeness she craves will be the one she loves.

All of which is well and good in its way, but let us analyze further. What is all this but the symptoms of an extreme over-excitation and nervous disorder? The equilibrium of the organism has been overthrown and there is a wild scrambling for the restoration of that equilibrium. The choice made may be good or ill, as chance and time may dictate, but the impelling excitement forces a choice. What if it be ill? What if tomorrow a male who is a far better complement should appear? The time is now. Nature is not neglectful, and well she knows the disaster of delay. She is prodigal of the individual and is satisfied with one match out of the many mismatches, just as she is satisfied that of a million cod eggs one only should develop into a full grown cod. And so this love of the human in no wise differs from that of the sparrow which forgets preservation in procreation. Thus nature tricks her creature and the race lives on.

For the lesser creatures the trick serves the purpose well. There is need for a compelling madness, else would self-preservation overcome procreation and there be no lesser creatures. And man is content to rest coequal with the beast in the matter of mating. Notwithstanding his intelligence, which has made him the master of matter and enabled him to enslave the great blind forces, he is unable to perpetuate his species without the aid of the impelling madness. Nay, men will not have it otherwise; and when an individual urges that his reason has placed him above the beast, and that without the impelling madness, he can mate with greater wisdom and potency, then the poets and singers rise up and fling potsherds at him. To improve upon nature by draining a malarial swamp is permitted him; to improve upon Nature's methods and breed swifter carrier-pigeons and finer horses than she has ever bred is also permitted; but to improve upon nature in the breeding of the human, that is a sacrilege which cannot be condoned! Down with him! He is a brute to question our divine Love, God-given and glorious!

Ah, Dane, remember the first dim yearning of divided life, and the soils and smirches and frenzies put upon it by the spawn of multitudinous generations. There is your love, the whole history of it. There is no intrinsic shame in the thing itself, but the shame lies in that we are not greater than it. HERBERT."

"FROM DANE KEMPTON TO HERBERT WACE.

London,
30 Queen's Road, Chelsea, S.W.,
April 22, 19—.

Broadly, our quarrel is that of pessimism and optimism, only your pessimism is unconscious, which makes it the more dangerous to *yourself*. You are too sad to know that you are not happy or to care. Does my diagnosis surprise you? Analyze the argument of your last letter. You trace the growth of the emotion of love from protoplasm to man. You follow the progress of the force which is stronger than hunger and cold and swifter and more final than death, from its potential state in the unicellular stage where life goes on by division, up through the multifarious forms of instinctive animal mating, till you reach the love of the sexes in the human world. And the exploring leads you to the belief that nothing has been reserved for the human worth his cherishing, to the conviction that the plan of life is simple and unvaried and therefore unacceptable.

You raise the wail of Ecclesiastes, 'All is vanity and a striving after wind, and there is no profit under the sun.' The Preacher and Omar and Swinburne are pathetically human, and we who are also human respond to their finality, to their quizzical indifference and their stinging resentment. We also say, 'Vanity of vanities,' and bow our heads murmuring 'Ilicet,' and stretch out our hands to 'turn down an empty glass,' but all this in twilight moods when a dimness as of dying rests upon the soul. There

are a few with whom it is always morning, and others who remember something of the radiance of the young day even in the heart of midnight. These disprove the postulates of sameness and satiety, these are not smitten by the seen fact as are you of the microscopic retina, these 'see life steadily and see it whole.'

We need not fear the label of an idea. When I say that your position is that of the pessimist, it is not more of an accusation than if I said it was that of the optimist. The thing to concern oneself with is the question, 'Which of these makes the nearer approach to the truth?' You have been asking me, 'What is love worth?' And you have answered your question often enough and to your satisfaction, 'In itself it is worth nothing, being but the catspaw to seeming forces.' With your denial of any intrinsic beauty in the emotion, with your acceptance of it as an unfortunate incident in human affairs, comes a vague hope that the race will outgrow this force. Here is your rift in the cloud. You picture a scientific Utopia where there are no lovers and no back-harkings to the primitive passion,and you appoint yourself pioneer to the promised land of the children of biology.

If love is essentially the same from protoplasm to man, it does not for this reason become worthless. By virtue of being universal it is enhanced and most divinely humanly binding. You tell me that love is involuntary, compelled by external forces as old as time and as binding as instinct, and I say that because of this, life is finally for love. What! The cavemen, and the birds, too, and the fish and the plants, forsooth! What! The inorganic, perhaps, as well as the organic, swayed by this force which is wholly physical and yet wholly psychial! And does it not fire you? You are not caught up and held by this giant fact? You find that love is not sporadic, not individual, that it does not begin with you or end with you, that it does not dissociate you, and you do not warm to the world-organic kinship, you do not hear the overword of the poets and philosophers of all times, you do not see the visions that gladdened the star-forgotten nights of saints?

The same surprise sweeps over the mind in reading Ecclesiastes. Is it a sorry scheme of things that one generation goes and another comes and the world abides forever? If the same generation peopled the earth for a million years, the dignity of life would not be increased. It is not necessary to have the assurance of eternal life as the dole for having come to be, in order to live under the aspect of eternity. It is larger to be short-lived, to be but a wave of the sea rolling for one sunful day and starry night toward a great inclusiveness. It is a higher majesty to be inalien and a part—a ringed ripple in the Vastness – than to lie broad and smiling in meaningless endlessness.

So it is a strange thing that men who are schooled by evolution to relate themselves to all that exists, and to seek for near kinships, should lament that there is no new thing under the sun. And whose eye would be satisfied with seeing and whose ear with hearing? Who would rather have truth than the power to seek it? There is a way of reading Ecclesiastes and Schopenhauer with a triumphant lilt in the voice. After all, it is the modulation that carries the message of the text. When you write the history of love, I find it fair reading. When you tell me love is primal and engrossing, I hold it the more a sin to crouch away from its fires.

'Love is the assertion of the will to live as a definitely determined individual.' This is Schopenhauer's thesis and (unnecessarily enough) he apologizes for it, as if it belittled love to say that it affects man in his *essentia aeterna!* The genius of the race takes the lover conscript and makes him a soldier in life's battalions. 'The genius of the race,' a metaphysical term, but meaning what you do, when you speak of the function of love. Schopenhauer is a pessimist consciously, you, unconsciously; and you both have missed the living value of your facts. 'Love is ruled by race welfare,' says Schopenhauer. 'It (the race welfare) alone corresponds to the profoundness with which it is felt, to the seriousness with which it appears, to the importance which it attributes even to the trifling details of its sphere and occasion.' Love concerns itself with 'the composition of the next generation,' therefore you will find it common as the commonplace, therefore Schopenhauer regards it as a force treacherous to happiness, since to live is to be miserable. 'These lovers are the traitors who seek to perpetuate the whole want and drudgery which would speedily reach an end; this they wish to frustrate as others like them have frustrated it before.'

Because love frustrates the death of the race, it is the joy of my senses and the goal of my striving.

Says Schopenhauer: 'Through love man shows that the species lies closer to him than the individual, and he lives more immediately in the former than in the latter. Why does the lover hang with complete abandon on the eyes of his chosen one, and is ready to make every sacrifice for her? *Because it is his immortal part that longs after her, while it is merely his mortal part that desires everything else.* Because this is so, love is the God of my faith.

DANE KEMPTON."

It seems to me that the man who would wish to wipe love off the slate of humanity would logically take away all that conduces to human joy.

Why does man ornament anything? His gun or his sword are just as useful without being engraved upon. His house is just as comfortable without the flower garden or without pictures on the wall. Man embellishes the useful for the joy of it.

The difference between a palace for a man king and a hive for a bee queen is an aesthetic one. The bees, having reached the acme of utility in the hive, stopped further progress.

Man is never satisfied with mere utility; he craves the emotion excited by beauty. He makes things beautiful not only for the joy of

contemplating beauty, but for the joy of creating beauty.

For the Socialist the Kempton-Wace Letters comprise a philosophy of being. Why do we wish Socialism? For the sake of having humanity better clothed and housed? No. We look far beyond that, but we recognize that man must have necessities before he can satisfy the wants of his soul. Love is the fundamental and predominant desire of the soul.

I say, Let the Nation Own the Trusts. But having the nation own the Trusts is but a step in the co-operative system of distribution. And that is but a step to the abolition of the material poverty of man, which is a necessary step to the abolition of his spiritual poverty.

We wish to abolish spiritual and material poverty that this earth may be a fitting environment for perfect love; and we wish men to have knowledge of perfect love that they may know God, for knowing God is the Supremest Joy.

H. G. W.

LINCOLN AND OTHER POEMS. By Edwin Markham. Frontispiece—Portrait of Lincoln. Postpaid $1.08; net $1.00. McClure, Phillips & Co., Publishers, 141 E. 25th St., New York.

The "Man with the Hoe" is a great poem, not only because of its subject, but because Edwin Markham wrote it. Mr. Markham has done other things just as finely, and in none does his great grasp of the primal meaning of things show forth better than in his "Lincoln." It is a tremendously virile and earnest summing up of the meaning of the man and his life; a lesson in patriotism and a masterful piece of hero worship. The little volume that contains this "Lincoln" has in it also "The Sower," "The Muse of Labor," "The Wall Street Pit," and many other poems in lyric and heroic vein.

REPUBLICS VS. WOMEN. By Mrs. Trimble Woolsey. Grafton Press, New York. $1.25.

This book sets out to show that women have a much better time under a republic than under a monarchy, and particularly, a much worse time in the United States than in Russia. She shows that when it comes to personal safety, while twelve women have been mobbed in the United States, not one has been mobbed in Russia; and that while over nine thousand women and wives, exclusive of divorcees, have been murdered by their husbands in this country, less than five hundred have been murdered in Russia. Mrs. Woolsey wrote all this before the Kisheneff massacre.

She has nothing to say of the United States on the other side of the question. While she sees that things are about as bad as they can be, and that the Trusts are monopolizing the whole country, yet she is bitterly opposed to Socialism. Of course, it is because Mrs. Woolsey does not know what Socialism is that she is opposed to it. It is remarkable that a woman who took the trouble to write a book showing the degraded condition of things in the United States, and particularly the difficulties that a woman has to encounter, does not see that the only remedy for this state of affairs exists in the very thing which she rejects, viz., Socialism. Most of the wrongs to women as well as to men, arise from the lack of economic independence. Socialism alone can make women free.

THE LEVEL OF SOCIAL MOTION. By Michael A. Lane. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.50.

Mr. Lane attempts to prove that the economic structure, as it is constituted today, has a strong tendency to level things up—that the rich tend to distribute their wealth, and that there is a tendency toward encroachment upon the margin of cultivation through rapid reproduction of the race. He does not seem to realize that social evolution is going to enforce a change in the economic structure of society. He is solely interested in those developments which he thinks tend to the continuance of the present competitive system. While I cannot say that I agree with the book at all, still it should repay study by anyone who is interested in economics.

THE SOCIALIST AND THE PRINCE. Funk & Wagnalls. By Mrs. Freemont Older. $1.50.

This is a book written by a lady more or less familiar with social life in San Francisco, and particularly with the history of the sand lot movement led by Dennis Kearney some twenty years ago, but who has absolutely no knowledge of the Socialist movement. She calls her hero a Socialist, when as a matter of fact he is simply a labor agitator working for one object, the passing of the anti-Chinese act. The author, no doubt, thought that the title, "The Socialist and the Prince," would look well, and so she dubs her hero a Socialist. Her prince has a better right to his title, although it would seem to me that she has taken his portrait from the princes in fairy tales and story books rather than from the modern Italian nobility. The book, however, is noteworthy in being the first to adopt the plot of "a society woman" falling in love with a man because he is a labor leader.

YOUTH. By Joseph Conrad. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

Conrad, Kipling and Jack London are a great triumvirate in the short story line. While either of the three seems greater than any other modern author, to decide which of the three is greatest is more difficult. "Youth" is, as are all Conrad's stories, a story of the sea, and is a most inspiring thing to spend an hour over. Conrad's control of the English language is something marvellous, and it is amusing to think that a few years ago he was an unknown writer and most dubious as to his ability to interest the public. He is mate of a sailing vessel, and writes his stories while on his six months' cruises. This probably accounts for the intense realism with which everything he writes is distinguished.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

83 Park St., South Yarra,
Melbourne, Victoria.
April 8th, 1903.

Dear Gaylord Wilshire,—I have been on this side of the world for about eighteen months and in all that time I have not seen a copy of your Magazine. I should be glad to know how you are getting on and to hear exactly how the cause is moving along. By same mail I am sending you a pamphlet, some pages of which may interest you.

With kind regards, and fraternal greetings,
I am, sincerely yours,
TOM MANN.

No. Adams, Mass., May 24, 1903.

Please find money order for yearly subscription from Professor P. Fogg, 64 Marshall St., No. Adams, Mass. I let him take last month's issue, and he said it is the best piece of reading he has come across, and promised to see what he could do among his many friends. This man is a bright fellow, and anything he takes hold of he carries to victory. P. RYAN.

New York, June 27, 1903.

I, as a wage worker, am very much pleased with your way of spreading light and helping the cause of Socialism.

I wish you success in your enterprise.
J. WEITZ.

Astoria, Oreg., April 20, 1903.

I enclose money order for $4.00, for which please send me sixteen yearly subscription postal cards. I just received eight a few days ago, and thay are all sold already.
J. RANNELLS.

Cincinnati, O., April 29, 1903.

Enclosed please find P.O. order for $25 in settlement for the 100 yearly subscription cards you mailed to me four or five days ago.

They go like sun-struck snow,
'Tis enough to madden Madden.
WM. R. FOX.

Sheldon, Iowa, June 25, 1903.

Wilshire cards are good things to have on hand at all times. The last twenty lasted about as many days, and I didn't leave my office to sell one. Believe I could sell ten a day, if I had nothing else to do.

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts" is becoming an exceedingly popular phrase in this end of Iowa. May the good seed sown bear abundant fruit. A. W. BEACH.

Monroe, Wis., April 26, 1903.

One day last week you received an order for five subscription cards to Wilshire's magazine from Comrade Geo. Haywood.

Those subscriptions were made through a discussion of Socialism which took place in a C.M. St. P. Freight Caboose.

If the wretched service of the C. M. St. P. R. R. on the Prairie Du Chien division wouldn't provoke a discussion of Socialism, then I don't know what would.

It seems that one of our party of travelling men on this occasion was not sufficiently interested to place his subscription then and there.

However, he solicited me the day following to take his subscription, which I did, and it heads the list which follows.

These names were so easily obtained that I enclose you $4.00 to pay for these eight and eight additional subscription cards which you may send to my address, Monroe, Wis.
G. E. ELLIS.

Coronado, Calif., June 2, 1903.

Am as intense as ever; more so, were it possible. Exceedingly gratifying to know what a noble mission your magazine is performing.
TOM JACOBSON.

Brooklyn, N.Y., April 6, 1903.

In reply to your letter of April 3rd, will say that I received the March copy of Wilshire's Magazine and am pleased to read that the subscriptions to the magazine are coming in so fast. I am much pleased with the monthly. It has the vim and go which is the right sort.
WILLIAM B. GRIFFITH.

Keswick, Ont., Can., June 7, '03.

I shall endeavor to find you an agent here and there where I can push the magazine. It is a grand power for the cause. GEO. TOWNSEND.

Mangonia, Florida, April 16th. 1903.

I am an old man "resting on my oars." But I watch the coming of your magazine with much interest. I like the way you seek to reach the people. I have just read a brief notice in the "World" of Carrol D. Wright's speech at Springfield, and I felt that his strange assertion should not go unnoticed. I send you the enclosed. If it suits you, use it. Yours very truly,

ELBRIDGE GALE.

CARROL D. WRIGHT SAYS:

"I cannot see in it (arbitration) a solution of the labor question." "Socialism is the most ambitious remedy yet offered, but Socialism is not a constructive force. It has no justice, no progress, no humanity."

This first quotation seems to accord with the reputed wisdom of Carrol D. Wright, but the second is surely only the blind utterance of hopeless stupidity. Socialism *not a constructive force?* Is two weaker than one? Is the old man's bundle of sticks weaker than one? Is the Standard Oil Company less of a constructive force than John Bean and his single oil well? "*No justice*, say you?" Is there justice in the love of thy neighbor as thyself? Was the Nazarine a teacher of injustice? Is God unjust if He claims what His fiat has spoken into being? Is there no justice in the workers' claim for the product of his own hands? If not, then the mother has no claim to the child which she has brought into the world.

"No progress, say you?" All real progress among men has been along the lines of co-operative life. When men have ignored these co-operative forces in any of their relations, they have invariably gone backward.

"No humanity?" This is the strangest assertion of all.

Is it inhuman to be a man and meet our fellows as a man? Is it inhuman to insist that our own labor and the labor of our fellows shall be so equated that poverty shall be but a memory of the past ages? Is it inhuman to go down to the foundations of society and seek to remove the great cause of crime and suffering? Is it inhuman to insist that all the products of human labor, except a scanty margin, shall no longer be appropriated by the few? E. G.

What Some of Our Prize Winners Say.

Covington, Ky., May 27th, 1903.

I received the Harvard piano that you offered as a prize, this morning, from the John Church Co. It is a grand instrument. My family and myself are very much pleased with it, and they unite with me in thanks for same. With renewed good wishes, R. H. CHALKLEY.

Pullman, Ill., May 28th, 1903.

I received the watch today, and am very much pleased with it. Please allow me to thank you for same.

I expect to enter your December contest, as I am in the fight for Socialism until the last. Most of the subscribers for this last contest I secured in the 13th precinct of the 33rd Ward. This is the Ward that elected Comrade Johnson for Alderman.

To show the results of the work your magazine has done, let me give the Election Returns of last spring in this precinct. Straight Socialist votes, 47. Comrade Johnson received 127 votes out of 206. I believe if the Comrades would take hold and push your magazine everywhere, it would not be many years before we would see the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth. R. GARTLEMAN.

Naugatuck, Conn., June 1, 1903.

I have received the eighth prize, which we won in the contest closing May 1st.

At the regular meeting of Branch 21, on the 28th ult., I was instructed to express to you our appreciation of the entirely satisfactory manner in which your dealings with us have been conducted.

It may interest you to know that the list of names which has won our prize includes club women, ministers, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, building mechanics and factory workers. Although many of these were strangers to the subject of Socialism, no word of displeasure have they expressed with "Wilshire's," but on the contrary many have spoken words of high praise, some even sending letters expressing their satisfaction with, and entire approval of its contents.

The readiness with which we secured a considerable number of renewal subscriptions indicates that a good percentage are with you to stay.

Branch 21 is still out for "Wilshire Subs" and expects to be "in at the finish" of the pending contest, Dec. 1st.

ERNEST D. HULL,
Literature Agent, Socialist Branch 21.

Payson, Utah, June 1, 1903.

H. Gaylord Wishire:

Just received the gold watch. Words cannot express my delight. I thank you very much. Am so glad it is a hunting case.

I cannot part with it, having won it in such a cause. I thank yon very much. It is my "Socialist" watch. I shall keep it all my life. Gratefully yours, MRS. FLORENCE WEBB.

Emmetsburg, Iowa, May 15, 1903.

Having read your valuable magazine for several months, and desiring that others should read it too, I have solicited a small club of names, and herewith enclose draft for $2.00, and the list of names with their addresses. Kindly commence with the May number, if possible.

For the purpose of showing my interest in the work, I will mention that we have a very fine Club here, known as the "Emmetsburg Civic Club," organized for the purpose of studying Socialism, and I have the honor of being its first President. Go on with your good work.

C. E. COHEN.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

An Exact Definition.

C. S. Batterman, one of the best known mining men in the Rocky Mountain States, was on the stand as an expert in an important mining case in Nevada, and was under cross-examination by a rather young and "smart" attorney. The question related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps."

"Now, Mr. Batterman," said the attorney, "how large are these lumps—you say they are oblong—are they as long as my head?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Batterman, "but not as thick."

The attorney subsided, and even the judge could not help smiling.

The Cook—"Would ye mind giving me a recommendation, ma'am?"

The Mistress—"Why, you have only just come."

"But ye may not want to give me wan when I do be leaving."—Life.

"What would you do if you could play the piano like I can?" asked the young lady of the housemaid.

"Shure an' Oi wouldn't get discouraged at all, at all. Oi'd kape roight on larnin' till Oi could play it dacently," was the reply.

A Good Prescription.

In the olden time a certain man, being stricken with grief, consulted the oracle at Delphi.

"Go bury thy sorrow!" said the oracle.

The man was not a little perplexed by the advice, but concluded that about the first thing to do was to dig a hole. Now this was not easily to be achieved in the rocky soil of Hellas; and, whereas, when he began to dig the man thought a very large hole would be necessary, his idea was modified as he proceeded until, in some fifteen minutes, it seemed clear that a real moderate hole would suffice.

Having dug such, the man looked around for his sorrow, but it was nowhere to be seen. Turning upon himself, he searched his bosom carefully.

"There's no heartache here!" he said.

In fact, the only ache in sight was a backache, and this did not matter, for the man was well supplied with liniment.—Puck.

A Surgical Suggestion.

A surgical operation in Indianapolis made normal the brain of a boy born with criminal instincts. Can't they establish a bureau of surgery in the Postoffice Department in Washington?—Philadelphia North American.

Here's a health to him that would read,
Here's a health to him that would write,
There is none ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But him whom the truth would indict.
—Burns.

A French scientist declares that a volcano is developing under the Place de la Republique in Paris. If all signs do not fail, there will be an eruption beneath the place de la Republican party in America in 1904.—The Atlanta Journal.

"Healthy people look to the future, sick people are content to linger through the day, or ready to sink into oblivion; the mark of a healthy nation is that it looks forward, prepares for the future, learns from the past, gets rid of its parasites, shakes off its social diseases, and walks resolutely in the service of her whom Defoe celebrated as the 'Most Serene, Most Invincible, Most Illustrious Princess, Reason.'"—Prof. York Powell.

J. Pierpont Morgan is sixty-six years old and has achieved most of his success since his sixtieth year. Would there be anything left for the rest of us had he begun younger?—The Chicago News.

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred profession of friendship.—Longfellow.

In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism. It is the effort to place capital on equal footing with, if not above, labor in the structure of government. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is superior to capital and deserves much the higher consideration.—Lincoln's Message to Congress, 1865.

Complete List of Prize Winners

MAY 1, 1903

We extend hearty congratulations and thanks to the faithful band of workers whose names appear below. The list of Grand Prize winners was published in the June magazine.

The new Premium Contest is now in full operation and a descriptive circular will be mailed on application to all who have not already received a copy. An early start means final victory.

Consolation prizes of value have been sent to each of the following:

Arthur, W. H.....Port Arthur, Ontario.
Aydelott, W. F.....Bradford, Tenn.
Arnstein, L.....Dover, N.H.
Arnold, J. H .....Columbus, Ind.
Avery, I. C .....Somapie, N. H.
Anderson, O. A.....Woodward, Okla.
Anderson, P. A.....Everett, Mass.
Allen, J. B.....E. Las Vegas, N.M.
Aldrich, H. .....Elyria, O.
Anderson, A. N.....Painesville, O.
Akorn, H. J.....Wallaceville, Pa.
Burnham, S. A.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
Burry, F. W.....Toronto, Canada.
Buchanan, M. L.....Leadville, Colo.
Buchanan, E .....Boise, Idaho.
Brown, Chas.....Oakland, Cal.
Brill, L. F.....Newark, N.J.
Bray, Jos. H.....Gunnison, Colo.
Boyd, W. J.....Ellensburg, Wash.
Borkenhagen, R.....Chicago, Ill.
Borden, F. M.....Riverside, Cal.
Boldt, M. A.....New York, N.Y.
Blumm, Chas.....Preston, Ont.
Bickett, C. A.....Cincinnati, O.
Bennett, H.....Birmingham, Ala.
Berry, F.....Madison, Me.
Beach, A. W.....Sheldon, Ia.
Beam, Chas. C.....E. Somerville, Mass.
Belden, A. W.....Brockton, Mass.
Bayard, J. B.....New Orleans, La.
Barbour, E. H.....Burlington, Vt.
Bacher, Theo.....Dayton, O.
Babb, W. J.....Wichita, Kans.
Baker, M.....Livingston, Mont.
Back, F. V.....Redlands, Cal.
Cummins, A. C.....Ferguson, B. C., Canada
Crumbacker, E. C.....Zanesville, O.
Conway, M. C.....Ft. Logan, Mont.
Cole, G. R.....Rock Rapids, Iowa
Cohn, I. W.....Peoria, Ill.
Clark, J.....Spring Church, Pa.
Clancy, J. C.....Central City, S. D.
Clark, A. E.....Kansas City, Mo.
Churchill, R. J.....Parsons, Kan.
Chilberg, Jos.....Olympia, Wash.
Chalkley, R. H.....Covington, Ky.
Chappell, J.....Richmond, Va.
Casler, W. J.....Wilmerding, Pa.
Carlson, J. W.....Chicago, Ill.
Carlson, J. H.....Benicia, Cal.
Catrell, J.....Richmond, Va.
Card, E. L.....Brown City, Mich.
Cail, J. H.....Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Cady, A. D.....Marshalltown, Ia.
Duffie, D. F.....Dover, N. H.
Dugan, A. T.....Zanesville, O.
Dutler, C.....Denver, Colo.
Dunham, D. L.....St. Augustine, Fla.
Drew, L. T.....Waltham, Mass.
Downing, G. H.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
Dodge, R. J.....Inkster, N. D.
Dodge, A.....Chicago, Ill.
Delaney, Z.....Franklin, Pa.
Davis, T. C.....Benedict, Kan.
Davies, W. E.....Green, Kan.
Davis, P. B.....Sisters, Ore.
Dahl, M.....Montrose, Kan.
Evans, S. C.....Taylor, Pa.
Everett, O.....San Francisco, Cal.
Essex, J. F .....Indianapolis, Ind.
Engberg, F. R.....Kindred, N. D.
Estabrook, H. T.....Fitchburg, Mass.
Emery, Dr. C. S.....Toledo, O.
Earle, W. H.....Chicago, Ill.
Edwards, Wm.....Duquesne, Pa.
East, Phil R.....Reading, Pa.
Eigenbrod, John.....Pittsburg, Pa.
Eisner, L.....Everett, Mass.
Elliott, J. G.....Colfax, Wash.
Ehrenfried, Frank.....Buffalo, N. Y.
Eipper, E.....Butte, Mont.
Eaton, A. E.....Denver, Colo.
Freeman, Frank D.....St. Paul, Minn.
Fox, Wm. R.....Cincinnati, O.
Frank, F. W.....Cleveland, O.
Fleeman, John W.....St. Joseph, Mo.
Fisk, W. S.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
Fieser, Sebastian.....Alexandria, Ind.
Fike J. M.....Phoenix, Ariz.
Fitz Gibbon, E.....Salt Lake City, Utah
Featherstone, M. S.....Visalia, Cal.
Farrar, W. F.....Carbondale, Colo.

Farbman, A. M. ..... N. Y. City, N. Y.
Gregory, R. T. ..... Paterson, N. J.
Greetham, H. W. ..... Orlando, Fla.
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Goot, Hay ..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
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George F. F. ..... Curlew, Wash.
Gartleman, R. ..... Pullman, Ill.
Gardner, Jno. J. ..... Antelope, Cal.
Garrett, J. K. ..... Stockton, Cal.
Humphrey, Wm. ..... Seattle, Wash.
Hull, H. P. ..... New Berlin, O.
Hurd, F. W. ..... Pepperell, Mass.
Hubbard, W. ..... Painesville, O.
Hurst, Geo. ..... Osage City, Kan.
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Houston, Jas. ..... So. Omaha, Neb.
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Holm, A. W. ..... Jamestown, N. Y.
Hicks, R. A. ..... South Bend, Ind.
Higgins, D. W. ..... E. Walpole, Mass.
Henkey, F. ..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hertel, Wm. ..... Jefferson City, Mo.
Henderson, John W. ..... Pawnee, Okla.
Henry, James ..... St. Petersburg, Fla.
Hingst, Herrold ..... Kaweah, Cal.
Heleker, Jr., Jno. J. ..... Peekskill, N. Y.
Hiberling, Henry ..... Easton, Ill.
Hawley, Jas. A. ..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
Haskell, John D. ..... Abilene, Kan.
Hathaway, F. N. ..... Bryan, O.
Hawkes, D. H. ..... Seattle, Wash.
Harris, John H. ..... Edwardsdale, Ra.
Harkness, J. C. ..... Northport, Wash.
Hartwig, Henry J. ..... Evansville, Ind.
Hampton, R. ..... Cambridge, O.
Irish, T. S. ..... St. Joseph, Mo.
Jones, W. E. ..... Portland, Ore.
Johnson, Peter ..... Murray, Utah
Johnson, F. L. ..... Lynn, Mass.
Jones, Geo. H. ..... Worcester, Mass.
Jones, A. R. ..... Mutual, Okla.
Jett, W. C. ..... Salix, Iowa
Jacobson, Tom ..... Coronado, Calif.
Jerden, W. C. ..... Denver, Colo.
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O'Leary, Wm. ..... Newcastle, Pa.
Prevey, F. W. ..... Akron, O.
Polley, Geo. S. ..... Ashtabula, O.
Prime, G. S. ..... Beaver City, Neb.
Pitt, Jr., W. H. ..... Wallace, Cal.
Pierce, A. J. ..... Boulder, Colo.
Peterson, Ed. ..... Chicago, Ill.
Peoples Press ..... Bluffton, Ind.
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Scoville, E. P. ..... Salt Lake City, Utah
Schulte, Frank ..... Quincy, Ill.
Schock, W. H. ..... Plateau, Utah
Schneider, A. ..... Newport, Ky.
Schleit, Fred ..... Oneida, N. Y.
Schmidt, Chas. ..... Sedalia, Mo.
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Sackett, John ..... So. Easton, Mass.
Sawdon, H. E. ..... Boise, Idaho
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Trainer, J. W. ..... Elgin, Ill.
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Thatcher, Thos. ..... Altoona, Pa.
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Taylor, Miner ..... Merna, Neb.
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Vogel, Frank ..... Cincinnati, O.
Varner, F. C. ..... Neskowin, Ore.
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Zeiser, Josefin ..... Troy, N. Y.
Zook, Jno. ..... Lititz, Pa.
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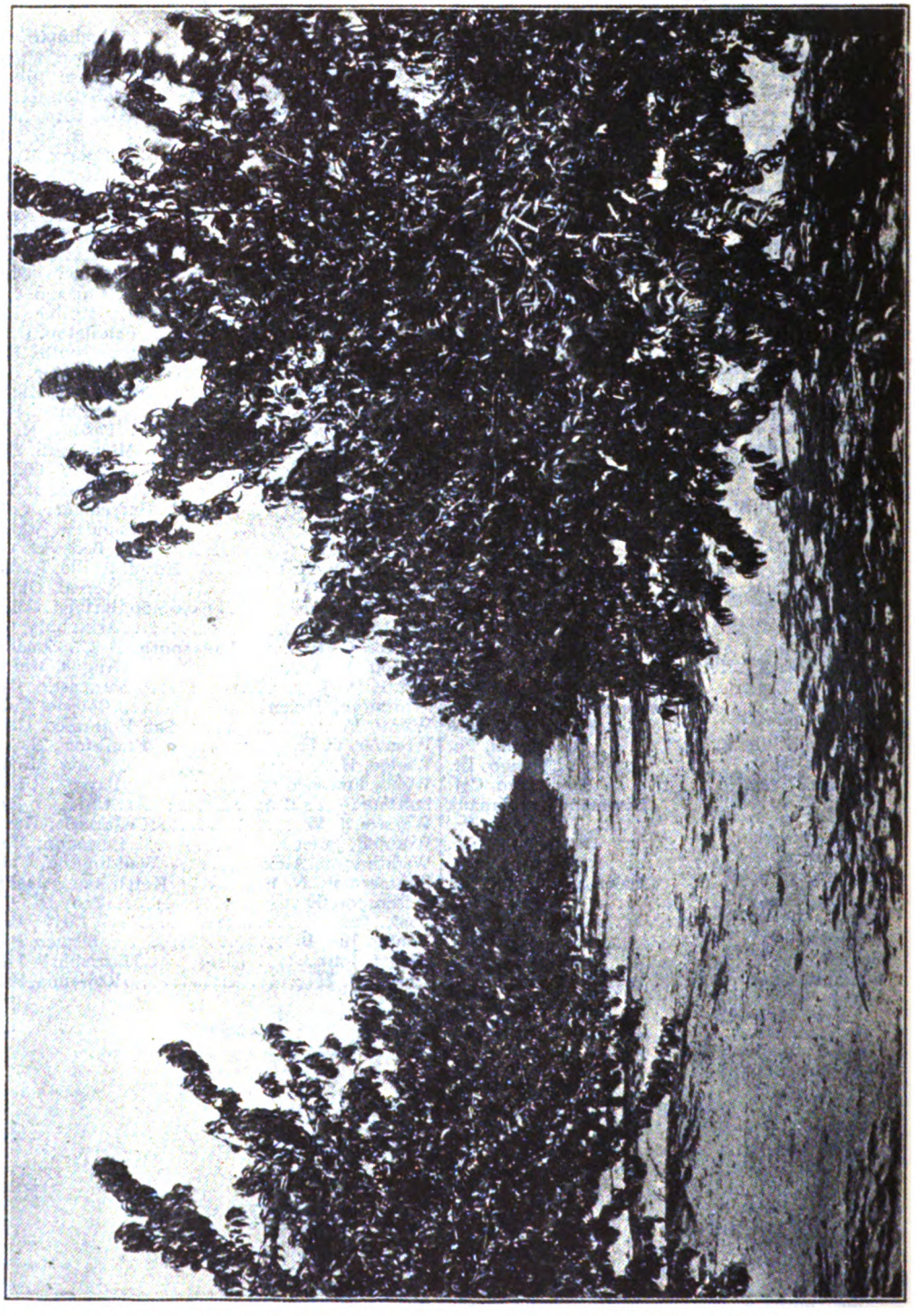
Yingst, John ..... Harrisburg, Pa.
Ziegler, J. H. ..... Rowenna, Pa.



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AUGUST, 1903

$1.00 PER YEAR

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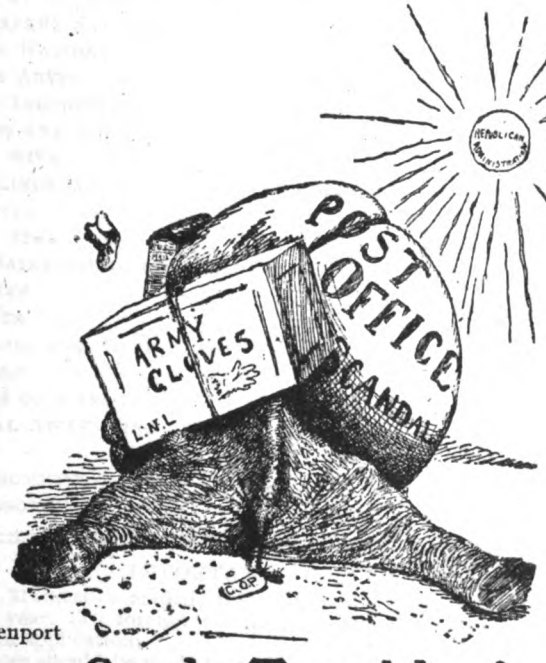
WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor



Davenport

Such Troubles!

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N. Y. Office, 125 East 23d Street

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

August, 1903

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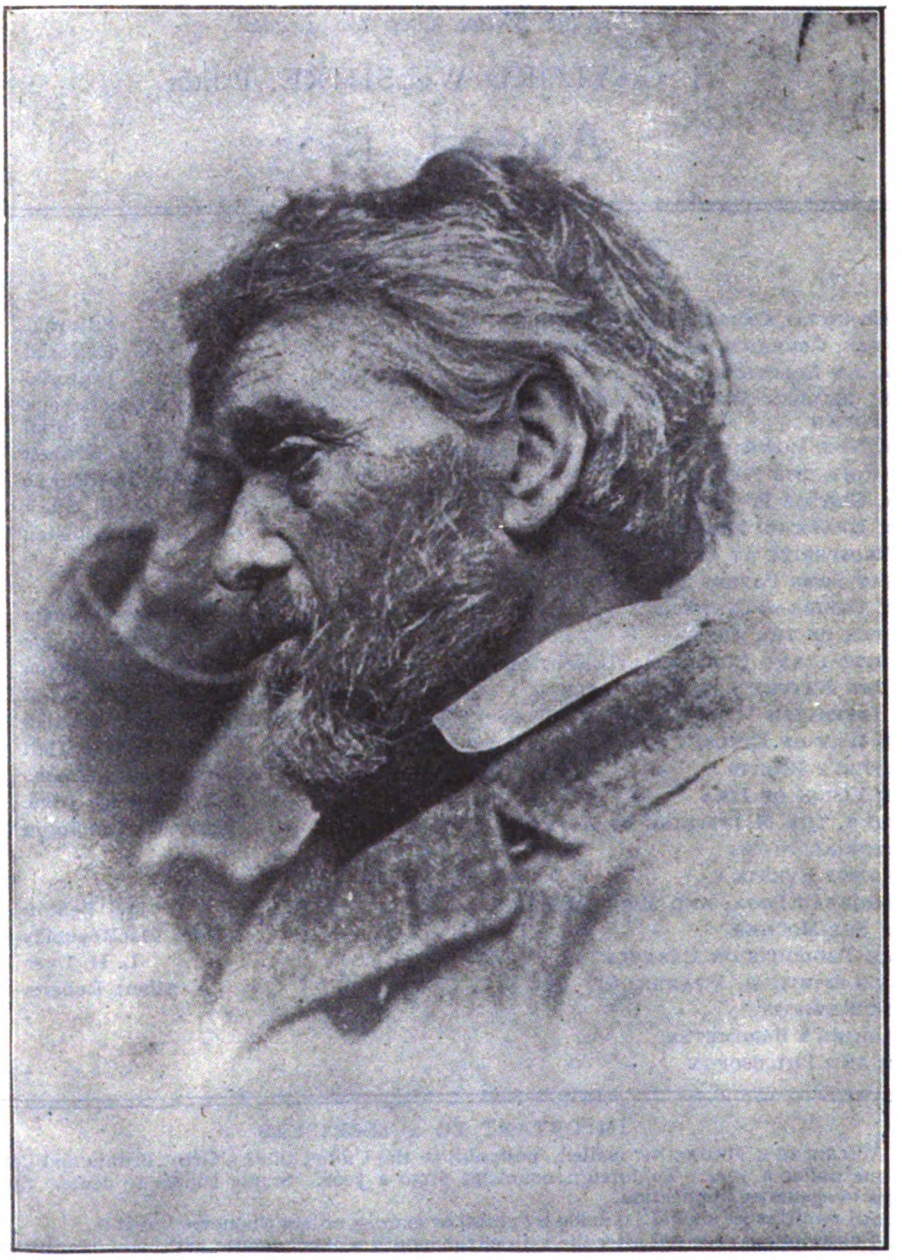

THOMAS CARLYLE

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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 61 TORONTO, AUGUST, 1903 $1 Per Year

A FINANCIAL CATACLYSM INEVITABLE

ALL POLITICAL questions today resolve themselves into the solution of the problem of how a man can get a just equivalent for his labor. I doubt if a single one, upon analysis, cannot be reduced to this simple proposition.

The problem of the production of commodities sufficient for the wants of men upon this planet has been completely solved. We no longer talk about the growth of population exceeding productivity. We recognize fully that the only Problem today has to solve is that of distribution. It would seem to any reasonable man that the mere pointing out of the fact that our competitive wage system, by limiting the laborer to a wage demanded by his unemployed fellow-laborer, necessarily restricts his powers of consumption to the mere minimum of existence. While this is apparently a self-evident fact, yet it is one that is being constantly overlooked, and the overlooking of it will be found to be at the base of all our errors in the science of political economy. There was a time when all the professors of political economy said that any theory which involved the admission that there could be such a thing as general overproduction was, upon the face of it, absurd; that it was impossible and absurd to conceive that the earth should produce so much food and clothing that the people could not get enough. They said that the explanation of an apparent condition of overproduction was that it was purely local. If the Canadians, for instance, were producing more wheat than they wanted, and the Cubans were growing more bananas than they wanted, matters would adjust themselves as soon as a knowledge of actual conditions was in possession of both Canadians and Cubans. As soon as this knowledge should prevail, an exchange would be made and the whole problem would be solved.

Of course it is true enough that even under our competitive system there are conditions where there is overproduction of a certain commodity in a certain place, and that the proper commercial knowledge of this condition would so facilitate the distribution of the local over-production that it would be relieved, and normal conditions would be re-established. But looking at the world as a whole, and realizing that the competitive wage system exists throughout the civilized part of it, it cannot be lost sight of for a moment that it is easily possible to have general "overproduction" simply because we have a system of distribution which prevents any large distribution of the products of labor to those who produce, viz., the workers. It will at once be urged that if this competitive system limits the laborers' consumption so that overproduction must ensue, how is it that we do not have overproduction continuously, and why have we not been compelled long ago to abandon our competitive system? The reason is simply that overproduction arises from the use of machinery, and as we have been using machinery, that is, steam engines, electricity, etc., for only fifty years, we could not have the problem before that time, and since then we have been utilizing the surplus above and beyond what the laborers produce in the production of more and more machinery. If this process of the transformation of the surplus into new machinery could continue for ever there would never be any permanently insoluble unemployed problem. There might be temporary crises and there might be local states of overproduction, but finally the capitalists would discover where machinery was most needed, and would so direct labor that it would function at that point and so alleviate any local unemployed problems. But the capitalist today has a universal eye that takes in a world-wide view. Railroads in China, oil refineries in Russia, cotton mills in India, he furnishes them all, quite indifferent as to nationality. When a system of underground electric railroads is needed in London and the British capitalist cannot see that it will be a profitable undertaking, then an American sees it and builds the railroad. The capitalist is a man to whom patriotism is not even a last refuge; he never considers it at all. Whatever country needs his money gets it, the only condition being that he is guaranteed safety and a return of dividends.

However, in whatever country he invests his money, it will be found upon ultimate analysis that he is building this machinery in order to feed and clothe the working class and the farmers. Not that he has any philanthropic ideas regarding such a procedure, but because these constitute the only body of consumers that is of sufficient importance to be considered. It is true that capital may be invested in building a steel mill in Pittsburg, and it may appear that because the steel rail is sold to the Vanderbilts for their railways, this is an undertaking which cannot be classed as giving food and clothing to the working class; but it must be remembered that Vanderbilt only buys steel rails for use upon railroads which are largely to be used to carry wheat and pork and cloth for distribution to the aforesaid workers. So, whatever way we may look we will always discover that although the commodity itself turned out by the capitalist cannot be consumed directly by the workers, still it is only one or two removes back

where it will be found to be simply a means of giving some commodity for the workingman's direct consumption, that is, his food, his clothing, or his house. Hence our whole system of industry is an inverted pyramid, its apex being the consumptive ability of the worker. *This ability to consume being strictly limited by the competitive system the pyramid can only remain where it is by means of the continued production of labor-saving machinery.* For example, we build a steel rail mill, and find out that by building a larger and better one, we can save labor. We dismantle the first mill and build a second and better one; and when this is finished we may again go through a similar process and even build a third still better. We started out fifty years ago and built an Erie Canal which carried water four feet in depth and a canal boat of 75 tons. Then we enlarged it so that it carried seven feet of water in depth and a canal boat of 250 tons, and now we are getting ready to make our Erie Canal twelve feet deep and able to carry boats of a thousand tons. Of course it is possible that in ten or fifteen years, we may decide to enlarge again and have boats of 2,000 tons.

Now all this construction of new iron mills and of new canals, etc., means the opening of so many new channels for the distribution of the surplus products made by labor, and if, as said, this could be continued indefinitely and upon a large enough scale there would never be any question about the continuance of prosperity and laborers having constant employment. Of course this would be simply building canals and mills in order to give ourselves employment. It would be very much like the way the men upon a man-of-war are kept contented by making them holystone the decks of the ship; but there are a good many people who imagine that this is the highest and best we can get.

However, as the machinery is simply built to furnish goods to the laborers, and as the laborers' capacity to consume is limited by their wages to a mere minimum of existence, it is evident the day will finally come when we have too much machinery. The Trust is the significant sign that that day is at hand, for the reason that the Trust exists is the recognition of a state of overproduction. The basic reason of the existence of the Trust lies in the recognition by the capitalist class that our industrial machinery has attained a stage of practical completion.

That continued expansion is as necessary as it is impossible for the perpetuation of the existing commercial system is well known and admitted by all competent writers upon the subject. For instance, there was recently a very striking article in the New York Sun, which is so able that I have decided to incorporate it bodily herewith:

"WE NEED LARGER FOREIGN MARKETS.

The market value of the manufactured products of the United States for 1902 was, approximately, $15,000,000,000. This is the product of more than half a million establishments, whose total capitalization exceeds $10,000,000,000, and in which some seven million of our people find employment. This truly enormous business becomes only the more imposing when one realizes how large percentage of it is of recent development. Within a quarter of a century the number of our factories has doubled, their capitalization has quadrupled, the number of their employees has increased nearly three times, and the

value of their output has grown from the $5,500,000,000 of 1880 to the $15,000,000,000 of 1902.

In connection with such a statement there arises, naturally, a question of the disposition of so enormous a quantity of merchandise. Where does it go? Who uses it? It is probable that the offhand judgment of many would declare that much of the increase was due to the increase in our export trade. Yet the fact is that we export only about 3 per cent. of it. Of the American manufactured wares of 1902, 97 per cent. in value was consumed in the best market which the United States has—the domestic. It went to a trade with which the American manufacturer is familiar—to customers whose wants, habits and tastes he understands. It was sold under commercial laws and financial conditions with which he is fully acquainted. The American manufacturer knows his home trade, knows how to get it, and caters to it. He studies the requirements of his market, and that market is at all times quickly and easily reached. Credit systems, banking and transportation facilities make his domestic trade a simple process in comparison with export trade. For these reasons American energy is bent toward securing and holding American trade against both domestic and foreign competition.

But there is another side to this trade question which is growing beyond general realization. Within a quarter of a century the output of manufactured products has increased 200 per cent. Actual producing capacity has probably increased much beyond that, inasmuch as few establishments are run continually to the full extent of their producing power. But the number of domestic consumers has increased only a little more than 50 per cent. within the same period. Two influences appear. One is that we now manufacture at home many of those articles which twenty-five years ago we imported. The other is that the consuming capacity of our population has increased more rapidly than has the number of consumers. Standards of living are higher and individual requirements are greater than they were a quarter of a century ago. Individual wants increase with the ability of the individual to gratify them, and national prosperity has transformed much that was a luxury of the last generation into an ordinary comfort or a seeming necessity for the present generation. Yet, even with these important influences, the fact stands that consuming power has not kept pace with the vast increase in producing power, and American manufacturers are coming into more and more direct confrontation with an ever-increasing surplus of manufactured wares beyond the requirements of the home market.

There are two lines of possible determination of the question, and only two. One is limitation of output, the other an extension of markets.

We look at our export trade in manufactured goods and see its increase from $100,000,000 in 1880 to $150,000,000 in 1890, and then its tremendous leap to more than $400,000,000 in 1902. The dazzle of these figures blinds us to their real significance. Diverted by a striking incident, we lose sight of the main issue. That issue does not lie in the mere fact that there has been a very gratifying increase. It rests in the question of the great probability of serious reaction upon domestic interests if that export trade be not indefinitely extended within the near future.

Already careful students of the situation are asking each other how long we can continue to absorb at home a percentage of our products which will avert glutted markets and depreciated prices. Let there be assumed a continuance of our present prosperity, of big crops and busy mills and well-paid labor. There must be an even greater prosperity and even bigger crops, with a profitable market for them, if the ever-increasing mills are to find a domestic market for their ever-increasing production. Closely interwoven as our industries are, a cessation of activity in any one of our leading lines reacts upon other lines. The cry of "overproduction" or of "underproduction," call it which you will, is quickly raised, and

commercial uncertainty paves the way to commercial stagnation. A market clogged with the products of our factories compels the stoppage of production, limits the general consuming power, enforces general economy in the household, and opens the door to hard times.

It has pleased various writers and public officials to regale us with exuberant tales of the "American invasion" of this, that and the other market. As yet our exports of manufactured goods fill only a very small hole in the world's markets, and our increased exports are not due so much to our inroads upon the trade of our competitors as they are to our participation in a general increase of world business. That our export trade in manufactured goods has grown is as gratifying as it is undeniable. But there are these three facts which remain for the thoughtful consideration of our commercial and financial classes:

1. That we now export only 3 per cent. of the products of our shops, mills and factories.

2. That we now secure only about 10 per cent. of the world's import trade in manufactured goods.

3. That our market is not keeping pace with our increasing facilities for production.

Stagnation in American factories is now only less pregnant with menace to American interests than is failure in our crops.

It will be noticed that the Sun never considers that the only way to get a greater domestic market is to increase the wages of what it terms "well-paid labor." The ignoring of this palpable solution is characteristic of all such attempts to solve the current industrial problem. Of course to increase the wages to any considerable degree under a competitive system is practically impossible. The trades unions are doing a great deal, but their efforts apply to only a small proportion of the wage-earning class, and even when they do get what they demand, the total increase is so small that it cuts no appreciable figure in reducing the surplus that is being produced above and beyond what their wages allow them to buy.

The solution of the problem can only be found in the co-operative wage system, and this system can only be introduced by the establishment of public ownership of the means of production.

The inevitable solution of the next economic crisis is to be found in the motto of this Magazine: "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

COFFEE, CURRANTS AND ORANGES

AS a very tangible evidence of the inability of society to distribute the wealth that is produced under our present competitive system, it is interesting to note the overproduction of three great staple products, viz.: coffee in Brazil, currants in Greece, and oranges in California.

Ordinary agricultural products, such as wheat or corn, which are planted from year to year, can be restricted in production when the price falls too low, by the simple process of refraining from planting. But with a crop like oranges, growing in orchards requiring great expense in the planting and culture for years before maturity, it is self-evident that one or two years of low prices will not incite the growers to lose all the money invested by abandoning their orchards. The same applies to the coffee plantations and currant vineyards. It is to be remembered that an orchard neglected goes to ruin. Hence when overproduction ensues in crops of this nature the planter is face to face with a very serious problem. He must go to the expense of taking care of his orchard and he has a crop forced on his hands which he cannot dispose of.

From the following item, taken from the N. Y. Commercial of recent date, it will be seen the conditions in Brazil are so desperate that the Government is proposing to destroy one-fifth of the crop:

The forty-fifth annual report of the Chamber of Commerce for the official year 1902-3 was made public yesterday. The proceedings of the Chamber for the year ending April 30, 1903, together with the roll of members, officers and committees, constitution and by-laws, comprise the first part of the volume. The second part contains trade reviews and statistical statements of trade and finance.

The report says: "The coffee markets of the world have been overshadowed by the enormous yield of the Brazilian crop, which has been of increasing rather than of diminishing proportions, and has afforded very little opportunity for the development of bullish features. The crop of 1901-1902 was more than the whole world's yearly consumption, and this was followed by a crop that very nearly equaled it in size, while the present prospect is that the crop due July 1 will exceed all its predecessors, the estimates foreshadowing a production of 16,000,000 bags.

"This enormous expansion is the result of the plan of agricultural development adopted several years ago, and which resulted in converting a large acreage of wild land into coffee plantations. The new trees, which require three years to mature, have gradually swelled the proportions of the crop, until now planters are just as anxious to restrict the yield, and various plans have been discussed, but the only one that has in any way materialized is the tax in kind levied in the State of San Paulo, which is to go in operation July 1; under the provisions of this law planters will be required to hand over to the Government 20 per cent. of their shipments.

"Thus, if an order for 1,000 bags is received, the planter will be required to send to the Government agent 200 bags to be destroyed, that is, burned up. It is said that this measure cannot be practically carried out, and that it will fail, especially as it is to be enforced in only one of the five coffee-growing States. During the month of August a New York syndicate, that had a large speculative interest in the market, endeavored to advance prices by manipulation, but although they were aided by a temporary drought and a light frost, they relinquished the contract."

In Greece, where there is an overproduction of currants—it may be said the currants of commerce are not currants in the American sense of the word, but are a small grape, grown upon a vine like any other grape—the Government is also arranging to have part of the crop destroyed and passing strict laws against the further extension of planting. In California the orange growers are not sufficiently organized as yet to have part of the

oranges destroyed in order to be able to sell the remainder at a living profit, but there is no question but this is what must be done ultimately. The price of the surplus determines the price of the whole. If the surplus sells at a loss, the whole crop sells at a loss. If, for instance, there are a million boxes of oranges for sale, and there is a demand for only 900,000, then the extra hundred thousand must be slaughtered at any price, and the price upon this hundred thousand will make the price for the whole million. It is evident, therefore, there being a market for 900,000, that it is better to destroy the 100,000 and get a living price for the remaining 900,000 than to try and sell the whole million at a loss. The total returns to the growers for the 900,000 boxes at a high price, will be much better than for the million boxes at a low price.

The problem the California growers have to solve, however, is how shall the growers of the 100,000 boxes which would be destroyed, be compensated. Today this would necessitate a close organization of the growers, and in fact such a compact organization that it is very problematical whether it can yet be formed. The growers have not had enough discipline yet.

Of course all this discussion about destroying the fruits of the earth when so many people need them, would seem absurd if it be not always remembered that we are living under an absurd system. Here we have the earth so prolific that we are actually threatened with starvation unless we destroy some of the food which we have produced. When we abolish our competitive system and introduce a co-operative system of distribution, we will never raise more than we need, because production will be systematically planned; and if at any time we find that more labor is directed toward the production of a certain commodity than is needed, it will mean either a reduction in the hours of labor or the transfer of labor to some other industry. Today our competitive wage system so limits the effective demand of the people that it is folly for us to expect consumption to keep up with production.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

AS predicted in this magazine last June, the Socialists in Germany made a tremendous increase in their vote in the July elections. The party made its first appearance in the political arena in 1871, when 102,927 votes were cast and one member elected to the Reichstag. The following table shows the progress of the party since that date:

Date.	Vote.	Members Elected.
1871	102,927	1
1874	351,927	9
1877	493,447	12
1878	437,158	9
1881	311,961	12
1884	549,990	24
1887	773,128	11
1890	1,427,298	35
1893	1 786,738	44
1898	2,105,075	56
1903	2,911,317	81

Every great city in Germany is now heavily Socialistic, but owing to the monarchical form of government the Socialists have little or nothing to say in the way of effecting any radical legislation.

The composition of the new Reichstag is as follows, compared with the old:

	1903	1898
Clericals	102	102
Socialists	81	56
Conservatives	52	52
Free Conservatives	19	20
National Liberals	51	53
Richter Radicals	21	27
Barth Radicals	9	14
South German Radicals	6	7
Poles	16	14
Alsatians	9	10
Anti-Semites	9	10
Agrarians and Peasants' League	7	3
Hanoverians	3	7
Danes	1	1
Independents	11	19
Total	397	397

Owing to there having been no new apportionment of representatives in late years, the cities are grossly under-represented, while the country districts are heavily over-represented. Since the Socialists hold most of their votes in the cities, the result is that the 81 Socialist representatives in the Reichstag is much less than they would have were there new apportionments made. However, this is all so well known to the majority in the Reichstag that there is no hope of any such reform being made.

The Socialists in Germany have exactly the same platform fundamentally that all Socialists have the world over, viz., the demand for the ownership of the machinery of wealth production by the people and its administration democratically. The American newspapers are in the habit of falsely stating that the German Socialists are simply a reform party. This is so absurd that it would not be worth contradicting were it not so persistently repeated.

Why Madden Would Raise the Publishers' Postal Rate to Four Cents a Pound

IT MAY seem strange to people who are unfamiliar with Post Office workings that Mr. Madden, the Third Assistant Postmaster General, should be so very strenuous in his efforts to have the second-class postal rate raised from one cent a pound to four cents a pound. This would seem particularly remarkable inasmuch as, by his own statement, he has so thoroughly purged the second-class list of all publications not entitled to that rate that there should be every reason why the remaining ones should enjoy the old rate of

one cent a pound. However, the reason of a desire for a change is simple enough. In fact, there are two reasons. One is the desire of the Post Office to stand in with the daily press, which is a more powerful political force than the weekly and monthly press; and the daily press, under the arrangement, will still have the one cent a pound rate, while the rate for the weekly and monthly press will be raised to four cents.

But the main reason of this desire to raise the rate is to be found in the fact that the Express Companies will get the work of transportation which is now being done by the Post Office; and Mr. Madden, with the backing of the Express Companies, has a very good reason for sticking at his work. Already the Express Companies make rates very much lower than that of the Government for carrying packages, and if the rate were raised to four cents a pound it would simply force the magazine publishers into the hands of the Express Companies. This would not only be a profitable thing for the latter, but it would also check the tendency of the Post Office to absorb the express business. Congressman Loud, now deep in the Post Office mire, and who was the most outspoken advocate in favor of the Express Companies, and tried the hardest to get the rate raised on second-class publications, has, fortunately, been defeated for re-election from his California District last year. Mr. Madden, who is an official, appointed by the President, else he would never have been an official at all, continues Loud's work. What Loud tried to do by congressional action, Czar Madden does direct by his own edict.

Canada, with an enormously greater surface of the globe to cover, compared with her population, than has the United States, finds no reason why she should not continue to carry her second-class mail at half a cent a pound throughout her dominion, and has recently even gone a step further and made the same rate to Great Britain. When Senator Platt and his Express Company become as powerful in Canada as they are in the United States, Canada may then see the advantage of having a Madden put at the head of her postal department.

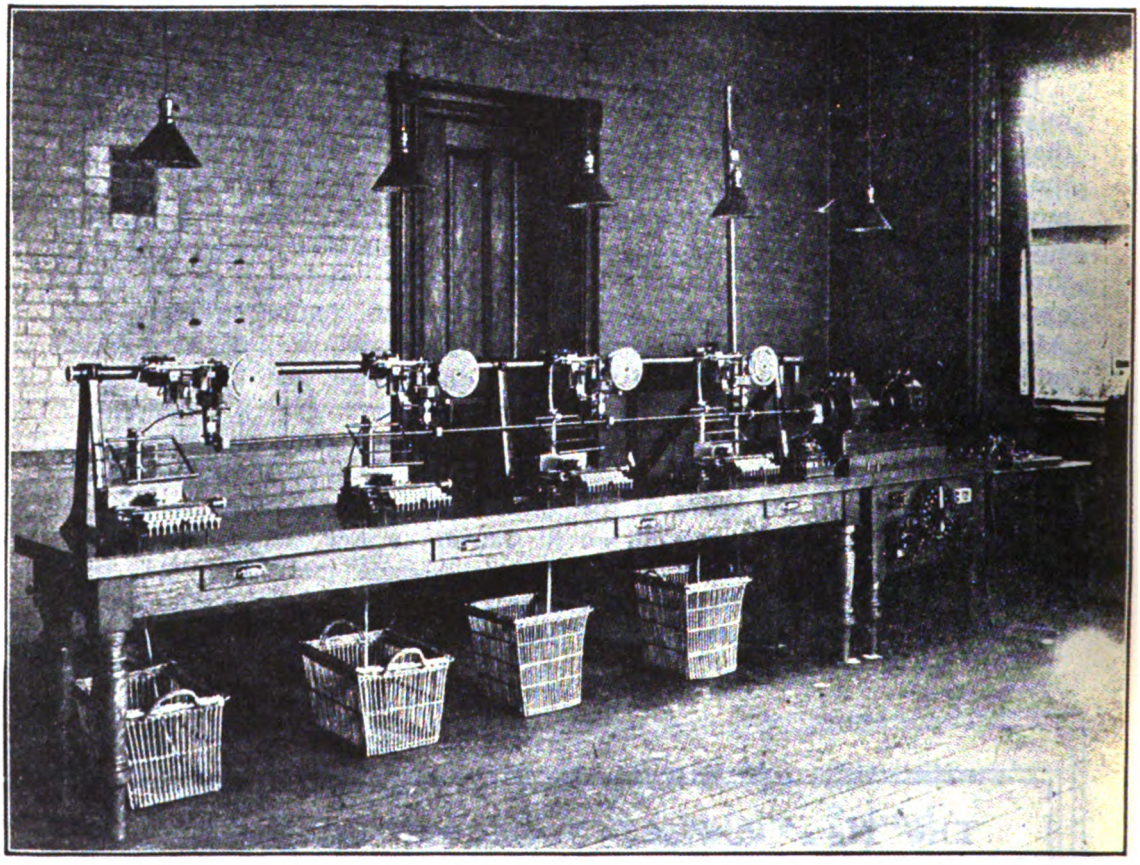
The New Rowland System of Telegraphy

WALDON FAWCETT

DURING the past few years a number of printing telegraphs, each marvelous in its way, have been perfected, but unquestionably the most notable advance in the field of telegraphy is found in the system devised by the late Dr. Henry A. Rowland, professor at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, whereby eight messages may be sent over the same wire at the same time—four in each direction. Each of the four transmitters of

a Rowland station is made like a typewriter. The receiver prints the telegram in Roman type, but not as in former printing telegraphs on a narrow tape. Instead the record is made upon a sheet of paper which can at once be detached for delivery.

The discovery of this new telegraphic system is in many respects of greater practical importance than the evolution of wireless telegraphy. From an economic standpoint, particularly, the achievement is notable since it must readily be apparent that it will be possible to effect a tremendous saving over the old plan in which it is, of course, impossible to send messages in opposite directions simultaneously. By the Rowland system—generally known as the octoplex, owing to its capacity for sending eight telegrams at the same time—the transmission of twenty thousand words per hour may be carried on without any undue fatigue to the operators, and under the most favorable conditions a speed of twenty-nine thousand words per hour may be attained. This is in marked contrast to four hundred words per hour, the maximum speed thus far attained in wireless transmission. An alternating electric current may be altered or

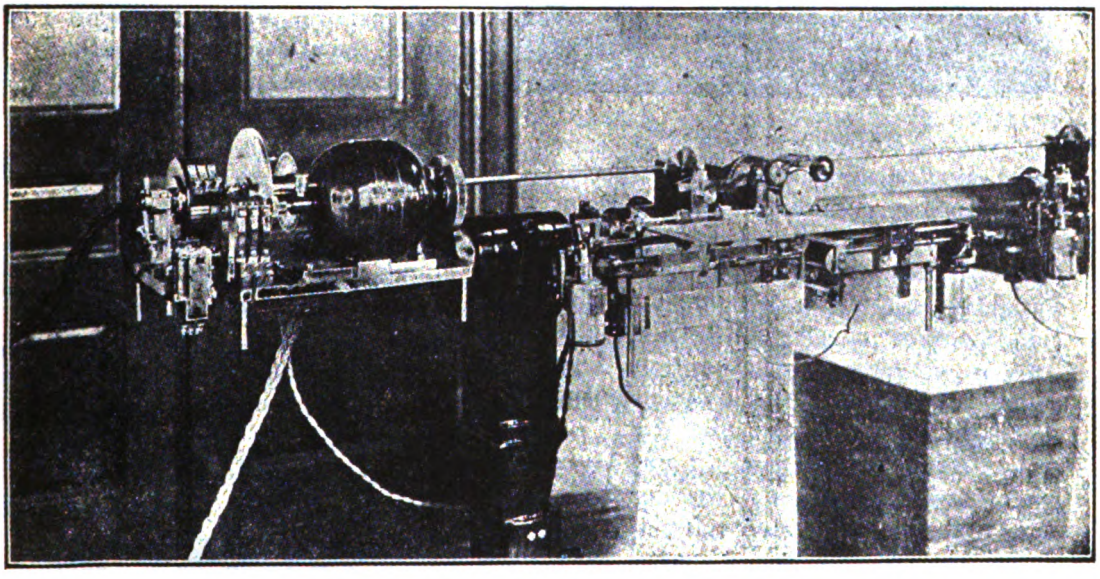


BATTERY OF TRANSMITTERS.

modified in a number of different ways, any one of which modifications may be used for sending signals over a line. Upon this principle the new Rowland system is based. Professor Rowland found that he could employ with advantage about 208 alterations of the current per second. Four operators can send four different signals each quarter of a second and thus 960 different signals may be transmitted over the line in one direction in one minute. It may be explained that the signals are, in reality, sent over the line in succession although the process occurs so rapidly that the four different operators appear to be sending four different signals simultaneously. Multiplexing of the messages is the term applied to this process of sending several different signals transmitted by different operators over the line in one direction, although in such rapid succession that they may appear to be sent simultaneously.

Marvelous as is the practically simultaneous transmission it is not more remarkable than the development of the system so that the figures, the letters of the alphabet and some extra signs are automatically printed in such a manner that each operator by writing on an ordinary Remington keyboard prints at the end of the line opposite to himself on a page eight inches wide. The telegram is printed in Roman type, the pages of printed matter have the general appearance of an ordinary sheet of typewritten matter, and the sheet of paper when detached is ready for immediate delivery to the recipient of the telegram. The printing apparatus contains forty-one different characters and forty words per minute is an ordinary speed for a practiced operator, so that altogether eight operators may be printing 320 words per minute over an ordinary telegraph line.

For converting the signals sent over line into printed characters the Rowland



RECEIVING INSTRUMENT PRINTING A MESSAGE

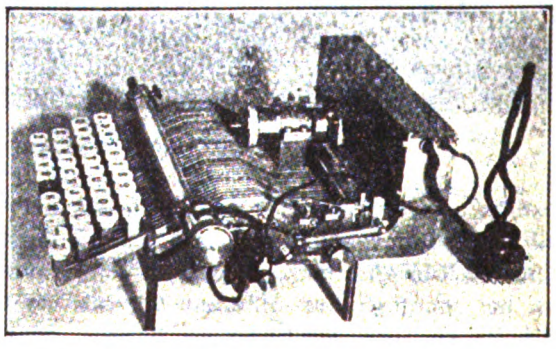
system requires that between certain parts of the rotating mechanism at each end of the line perfect synchronism be maintained. By this it is meant that two wheels in widely separated cities

RECEIVING A TELEGRAM.

shall revolve at exactly the same speed, and, furthermore, that when a certain point marked on the circumference of one of the wheels is in a particular angular position, a corresponding point on the other wheel shall be in exactly the same relative angular position. The practical attainment of this synchronism constitutes one of the chief features of the new system. It may be secured regardless of the distance between any two stations. This accomplishment, of course, opens the door to a host of other important electrical and mechanical inventions, for if wave signals can be converted into printed letters they can, of course, be converted into a variety of mechanical operations such as the steering and operation of a torpedo boat, the loading and handling of large guns at a distance or the operating of a distant typesetting machine.

The operation of cutting out the waves for transmitting the wave signals over the line is performed, as has been explained, on an ordinary Remington keyboard. These keyboards are so constructed that the keys can only be depressed at intervals corresponding to the passage of 52 waves over the line, that is, at intervals of about one-quarter second. The locking device which times the depression of the keys is called the "clapper" and unlocks the keys four times per second; that is, each operator can send four different signals over the line in one second. In the sending of signals over the line each operator works independently of the others and no conflict can possibly occur between the signals sent by the various telegraphers.

A unique feature of the Rowland equipment is found in the page printer, whereby the signals sent over the wire are automatically translated into ordinary figures and letters of the alphabet which are printed upon a sheet of paper eight inches wide. The printing apparatus is made up of several distinct



ONE OF THE FOUR TRANSMITTERS.

parts. First of all, there is a light type-wheel of steel about two inches in diameter, on the circumference of which the forty-one characters are engraved. This type-wheel revolves continuously

at the end of a horizontal shaft. A light paper carriage carries the paper that is fed from a roll underneath the type-wheel. There are devices for thrusting the paper forward to make the lines and sideways to space the letters, and a back carriage device to return the paper to a position where a new line of printing is to start. Finally, there is a small printing magnet which operates a hammer or platen which strikes the paper up against the lower side of the rim of the wheel at the moment when the character to be printed has turned to its proper position above the hammer. The spacing, lining and backing of the paper may be performed at will by an operator at the other end of the line. If by any chance the operator at the sending station should neglect to send the "back signals" which return the paper and should attempt to print beyond the edge of the sheet, then the carriage will carry the paper back automatically when the end of a line of printing is reached, just as, if left to itself, the paper will shift automatically under the wheel for the purpose of spacing between words. However, a practiced operator is seldom remiss in sending "back signals," because at the sending end an automatic device on the keyboard shows the operator just how far he has printed on a line. The operator being able to space, line or back carriage at will, paragraphing, etc., can be accomplished the same as on an ordinary typewriter. A bell rings automatically if anything disturbs the synchronism or the printers are turned off.

A valuable feature of the Rowland apparatus is found in the fact that all messages transmitted are simultaneously recorded at the sending station. The recording at the sending station is done on a tape in printed characters. The tape passes directly over the keyboard and before the eyes of the operator so that any error in transmission may be instantly detected and moreover the tapes which are preserved enable the tracing of any mistakes. This home recording of the message is accomplished without loss of speed in the eight regular transmitters and without additional complication in the key boards. The octoplex system can transmit messages to greater distances without relaying than any other multiplex system which has thus far been devised. It has been successfully operated under government tests over lines of 550 miles, and it is anticipated that it will work perfectly, without relaying, between New York and Chicago. Moreover, a method has been perfected for automatically relaying the messages. The Rowland system is not only multiplex, but is also duplex. The term duplexing means the sending of two different signals from opposite ends of the line in opposite directions. By this system the two signals sent in opposite directions may be transmitted at identically the same instant.

Although the Rowland system was invented by an American the discovery had its first practical application abroad. The telegraph line between Berlin and Hamburg was fitted with the new apparatus some time since and a little later the Rowland system was installed between Berlin and Frankfort-on-Main. Indeed, it is now regarded as certain that the Rowland invention will totally displace the Hughes and Baudot printing telegraphs which have attained such vogue on the continent. The Hughes system attracted much attention when first introduced, but has been found scarcely satisfactory for long distance

communication. The Baudot system is based upon the same principle as the invention of Rowland. The sending machine or transmitter resembles a miniature piano keyboard and letters are transmitted by pressing combinations of keys. However, the Baudot system secures the delivery of only four different telegrams simultaneously and its maximum rate of transmission approximates only about one-third or one-fourth the number of words which may be sent by the use of the Rowland system.—The American Inventor.

DELIGHT, THE SOUL OF ART

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

A YOUNG philosopher makes a rapid synthesis, based largely on a hurried and prejudiced impression from things he has read or heard, and partly on what he would call intuition, and produces a phrase, which he offers as the summary description of his philosophy. An old philosopher looks back over the notions, opinions, theories and experiences of his life, tries them all out, to prove what is sound and what rotten, and forms the residue into a phrase, which means his philosophy to him and to such other persons as may happen to have travelled the same ground that he has. These two phrases, so differently arrived at, may be verbally identical; and you might think the young philosopher as wise as the old one. But get each of the two men to tell the story of how he came by his phrase—of what it means to him—and you will find a great difference; a difference as wide as that between zenith and nadir, ignorance and knowledge, gilt and gold.

Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy has written a book—or, rather, he has bound in a volume five lectures which he seems to have delivered somewhere—in the New York Art Institute, perhaps, if there be such a place—and he bestows upon the volume the title, "Delight, the Soul of Art."* The present writer has no knowledge of Mr. Eddy, except what he has derived from the book; but he surmises, from a reading of the book, that he is a young man; quite young; perhaps younger than his years. He seems to have read a good deal—to have absorbed a good deal of written thinking—and to have arrived at various very positive convictions; to have come to fancy that some things are very true, and others very false. These vehement convictions, by the way, are often to be noted in persons who write or discourse about art, or theology, or any matter not on the physical or mathematical planes; and the reason of their vehemence appears to be that their convictions are not susceptible of practical proof. If they could prove them, they would not be vehement about them, because they would feel no need of it; the truth itself, being

*Delight, the Soul of Art. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Lippincott, Philadelphia. Price $1.50.

manifest, would save them that trouble. But as they are only matters of opinion, or of feeling, or even of sentiment, their proprietors wax indignant with those who disagree with them, scold them hard, arraign their stupidity and absurdity, and sometimes call them names, and abandon them to perdition. They get angry, or fall into despair, in short, because they cannot otherwise make themselves and others feel sure that they are right, and every one not of their way of thinking, wrong. This is the way with the young philosophers—the young in judgment, if not in years. It is not the way with the old philosophers—the Aristotles, Platos, and Goethes. These men never get angry, or scold, or call names. They are tranquil and amiable, charitable and easy-going. They cannot prove their theses by physical or mathematical demonstration, any more than the young ones; but that does not trouble them, for they have visited places, and seen things, which carry with them the personal revelation of truths which were never meant to be demonstrated; which, could they be demonstrated, would not be truths of a sort to merit attention. They take you along with them to these places, and set before you these things, and say to you, "Behold!" If your eyes are of the open variety, if you are an initiate in the Mysteries, if your wisdom teeth are grown, you behold and understand; if otherwise, you do not; from Dan unto Beersheba all is barren—to you. The old philosopher, in that event, is not disturbed; his temper is sweet as ever, he smilingly suffers you to go your way and call him, if you like, an old ass, or humbug. Nothing is changed; it might be better if you were changed, of course, but he has done what he could for you, and if it prove of no avail, his conscience is clear; you must come to him if you and he are to get together; he cannot come any nearer to you.

Mr. Eddy's phrase is, Delight, the Soul of Art. There are a certain sound and air about it as it steps out before you; it means, probably, only that an artist takes pleasure in creative work. There is truth in the proposition, too; but the question before us at present is, is it so importantly and vitally true as to warrant having a whole book (or five lectures) devoted to it? Mr. Eddy first tells us all he can think of about his eponymous topic —Delight, the Soul of Art; then he goes on to speak of Delight in the Thought: Sincerity and Conviction; then we have Delight in the Thought: Inspiration; next, Delight in the Symbol: Expression; and finally, Delight in Labor: The End. The treatment, we observe, is exhaustive. All changes are rung upon the idea; it is chased into its ultimate hiding-places; the pursuit of it is urged through the better part of three hundred pages. But after reading it all carefully (as the present writer has done) the reflection occurs that a man like Aristotle or Gœthe might have put all that the idea really contains of value into a single page. If Mr. Eddy had not been under an obligation to write fifty or sixty pages on each of his five divisions; if he had not been obliged to talk a couple of hours to his audience on each of them, might not he, too, have contrived to get all the essential message that he had to deliver into much more compact dimensions? Turn to the chapter on Inspiration. There are pages on pages derived from works on human physiology, and full of disquisitions on nerve

fibre, motor nerve cells, the spinal cord, cortical brain centres, conscious and subconscious stimuli. Dispersed throughout this and similar researches, is a vast flood of rhetoric; of exhortation, of rhapsody, of illustration, of condemnation, of lament, of speculation. At times we are reminded of Ruskin in his petulant and pessimistic moments. Sometimes we catch an echo of Morris; sometimes we seem to be wandering vaguely, though always with vehemence, as if our guide felt that he had missed his way, and were angry. Ultimately we seem to discover that the reason we have no true art nowadays is, that we have lost the faculty of feeling delight in art; that "we are so absorbed in material pursuits that we have no time to cultivate the beautiful . . . no time to spend days in studying good pictures, no time to sit for hours before great sculpture, no time to spend years in the contemplation of noble architecture, no time to devote the best attention there is in us to every detail in the furnishing and ornamentation of our homes—we buy things ready-made. So long as this condition of things exists it is idle to expect art to flourish. Silent Shakespeares and idle Angelos await your summons; they will not come at the call of hollow pretence; but when you want them so badly that you cannot do without them, they will arise to do your bidding." In other words, though the soul of art may be delight, the life of it is patronage.

Such a conclusion seems hardly to justify such a book. The time may come, as Mr. Eddy mounts higher and higher upon the Mount of Vision, when he will concede this. His horizon will widen; he may find a broader, deeper, more catholic definition of art than any which he has as yet reached; and begin to suspect that, could one grasp this sorry scheme of things entire, he would not find it so sorry as he had imagined, or so alien from the soul of art. "The astonished muse finds thousands at her side," Emerson once remarked.

Meanwhile, Mr. Eddy's book may be left to find its own level. It is the fruit, evidently, of hard work, and the present writer has no desire to abuse it. It contains many sentences which strike the reader as being true and sound; it shows an aspiration to vindicate art, and to expose and denounce impostures. But to insist that delight (in any interpretation of that word) shall be the touchstone of true art, is insisting too much. It lands the author in several awkward places, from which he hardly extricates himself. Art has always produced itself spontaneously, and the rules for it were made afterwards. Human nature always needs it, and always will, probably; but not always in certain conventional forms. There may be periods when the art idea will not consent to incarnate itself in any visible symbol; yet those periods may turn out to be not the least pregnant and progressive eras of art development. Let us try to take things coolly, not to dogmatize, and not to get mad with the spirit of the age. The ways of God are unsearchable, but they have uniformly proved to be good ways, when we have arrived at a position from which we can intelligently review them.

THE GIST OF IT

J. F. STARK

IT is about as unsatisfactory to the ordinary investigator to look for an adequate definition of Socialism in our (capitalist) dictionaries as is the treatment accorded the general philosophy of Socialism by the capitalist press. For example, Webster's dictionary (unabridged) defines it as being "a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed." Now, as a matter of fact, although the definition sounds rather flattering, upon investigation we find that it has almost no significance whatsoever. The principal error lies in the statement that Socialism is a theory. To the student of economics it would seem equally absurd to say chattleism, feudalism or capitalism were theories of society. There may be a theory of the institution known as Socialism, and also the means whereby it may be realized, but that the institution itself is a theory is rather an extraordinary statement to come from a dictionary; and that very same error is contained in the definitions given by nearly every one of the standard English dictionaries.

"Oh, but," some one hastens to explain, "it is a theory now, but it will some time be suddenly transformed into an (industrial) institution." Yes, but actually that transformation cannot take place at all. And if we analyze the statement, we shall find that it contains a metaphor, which used in this connection, is very misleading. The biologist may have a theory of the metamorphosis whereby a caterpillar becomes a butterfly, but whatever comes of the caterpillar, one thing is perfectly sure, the theory will never become a butterfly, however strong the resemblance between the two may be.

One of the points which certainly wants very much to be cleared up is that the Socialist philosophy and the Socialist state, *i.e.*, Socialism are two distinctly different entities. The Socialist philosophy is no more Socialism than the science of astronomy is the material universe. Again, to assume that Socialism is a theory, and then straightway proceed to discuss means of inaugurating the same as an industrial institution, is manifestly the height of absurdity; though it is one of the commonest errors that able writers on the subject are given to.

I preface this essay with these remarks not with the idea of picking flaws or splitting hairs, but simply because I have so often noted the very confusing effect of such careless terminology. For instance, I have more

than once been invited to explain myself while doing missionary work, and being unable to do so, it was extremely embarrassing to have to go way back and sit down and learn a new classification. The other day I read a very good article by a leading Socialist, in which the terms Socialism and Socialist Philosophy were used interchangeably. Now, had he used the terms Co-operative Commonwealth and Socialist Philosophy interchangeably they would have been no less comprehensible.

The briefest, plainest definition of Socialism that I can conceive of is a state of industrial democracy, and the Socialist philosophy may be defined as: That division of sociology which treats of the evolutionary process which must inevitably culminate in Socialism. The average man is by social inheritance an orthodox reformer; that is, he views the world as a stage, whose settings are the same yesterday, today and forever. He does not accept the statement from the evolutionist that history is a succession of orderly phenomena and that the social trend is dependent on the industrial trend, and not upon the mere arbitrary action of the individual. Hence it is not at all strange that almost his first question is sure to be, "How are you fellows going to bring this about?" And in this question we can at once discern clearly just what information he stands in greatest need of. He needs most to know what are the dominant factors in capitalist industry. And just here is where society has been learning the most difficult lesson—trying to find the real problem. Of course, society did not dream that the real problem, the real issue, was bound ultimately to disclose itself by the gradual uncovering and laying bare of the dominant factors of our industrial mechanism.

Here let me say that in this essay time and space are all too valuable to treat on what might be labelled desirable features. Instead, I shall devote myself to a discussion of the inevitable phases, the dynamics of the movement. There are all too many reformers in the world who, like the old lady, can in their social observations see the painted rooster, but fail utterly to see the barn on which it is stationed.

The first attempts of the producer at ridding himself of the capitalist burden in this country were, we know, early in our nation's history, while yet the capitalist mode of production had not developed sufficiently to enable the producer to discover its dominant tendencies; hence they naturally failed to recognize the real issue and cause of their dependence. In brief, what did they do; what was their failure? They mistook the incident for the fundiment. They formerly said, we must abolish the property qualification for voting and reform our banking system; without which progress and success are impossible, and with which they are assured.

Later the industrial change of face, not of base, led a majority in society to observe other incidents and make a formal declaration for "Free press, free speech and free soil." But failing still to touch the fundamental error, as the years rolled on they thought they saw the root of their trouble in the money question. The gaunt spectre of hard times would surely cross the national threshold to return no more again forever, if only fiat money were substituted for metalism. And probably the last important attempt at incidentalism was that in which it was declared

that the real issue was land, transportation and finance; and that the crisis had come to stay until land, transportation and finance were dealt with in accordance with the Populist formula. Thus we see that society on the stream of commerce has now already floated past nearly every mile-post of opportunism, and the current is growing ever swifter. I have no wish at all to throw discredit on the heroic efforts of the past; on the contrary, I would call attention to their great service to society, principally in that they have so completely demonstrated the inefficacy of opportunism. And this brings us again to the matter alluded to awhile ago.

We find, contrary to the orthodox theory, that the world is a stage on which the scenes and settings are continually being shifted. And farther on we shall discover something of still more importance about this world stage. These middle class experiments have also enabled us largely to determine what are not dominant factors in capitalist industry. For example, middle-class efforts to lift the capitalist burden are bound to be futile for the very sufficient reason that the class is a moving entity; a *sinking* entity; and in the very nature of things that burden cannot be *forced upward* by a class that is *constantly sinking lower* and is not yet on proletarian bedrock. But why, some one asks, do you have so much to say about dominant factors? I hope to make that matter perfectly plain a little farther on; however, I might say just here that the ship of state rides not on the ebb and flow of enthusiasm for any single phase of human advancement, but rather upon the ceaseless onward ocean tides of industry. Hence, according to the law of economic determinism, political movements are the resultant of economic change. So you see in our present quest for the real issue, it is imperative that we first find the features that dominate present industry. How then shall this be accomplished? Manifestly by finding the base or unit of the capitalist mechanism, which, as we shall soon see, is the modern steam-driven machine. And before proceeding further, it might be well to state briefly the Marxian definition of the economic machine. It is the tool or combination of tools evolved to the point in magnitude and complexity where its motive force must be greater than that of man-power. Now, then, the next thing is to find out, or rather sum up, just as many things about the machine as possible. However, the practice of stuffing with statistical information on the part of the propagandist has proven ineffective. A very large majority of the workers are already now in possession of facts enough to make them good class-conscious Socialists. All it wants is a proper arrangement or classification of those facts so as to show their relation and significance; hence, if we take the machine and analyze it, there can be no difference of opinion in the premises.

Let the operative who reads this, if he is a shingle weaver, observe carefully the workings of the machinery about him and reflect that his grandfather made shingles without the aid of steam-driven machinery. He carried on the whole process with a drawing-shave, and sitting astride a clumsy wooden horse. If the reader happens to be a sawmill hand, let him recall, among many other things, the time when lumber was manufactured with a whip-saw. If from a cotton factory or woolen mill, a shoe factory, etc., he will note even a greater revolution in

productive methods. Now this movement in industry is not an accident, or primarily because "A, B and C" were more shrewd than any other person in previous history, which is not the case, but it was simply in obedience to a natural law; the law of conservation of energy. Notice that when production was simple, as now, we had private ownership in the means of production, which at that time was perfectly right. Why? Because production was then of the individual by the individual and for the individual. Every man received the full product of his labor, or approximately so. The people saw that that kind of ownership was good, and being orthodox in their economic views, jumped at the conclusion that it always would be good. They truthfully said that if a man failed under those conditions it was not the fault of any man or class of men. But "the process of the suns" has since inverted the terms in the industrial situation, and disclosed the fact that the former theory of ownership, though perfectly sound at one time, is now—when applied to present industry—an absurdity, an incongruity, a rudimentary survival! But, says someone, labor did not then have as many of the comforts of life as it now has. We answer, neither did capital then have one-tenth the comforts and luxuries that it now enjoys, but that is entirely beside the question. It is solely a question of product. Labor has become thoroughly tired of producing the whole thing and then being induced to "divide up" and give capital the lion's share. In support of this proposition let me quote Prof. Rogers, late of Oxford, who tells in his great work on wages, that the hey-day of the common laborer was prior to the advent of steam-driven machinery. That never since then has he been able to retain so large a fraction of his product. And John Stewart Mill, a recognized authority, tells us that it is questionable if all the improvements in machinery have lightened the day's labor for a single man.

Now, then, if machinery has not materially lightened the burden for labor, what have been its principal effects?

In the age of handicrafts, prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century, before the advent of modern machinery, each worker owned his own implement of production; hence it would logically follow that he would secure to himself the full product of his labor, however small it might be. All are competitors, but with equal equipment. Each owner can operate one tool or implement, and conversely each operative can own one. Those two industrial factors—the active and passive—balance nicely and the law of recompense is not violated. This was the scene presented when Samuel Adams made his debut on the great world's stage. In the twentieth century, when the former tools, with added appliances, are converted into the machine, the number of laborers necessary to obtain the same result, the same product, is greatly decreased. Hence, instead of lightening the burden for the single individual by this mechanical innovation, he is first dispossessed and then displaced. And this was the appearance the stage presented when J. P. Morgan made his debut. But what becomes of the displaced laborer? He is simply pushed into the surplus labor army, the army of the unemployed, and thus we have found the mill that grinds out the proverbial tramp nuisance, the social evil, and even the liquor curse about which

superficial preachers, editors and reformers talk so glibly. We have also found out just why the tramp is necessarily the complement of the millionaire. Some few men may be lazy and vicious under almost any circumstances, but what we Socialists object to is an artificial method of turning them out by the million. Every new improvement means a given quantity of displaced labor; for, as we have already seen, almost an unlimited number of instruments of production can be transformed into one, while not even two workers can by any possibility be converted into one! Thus we are forced to the conclusion that the present industrial condition must prevail and continue to grind out its multitude of horrors as long as we admit of private ownership in the social agents of production! For because of their evolution we now have an industry of the people, by the people, and for the individual, *i. e.*, production is now social. The method of man, the active factor, is made to correspond with the nature of the machine, the passive factor. We further see that where the tools would formerly number one hundred, the operatives one hundred, and the owners one hundred, we have now reached the point where the tool (machine) equals one, owner equals one, tool-less worker equals one hundred, with twenty-five to fifty per cent. of him in the surplus army. The factors in the economic situation do not balance; do not equate. So it is manifest that each owner cannot by any possibility become sole operative, and conversely each operative cannot possibly become an owner! It is also perfectly evident that the interests of the one hundred dispossessed are not bound up in the system that dispossesses them!

To retrace a little. Who is considered a material success? There is no difference of opinion on that score. All are agreed that it is the one who is so fortunate as to become an owner; and we have seen that were we, every one of us, equally capable, not one in fifty could ever hope to succeed; and for the very excellent reason that the system—which so many, many "free and independent citizens" are now given to lauding—does not need more than one owner to every one hundred operatives; nor even that many, for we shall see from the following statistics that as the process of concentration goes on, the number of proprietors necessary to carry on industry grows ever smaller and smaller. And we further see that the concomittant of concentration is dispossession.

In 1850	Producers	owned	62½	p. c.	of wealth.
" 1860	"	"	43¾	"	"
" 1870	"	"	32⅔	"	"
" 1880	"	"	24	"	"
" 1890	"	"	17	"	"
" 1900	"	"	10	"	"

It looks very much as if the dominant tendencies — this constant change of scenes and settings—this "step-at-a-time" movement of capital as above indicated, were surely in the direction of an inevitable climax; as if the last act of the tragedy Capitalism is being played, and an awakened proletariat is making ready to let fall a quick curtain on the closing scene; when all the bourgeois furnishings will be swept from the stage. And then the curtain will again rise on a new drama with new equipment, and no fife or drum jars on the newly awakened sensibility; but the numbers are all in tune with the infinite—

> "And the battle flags are furled
> In the Parliament of man
> The federation of the world."

The advent of steam presupposes an era of invention and mechanical concentration. Mechanical concentration means industrial concentration; industrial concentration means dispossession and exploitation; dispossession and exploitation mean class consciousness; class consciousness means independent political action on the part of the dispossessed class; independent political action means conquest by a growing proletariat of the powers of state (the governing function); the conquest of the state means the collective ownership and administration of industry; and that's how "you fellows" are going to bring this about!

It might be said, however, just here, that it is the consensus of opinion among Socialists that this political conquest will be the immediate result of a great industrial crash in which capital throws society into a ditch so deep that it can never recover itself by the capitalist method. The proletariat simply comes to the rescue, in which event Rip Van Winkle's descendants, in their dire extremity, will have utterly forgotten their former inarticulate jargon about "dividin' up" and "confiscation." To orthodox economics is due credit for the discovery that the world is a stage, but further than that it has seemed incapable of going. It remained for the Socialists to prove that that stage is not only evolutionary, but revolutionary also; that society evolutes through one historic drama and revolutes into the next, and so on down, this periodic bursting process continues from cannibalism to Socialism, from Alpha to Omega. Now, then, to return; we have seen that the most essential class in society is the wage-working class; that the wage class is such, not from choice, but rather from absolute capitalist necessity; that they constitute a vast and growing majority of the world's producers; and that no one ever got rich working for wages! So the wage-worker, the most useful member of society, the man who produces the things which are the most absolutely essential to human existence, is a prisoner of poverty!!! And this is the twentieth century!!! Once in a while a prisoner escapes; but this colossal prison-house of capital is continually being made stronger; its walls are being built higher and more secure, and a still heavier guard is being placed around it. Thus we see that the system has organized on the battlefield of industry, two opposing armies; the interests of the one to perpetuate the system under which it has realized material success; that of the other to abolish the system which has compassed its failure, disinherited it, and transformed it into a mere automaton! Hence the class struggle for the means of existence, as exemplified in the effort to get more profits on the one hand, and higher wages on the other, by the logic of industrial events, resolves itself into a struggle for the possession of the powers of state. The outcome of this world's battle depends simply and solely upon which of the contending interests is the greater; in other words, upon the survival of the fittest.

"In northern zones the ranging bear
Protects himself with fat and hair;
Where snow is deep and ice is stark,
And half the year 'tis cold and dark;
He still survives a clime like that
By growing fur, by growing fat.
These traits, O Bear, which thou transmittest
Prove the survival of the fittest.

To polar regions waste and wan,
Comes the encroaching race of man;
A puny, feeble, little lubber,
He had no fur, he had no blubber.
The scornful bear sat down at ease
To see the stranger starve and freeze;
But lo! the stranger slew the bear,
And ate his fat and wore his hair!

These deeds, O Man, which thou committest,
Prove the survival of the fittest.

In modern times the millionaire
Protects himself as did the bear.
Where poverty and hunger are,
He counts his billions by the car.
Where thousands suffer still he thrives,
And after death his will survives.
The wealth, O Crœsus, thou transmittest,
Proves the survival of the fittest.

But lo! some people odd and funny,
Some men without a cent of money,
The simple, common Human Race,
Chose to improve their dwelling place.
They had no use for millionaires,
They calmly said the world was theirs;
They were so wise, so strong, so many—
The millionaire? There wasn't any!
These deeds, O Man, which thou committest,
Prove the survival of the fittest!"

THE HEART OF MUSIC

VERA JOHNSTON

ART works are persons. We like and dislike them for the same reasons that we like and dislike persons. They are beautiful, cheerful, inspiring, profound; or they are dry, stupid, tiresome, depressing. In a musical composition the rhythm, harmony and melody respectively give backbone, body and external beauty to the work, three fundamentally desirable elements in persons. The musical thought which the work as a whole reveals to us, is the spark of life, the soul, the inward reality which, in a person, makes possible—moreover makes necessary—his outward existence. And in proportion to this inward reason and will to live, and the perfection of its expression, will the art work be more or less artistically important, as a person is important according to the force of the spirit animating his thought and deed.

Thus we realize more and more clearly that a worthy composition is not something outside of life, to amuse us within life, but a more or less complete reflection of life itself.

It will readily be seen that a work may be very marked in its appeal to us through melody alone, or harmony, or rhythm alone, and yet be conspicuously wanting in the others, and therefore will fail to satisfy our whole nature; or, being remarkable in the technical treatment of all three, it may be merely a shell, and have no living musical thought whatsoever to express to us.

This "musical thought," this reality back of the mask of rhythmic, harmonic, melodic technic—what is it? The list of already existing definitions and conjectures would be a long and conflicting one, ranging from mere form, through color, emotion, drama, philosophy, down to the latest discoveries in the world of psychology. Clearly, then, this reality is a bugbear, but one that has been growing in size and importance year by year. Circumstantial evidence would argue that it must resemble a chameleon. We are more inclined to regard it as a sort of protean kangaroo in sheep's clothing, as hereinafter shown.

In literature, a sentence gives us something beyond its grammar and the sound of its words, namely, a meaning. In a musical composition, this meaning, beyond the rhythm, harmony and melody, may be called the *content* of the work — that which fills and animates the framework of notes, as spirit and purpose animates the body of a man. Yet the term content,

convenient as it is to argue from, explains nothing. It is the sheep's clothing, beneath which we must look for the true wearer. It was inevitable, that content, in music, should become more and more important, once men found that music can be more than pleasing sound—that it could, in fact, be the vehicle of an emotional and spiritual force of unlimited power. To watch the process of development, however, we must become enthusiastic geologists, and follow up the trail of our elusive bugbear—*content*. We first discover that he is a rather lively animal, with a habit of unceremoniously jumping over the horizon just as we have, with much pain, prepared a snug orchestral jungle, (otherwise a classic symphony form) as his abode. Let us witness the performance of this feat. In its primary cultural stages, content may be mere design, an arrangement of notes, and lines of notes, which give the ear the same pleasure that the eye is afforded by a piece of exquisite lace, a tapestry, or the symmetry of the petals of a flower. Such is much of Haydn and Mozart. Assuming that we lived a hundred years ago in European Court circles, and had become accustomed to deriving this formal pleasure from music, imagine that we should suddenly be confronted with compositions which violated all the sacred canons of musical design. We could no longer find the accustomed nutriment in our musical diet, so for what, then, were we to look? Clearly the bugbear had taken one of his flying kangaroo leaps. Hunting him down, in other words, giving our sympathetic attention to the new works, we found that while formality of design was ignored, emotional expression was gained for art-music. Music was no longer merely lace and flowers; it was joy, sorrow, horror, exultation, passion—it was Beethoven and Wagner. But emotion run wild and emotion controlled are very different things, and we then had, and still have, two species of bugbear, wild and domesticated. The first regards emotion, the state of feeling itself as an end—and cares very little what end—and the second regards the controlling and directing of the impulses born of emotion, as a source of power in life. The extremes are Caliban and Prospero, the first a slave to any momentary passion, the second an ardent subserver of natural law.

The men who introduced emotion into art-music—it had always existed in folk-music—were moral giants, and, therefore, in Prospero's class. But many others, less great, took up the cue—men who could feel and had the genius to express emotion, but not the control of emotion. This has led, in our own day, to a vast amount of music remarkable in respect of emotional expression, by men who are often spoken of as "imitating Wagner's faults but not his greatness." They are genuine wonder workers and their music surpasses everything that has gone before in irridescence, in chromatic tonal orgies, emotions *ad libitum*, pleasant and unpleasant. But they have no answer for him who looks on appalled, and asks "whither?" The shoals and deeps of life have only an æsthetic value for them until perchance they find themselves wrecked and sinking, face to face with the struggle of life and death. Yet many of these heroic drifters have been great men, geniuses, who, in their fever to express themselves, have been most prolific in the invention of new means of expression, and have left an invaluable legacy to their successors. The moral fibre inextricably woven into the schemes of modern life, they have, however, denied to an art, whose rightful province is the whole panorama of life. They constantly deal with moral material, not seriously, formatively, but only as it is picturesque or romantic.

Such are the later romanticists and realists. They have taken no share in the work of forming human conditions, as did Beethoven and Wagner, but have merely represented with consummate skill the ragged, but ever appealing human conditions about them. One man might have been their Savanarola —Brahms—and in fact it took some time to find that behind the apparent

austerity of his voice, there was no genuine prophecy or revelation for modern music. Not content with checking mere irrational emotionalism, Brahms denied his contemporaries, tacitly perhaps, their rightful promise of normal dramatic feeling, and reverted himself to a species of colossal formalism.

But neither the rainbow colored, yet formless mists of emotionalism, nor the impressive, yet arid, valleys of latter day formalism can draw our gaze wholly from the gleaming peaks of an art that is life complete, form, color, emotion, thought, deed, knowledge of good and evil—the whole life drama—the art of Beethoven and Wagner.

The essence of this art, the depicting of regenerative human conditions, is almost lost sight of in the modern rush for sensation. And still we can cry, "Hurrah for the modern," for out of the restless fermentation will come a wine of rare vintage. But what will happen when a generation nourished on post-Wagner emotionalism (never a logical development from Wagner) shall be confronted by a music which shall neither be lacking in virility, color and dramatic power, nor revert to formalism, and yet which shall no longer confer the accustomed emotional intoxication? Undoubtedly in such a case, the whole *raison d'etre* of music will at first appear to have vanished, the animating spirit to have fled. Clearly our bugbear will have taken another jump, and content must be sought elsewhere than in sensation.

To find it we must ask: "What is the final difference between the man who accepts emotion as an end, and the one who places it where it belongs in relation to the other things of life, in order to shape life itself to a desired end?" Obviously one is drifting, while the other has his hand on the helm, guiding his ship to a definite port. And what does the second require to accomplish this, that does not concern the first? Simply—the Will to do it. So our bugbear, which has been masquerading for a while as emotion, the will to feel, at the last presents itself to us as the *will to do, to act.*

Thus *will to do, action,* becomes the content of music, dethroning rampant emotion and artificial formalism, both aspects of the lesser *will to feel,* while at the same time employing both form and emotion to its own ends. Thus the greater will, enabling us through our actions to approach the goal made plain to us by our aspirations, surveys the whole of life; at its utmost, feeling dominates but a part of that whole.

And since Jupiter is dethroned, how is this Prometheus to be recognized? Simply by looking within our everyday selves, and seeing if the music we hear awakens within us a state of feeling, or a state of action. In the end, our discussion has led us to no philosophical abstraction, but to something immediately familiar to each one of us in ourselves. Will to do, action, as Content, first makes its entrance into music felt by seizing upon the musical material, rhythm, melody, harmony, and waking it from some cherished, yet foredoomed dream, into a consciousness of real and intense life. Music no longer sings prettily to us, nor carries us off into a world of careless dreams and pleasures, but exalts or depresses us in a manner impossible to describe, leaving us conscious of practical life, but heightening its meaning, reminding us of our heretofore unrealized power of shaping it as we will.

Were we not searching chiefly for pleasurable sensation through sound, Beethoven would often affect us in this manner. Intense emotion gives us oblivion to things we ought, but do not wish, to remember. On the other hand, will to do, which means readiness and power for action, shows us all things in our experience, dreams and realities, feelings and deeds, but at the same time gives us the power wherewithal to bring them into orderly arrangement. We need scarcely look farther to see why even the music-lover sometimes feels himself unequal to the task of braving a Beethoven symphony. It is not Lethe, but Life, with Life's responsibilities. And here, too, is readily

explained the person who likes Wagner "in spots," viz.: the emotional spots. Such a one, like Jack Horner, picks emotional plums out of the Wagner world pie, leaving the pie itself for grown-up folks not dependent on sweets for happiness. The latter, while nowise scorning the delights of the former, look beyond and see the will in Wagner's works, slowly, but with irresistible power, building up the substance of ideal life and heroic deed.

In an actual musical art-work, the regions dominated by any of the different phases of content are not to be measured off and labelled. For they often overlap, or are superposed, one on the other. They are, however, none the less recognisable. If we would learn to distinguish them, to read musical revelation directly, the first step must be to banish, should we not have done so already, any such baleful belief as that music exists solely in order to give pleasurable sensation through sound. This might have been universally a tenable position at some period of human evolution, and is still the precarious stronghold of those who insist on living in the past. The second step is to banish the belief, that music exists primarily to give any sensation through sound, pleasurable or painful. For we would still be demanding satisfaction for the same insatiable craving—to feel. The next thing is to banish the belief that music exists for any one particular thing or class of things, and to realize that for every region of life, every height, breadth, depth, may exist music according.

If without prejudice as to what music should be, we allow it, as we hear it, to refer itself spontaneously to what our own life is, then only can it have freedom to speak out its full meaning to us. If it tells us one moment of the flowers in the fields, or of passions and dreams, in the next it may speak to us of the overthrow of decaying human beliefs, of the struggle of good and evil, of the goal of human aspirations.—The Theosophical Forum.

IS PROSPERITY AT AN END?

EDITORIAL U. S. INVESTOR

BEFORE taking up in detail the question whether American industry has reached the height of its prosperity, the scope of the question should be defined. In a broad sense it goes without saying that American industry has most emphatically not reached the height of its prosperity. It is very far indeed from that point. The question with which these remarks open must be limited to a comparatively brief period of time. While it is conceivable that the prosperity of this nation is now entering an eclipse, which may endure several years and subject the bulk of our people to serious inconvenience, the real industrial progress of the United States has hardly more than begun. That fact we desire to impress on the reader with all the force of

which we are capable; for while what we are about to say regarding the near future may possess some dark features, the future when viewed in a large way must necessarily excite the liveliest enthusiasm in the breast of every American. Reckless and ignorant measures have been employed profusely in the last few years to manipulate the future for the benefit of the present, and these anticipatory measures are bound to have widespread evil consequences; but despite such loose handling, the future is bright with promise for this people. A very few words will explain why. The greatness of this nation does not reside in any essential superiority in the mental endowment of its people. Probably there is very little to choose between the various mental endowments of the Aryan races. It is all a matter of environment. We are in the habit of assuming that we in particular are the greatest race on earth, but as a matter of fact, we merely have the greatest opportunities. On that score there is no Aryan race that excels us. No territory is richer in natural resources, and none is so advantageously situated to command the world's market. China has a magnificent territory and boundless natural resources of the highest character, but her backward trade policy and her disinclination to cut loose from antiquated ideals and modes of existence, remove her for the present from the category of nations whose trade competition is to be greatly feared. Among the Western nations that are actively competing for the trade of the world, none is so well endowed as our own in respect to staple commodities. As a producer of breadstuffs, provisions, cotton, petroleum, copper, iron, gold, silver, and a vast number of other necessary basic commodities, we occupy a unique position. And not only so, but our place in the configuration of the earth's surface gives us advantages in the marketing of products which no other nation possesses. We start, therefore, with natural conditions all in our favor, and we have improved our natural advantages by a general educational system which tends to enlarge the individual initiative of our people beyond that of other races. Despite an inordinate self-esteem (which cannot help but impair our efforts) and a sharpness in material affairs which is apt to cut both ways, we have forged ahead in the last few years, in the matter of enlarging our hold on the world's market, in a manner which indicates that our potentialities are practically without a limit.

Another feature of the situation which creates a fear that the tide of industrial prosperity is temporarily on the wane is the increasing evidence of over-production. From a purely academic point of view it may be said that a period of over-production is sure to follow such industrial activity as this country has experienced since 1898. Glance for a moment at the following figures, which show, in round numbers, the production of pig iron in this country in the last fifteen years:

	Tons
1888	6,400,000
1889	7,600,000
1890	9,200,000
1891	8,200,000
1892	9,100,000
1893	7,100,000
1894	6,600,000
1895	9,400,000
1896	8,600,000
1897	9,600,000
1898	11,700,000
1899	13,600,000
1900	13,700,000
1901	15,800,000
1902	17,800,000

Obviously the gain since 1897 is more or less temporary. The conditions which have made it profitable for the iron masters to increase their product 85 per cent. in five years cannot, by any sound process of reasoning, be considered permanent. We have not the slightest hesitation in affirming, that before 17,800,000 tons becomes the normal rate of pig iron production in this country there will be years of very much smaller production. The

enormous increase in the supply of the commodity in the last five years has been utilized in certain very striking ways. The debilitated physical condition of American railroads (as a result of the previous hard times) necessitated an extraordinary consumption when the earning capacity of the roads increased. The five years of enlarged activity in every line of business were characterized (as is always the case under such circumstances) by building operations on a scale never before witnessed in this country. Furthermore European conditions have been such as to admit of increased exports of iron products from the United States. For one thing there has at intervals been an exigent demand abroad which exceeded the capacity of foreign producers. The fact should be noted, too, that excess supplies from our mills have been sold abroad at cut prices, foreign producers being taken by surprise in this particular. Now all these conditions are likely to change at any moment. The railroads are not going to keep on buying at the rate witnessed since 1898—even if they have the money to do so, they will lack the incentive. Building operations cannot continue at the present pace much longer. Every one with a tolerably long memory will recall that 1893 demonstrated that the building activity of previous years had been greatly overdone, and that a great amount of capital so employed would have to wait a long time for its return. As regards the foreign demand for our iron products, we have not the remotest idea that the European producers are going to relinquish their markets to us with no more effort to retain them than they have shown in recent years—all their energy will be bent to so reforming their methods as to insure them the maintenance of their previous position. We shall by no means lose all we have gained, but we can hardly expect to find our path as easy in the future as in the past. Neither can we expect an uninterrupted flow of exigent orders from abroad. Unique conditions have occasioned these orders in the past. Leaving iron and turning to other commodities, there is increasing evidence of actual over-production. Retailers appear to have brought over larger stocks of goods from last year than is usually the case. Take the wool manufacturing industry as an illustration. The heavy-weight season in wool goods which opened around the first of the year, has proved a disappointment. The initial orders came in slow; but it was hoped that when the time for repeat orders came round, business would average up to the level of previous years. This result, however, has not been achieved, the repeat orders being far from satisfactory. It transpires that the retail clothiers are better stocked than usual, which apparently indicates that the high production of American mills in recent years must by 1902, at least, have resulted in overstocking the market. Probably the wool textile industry is not unique in this respect.

A number of other facts which signify that possibly American prosperity has reached its height for the present might be presented, if space permitted. Some importance can probably be attached to the fact that collections are not as good throughout the country as could be desired. The Ames failure in Toronto this week is also disquieting. The Canadian financial situation seems to have reached a critical stage, and it is not inconceivable that a situation may be evolved in the Dominion which will react disastrously on affairs in the United States. The spread of labor disturbances in this country must also be viewed with feelings of uneasiness. Profits from industry are not, as a rule, as large as they were a short time ago, by reason of keener competition, increased cost of labor, and a great advance in the cost of materials. The profit per unit of production is probably very narrow in a good many large industries. The cost of living, however, has increased faster than wages, and the labor element is disposed to ignore every fact but that and to insist on new concessions. It is fairly safe to assert that if it presses its demands as far as it now seems disposed to do,

capital will be incited to go into retirement. At any rate, the very fact that such large number of persons are idle in 1903, must have an appreciable effect in curtailing the purchasing power of the nation, and therefore in diminishing the demand for general commodities in coming months.

WHAT SOME PAPERS SAY ABOUT US

It is Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire's innings now. He is the publisher of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, a Socialist periodical, and some two years ago, as he claims, he was forced by the refusal of the postoffice department to admit his publication to the mails as second-class matter to go out of the country and set up his plant in Canada. He was denied the privilege by Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden, as he alleges, on the ostensible ground that the magazine was designed primarily for advertising purposes; but why it should be so held any more than dozens of similar publications is not apparent from looking it over. Mr. Wilshire, however, has insinuated more than once that the real cause of the discrimination against him was that he refused to pay blackmail assessed upon him as the price of the privilege; that a clique was organized in the United States for blackmailing publishers, and that he declined to pay a fee of $5,000 demanded by a certain lawyer in consideration of undertaking to obtain for him more favorable action by the department. This lawyer, it appears, is a relative of one of the high department officials involved in the scandal. These are, indeed, suspicious circumstances, and it looks as if Wilshire's case might yet be brought into the investigation. Certainly the ground alleged for denying the lower mail rate was flimsy, and if there is or has been any such blackmailing organization as claimed, the sooner the matter is looked into the better.—The Press, Portland, Me., June 20, 1903.

Claiming the Credit

In the current issue of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE evidence is reproduced of an attempt to blackmail the publisher of the magazine at the time his publication was denied the second-class mailing privilege. For a fee of $5,000, Mr. Wilshire was assured that it would be quite possible to induce the department to reverse its decision. Instead, he preferred to remove his publication to Canada, where it is not necessary to buy justice.

Mr. Wilshire says that he laid the evidence before Mr. Hearst and other New York newspaper publishers, but they refused to touch the matter. This was over a year ago. There is little question that the agitation that was aroused by the action of the department in arbitrarily barring such publications as WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE paved the way for the exposures of the scandals that have since aroused the country.

Singularly enough, Mr. Hearst's New York American now jumps into the arena and claims the credit for exposing the corruption in the department. That his newspapers have done a great deal in forcing investigation since the facts began to leak out is undeniable, but as a matter of fact the corruptionists became so bold that their exposure was virtually forced upon the country. Hearst has jumped in at the eleventh hour and is claiming credit that a hundred newspaper managers might with equal justice claim.

If Hearst is doing all the things that he claims he is doing, why should he want to be president? If he is to be taken at his own estimate, he is doing more to secure honest government, suppress the trusts and bring about a reign of justice than the president. Isn't that enough to satisfy any man?—Milwaukee News.

One Wilshire; Count Him.

One Wilshire publishes a magazine at Toronto, Can., which the United States Post Office Department, in the exercise of its legal discretion, has decided not entitled to circulation in the United States as second-class matter, being "primarily designed for advertising purposes." Whereupon it publishes, in its June issue, a violent attack upon Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, and on its front cover, in big type, appears the demand: "Let Postmaster Payne answer: Is it a Maddened fool or a Baulked Blackmailer who exiles this magazine to Canada?" Such an exhibition is the best possible justification of Mr. Madden's decision. Let Wilshire's Magazine stay in Canada!—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

I suppose the great consolation earth gives to the Press is that it can say "one" Wilshire. If it were Two Wilshire—I refrain from contemplating the anguish of that respectable organ of the Roosevelt administration. But why does it go into hysterics and call a plain, simple question an "exhibition" fit only for Canadians?

Blackmail and Suppression of a Free Press

In connection with the get-rich-quick investigation of the postoffice department, and the revelation that certain officers have been levying blackmail on those threatened with denial of the use of the mails, or of favorable classification, it is very interesting to read the story of the experience of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, a Socialist publication, with the department. This magazine, which the Tribune receives every month and knows all about, is just like any other magazine, except that it favors Socialism. Certainly in this free country where the press is supposed to be absolutely untrammeled, so long as it keeps within the bounds of decency, and where it ought to be unconditionally free in the field of politics, a Socialist magazine has as much right to exist as have the two or three others which preach the gospel of the present order of things. Yet WILSHIRE'S was denied second-class mail privileges, and forced to move to Canada. In other words, the magazine was virtually suppressed.

The Tribune imagines that the public will be much interested, in view of the grand jury indictments and other revelations, to know that Mr. Wilshire has in his possession documents which prove that his chances of being permitted second-class entry would have been considerably brightened if he had given a "fee" of $5,000 to a certain young attorney named Barrett, said Barrett being a nephew of James N. Tyner, assistant attorney general, who furnished a legal opinion sustaining the ruling adverse to WILSHIRE'S. Telling the story in the last issue of his magazine, Mr. Wilshire says:

"Hence, when I was 'tipped' that Harrison J. Barrett, a young lawyer of Baltimore, was great on postoffice business, I did not hesitate a moment in inquiring what it would cost to get his services. I knew that Mr. Barrett was a nephew of the assistant attorney general of the postoffice, James N. Tyner, and that he had lately been 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 in so short a time."

Mr. Barrett, the lawyer with a "pull" on his good uncle, Tyner, was communicated with. The following reply from him to Wilshire contains a great deal of interesting information:

"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 the editor. The term in the law 'primarily designed for advertising purposes' certainly will not bear any such construction as you indicate is placed hereon 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. . . 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, and an agreement for an additional contingent fee of $2,500, provided the publication is admitted as second-class matter."

Wilshire declined to be bled for the $5,000, and in due time Tyner displayed his ability in the direction of quoting law for the purposes of those who would bar the magazine from the mails at the usual postage rate. Not being able to pay the higher rate of postage demanded, WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE suspended publication in the United States and moved to Canada, where it enjoys absolute freedom and all of the privileges of the British postoffice department usually accorded legitimate newspapers and magazines.

The Tribune does not believe in Socialism, but it does believe in a free press and an unrestricted discussion of political questions on even terms. It is actually a fact that by denying WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE second-class postage rates the postoffice department denies Socialism equal treatment with the politics of the present order of things, as championed by Gunton's Magazine. The latter is pro-tariff and pro-monopoly. It extols the tariff and the big corporations just as WILSHIRE'S extols Socialism. Why is one denied second-class rates while the other is accorded the privilege? How many other publications have been permitted to remain on the second-class list because of "fees" paid Lawyer Barrett, nephew of Tyner? Perhaps there will be some sort of answer before the investigations are completed.—Sioux City Tribune.

The feature of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE for June is an elaborate treatment of the Post Office scandals in the light of Wilshire's own experience as a victim of the Payne-Madden gang. WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, we may explain to new readers who may not be familiar with the facts, is published in Canada because Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, supported by his superiors (including Roosevelt himself, who was personally appealed to) refused its entry as second-class matter in the United States mails. Wilshire shows that recent disclosures conclusively support his charge, made in April, 1902, that the exclusion of his magazine was part of a systematic blackmailing scheme He also states that at that time he laid all the facts before Mr. Hearst and other New York daily newspaper men, but not one of these who are now howling for investigation and reform would say a word so long as it was only Socialist periodicals that were prosecuted.—The Worker, N.Y. City.

THE DESIRE OF NATIONS.

EDWIN MARKHAM

And the government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isaiah.

Earth will go back to her lost youth,
And life grow deep and powerful as truth,
When the wise King out of the nearing Heaven comes
To break the spell of long milleniums—
To build with song again
The broken hope of men--
To hush and heroize the world,
Under the flag of Brotherhood unfurled.
And He will come some day:
Already is His star upon the way! He comes, O world, He comes!
But not with bugle-cry nor roll of doubling drums.

Nay, for He comes to loosen and unbind,
To build the lofty purpose in the mind,
To stir the heart's deep chord. . . . .
No rude horns parleying, no shock of shields;
Nor as of old the glory of the Lord
To half-awakened shepherds in the fields,
Looking with foolish faces on the rush
Of the Great Splendor, when the pulsing hush
Came o'er the hills, came o'er the heavens afar
Where on their cliff of stars the watching seraphs are.

* * * * * *

Nor will He come like carnal kings of old,
With pomp of pilfered gold;
Nor like the Pharisees with pride of prayer;
Nor as the stumbling foolish stewards dream
In tedious argument and milkless creed,
But in the passion of the heart-warm deed
Will come the Man Supreme.
Yea, for He comes to lift the Public Care—
To build on Earth the Vision hung in air.
This is the one fulfillment of His Law—
The one Fact in the mockeries that seem.
This is the Vision that the prophets saw—
The Comrade Kingdom builded in their dream.

No, not as in that elder day
Comes now the King upon his human way.
He comes with power; His white, unfearing face
Shines through the Social Passion of the race.
He comes to frame the freedom of the Law,
To touch these men of Earth
With a feeling of life's oneness and its worth,
A feeling of its mystery and awe.

And when He comes into the world gone wrong,
He will rebuild her beauty with a song.
To every heart He will its own dream be:
One moon has many phantoms in the sea.
Out of the North the norns will cry to men:
"Balder, the Beautiful, has come again!"
The flutes of Greece will whisper from the dead:
"Apollo has unveiled his sunbright head!"
The stones of Thebes and Memphis will find voice:
"Osiris comes: O tribes of Time, rejoice!"
And social architects who build the State,
Serving the Dream at citadel and gate,
Will hail Him coming through the labor-hum;
And glad quick cries will go from man to man:
"Lo, He has come, our Christ, the Artisan—
The King who loved the lilies, He has come!"

He will arrive, our Counsellor and Chief.
And with bleak faces lighted up will come
The earth-worn mothers from their martyrdom,
To tell Him of their grief.
And glad girls caroling from field and town
Will go to meet him with the labor-crown,
The new crown woven of the heading wheat.
And men will sit down at His sacred feet:
And He will say—the King—
"Come, let us live the poetry we sing!"
And these, His burning words, will break the ban—
Words that will grow to be,
On continent, on sea,
The rallying cry of man. . . . .

He comes to make the long injustice right—
Comes to push back the shadow of the night,
The gray tradition full of flint and flaw—
Comes to wipe out the insult to the soul,
The insults of the Few against the Whole,
The insults they make righteous with a Law.

Yea, He will bear the Safety of the State,
For in his still and rhythmic steps will be
The power and music of Alcyone,
Who holds the swift heavens in their starry fate.
Yea, He will lay on souls the power of peace,
And send on kingdoms torn the sense of home—
More than the fire of Joy that burned on Greece,
More than the light of Law that rose on Rome.

From "The Man with the Hoe," and Other Poems, Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER X—CARRYING THE BANNER.

"To carry the banner" means to walk the streets all night; and I, with the figurative emblem hoisted, went out to see what I could see. Men and women walk the streets at night all over this great city, but I selected the West End, making Leicester Square my base, and scouting about from the Thames Embankment to Hyde Park.

The rain was falling heavily when the theatres let out, and the brilliant throng which poured from the places of amusement was hard put to find cabs. The streets were so many wild rivers of cabs, most of which were engaged, however; and here I saw the desperate attempts of ragged men and boys to get a shelter from the night by procuring cabs for the cabless ladies and gentlemen. I use the word "desperate" advisedly; for these wretched homeless ones were gambling a soaking against a bed; and most of them, I took notice, got the soaking and missed the bed. Now, to go through a stormy night with wet clothes, and, in addition, to be ill nourished and not to have tasted meat for a week or a month, is about as severe a hardship as a man can undergo. Well-fed and well-clad, I have travelled all day with the spirit thermometer down to seventy-four degrees below zero; and though I suffered, it was a mere nothing compared with carrying the banner for a night, ill-fed, ill-clad, and soaking wet.

The streets grew very quiet and lonely after the theatre crowd had gone home. Only were to be seen the ubiquitous policemen, flashing their dark lanterns into doorways and alleys, and men and women and boys taking shelter in the lee of buildings from the wind and rain. Piccadilly, however, was not quite so deserted. Its pavements were brightened by well dressed women without escort, and there was more life and action there than elsewhere, due to the process of finding escort. But by three o'clock the last of them had vanished, and it was then indeed lonely.

At half-past one the steady downpour ceased, and only showers fell thereafter. The homeless folk came away from the protection of the buildings, and slouched up and down and everywhere, in order to rush up the circulation and keep warm.

One old woman, between fifty and sixty, a sheer wreck, I had noticed earlier in the night, standing on Piccadilly, not far from Leicester Square. She seemed to have neither the sense nor the strength to get out of the rain or keep walking, but stood stupidly, whenever she got the chance, meditating on past days, I imagine, when life was young and blood was warm. But she did not get the chance often. She was moved on by every policeman, and it required an average of six moves to send her doddering off one man's beat and on to another's. By three o'clock she had progressed as far as St. James Street, and as the clocks were striking four I saw her sleeping soundly against the iron railings of Green Park. A brisk shower was falling at the time, and she must have been drenched to the skin.

Now, said I, at one o'clock, to myself, consider that you are a poor young man, penniless, in London Town, and that tomorrow you must look for work. It is necessary, therefore, that you get some sleep in order that you may have strength to look for work and to do work in case you find it

So I sat down on the stone steps of a building. Five minutes later a policeman was looking at me. My eyes were wide open, so he only grunted and passed on. Ten minutes later my head was on my knees, I was dozing, and the same policeman was saying gruffly, "'Ere, you, get outa that!"

I got. And, like the old woman, I continued to get; for every time I dozed a policeman was there to rout me along again. Not long after, when I had given this up, I was walking with a young Londoner (who had been out to the colonies and wished he were out to them again) when I noticed an open passage leading under a building and disappearing in darkness. A low iron gate barred the entrance.

"Come on," I said. "Let's climb over and get a good sleep."

"Wot?" he answered, recoiling from me. "An' get run in fer three months! Blimey if I do!"

Later on, I was passing Hyde Park with a young boy of fourteen or fifteen, a most wretched-looking youth, gaunt, and hollow-eyed and sick.

"Let's go over the fence," I proposed, "and crawl into the shrubbery for a sleep. The bobbies couldn't find us there."

"No fear," he answered. "There's the park guardians, and they'd run you in for six months."

Times have changed, alas! When I was a youngster I used to read of homeless boys sleeping in doorways. Already the thing has become a tradition. As a stock situation it will doubtlessly linger in literature for a century to come, but as a cold fact it has ceased to be. Here are the doorways, and here are the boys, but happy conjunctions are no longer effected. The doorways remain empty, and the boys keep awake and carry the banner.

"I was down under the arches," grumbled another young fellow. By "arches" he meant the shore arches where begin the bridges that span the Thames. "I was down under the arches, w'en it was ryning its 'ardest, an' a bobby comes in an' chyses me out. But I come back, an' 'e come too. ''Ere,' sez 'e, 'wot you doin' ere?' An' out I goes, but I sez, 'Think I want to pinch [steal] the bleeding bridge?'"

Among those who carry the banner, Green Park has the reputation of opening its gates earlier than the other parks, and at quarter-past four in the morning, I, and many more, entered Green Park. It was raining again, but they were worn out with the night's walking, and they were down on the benches and asleep at once. Many of the men stretched out full length on the dripping wet grass, and, with the rain falling steadily upon them, were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

And now I wish to criticise the powers that be. They *are* the powers, therefore they may decree whatever they please; so I make bold only to criticise the ridiculousness of their decrees. All night long they make the homeless ones walk up and down. They drive them out of doors and passages, and lock them out of the parks. The evident intention of all this is to deprive them of sleep. Well and good, the powers have the power to deprive them of sleep, or of anything else for that matter; but why under the sun do they open the gates of the parks at five o'clock in the morning and let the homeless ones go inside and sleep? If it is their intention to deprive them of sleep, why do they let them sleep after five in the morning? And if it is not their intention to deprive them of sleep, why don't they let them sleep earlier in the night?

In this connection, I will say that I came by Green Park that same day, at one in the afternoon, and that I counted scores of the ragged wretches asleep in the grass. It was Sunday afternoon, the sun was fitfully appearing, and the well-dressed West Enders, with their wives and progeny, were out by thousands, taking the air. It was not a pleasant sight for them, those horrible, unkempt, sleeping vagabonds; while the vagabonds

themselves, I know, would rather have done their sleeping the night before.

And so, dear soft people, should you ever visit London Town, and see these men asleep on the benches and in the grass, please do not think they are lazy creatures, preferring sleep to work. Know that the powers that be have kept them walking all the night long, and that in the day they have nowhere else to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.—THE PEG.

But after carrying the banner all night, I did not sleep in Green Park when morning dawned. I was wet to the skin, it is true, and I had had no sleep for twenty-four hours; but, still adventuring as a penniless man looking for work, I had to look about me, first for a breakfast, and next for the work.

During the night I had heard of a place over on the Surrey side of the Thames, where the Salvation Army every Sunday morning gave away a breakfast to the unwashed. (And, by the way, the men who carry the banner *are* unwashed in the morning, and unless it is raining they do not have much show for a wash, either.) This, thought I, is the very thing—breakfast in the morning, and then the whole day in which to look for work.

It was a weary walk. Down St. James Street I dragged my tired legs, along Pall Mall, past Trafalgar Square, to the Strand. I crossed the Waterloo Bridge to the Surrey Side, cut across to Blackfriars Road, coming out near the Surrey Theatre, and arrived at the Salvation Army barracks before seven o'clock. This was "the peg," and by "the peg" in the argot, is meant the place where a free meal may be obtained.

Here was a motley crowd of woebegone wretches who had spent the night in the rain. Such prodigious misery! and so much of it! Old men, young men, all manner of men, and boys to boot, and all manner of boys. Some were drowsing

A GHETTO MARKET, WHITECHAPEL.

standing up; half a score of them were stretched out on the stone steps in most painful postures, all of them sound asleep, the skin of their bodies showing red through the holes and rents in their rags. And up and down the street, and across the street for a block either way, each door-step had from two to three occupants, all asleep, their heads bent forward on their knees. And, it must be remembered, these are not hard times in England. Things are going on very much as they ordinarily do, and times are neither hard nor easy.

And then came the policeman. "Get outa that, you bloody swine! Eigh!

eigh! Get out now!" And like swine he drove them from the doorways and scattered them to the four winds of Surrey. But when he encountered the crowd asleep on the steps he was astounded. "Shocking!" he exclaimed. "Shocking! And of a Sunday morning! A pretty sight! Eigh! eigh! Get outa that, you bleeding nuisances!"

Of course it was a shocking sight. I was shocked myself. And I should not care to have my own daughter pollute her eyes with such a sight, or come within half a mile of it; but—and there we were, and there you are, and "but" is all that can be said.

The policeman passed on, and back we clustered, like flies around a honey jar. For was there not that wonderful thing, a breakfast, awaiting us? We could not have clustered more peristently and desperately had they been giving away million-dollar bank-notes. Some were already off to sleep, when back came the policeman and away we scattered only to return again as soon as the coast was clear.

At half-past seven a little door opened, and a Salvation Army soldier stuck out his head. "Ayn't no sense blockin' the wy up that wy," he said. "Those as 'as tickets cawn come hin now, an' those as 'asn't cawn't come hin till nine."

Oh, that breakfast! Nine o'clock! An hour and a half longer! The men who held tickets were greatly envied. They were permitted to go inside, have a wash, and sit down and rest until breakfast, while we waited for the same breakfast on the street. The tickets had been distributed the previous night on the streets and along the Embankment, and the possession of them was not a matter of merit, but of chance.

At eight-thirty, more men with tickets were admitted, and by nine the little gate was opened to us. We crushed through somehow, and found ourselves packed in a courtyard like sardines. On more occasions than one, as a Yankee tramp in Yankeeland, I have had to work for my breakfast; but for no breakfast did I ever work so hard as for this one. For over two hours I had waited outside, and for over another hour I waited in this packed courtyard. I had had nothing to eat all night, and I was weak and faint, while the smell of the soiled clothes and unwashed bodies, steaming from pent animal heat, and blocked solidly about me, nearly turned my stomach. So tightly were we packed that a number of the men took advantage of the opportunity and went soundly asleep standing up.

Now about the Salvation Army in general I know nothing, and whatever criticism I shall make here is of that particular portion of the Salvation Army which does business on Blackfriars Road near the Surrey Theatre. In the first place, this forcing of men who have been up all night to stand on their feet for hours longer, is as cruel as it is needless. We were weak, famished and exhausted from our night's hardship and lack of sleep, and yet there we stood, and stood, and stood, without rhyme or reason.

Sailors were very plentiful in this crowd. It seemed to me that one man in four was looking for a ship, and I found at least a dozen of them to be American sailors. In accounting for their being "on the beach," I received the same story from each and all, and from my knowledge of sea affairs this story rang true. English ships sign their sailors for the voyage, which means the round trip, sometimes lasting as long as three years; and they cannot sign off and receive their discharges until they reach the home port, which is England. Their wages are low, their food is bad, and their treatment worse. Very often they are really forced by their captains to desert in the New World or the Colonies, leaving a handsome sum of wages behind them—a distinct gain, either to the captain or the owners or to both. But whether for this reason alone or not, it is a fact that large numbers of them desert. Then, for the home voyage, the ship engages whatever sailors it can find on the beach. These men are engaged at the somewhat higher wages that obtain in other portions of the world, under the agreement that they shall sign off on reaching England. The reason for this is obvious; for it would be poor business policy to sign them for any longer time, since seamen's wages are low in England, and England is

always crowded with sailormen on the beach. So this fully accounted for the American seamen at the Salvation Army barracks. To get off the beach in other outlandish places they had come to England, and gone on the beach in the most outlandish place of all.

There were fully a score of Americans in the crowd, the non-sailors being "tramps royal," the men whose "mate is the wind that tramps the world." They were all cheerful, facing things with the pluck which is their chief characteristic and which seems never to desert them, withal they were cursing the country with lurid metaphors quite refreshing after a month of unimaginative, monotonous Cockney swearing. The Cockney has one oath, and one oath only, the most indecent in the language, which he uses on any and every occasion. Far different is the luminous and varied Western swearing, which runs to blasphemy rather than indecency. And after all, since men will swear, I think I prefer blasphemy to indecency; there is an audacity about it, an adventurousness and defiance that is far finer than sheer filthiness.

There was one American tramp royal whom I found particularly enjoyable. I first noticed him on the street, asleep in a doorway, his head on his knees, but a hat on his head that one does not meet this side of the Western Ocean. When the policeman routed him out, he got up slowly and deliberately, looked at the policeman, yawned and stretched himself, looked at the policeman again as much as to say he didn't know whether he would or wouldn't, and then sauntered leisurely down the sidewalk. At the outset I was sure of the hat, but this made me sure of the wearer of the hat.

In the jam inside I found myself alongside of him and we had quite a chat. He had been through Spain, Italy, Switzerland and France, and had accomplished the practically impossible feat of beating his way three hundred miles on a French railway without being caught at the finish. Where was I hanging out? he asked. And how did I manage for 'kipping'?—which means sleeping. Did I know the rounds yet? He was getting on, though the country was 'horstyl' and the cities were 'bum.' Fierce, wasn't it? Couldn't 'batter' (beg) anywhere without being 'pinched.' But he wasn't going to quit it. Buffalo Bill's Show was coming over soon, and a man who could drive eight horses was sure of a job any time. These mugs over here didn't know beans about driving anything more than a span. What was the matter with me hanging on and waiting for Buffalo Bill? He was sure I could ring in somehow.

And so, after all, blood is thicker than water. We were fellow-countrymen and strangers in a strange land. I had warmed to his battered old hat at sight of it, and he was as solicitous for my welfare as if we were blood brothers. We swapped all manner of useful information concerning the country and the ways of its people, methods by which to obtain food and shelter and what not, and we parted genuinely sorry at having to say good-by.

One thing particularly conspicuous in this crowd was the shortness of stature. I, who am but of medium height, looked over the heads of nine out of ten. The natives were all short, as were the foreign sailors. There were only five or six in the crowd who could be called fairly tall, and they were Scandinavians and Americans. The tallest man there, however, was an exception. He was an Englishman, though not a Londoner. "Candidate for the Life Guards," I remarked to him. "You've hit it, mate," was his reply; "I've served my bit in that same, and the way things are I'll be back at it before long."

For an hour we stood quietly in this packed courtyard. Then the men began to grow restless. There was pushing and shoving forward, and a mild hubbub of voices. Nothing rough, however, or violent; merely the restlessness of weary and hungry men. At this juncture forth came the adjutant. I did not like him. His eyes were not good. There was nothing of the lowly Galilean about him, but a great deal of the centurion who said: "For I am a man in authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to

another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it."

Well, he looked at us in just that way, and those nearest to him quailed. Then he lifted his voice.

"Stop this 'ere, now, or I'll turn you the other wy, an' march you out, an' you'll get no breakfast."

I cannot convey by printed speech the insufferable way in which he said this, the self-conciousness of superiority, the brutal gluttony of power. He revelled in that he was a man in authority, able to say to half a thousand ragged wretches, "You may eat or go hungry, as I elect."

To deny us our breakfast after standing for hours! It was an awful threat, and the pitiful, abject silence which instantly fell attested its awfulness. And it was a cowardly threat, a foul blow, struck below the belt. We could not strike back, for we were starving; and it is the way of the world that when one man feeds another he is that man's master. But the centurion—I mean the adjutant—was not satisfied. In the dead silence he raised his voice again, and repeated the threat, and amplified it, and glared ferociously.

At last we were permitted to enter the feasting hall, where we found the "ticket men" washed but unfed. All told, there must have been nearly seven hundred of us who sat down—not to meat or bread, but to speech, song, and prayer. From all of which I am convinced that Tantalus suffers in many guises this side of the infernal regions. The adjutant made the prayer, but I did not take note of it, being too engrossed with the massed picture of misery before me. But the speech ran something like this: "You will feast in paradise. No matter how you starve and suffer here, you will feast in paradise, that is, if you will follow the directions." And so forth and so forth. A clever bit of propaganda, I took it, but rendered of no avail for two reasons. First, the men who received it were unimaginative and materialistic, unaware of the existence of any Unseen and too inured to hell on earth to be frightened by hell to come. And second, weary and exhausted from the night's sleeplessness and hardship, suffering from the long wait upon their feet, and faint from hunger, they were yearning, not for salvation, but for grub. The "soul-snatchers" (as these men call all religious propagandists), should study the physiological basis of psychology a little, if they wish to make their efforts more effective.

All in good time, about 11 o'clock, breakfast arrived. It arrived, not on plates, but in paper parcels. I did not have all I wanted, and I am sure that no man there had all he wanted or half of what he wanted or needed. I gave part of my bread to the tramp royal who was waiting for Buffalo Bill, and he was as ravenous at the end as he was in the beginning. This is the breakfast: two slices of bread, one small piece of bread with raisins in it and called "cake," a wafer of cheese, and a mug of "water bewitched." Numbers of the men had been waiting since five o'clock for it, while all of us had waited at least four hours; and in addition, we had been herded like swine, packed like sardines, and treated like curs, and been preached at, and sung to, and prayed for. Nor was that all.

No sooner was breakfast over (and it was over almost as quickly as it takes to tell) than the tired heads began to nod and droop, and in five minutes half of us were sound asleep. There were no signs of our being dismissed, while there were unmistakable signs of preparation for a meeting. I looked at a small clock hanging on the wall. It indicated twenty-five minutes to twelve. Heigh ho, thought I, time is flying, and I have yet to look for work.

"I want to go," I said to a couple of waking men near me.

"Got ter sty fer the service," was the answer.

"Do you want to stay?" I asked.

They shook their heads.

"Then let us go up and tell them we want to get out," I continued. "Come on."

But the poor creatures were aghast. So I left them to their fate, and went up to the nearest Salvation Army man.

"I want to go," I said. "I came here for breakfast in order that I might

be in shape to look for work. I didn't think it would take so long to get breakfast. I think I have a chance for work in Stepney, and the sooner I start the better chance I'll have of getting it."

He was really a good fellow, though he was startled by my request. "Wy," he said, "we're goin' to 'old services, and you'd better sty."

"But that will spoil my chances for work," I urged. "And work is the most important thing for me just now."

As he was only a private, he referred me to the adjutant, and to the adjutant I repeated my reasons for wishing to go, and politely requested that he let me go.

"But it cawn't be done," he said, waxing virtuously indignant at such ingratitude. "The idea!" he snorted. "The idea!"

"Do you mean to say I can't get out of here?" I demanded. "That you will keep me here against my will?"

"Yes," he snorted.

I do not know what might have happened, for I was waxing indignant myself; but the 'congregation' had 'piped' the situation, and he drew me over to a corner of the room and then into another room. Here he again demanded my reasons for wishing to go.

"I want to go," I said, "because I wish to look for work over in Stepney, and every hour lessens my chance of finding work. It is now twenty-five minutes to twelve. I did not think when I came in that it would take so long to get a breakfast."

"You 'ave business, eh?" he sneered. "A man of business you are, eh? Then wot did you come 'ere for?"

WHERE CHILDREN PLAY.

"I was out all night and I needed a breakfast in order to strengthen me to find work. That is why I came here."

"A nice thing to do," he went on in the same sneering manner. "A man with business shouldn't come 'ere. You've tyken some poor man's breakfast 'ere this morning, that's wot you've done."

Which was a lie, for every mother's son of us had come in.

Now I submit, was this Christian-like or even honest?—after I had plainly stated that I was homeless and hungry,

and that I wished to look for work, for him to call my looking for work 'business,' to call me therefor a business man and to draw the corollary that a man of business, and well off, did not require a charity breakfast, and that by taking a charity breakfast I had robbed some hungry wolf who was not a man of business.

I kept my temper, but I went over the facts again and clearly and concisely demonstrated to him how unjust he was and how he had perverted the facts. As I manifested no signs of backing down (and I am sure my eyes were beginning to snap) he led me to the rear of the building where, in an open court, stood a tent. In the same sneering tone he informed a couple of privates standing there that "'ere is a fellow that 'as business an' 'e wants to go before services."

They were duly shocked, of course, and they looked unutterable horror while he went into the tent and brought out the major. Still in the same sneering manner, laying particular stress on the 'business,' he brought my case before the commanding officer. The major was of a different stamp of man. I liked him as soon as I saw him, and to him I stated my case in the same fashion as before.

"Didn't you know you had to stay for services?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I answered, "or I should have gone without my breakfast. You have no placards posted to that effect, nor was I so informed when I entered the place."

He meditated a moment. "You can go," he said.

It was twelve o'clock when I gained the street and I couldn't quite make up my mind whether I had been in the army or in prison. The day was half gone and it was a far fetch to Stepney. And, besides, it was Sunday and why should even a starving man look for work on Sunday? Furthermore, it was my judgment that I had done a hard night's work walking the streets, and a hard day's work getting my breakfast; so I disconnected myself from my working hypothesis of a starving young man in search of employment, hailed a bus and climbed aboard.

After a shave and a bath, with my clothes all off, I got in between clean white sheets and went to sleep. It was six in the evening when I closed my eyes. When they opened again the clocks were striking nine next morning. I had slept fifteen straight hours. As I lay there drowsily my mind went back to the seven hundred unfortunates I had left, waiting for services. No bath, no shave for them, no clean white sheets and all clothes off and fifteen hours straight sleep. Services over, it was the weary streets again, the problem of a crust of bread ere night and the long sleepless night in the streets, and the pondering of the problem of how to obtain a crust at dawn.

Chapter XII.—Dan Cullen, Docker.

I stood, yesterday, in a room in one of the "Municipal Dwellings," not far from Leman Street. If I looked into a dreary future and saw that I would have to live in such a room until I died, I should immediately go down, plump into the Thames, and cut the tenancy short.

It was not a room. Courtesy to the language will no more permit it to be called a room than it will permit a hovel to be called a mansion. It was a den, a lair. Seven feet by eight were its dimensions, and the ceiling was so low as not to give the cubic air space required by a British soldier in barracks. A crazy couch, with ragged coverlets, occupied nearly half the room. A rickety table, a chair, and a couple of boxes left little space in which to turn around. Five dollars would have purchased everything in sight. The floor was bare, while the walls and ceiling were literally covered with blood marks and splotches. Each mark represented a violent death—of a bedbug, with which vermin the building swarmed, a plague with which no person could cope single-handed.

The man who had occupied this hole, one Dan Cullen, docker, was dying in hospital. Yet he had impressed his personality on his miserable surroundings sufficiently to give an inkling as to what sort of a man he was. On the walls were cheap pictures of Garibaldi, Engels,

John Burns, and other labor leaders, while on the table lay one of Walter Besant's novels. He knew his Shakespeare, I was told, and had read history, sociology, and ecomomics. And he was self-educated.

On the table, amidst a wonderful disarray, lay a sheet of paper on which was scrawled : *Mr. Cullen, please return the large white jug and corkscrew I lent you* —articles loaned, during the first stages of his sickness, by a woman neighbor, and demanded back in anticipation of his death. A large white jug and a corkscrew are far too valuable to a creature of the Abyss to permit another creature to die in peace. To the last, Dan Cullen's soul must be harrowed by the sordidness out of which it strove vainly to rise.

It is a brief little story, the story of Dan Cullen, but there is much to read between the lines. He was born lowly in a city and land where the lines of caste are tightly drawn. All his days he toiled hard with his body ; and because he had opened the books, and been caught up by the fires of the spirit, and could "write a letter like a lawyer," he had been selected by his fellows to toil hard for them with his brain. He became a leader of the fruit-porters, represented the dockers on the London Trades Council, and wrote trenchant articles for the labor journals.

He did not cringe to other men, even though they were his economic masters and controlled the means whereby he lived, and he spoke his mind freely, and fought the good fight. In the "Great Dock Strike" he was guilty of taking a leading part. And that was the end of Dan Cullen. From that day he was a marked man and every day, for ten years and more he was "paid off" for what he had done.

A docker is a casual laborer. Work ebbs and flows, and he works or does not work according to the amount of goods on hand to be moved. Dan Cullen was discriminated against. While he was not absolutely turned away (which would have caused trouble, and which would certainly have been more merciful), he was called in by the foreman to do not more than two or three days' work per week. This is what is called being "disciplined," or "drilled." It means being starved. There is no politer word. Ten years of it broke his heart, and broken-hearted men cannot live.

He took to his bed in his terrible den, which grew more terrible with his helplessness. He was without kith or kin, a lonely old man, embittered and pessimistic, fighting vermin the while and looking at Garibaldi, Engels, and John Burns gazing down at him from the blood-bespattered walls. No one came to see him in that crowded municipal barracks (he had made friends with none of them) and he was left to rot.

But from the far reaches of the East End came a cobbler and his son, his sole friends. They cleansed his room, brought fresh linen from home, and took from off his limbs the sheets, grayish-black with dirt. And they brought to him one of the Queen's Bounty nurses from Aldgate.

She washed his face, shook up his couch, and talked with him. It was interesting to talk with him—until he learned her name Oh, yes, Blank was her name, she replied, innocently, and Sir George Blank was her brother. Sir George Blank, eh? thundered old Dan Cullen on his death bed ; Sir George Blank, solicitor to the docks at Cardiff, who, more than any other man, had broken up the Docker's Union of Cardiff, and was knighted? And she was his sister? Thereupon Dan Cullen sat up on his crazy couch and pronounced anathema upon her and all her breed ; and she fled, to return no more, strongly impressed with the ungratefulness of the poor.

Dan Cullen's feet became swollen with dropsy. He sat up all day on the side of the bed (to keep the water out of his body), no mat on the floor, a thin blanket on his legs, and an old coat around his shoulders. A missionary brought him a pair of paper slippers, worth fourpence (I saw them), and proceeded to offer up fifty prayers or so for the good of Dan Cullen's soul. But Dan Cullen was the sort of a man that wanted his soul left alone. He did not care to have Tom, Dick, or Harry, on the strength of fourpenny slippers, tampering with it. He

asked the missionary kindly to open the window, so that he might toss the slippers out. And the missionary went away, to return no more, likewise impressed with the ungratefulness of the poor.

The cobbler, a brave old hero himself, though unannalled and unsung, went privily to the head office of the big fruit brokers for whom Dan Cullen had worked as a casual laborer for thirty years. Their system was such that the work was almost entirely done by casual hands. The cobbler told them the man's desperate plight, old, broken, dying, without help or money, reminded them that he had worked for them thirty years, and asked them to do something for him.

"Oh," said the manager, remembering Dan Cullen without having to refer to the books, "you see, we make it a rule never to help casuals, and we can do nothing."

Nor did they do anything, not even sign a letter asking for Dan Cullen's admission to a hospital. And it is not so easy to get into a hospital in London Town. At Hamstead, if he passed the doctors, at least four months would elapse before he could get in, there were so many on the books ahead of him. The cobbler finally got him into the Whitechapel Infirmary, where he visited him frequently. Here he found that Dan Cullen had succumbed to the prevalent feeling, that, being hopeless, they were hurrying him out of the way. A fair and logical conclusion, one must agree, for an old and broken man to arrive at, who has been resolutely "disciplined" and "drilled" for ten years. When they sweated him for Bright's disease to remove the fat from the kidneys, Dan Cullen contended that the sweating was hastening his death; while Bright's disease, being a wasting away of the kidneys, there was, therefore, no fat to remove and the doctor's excuse was a palpable lie. Whereupon the doctor became wroth, and did not come near him for nine days.

Then his bed was tilted up so that his feet and legs were elevated. At once dropsy appeared in the body, and Dan Cullen contended that the thing was done in order to run the water down into his body from his legs and kill him more quickly. He demanded his discharge, though they told him he would die on the stairs, and dragged himself, more dead than alive, to the cobbler's shop. At the moment of writing this, he is dying at the Temperance Hospital, into which place his staunch friend, the cobbler, moved heaven and earth to have him admitted.

Poor Dan Cullen! A Jude the Obscure, who reached out after knowledge; who toiled with his body in the day and studied in the watches of the night; who dreamed his dream and struck valiantly for the Cause; a patriot, a lover of human freedom, and a fighter unafraid; and in the end, not gigantic enough to beat down the conditions which baffled and stifled him, a cynic and a pessimist, gasping his final agony on a pauper's couch in a charity ward. "For a man to have died who might have been wise and was not, this I call a tragedy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POLITICAL and INDUSTRIAL DESPOTISMS—A Comparison

CHARLES JOHNSTON, Bengal Civil Service (Retired)

ONE may safely prophesy that President Roosevelt's invitation to an amicable conference, practically amounting to intervention, as voluntary arbitrator, in the Anthracite Coal strike will be looked back to as an event comparable to the signing of the Great Charter by King John, in the Windsor meadow in 1215. Mr. Roosevelt does not act as the head of his party, for it is an open secret that the old stagers and managers of his party regard his whole attitude to the Trust Question with hardly concealed suspicion. He acts as representative of the whole nation; or, if one must be quite precise, as representative of the twenty millions of the nation, whose comfort depends on the supply of hard coal from the Pennsylvania mines. Moreover, he acts reluctantly and unwillingly; rather moved by the tide of popular indignation and the current of popular will, than leading it; as the servant of the people, rather than as a leader and dominating individuality. It may, therefore, be said with justice that his present action marks the first attempt of the whole nation, acting through its lawfully chosen servant, to take a hand in the regulation of the Trusts on its own account; to assert its supreme rights, in a matter of vital concern to its well-being. It has, therefore, been formally recognized that the nation, as a whole, has a right in the coal monopoly higher than that of the monopolistic Coal Trust; and this recognition of a principle is the opening of a new era. In its final development, this principle means *the use of the resources of the nation by the nation for the nation*—the Golden Age of the industrial world. Our life during the coming century will largely consist in the increasing definition and application of this principle, to the immense amelioration of general human life, not only in this country, but in all countries.

The comparison with the signing of Magna Charta is made advisedly. The comparison between the two forms of autocracy—the political and the industrial—is thoroughly sound; it is very fruitful; and, just because the turning event of modern political life took place seven hundred years ago, so that we have a knowledge of its outcome and results for seven centuries—political development being, therefore, seven centuries ahead of industrial development—for that reason it is exceedingly well worth while to make the comparison between political and industrial growth, as from the known course of the former we shall be able to deduce the future of the latter; to foretell in what direction the solution for the

present immensely difficult industrial problems will inevitably be found.

In order to trace the deep and very real analogy between political and industrial autocracy, we shall have to dip, for a moment, into metaphysics; and then to linger a little over certain early pages of our history; for only in this way can we disengage the principles involved, and show them actively at work in the present, as in the past.

We shall see, first of all, that the formation of Trusts, mergers, commercial monopolies, in a word, industrial despotisms of whatever complexion, follows a definite and inevitable law; and, not only that, but it is altogether desirable and advantageous that this course towards monopoly should be taken; that, while there are certain abuses and minor injustices in the working of industrial monopolies, especially incident to the epoch of transformation and transition, yet not only are these very much lighter and more moderate than the evils which flowed from the corresponding stage of political transformation and transition, but also that the transfer of the main current of human energies from political to industrial fields is a mark of human advance and amelioration by a whole plane, a whole cycle; the principle underlying politics being inherently lower and less humane than the principle underlying commerce.

To lay bare the principle in each case, we must turn to history, and chiefly the history of the Teutonic, Germanic and Anglo-Saxon races. As we first meet these tribes in history, they have emerged from the hunting stage of life in which they are so well known to archæology, and have become owners of cattle, and, to some extent, masters of settled habitations. The Latin word *pecunia*, from which we get "pecuniary," comes from *pecus*, "cattle," and points to the time when herds and flocks were the great wealth of the inhabitants of Italy. The greater part of tropical Africa is at this moment in that stage. Some two thousand five hundred years ago, the Germanic races, in the great Central European plain, were in the same stage as the inhabitants of the Central African plain are now; flocks and herds were the main fact in their lives. Originally, there was practically unlimited room; even more, proportionately, than in our own great Western plains, when they were held by the bands of Indians, still in the hunting stage of life. The Indians, as we all know, had incessant wars between family and family, or between those larger families which we call tribes; almost always arising in quarrels over their hunting grounds, and alleged trespassing in those hunting grounds, by men of other tribes. The Indian was, first, a hunter, like the stone age and bronze age Teutons, and, when his hunting was interfered with, a warrior, using in war the same arts and powers he used in hunting.

The early Teuton or Angle or Saxon, as history first knows him, had got a little further; he had got as far as catching and domesticating the formerly wild cattle of the Central European plain and had formed them into herds. More than that, he was no longer a nomad owner of the herds, like the greater part of the inhabitants of Central Asia and Mongolia, at the present day, but had taken to himself a local habitation, as well as a name; he was the lord of a great cattle-ranch, and the stalls and byres of his cattle were the most important part of the ranch.

Men multiply and cattle multiply; but the size of a field remains the same. Hence the inevitable temptation to trespass in one's neighbors' fields, to graze one's cattle on his grass, when he is supposed to be looking the other way. Here, just as in Red Indian warfare, we have the root of the trouble in the fact that land is limited in area, while men increase indefinitely; and this fact is the germ of generations and milleniums of wars. When one found his neighbor's cattle in one's field, one was irresistibly tempted to drive them home to one's own barn, and this irresistible temptation brought its inevitable result: to wit, the apparition of one's neighbor, with his sons and friends, armed with clubs, hatchets, or whatever came handy, to claim their own again. Then the arbitrament of war, with the result, perhaps, that the original trespassers and present assailants get the best of it, not only taking back their own cattle, but a good many belonging to their neighbor also, and, from that time forth, establishing the right of might to the disputed pasture.

This stage of contending and recriminating graziers was passed through by all the Teutonic and Germanic races, including the ancestors of the so-called Anglo-Saxons; and from it they slowly and gradually reached the next stage, the stage of tribal union, among a number of neighboring families, who intermarried, and thus became a single larger family. In the hunting period, the basis of the tribe is always relationship; and our family names are a relic and survival of that period. But in the cattle-owning period, as soon as the first settlements are made, the basis of the tribe is not family, but land. Land first follows the growth of the family; later, it determines the limits of the family wealth, and thus becomes the dominant fact in the family life. To this stage belong the territorial titles of the nobility of the whole of Western Europe; they are a survival of the cattle-raising epoch, just as surnames are, of the hunting epoch.

We have thus reached the period when the Teutonic races had appropriated tribal territories, which were nothing but extended cattle-ranches and pastures. And, from this time on, their contests are about land, their victories consist in the forcible acquisition of their neighbors' pastures, and their consequence arises from the possession of land, from which their titles are drawn.

To tell the tale of modern European politics through the last fifteen or twenty centuries, we need introduce no other principle. It is all included in the possession of pastures, the contests for pastures, and the titles drawn from pastures. England, the European country whose history is most familiar to us, is throughout fifteen hundred years, and up to the present moment, a typical instance of this; but, in the case of an island or a strip of country along the sea, we have to add the factor of ships and enterprise by water, as well as by land. Sir Henry Maine, in his "Early History of Institutions," has shown the rise of the order of nobility, in the "Chief's young men," of the Central African kraals. These worthies are the younger sons of less wealthy families, who cluster round some great cattle-magnate, help him to care for his herds and pastures, and, such is our fallen human nature, pretty soon help to take care of the cattle and pastures of others. In fact, the nobilities have their origin in organized cattle-lifting; and many of us ca..

trace our lines through mediæval feudal families, who were only cattle-lifters on a large and picturesque scale.

Cattle-lifting had its charms and its rewards; the latter often taking the form of pretty milkmaids, in Central Africa not less than in Central Europe, in the olden days, the good old times of nascent feudalism. Also certain other valuables, when available, came in handy. Thus the pagan Danes and Norwegians, who raided Christian Ireland some thousand or more years ago, besides carrying off the nuns from the island settlements of the early church, never lost a chance to strip the church schools of their manuscripts, not, alas, for the wisdom therein contained, but for the silver and gold covers, set with precious stones, a few of which are still preserved in Ireland.

In short, the taste for raiding communicated itself from the graziers to the fishermen, with the result that piracy, the germ of all future naval warfare, was soon on a sound financial basis. It may not be an agreeable thought, but it is an undeniable certainty, that our great European lands, with their glorious twin institutions of army and fleet, always the two first charges on the long-suffering tax-payer, are nothing but a highly developed form of cattle-lifting and piracy, the germs of land and sea warfare, respectively. The fact may be unpalatable; but no historical conclusion is more fixed and definite.

It is a delicate matter to define to what point the piracy of the Teutons, Angles and Saxons was carried; but it never became quite so important as the other great industry of cattle-raising and cattle-lifting. Fleets are impermanent and uncertain things; therefore the practical-minded Teutons founded their political houses on land, which is permanent and fixed. But piracy was often a valuable adjunct, a stepping-stone to new territory; as when the Angles and Saxons, under Hengist and Horsa, and their kindred swept down upon the Christianized and civilized Roman province of Britain, and took possession of it with their pagan and predatory bands. They carried with them the tribal organization that had grown up by the banks of the Elbe and Oder, and that land-hunger which had formed the basis of their tribes. From the times of Hengist and Horsa to the coming of William the Norman, English history is nothing but the surging together, mutual concussion, and final amalgamation of the various tribes of Angles, or Saxons, or Danes, or Scandinavians, who came as pirates—fishers of men, in a wild, pagan sense—and ended as farmers, having become at least nominal Christians in the interval. Already in the Anglo-Saxon period, the germs of modern European politics are clearly visible. We have the earls who own the cattle, and the churls who are compelled to tend them; and, above the earls, the king, or chief earl, who stands to the earls somewhat as these do to their churls. The basis of the whole thing is successful physical force, tempered by guile; the good old rule, the simple plan, that those shall take who have the power, and those shall keep who can.

Successful physical force is the basis; the power to take from another something which he tries unsuccessfully to keep; and the ownership passing through this forcible annexation. Needless to say, there was no question of giving anything in return. That is an idea that never entered into the

heads of the invading Angles and Saxons any more than it does into the heads of pirates and cattle-lifters in general. It is for this reason that we said, at the outset, that commercial life is a whole plane higher than political, as we have described political life; for commerce is based on the principle of giving something for something, whereas politics, of the old-world type, are based on the principle of taking by force something of your neighbor's which appeals to you. The only thing he is likely to get in exchange is a broken head.

We see this fine principle splendidly exemplified in that greatest phenomenon of English history, the Norman conquest. There was, of course, a claim of right on the part of Duke William of Normandy. With human nature as it is, we all have the privilege of believing ourselves in the right, when we think we want something particularly. Duke William held that Edward the Confessor had left England to him, and that Harold, son of Earl Godwin, had basely intercepted his heritage. Therefore Duke William proceeded against King Harold exactly as the primitive Teutonic cattle-grazer did against his trespassing neighbor: he gathered his friends and dependents together—the "chief's young men" of his Norman kraal—and set forth in ships to break King Harold's head. The result we know; the ownership of the great pasture called England passed out of Anglo-Saxon into Norman hands, in which it has ever since for all practical purposes remained. For legal and political purposes, the whole land became the personal property, the ranch, of Duke William, now king of England; and he alloted choice morsels of it to the men who had helped him to break the heads of King Harold and his Saxons at Hastings.

The English oligarchy from that day to this is based on the Norman Conquest. The men of power who, to use Austen's phrase, "are able to make the rest of the nation do whatever they please," are the successors of the Norman barons. The very title, Baron, is a Norman one, meaning originally the Duke's "man," just as in Central Africa. The land is divided into baronies, and these are grouped together in counties, from the title *Comes* (Accusative *Comitem*), the king's "companion," in French, Comte, and in English Count. The title "earl," of course, survives from Saxon times. The whole of the English aristocracy is either built or modeled on the distribution of land by Duke William among his "men" and "companions." Successful physical force is the foundation stone of the edifice. Duke William who was "strong in body as in mind," so that "no hand but his could bend his bow," is the fitting patron of the system based, as it is, on the power of taking by armed force whatever you see that suits your fancy, be it a cow, a farm, or a kingdom.

We see the working of this in the English system today. The basis of social and political life in England is the landed aristocracy as originally organized by the feudal system. Under this benevolent system Duke William put his men and companions into possession of the farms and herds of England, and undertook to keep them there. That was the penalty paid by the Angles and Saxons for their defeat at Hastings. There was no intention of doing good to the Saxons or conferring a benefit on them. Quite the contrary. They had to give the best fruits of their

labor, the best of their flocks and herds, and anything else they had that was in any way desirable to the Norman barons in return for the mere right to live; and if the payments were delayed the penalty was quick in coming. There was not the slightest pretence of giving the Angle and Saxon churls anything in return; no one dreamed that any such thing was possible. For a long time a return in personal service was made—to the successors of the Norman Duke, but the churl was simply not in the question at all.

Thus, as a result of the Norman Conquest, there arose in England a class which arranged to do no manual work, except the work of fighting, for eight or nine centuries, being in the meantime supported in ease and plenty by the sons and descendants of the Saxons and Angles. At this moment social distinction in England is the prerogative of the titled and land-owning classes—the titles referring, as we saw, to possessions in land or authority over land. And the essence of the matter is, that the land-owner is not called on to make any return to his tenant, beyond the right to till the earth, that is, the right to live. So wholly is social consideration in England dependent on ownership of land, that the newly rich always hasten to purchase landed estates, castles and manors, paying this unconscious compliment to the thoroughness with which Norman William did his work.

Needless to say, there is another side to all this; the side of national life, national feeling and culture; but, for our present purpose, the matter stands exactly as we have said: a social and political system based on successful physical force, and chiefly the power to seize and keep the land of another; no return being made to the man whose land was seized, nor any idea being entertained that such a return could be expected. The system grew up from humble beginnings—cattle-trespass and cattle-lifting. Then marriages and possible advantages drew families together into tribes. Tribes expanded or were amalgamated into kingdoms. Kingdoms finally became empires, as we all saw in the recent instance of Germany. But the foundation-stone is everywhere successful physical force, and the sovereign is first of all the head of the army and navy, the emblems and instruments of that physical force.

We need carry the analysis no further. The principle of the whole epoch which has lasted since the classical period closed, the modern European epoch, especially as expressed in the lives of the Teutonic, Germanic, Anglo-Saxon and Norman races, is this, of successful physical force, the strong man bound by the stronger than he, his house spoiled, and himself enslaved.

We have purposely made this picture as stringent and crude as possible, in order to lay bare the motive-force, the principle behind it. It is time now to look to the result. If we view men as atoms, separate and isolated, the fate of the European peasants through this whole epoch is lamentable, and almost unmixed tragedy. But men are not atoms. We are parts of an undivided whole, which is humanity, and the total result to humanity is the measure of all our good and ill. Viewed in this larger way, the progress of the last fifteen centuries takes another face. We can see how, from the narrow outlook of unlettered cattle-drovers, each confined to the horizon of his own pastures, we have come, by the process of forceful amalgamation, to tribes,

states, kingdoms and empires. And these we must regard as massed consciousness; as representing the ability of scores of millions of men to see themselves as parts of a great unity, whereby they extend their feeling, their imagination, their enthusiasm, to embrace a whole land, a vast space like Germany, or France, or England, with their webs of colonies. The concussion of brute force has thus been used to ideal ends by the genius of humanity, which works through all human life.

Viewed in a legal way, these great kingdoms and empires are nothing but gigantic monopolies of land, of territory; the ownership with its responsibilities, being vested in the king, or emperor, or sovereign. Land has thus drifted into a few hands; a few powerful monopolists have control of it, in masses called kingdoms; they drive the tillers of the soil together, into armies and fleets, and have theoretical rights of life and death over them.

All the events since Magna Charta was signed, in 1215, have been concerned with defining the rights of the servants of these great monopolists of land whom we call kings; and the whole import of modern history rests on this definition of rights. We have, as a result of that struggle, come to the idea of limited monarchies, such as Germany is in reality, and England is in theory; of representative governments such as are those of all Western Europe, and America; and, finally, of political democracies and republics, like France, the United States, Mexico and the South American republics; to which we should add Canada and Australia, as being in reality sovereign states; and to which the Commonwealth of South Africa will soon also be added.

These political monopolies cover practically the whole world. Within the regions held by civilized powers, there is no spot where any one of us can escape from these monopolies of political power; of power, that is, founded on the forcible tenure of land. We cannot go into political business for ourselves, and say that we shall have such and such laws. We are promptly pounced upon by the monopolists of power, and compelled to conform. But, on the other hand, there is no part of the world within the regions controlled by civilized powers where we cannot secure definite and defined human rights. That is the result of the Germanic period, as we may well call the last fifteen hundred years, since the Roman Empire fell. For the Latin countries, Spain, Italy and France, had also their Germanic invaders, the founders of their dynasties and nobilities; while the time of the Slavs is not yet.

Now to our analogy. We can see that the tendency towards monopolies is inherent and necessary. And we can see that this tendency is exhaustive. More than that, it is altogether beneficial to our total culture, and is provided for by the genius of mankind. We may, therefore, say with perfect certainty that the commercial world, so far from being able to escape from the principle of monopolies, of trusts, mergers and so forth, is destined to be totally overrun and absorbed by them, just as the earth has been overrun and absorbed by political commonwealths, under whatever name. Finally, we may confidently assert that the moment this monopolistic tendency is complete the reaction will set in; centrifugal following centripetal; and that the rights of individuals within the monopolies will

come to be as clear and definite as civil rights are now. We all hold—even the Emperor of Germany—that states exist for their citizens. We shall all hold —even those of us who are coal-barons—that commodities exist for their consumers in precisely the same way.

There remains only this to be said: We saw that the old order was based on successful physical force. The new order, that of commercialism, is based on exchange, on mutual benefit. Whether the exchange be just or not is not the question. The great point is, that there is any exchange at all. And the principle of mutual benefit through exchange is the ruling principle of the modern world, the world of commercialism; and without this sense of mutual benefit, not the most trifling bargain could be completed. Therefore in its essence the new order is a vast advance on the old; and we may confidently hope that, in its future development, the battle of commodities will bring far greater rewards than the battle of human rights, which the last great epoch of the world saw fought and won.

HUMAN NATURE AND ITS PROBLEMS

W. G. RUNDALL

IN his beautiful book, entitled "More than Kin," James Vila Blake, a Unitarian minister of Chicago, makes the statement that human life is the "stalking place of great needs." And these gaunt spectres of need, as they go walking up and down and to and fro in the earth, prey upon the human souls held captive there until man, though easily the master of earth's animal life and possessing the key to her material wealth, is yet hunted through the jungles of necessity by his invisible enemies until his is the most anxious and unresting life in nature.

The problems that harass our human nature are assigned to us by its unsatisfied needs. If we have confidence in the parentage of the universe for our human nature, we must believe we are capable of no longing whose satisfaction does exist; that this beautiful earth, in its setting of sky and stars, is a perfect place for human life, if we can but discover how to use it.

In the long catalogue of human needs, those remaining unsatisfied are so because either we do not yet know how to convert earth's resources to their satisfaction, or because we are in some way denied access to those resources whose possession and use would satisfy the want and lift us to a plane of living one step higher.

I think it will require no discussion and nothing more than a brief look within on the part of each one of us to show that the great needs, which keep

our souls hungering, are nearly all of the second class, whose satisfaction depends primarily upon the use of some material thing, well known but not within our reach.

All needs, however spiritual, have their origin in the physical basis of life, and all satisfactions, however well suited to the most spiritual needs, are unattainable except through the agency of the material world. Before the astronomer can penetrate far into the secrets of the Milky Way he must gather and fuse the sand for his telescope lens; and, in its last analysis, every look upward and outward, every noble aspiration of the soul owes its genesis and life to the natural use of the material resources of Mother Earth, to the proper co-ordination of the soul with the physical basis of life.

It is well understood that all our activity is in obedience to the promptings of native impulses or instincts. These characterize human nature and define its needs. It will be useful at this point to take account of the number and scope of these instincts and the resulting needs. They will be found to arrange themselves in two groups: the instincts, the first, of self preservation; second, of self development and self expression.

The first group, that of self preservation, leads us to supply the necessities of existence, viz.: food, shelter and clothing.

Those comprised in the second group under the heads of self development and self expression, may be arranged in four classes:

1. The play instinct.
2. The desire for knowledge.
3. The wish to exercise power.
4. The inclination to love and the desire to be loved.

This classification is not meant to be exhaustive, but it does include the leading motives of existence, and for our purpose is sufficiently complete.

In obedience to the play instinct the individual seeks enjoyment, recreation, fun. The satisfaction of its demands is at the very basis of good health. Its promptings are followed with great freedom by children, but only in a very limited way by the great majority of adults. If one attempts to yield himself to the freedom of the play spirit, and seeks rest in the joyous abandon of liberty in pleasant environment, he goes but a little way before encountering the hard necessity of applying himself again to labor, for bread is even more necessary than play. But, if natural play could be enjoyed frequently, the zest it would give to life would, almost unaided, insure its continuance on the normal plane. Cheerfulness, joy, exhilaration, fun, are the prime ministers of health.

The desire for knowledge is a native impulse of splendid power and persistence. Its existence in us is Mother Nature's guarantee that the race shall make continual progress in gaining command over her resources and in adding her powers to their own.

In some persons the desire is great enough to cause them to gain knowledge at the expense of health. Obliged to labor throughout the day, many young people have acquired a large part of their education in the hours belonging to recreation and rest. Others, perhaps wisely, will not go to this length and are obliged to live without the knowledge they desire. A book is wanted; a lecture would aid; a trip would extend experience and add to knowledge; time for study of the books we have would make them yield

their value to us. But we are obliged to let too many of these opportunities pass. We cannot afford the money—or the time, which *is* money. These must be employed in other ways to make sure of our living. Self preservation overrules self development and claims the narrow right of way.

Possibly this alternative has never forced itself rudely into your life, eclipsing half its hopes. It may not have been conspicuous in the lives of those you call your friends. But the unhappy truth, which no amount of indifferent ease or ignorance can smile away, is that it presses hard into the lives of the great mass of the population of this nominal republic. It is one of the great problems of their human nature.

The wish to exercise power is closely related to the play instinct and is, perhaps, merely the form which the latter takes when brought under the influence of the more serious thoughts and sober ways of the adult.

In the disposition to love another, in the various forms which it assumes, we enter upon what is, perhaps, the highest expression of the personality. Much might be said, under our subject, of the many different relationships which call forth the feeling of love, but the one having the strongest claim upon our interest is the love relation of the sexes. It crowns the perfection of the human growth and development as the perfect blossom crowns the perfect plant. The degree of success attained in all previous processes of development is indicated by the degree of fitness finally possessed for the love relation under natural conditions.

And it is this fitness for love—the flower of the individual life—that indicates the degree of harmony that has prevailed between the human nature and its environment, in precisely the same way that the most luxuriant growth and fragrant bloom of the plant world show where the tender ministry of sun and soil are at their best.

The attainment of a happy love relation depends more than upon anything else, upon the proper and sufficient satisfaction of the needs of human nature in the antecedent periods of infancy and youth. And their satisfaction depends chiefly, as shown above, upon access to the material resources of nature.

The continuance of the happy love relation, once attained, is threatened, more than by anything else, by the failure of continued access to these material resources.

To thoughtful persons it is plain that exceedingly few young people, in their period of most rapid development, find it possible to get possession of the means for making the best of themselves. This statement will be scoffed at by some, but its confirmation is in the fact that not five per cent. of our young people are what may properly be called splendid specimens of young manhood or young womanhood, when judged by the high standard of a wide knowledge of men and women. Everyone of them might deserve that description, if the race were given access for a few generations to the means that now exist for realizing life.

The fact that our young people at the mating age are now unavoidably so imperfect physically, so bound to narrow limits in their mental development and in their experience and knowledge of life, is alone sufficient to strew with wreckage the broad waters upon which love embarks most hopefully. And if this were the only threatening wind upon that sea it would not

be so oft with sinking hearts that we bid Godspeed to the young voyagers. If this were the only wind, but alas, how many more—how overmastering is fate! In their environment are five conditions, every one of which makes for catastrophe in the love relation, and any one of which alone is sufficient in many cases, to produce it. What is love's chance to weather all of them?

1. The existence of well defined classes in society produces young people of such widely different experiences and ideals that, if married, as they frequently are, a lifetime is required for the satisfactory adjustment of the two lives, and more often separation comes first.

2. The prevalence of poverty or of limited means denies to most people marriage at any time under favorable circumstances, and to many others until later in life than the natural mating time.

3. The same cause, poverty in some degree, introduces into the always difficult problem of harmonious living a disturbing factor of such subtlety and persistence that its bitter results are present in some degree in nearly every home, and complete discord is too often there to mock the tie that binds.

4. The economic dependence of woman upon man operates, through all grades of desire from positive need of support to rivalry for great wealth and social position, to reduce the marriage contract in a large percentage of cases to the level of barter, with its inevitable train of degrading results.

5. After marriage the same economic dependence of the woman makes her the slave of the husband through all degrees, from the most abject and humiliating servitude to the few cases where the character of the husband is sufficiently high to render inoperative the bonds which even he cannot remove.

If you will spend a little time in tracing through your knowledge of life, along the five lines indicated, the effect upon home life and conjugal happiness of the fact that the average member of the working class does not receive a wage sufficient to enable him to properly meet the needs of his nature, you will find such a wreckage of life and hope, when judged by what life should and might be, as could be produced only by some fundamental error in the way we manage our social life.

What is that error?

If you will turn your ear to windward you will hear many answers. Some think it is the iniquitous protective tariff, or, if not that, then the workers' "inability"—"inert, helpless, and sometimes criminal, inability." But they discuss not the origin of Inability, nor shows from whence Ability is derived.

If our discussion showing the entire dependence of life upon its material resources is not utterly wrong in its conclusions, then the error we seek is intimately associated with our management of that department of life—is, in fact, nothing more nor less than the way in which we produce and distribute our material wealth.

The only rational standard by which we can test our methods is the result they produce in human life. Does a certain method of procedure in our affairs crush and stifle some lives, though, perhaps, lifting others to a "bad eminence?" Then it is *wrong* and it must go. Any other consideration, all other considerations are irrelevant. It wrecks life and that *must not be*.

Our material wealth is produced and distributed, and we live and move and have our being under the Competitive

System of Industry. This competitive system, especially with the methods which characterize it in modern industrial development, is a veritable Juggernaut to human life.

The dominating tendency of competition is to differentiate the successful from the unsuccessful; to fortify with accumulating advantages and power the successful few and expose upon the harvested plains of necessity the unsuccessful mass. It is this multitude, the propertiless, wage-working class, which will secure political power and change the present methods of industry. They will abolish competition because it destroys life.

What will they do instead? Well, they will produce and distribute the things they need without doing it in the evil competitive way, and the only other way happens to be the co-operative way. Co-operation, collectivism, will succeed destructive competition. Having nearly fought its life out in the conflicts of competitive industry, society will cancel all the industrial fights in progress, and will proceed to do socially what it has failed to do well individually. Socialized industry will replace competitive industry. Socialism will supplant red-handed Individualism.

This is in the industrial field alone. Remember that Socialism relates primarily to nothing else whatever. But the changes in human life which a reorganized industry upon a co-operative basis will permit would open and pave the way to the satisfaction of those needs we are considering.

Economists of the very first rank, both in this country and Europe, have announced it as their conviction, after careful study, that the working members of society with the industrial equipment now in existence could, by working less than two hours each per day, maintain the present average standard of living if none but useful labor were performed. This statement has not been refuted. Do you realize its significance?

Remember, it is not a dream; it does not express the hope of some visionary well-wisher for humanity; it is the positive announcement of the most scientific minds engaged in studying our industrial life.

If the efforts of society were so directed and co-ordinated that none but useful labor were performed, less than than two hours labor each day for each person capable of labor, would maintain the present average standard of living.

It may safely be assumed that the present average standard of living would at least include the necessities of life. These would, therefore, be supplied to all by two hours daily labor, and the problems of supplying the needed food, shelter and clothing would no longer harass our minds or engage our efforts to the exclusion of other interests as they now so generally do.

Referring again to our classification of the native instincts which prompt all human effort, if two hours daily labor be sufficient for self preservation, the remaining time could be devoted to self development and self expression—to producing and using the means for life on the higher planes.

What a radical change that would be from the average life of today! Now it is only the wealthy few who have satisfactory opportunities for self development and expression. In the great masses of the working classes these remain unsatisfied needs. From eight to sixteen hours of the workingman's day *must* be given to labor. The "iron law of wages" holds the

compensation of the working class close-linked to that amount which will supply the bare necessities, give them strength for labor and for recruiting their numbers by reproduction. If changed conditions reduce the cost of living, and from the same wages leave the worker a margin of means for self development, this "iron law of wages" promptly releases a tremendous force which tends to obliterate that precious margin by crowding wages downward. The strong tendency of its operation is to extort from the worker the full exertion of his powers in exchange for simply the necessaries of life. The members of the working class are mercilessly fenced by humanly produced and humanly perpetuated conditions into a narrow corner of life, where they cannot do otherwise than constantly exemplify, to the profit and ease of their more fortunate fellows, the truth that the first law of nature is *self preservation*—a spur to labor on in sad and hopeless existence. So does the brute tied securely in a treadmill wearily exemplify the same truth while his master, who profits, is in other places and thinks not of him.

And it is for the deliverance of all workers from this bondage that the young giant, Socialism, waxeth strong these days.

An Interview with Gabriele D'Annunzio

DOCTOR BRUNO FRANCHI, Rome, Italy.

LEAVING Bologna, that city of learning which held aloft the lamp of knowledge during the darkness of the Middle Ages, I arrived in Florence, not only "the city of flowers," but of great minds and of art distinctively Italian.

As our great tragedienne, Eleanora Duse, has recently been presenting the dramas of Gabriele D'Annunzio on your American stage, it occurred to me that it would be interesting to your readers to have from the mouth of D'Annunzio himself his opinions as to the sentiments and the conceptions of life embodied in modern literature in their relation to our future society.

D'Annunzio is a marvel of intellectual fecundity, not only in the number of his works, but also in the extent and profundity of his studies. He has made a patient and exhaustive study of all the details of literary form, and of the events and legends which form the basis of both ancient and modern romances, novels, tragedies and poems. To obtain an interview with so busy a man is almost an impossibility, and particularly at the present time, as he is now in one of the most fervid periods of his work. However, in my case the Poet fortunately made an exception, when he found that I wished to see him for the purpose of having him talk

for publication, and not out of idle curiosity.

At the station, near the marvelous Duomo, in the shade of Giotto's steeple, I took the electric car for the lovely Florentine hills, covered with villas and gardens, where D'Annunzio lives.

The hill takes its name from the little village of Lettignano, a name made glorious by the sculpture of the fourth century, which counts among its hundred glorious memories that of the long sojourn of the Roman Emperor, Septimus Severus, upon its slopes.

But before one reaches the village a road branches off to the right, and runs along the side of the hill, between hedges of laurel. Little homes, in the shade of fig trees and olive trees, are on either hand. A cart, drawn by oxen, comes out from a stable among the vines, laden with wine casks. Sunlight, silence, rural peace and quiet over all, broken in upon by an occasional shrill crow, or the distant shouts of hunters on the hills. The ground is beautifully green with grass and clover. Here in this spot of earth, so richly blessed by Nature, the *Laudi della terra*, rise naturally to the Poet's ears.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.
The Great Italian Poet, Dramatist and Socialist.

Almost hidden in the shade of venerable trees, one first catches sight of the Villa Capponcina, originally belonging to the Capponi family, but now to the estate of the Marquis Viviani—the villa where D'Annunzio lives.

In the furnishing of his house the Poet displays the same refinement of taste which characterizes his writings. The same love of beauty which flows in flowered words from his pen, impels him to gather here the most exquisite works of art, antique furniture, and rare stuffs of greatest beauty and richness, giving to the room a character of rich but chaste elegance which invites to silence and the study of beauty and its expression.

The room into which I was ushered had a very high fire-place, antique chairs, damask hangings, bas-reliefs,

chandeliers with many candles of different colors. A quiet light falls through the stained windows, in the middle of which is seen the Poet's motto, which is repeated on the wooden walls, on the vaults, on the architraves—a motto which holds a philosophy of life, a a destiny—*Per non dormire.*

The half-open doors look on the garden. Some dogs, great Danes wearing on their necks collars of little pearls, run in and out freely, sniffing here and there, curious and gentle.

The cooing of pigeons is heard from the dove-cote in the rear of the villa, and a spirited horse is stamping under the *portecochere.*

DR. BRUNO FRANCHI

In the Study-room of Professor Ferri, the great Italian Scientist and Socialist.

A door opens. D'Annunzio appears. After the greetings, I entered directly upon the subject of my mission. Although he had been working all night, till four o'clock in the morning, now, after his repose, a bath and breakfast, his spirits were enviably fresh.

"What is your idea of the province of art in relation to the coming state of society? What is your opinion of the moral and philosophical aspects of the literature of today, in the light of the approaching New Time?" I asked.

"Those are very large questions," replied D'Annunzio. "But as I have undertaken to answer you, for Mr. Wilshire, I think it will be necessary to begin with a criticism of the two dominant schools in current literature.

"In recent literature there are two distinct groups of ideas, two distinct schools of thought, so to speak.

"First, there is the western pessimism formulated by Schopenhauer with such elegant vigor, and imbibed so freely by the French novelists.

"Second, the moral doctrines preached in the east by the Russian novelists, some of whom, like Tolstoi, give an exact representation of real life, and others, like Dostoievski, give what seems almost like mournful hallucinations of a disordered mind, although often revealing in a succession of

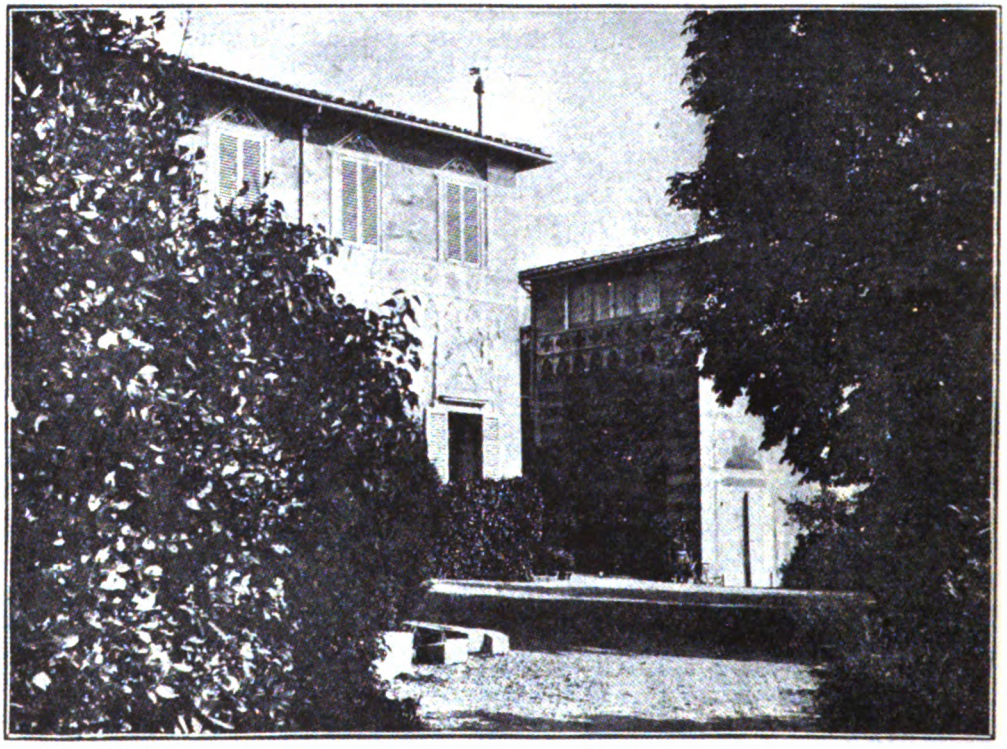
brilliant flashes, the terrible secrets of our inmost souls.

"But what is the fundamental defect of both these schools? you may ask.

"It is this: Both the systematic pessimism of the French writers, from whom we must exclude absolutely the great Zola, and the evangelical preaching of Tolstoi, are destructive in their philosophy. They should be constructive. The one seeks to show the uselessness of effort and the emptiness of life; the other would disregard all progress in civilization and bring men back to primitive times, renouncing all the fruits of civilization and all the joys of modern life.

"When, after a severe struggle, sentiment triumphed over intellect in Tolstoi, and he sought to give to men a practical rule of life, in addition to the lessons of his romances and his own example, this was his message: Don't give pain to any living creature, brute or human, not even to defend yourself against attack.

"What folly! This rule in itself means the immediate renunciation of the struggle for existence.



D'ANNUNZIO'S VILLA, "CAPPONCINA."

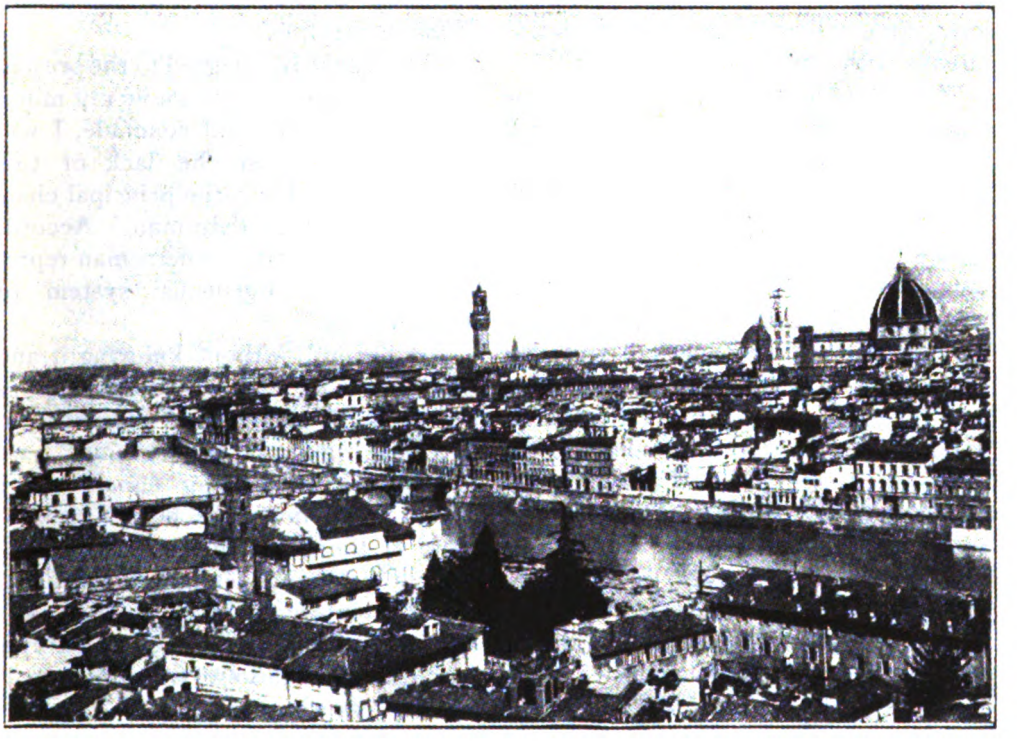
"It is clear that not only are the two doctrines false in themselves, but that they are absolutely rejected by science as well as by the conscience of the new time."

"Let us distinguish, if you will, these two relations—that between art and science, and that between art and the

new social conscience," I interjected.

"As to the relation between art and science, I think—and I have repeated it many times—that in the investigations of the regenerated world, art must always lead, and must propose hypotheses to science, which always requires experimental truth for its foundation. Art will furnish to science indications of truths not yet discovered, and science will follow up the clue and furnish the proofs.

"As to the relation between art and the now rapidly awakening social conscience — this conscience can only rightly be formed by the experimental method of the positive school, and I therefore believe that the attempted revival of mysticism is distinctly reactionary, and is destined to be overcome by the further inevitable progress of the positive method. Surely the fires of extinguished superstitions can never be re-lighted. Surely with dead religions we can compose nothing but a mythology. Already everything indicates the fact that from a newly-prepared ground a new and greater art shall germinate, and the earth-forces will assist in the miracle."



FLORENCE.

"Who," I asked, "is the greatest interpreter, in art, of the new philosophy that has developed from the awakening social conscience of today?"

"I would name Zola as the most important. And yet, all his great work, so far as it concerns the relation between art and the coming conscience, his philosophy is summed up in the oft-repeated rule of Septimus Severus:

Laboremus. Zola's great work, however, and that for which he will be longest remembered, is that he impressed the world with the importance of knowing 'the joy of living.' Nevertheless, he did not escape the fatal heritage of his day and generation and the effects of its education, though he felt vaguely the coming of a radical revival; and ten years ago, at the banquet of May 18, 1893, speaking to the young men, Zola said: 'Gentlemen, they tell us that your generation breaks with ours.'

"But I remember that on the same subjects developed by Zola, a great poet, Percy Shelley, a century before composed vaster and profounder symphonies, and with a greater magnificence of diction. In the revolt of Islam he had luminous visions of the emancipated earth and a regenerated humanity, 'When Science and her sister Poesie, shall deck in new light the fields and cities of the free men.' And in Prometheus Unbound, all the voices and vibrations of the Universe are blended in a single immense choir to celebrate the goodness of life, the joy of living. He gives, so to speak, the Rule of Life, as coming from without; but the inmost secret wisdom of happiness is always the same. It consists in knowing that which is, in order to accept but that which ought to be, and so to will what must be. In this consists the power of the Socialist philosophy.

"To exercise this supreme wisdom, a perfect and almost divine equilibrum of faculties is necessary; and very effectively was this dictum uttered by a remarkable man, perhaps the highest exemplary of the human race—Leonardo da Vinci, who had within himself the highest and most complete harmony of the greatest number of different faculties.

"Now, as it is in regard to the present day that you desire to know my mind, and with I this will conclude, I will say that it is just the lack of this equilibrium which is the principal characteristic of the modern man. According to Nietsche the modern man represents 'a heterogeneous system of moral values.'

"All of us, without knowing it and without willing it, have within ourselves a great many elements of different and opposing origin; and besides, we belong to a declining epoch. The esthetic and moral are bound indissolubly by these biologic premises."

This rigorous, scientific conclusion ended our interview. Expressing thanks on account of myself and Wilshire's Magazine, I withdrew from the great poet's presence.

THE WAY OF KINGS—CROWNED AND UNCROWNED

Dedicated to Baer, The Divine

W. COVINGTON HALL

Ye are prating of your power but the sky of time is grey,
And the fullness of your madness it shall ripen with the day.
Ye shall waken in the moment when the great world shakes and reels,
When the mad, brute host of hunger from the slums and darkness steals;
Ye shall waken to the reaping of the fruits your hands have sown,
And the measure ye have meted to the race shall be your own.
Think ye not that fate is idle; that your own is Heaven's will,
For the wrecks that strew the æons tell that God is reigning still.
Dream ye not that Mammon conquers, trust ye not too much to gold;
For the shell is not the substance, and the flesh is not the soul.
If ye doubt it, pause and listen; lift aside the veil of time:
Where is Rome and all her splendor? Where is Athens, the sublime?
Where are all the Persian millions? Where the proud Egyptian host?
Tell me, does Imperial Carthage still adorn the Afric' coast?
Where the empire of the Incas? Where is Montezuma's throne?
What is Spain and Spanish glory in the world once called her own?
Where are India's mighty princes? Where the Babylonian kings?
Tell me, ye who kneel in worship at the shrine of earthly things!
Proud ye are, and will not answer—ye are swelled with folly vast—
Neither will ye heed the lesson that is taught by ages past.
Like the scribes of ancient Judah ye depend on Roman might,
But the buried Christ is risen and the truth still lives tonight.
There be some ye cannot silence; there be some ye cannot kill;
And the blood of martyred spirits is the seed of progress still;
Love and freedom still are powers in the human heart and soul,
And the great, eternal truth is marching onward to the goal!
But all words are worse than useless—reason's self ye would deride—
Ye are but the sons of folly and the slaves of purse-born pride;
Ye are strangers unto mercy; ye are deaf and dumb and blind;
Ye have never paused to listen to the human heart and mind.
Will ye not yet turn to justice ere your works have made it vain,
And the Marseillaise is ringing round a rebel world again!

PROPERTY RIGHTS

SAMUEL LEWIS BROOKS

"And what so rare as a day in June?
"Then, if ever, come perfect days,"

And this day is the rarest of all June days, for it is a very rare thing for us to escape from the toil and broil of business life.

The sun shines its brightest, the birds sing their sweetest, and the wild flowers unfold their fairest blossoms for us. Many weeks we had been gazing longingly at the great mass of green hills that rose with majestic pride in the dim distance, and promised ourselves the pleasure of burying all care deep in their mystic solitude whenever a day of leisure came. And it has come at last; even now we are slowly ascending the first gentle rise that leads up to the swelling breasts of the hill. How we revel in the soft, pure air and the fragrant odor of the wild vegetation. All Nature seems to receive us with open arms, and even the tender wintergreens which grow around each mossy stump thrust themselves forward and challenge us to taste their pungent flavor. We climb a short distance, pause occasionally to look backward, and at last sit down breathless but happy, to gaze down on the broad stretch of the valley we have left below. The river shines like burnished silver under the sun's rays, as it appears and disappears behind the group of trees that line its shores. Even the city seems to be bathed in the calm, sweet stillness that surrounds us on the hillside. Can it be that down there human hearts are being rent with sorrow? Can it be that such a monster as Poverty is even now tearing at the vitals of our fellow men? Does hunger still prey upon them until they regard the needs of the stomach as man's highest aim, and consider beastiality a just recompense for lost opportunities? Can it be that that is the mill where souls are ground so infinitesimally small that they become as impalpable dust and lose themselves in nothingness? Ah, no, it is only a horrible dream, and with a sigh of relief we once more climb upward. I urge my companion forward, for we are nearing the brow of the hill and, as we reach a small clearing, pause for breath before making the final effort.

"How can a man be sinful when he has all this?" I think, and my breast swells as I seem to grasp all the largeness of life. What grandeur, what hopefulness! Men environed like this should indeed be gods. I feel an impulse to take the whole universe in one long embrace; to have those who are crowded in filthy dens of the veiled hell below, join me here and renew themselves in this vital fluid. I am just about to open my lips to remark

how thankful we should be that our Creator has given us this draught of the very essence of freedom, when a voice breaks the silence. It comes so unexpectedly, when we thought ourselves alone, that it falls upon our ears with a shock.

"I am sorry, but I must forbid your going any farther on my land. Of course, I dislike to disturb you, but I cannot have everybody trampling on and destroying my property."

"Are we trespassing?" gasped my companion. "I supposed we were all alone in God's free country."

"Be careful, my dear, perhaps this is God," I say in an undertone. I then look at the individual to verify my suspicion, but I see he is nothing but a mortal man like myself. I apologize very profusely, but there is a feeling of bitterness in my heart. My pleasure has turned to ashes. All the peacefulness of the scene disappears, and I stand face to face with the hard, cruel, grasping world. The teeming city again appears before me, and my nostrils breathe in its stench; while the unholy din rises and envelopes me, shutting out all of Nature's great beauty. I feel as if a great, unjust, intangible hand had grasped and was imprisoning me.

"*How* much property do you own hereabouts?" I ask of the gentleman, as we prepare to respect his "divine rights."

"All of this," waving his hand as if to take in the whole countryside.

Then I think of the narrowness of his claim and say:

"Truly, you have a royal patrimony!"

The words have hardly left my lips when I heartily regret them, for I see a flush of pride rise to his forehead, and a great wave of pity sweeps over me. I realize that the same mill that is grinding me has already ground him; the same system that is crushing me has already crushed him, for I can look on Nature and enjoy all of her fullness, but to him her great beauty is obscured behind the monetary value of each foot of land and the prospective commercial use of every tree and blade of grass. Verily, his dignity has cost him more than he can ever know or regain.

THE VISION OF IZRA

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EARTH. . .

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE

VAINLY the forces of a mighty Empire sought to unveil the lurking defenders of a tiny State. Ahead rose up the kopjes by Mægersfontein, but there was no trace or sign of moving life, and the whizzing, bursting shell searched in vain every nook and cranny for the secret of the whereabouts of the Boers. Wherever they might be, however, they must be cleared

out if Kimberley was to be relieved, and the Empire's forces must move forward to attain this object. The Boers lay hidden, but where? There was no intelligence forthcoming to supply an answer, so a large mass of Highlanders moved forward under the soaking drizzle of murky clouds to endeavor to obtain it.

Izra lay in the Boer trench below the kopjes and looked out into the murky night. He was stiff and cramped. For long hours he had lain thus, forbidden to move, while the searching shells shrieked above him on their fruitless quest. The position occupied was a strong one, and a long line of grim, watchful men held it, as in patient silence they bode their time. Dreary and cold was the scene, and the dark night moved slowly along. At last the pale streaks of Grey Dawn shimmered in the sky, and with them came, from afar at first, but gradually growing nearer, the muffled sound of marching feet. Izra shivered. "What is that?" he muttered, half to himself, half to the man on his left, but the only answer he got was a stifled "sh—sh—sh," uttered warningly, and a rustling movement seemed to pass along the line of waiting Boers. Nearer and nearer came the trampling sound, the dull, measured tread; and as Izra strained his sight and peered into the mist, his eyes dilated with horror. Out of the gloom came that which caused it—a serried, densely packed column of men—breathing heavily and rushing on its doom. In the van marched the regiment dear to Izra's heart. He recognized the tartan that he loved. Was it not that of the *Black Watch*, the chosen regiment of a dear brother gone, the pride of the land of his birth?

A horrible silence, tomb-like, commanded the Boers, but every man brought his rifle forward and waited, the muzzle pointing towards the advancing mass. Oh! what madness sent it thus into Destruction's arms? The blood rushed to Izra's face as he sprang up and shouted forth a warning cry: "Back, my lads! Back!"

He felt himself hustled and pushed down, and at the same time a remorseless rattle swept down the Boer line as the rifles belched forth their deadly contents. The dense column thus smitten, reeled and wavered. Terrible cries came from it. Rage and fury, consternation and pain could all be heard as men went down literally in heaps, dead, wounded and dying, helpless to move forward, reluctant to retire.

The carnage was frightful. Officers fell thickly, leaving their men leaderless. One of the first to fall was the gallant leader of the brigade, who sank on his knees, struggled to speak and then stretched himself out in death. It was a ghastly scene. Flame seemed to pour from the Boer trenches, the horrible duett of *ping*, *crack*, *whizz* kept up its jarring music. Yells from officers and non-commissioned officers, striving to restore order and reform the decimated column, rent the air. A few men strove to charge forward. They fell riddled with bullets. Surely never picture more revolting has man before painted on the canvas of Life!

Izra stood spell-bound contemplating it. A few stray bullets whizzed past him, but he heeded them not. The mesmerism of the hour controlled him with its piteous reality. "Man's inhumanity to man" stared him in the face. The horror of it filled his soul—swift, sure and deadly was the work. No mass of men, however gallant, could withstand the awful hail. Hundreds had fallen, the wounded and dying

writhed and moaned amidst the dead. The Spectacle of Carnage was complete.

The splendid column, mutilated and disorganized, but undaunted and mad to avenge the fallen, was driven back. It broke up into huddled masses of retreating men longing and struggling to reform. Across the veldt floated voices calling out the names of their regiments, comrades in arms signalling to each other through the opaque mists, but the wounded lay where they had fallen. For long hours no succour could reach them. Morning dawned, a hot sun rose to scorch them and add to the agonies of thirst which consumed their parched lips, tongues and throats aggravated by wounds. Happy dead; they at least did not suffer. For them the horror and the hell of war was past. It was the dying living and the helpless wounded that tasted of its bitter gall, the poison of inhumanity.

So opened the first act in the struggle of Mægersfontein. It was the ghastly herald of a battle which raged all day, drinking up many lives, accomplishing nothing. From its lurid and shrieking pandemonium let us turn and view the sequel.

II.

Night had fallen on the battlefield. The shriek of the whizzing, bursting shell had ceased, the roar of artillery no longer sent its throbbing boom through the hot air, and the ceaseless *ping, ping, whizz, whizz, thud, thud,* of the remorseless bullet had passed into silence. But the ravages each had made had left their scars, hideous and sickening evidences of the revolting practices of *civilized* man. In the Boer camp men lay dead and men lay dying. Of the latter, some sat in dogged silence as their life ebbed away, others moaned and groaned and wriggled and writhed in their agony, after the surgeons had cut them about in a fruitless attempt to save their lives.

From out the darkness weird cries sobbed through the air. They were those of men in pain, of animals in distress. "Help, Help!" pleading voices wailed, and the moan of piteous agony floated on the breezes of the night. Here and there groaning sounds arose with startling and sickening suddenness, some to perish in the rattle and gurgle of merciful death, others living on and detailing their sufferings in their gruesome and heartrending appeal. The struggling, clanking duet of loose harness and gasping sighs, betokened the fruitless efforts being made by wounded and dying horses to gain a footing or release themselves from the iron grip of straps and traces, which kept them bound and helpless where they had fallen during the hot hours of the day. Many had lain parched with thirst and maddened by flies throughout the ghastly period of battle waged around, and now the icy coldness of an African night froze their limbs and petrified them with its benumbing touch.

Izra had been wandering about the battlefield, doing what he could in the waning light to aid the wounded and the dying. With his revolver he had helped many a sobbing horse and mule out of their sufferings, yet, nevertheless, it was little that he could do, and black darkness put an end to his efforts. With a sense of sickening horror he tore himself away from the suffering which he longed to alleviate and which his heart yearned to see ended. His last act had been to receive the dying message of a Highland laddie to his sweetheart, and to become the

custodian of a keepsake from a British officer to his mother, ere that officer breathed his last. Then he had followed the Boer ambulance into camp, and weary, begrimed, heavy-souled, and sick at heart, after a drink of water, he had sat himself down by one of the camp fires and tried to obtain oblivion in sleep.

Not an easy matter, by any means. The sights and sounds around him made it almost impossible. He wondered how men could sit and eat, and laugh, and joke, as he saw not a few doing, while the dead lay about and the suffering sobbed around. He should have known—for Izra was a world-wide wanderer—that constant acquaintance with the features of Pain deadens the senses of many to its hideous appearance, and renders the heart callous. There are some hearts that cannot become so, but these are in the vast minority, and the world accounts them squeamish, while in reality they are simply humane. "You do not eat, Izra?" enquired a Boer by his side who was chewing Biltong. "No," answered the former, wearily. "I am tired. I would sleep."

The man did not answer, and Izra closed his eyes. He was indeed weary, and longed for rest.

Merciful Sleep! She came to him at last and folded him in her arms. The spell of her presence enthralled his senses, an indescribable peace stole upon them. Gruesome sights and heartrending sounds died away and subsided. The silence of oblivion made all things still, and Izra slept.

III.

Then the Spirit of Truth swept down and stood beside him, beckoning to his spirit to arise and join her. "Let Earth's poor child rest," she said. "Come you wandering with me. I will show you the World as Man has made it. Come." "Who are you," asked Izra's spirit. "Your face is beautiful. Yes, I will come with you."

"My name is Truth," answered the spirit. Its radiance illumines my features and reveals things as they are. Men shun me as a rule, on account of this, but you have ever sought for me, and he who seeks, finds."

The two spirits rose up and passed into unfathomed space. Earth became clear to their vision, as they moved along, and its panorama unrolled itself upon the revolving orb that gave it birth.

"See," said Truth, "there is the battlefield whereon, in the hours that have gone, you stood and watched scenes of carnage and of pain. In the roar and excitement of its cannon, shot, shell and tumult, the after-suffering was not thought of, but there it lies before you now under that thin, white veil of icy coldness which o'erspreads it. Look on it and realize what war means. It is a hell. Not the creation of a Power upon whom you have laid the burden of your own misdeeds, but of yourselves, who have modelled Life on a false conception, and govern it with bad and unnatural laws. Those cries of pain and sobs of suffering which you hear, and those piteous scenes of woe which you see, are all the resultants of passions aroused and cultivated by a pernicious system of education, founded on an erroneous ethical code, wherein Love, the soul of Justice and Mercy, has no footing, but where Cruelty presides. There, now, the scene is passing from our view, let us move on."

The two spirits passed on through space. Scenes of exquisite loveliness ever and anon came rolling into view.

Sparkling seas, vast, far-stretching forests, lordly, high-peaked mountains, fertile valleys, silver-streaked lagoons, tropical jungles, and sweeping prairies. The features of Earth seemed beautiful wherever undisturbed by the aggressive presence of man, but where this presence manifested itself, unnecessary suffering appeared to prevail. On the seas, men of war, merchant vessels, passenger steamers, cattle-ships ploughed their way through the heaving waters. In many of them gruesome animal martyrdom occupied pride of place. The butcher's knife worked busily to supply frugivorous man with carnivorous food, and in the cattle-ships the patient, dumb crowds of sentient life, huddled together in terror and suffering, scarred with wounds, parched with thirst, tortured with sickness, with slime and foam dripping from their mouths; some with broken limbs, denied even the merciful relief of death, passed along on their *via dolorosa* to give their flesh poisoned and tainted by unnatural surroundings and cruel treatment, to the craving stomachs of their human kith and kin. Far behind them lay the ranches and estancias on which they had been reared. Green fields would know them no more. Ahead of them lay but the horrible surroundings of landing quays and slaughter-houses, with their scenes of misery, stench of blood, ghastly sounds and cruel pain to the end of that *via dolorosa*. Terror would be their sole companion; love, gentleness, kindness, pity, would be unknown.

"Spirit of Izra," said Truth, "see you those vast cities beneath us? Mark the features of their faces. They are varied, are they not? Look at the children of wealth therein, laughing, dancing, gorging, singing. Look at Poverty's offspring alongside them, and the fruits of unchecked reproduction. Hear you the sobs of despair? See you the weary, worn faces of the huddling proletariat? Hark to the obscene language of the rabble. Look on that mixture of misery, vice, ignorance and cruelty, born, reborn, and reborn again as the miserable creatures which compose it pass on to others their heritage of degradation. Behold in those cities hospitals innumerable, swarming with the sick and the diseased, most of these the victims of hereditary ailments, developed by insanitary conditions, wrong living, vile food, foul drink, privation, and an ignorant disregard of the first and true principles of health. Amidst the well to do, see teeming dyspeptic wrecks, the handiwork of gluttony, over-eating and intemperance. Turn your eyes where you will, you will observe the grim tragedies of an unnatural existence, the inevitable sequels of immoral laws. In those cities you will perceive the buildings wherein men give birth to civil laws, many of them false and at variance with true morality, and in every direction countless churches summon the masses to prayer and force upon humanity forms of religion, some of which make men into fanatics, while others destroy the dictates of reason and common sense and bolster up precepts and customs, remnants of days when barbaric ignorance reigned and superstition was resorted to to supply the void which that ignorance created. Mark you some of the shameless and nameless scenes and crimes which unfold themselves to your sight in those cities below. I see you shudder as you look on them, but look on them you must if you would learn to view life in all its varied aspects and behold the world's

features distorted by man. Why do you shiver?"

"At the ghastly scenes you refer to, Spirit of Truth," answered Izra's spirit. "They fill me with horror and contempt for man. But is there no regeneration for him? Look down on those thousands toiling to make man better. Will they not succeed?"

"Not until their laws are framed in accordance with the principles of common sense and the lessons taught by Nature," replied the Spirit of Truth. "Ignorance, superstition, and a false ethical code founded thereon, and maintained by civil and religious laws, must be swept away and the fabric of men's actions be crowned by the diadem of Love. It alone can adorn an indestructible system of rule wherein the rights of sentient life, human and non-human, shall be observed, and the pastimes of cruelty and immoral research become impossible. Observe the awful tortures of this latter practice, which men call Vivisection. Look down on those hideous scenes of constant and unending woe which it is imposing on the lower creation, your dumb kith and kin. See how, with every breath you draw, thousands are moaning in torment and appealing with speechless pleading for relief therefrom. Small wonder that you shiver, even you, who have roamed that earth beneath you and noted the moods and ways of it, men until now, even you have not realized how the features thereof are being distorted by your species. But this bird's-eye view unveils it in all its terrible reality, and forces conviction where doubt strove to hide the features of my face."

"Oh! Spirit of Truth," cried Izra, "It is as you say. The echoes of joyous laughter which sweep upwards from the earth are dulled and annihilated by the piteous moans which pierce the air with bitter reproach. The "sport" which brings enjoyment to the leisured classes, who have made it the medium whereby they kill their hours of idleness and ward off the misery of *ennui*, is the remorseless executioner of myriads of lives bred and nurtured to afford the "sportsman" the delight of destroying them in a barbarous fashion. The art of destruction has been made into an art, and the higher a man can pile his victims, the more is he honored as an artist of the gun. The cowardly scenes of the battle entrance him, and the pathetic sights of the deer-drive amuse him. Hunting, coursing, pigeon shooting, stalking, occupy the idle hours of his existence, and in each of these the torture of animals is involved. At an early age children are taught to look forward to the time when they shall take part in these pastimes of blood. In foreign lands cruelty is everywhere rampant, and barbarous bull-fights entrance a whole nation. Far and wide the religions of man *preach* mercy, love and kindness, but do not practice largely what they preach; the lips that proclaim these as God ordained, daily receiving the cooked remains of dumb kith and kin, many of whom have suffered grievously ere they died, or been killed by the hands which nurtured them. In all parts of the world a constant destruction of life is going on to provide men and women with furs and feathers, principally for adornment, and barbarous methods are resorted to obtain them. The cruelties exacted by fashion are legion. The happy life sacrificed upon her altar of vanity and sham can be counted each year by millions, in many cases existence being produced and fostered solely for the

sake of destruction. And clearly I see that, as you say, such things will continue until the lessons taught by Nature are taken to heart, and Common Sense and Truth, not Ignorance and Superstition, are our guides. Nothing but the cult and practice of Love can regenerate Humanity. Till Kindness rules, Cruelty will go on reigning. We must work to attain the triumph of the former."

"Even so, Spirit of Izra," answered the Spirit of Truth. "Your words are the echoes of my voice. They are incontrovertible as such, for I am alone real and eternal. See, now the scene you quitted on leaving the earth is returning into view. Rejoin it. You have ever sought for me, and I have come to you. Go now and tell your fellow-men what you have learnt. Work faithfully and preach the Gospel of Love. I shall see you again, for Truth is indestructible."

* * * * *

"Wake up, Izra! You have slept heavily. No wonder. You must have been tired, indeed. The enemy are falling back on the Modder River. There is to be an armistice. They have piles of dead to bury." Izra heard these words as his eyes opened on a newly-risen day and rested on the kopjes behind him and the grey, grim, stretching veldt before him, the battlefield of Mægersfontein, covered with silent dead.

DESIRE, THE MAIN SPRING OF ACTION

HARRY C. THOMPSON

HUMANITY is now about to ascend to another plane of life, politically, industrially, morally, spiritually. It is best that this ascent should be governed by intelligence. A complete revolution in human affairs can be conducted peacefully. What is necessary is the distribution of the accumulated knowledge classified as Sociology. This knowledge will cause the working class to assume the direct government of the world, industrially and politically. This new plane of life is called Socialism. Perhaps some other name would do as well. Certainly there will be immense changes in people's understanding of the meaning of the term before they will vote it into being and power. Nevertheless, the forces which govern society are rushing us into Socialism, and it is only necessary for more people to wake up and adjust themselves to the new order.

Socialism is the harmonious and equitable adjustment of the social and industrial relations of men and nations. Socialism is based on the scientific organization of industry. It includes collective ownership and democratic management of the means of life. It opens the way to realize all our ideals. Successful individuals have pioneered the path for the race. Trusts and combines have proven the possibility of

what has been lightly treated as "the Socialist's dream."

Capital in its present aggregate of vast powers can no longer be regarded as the result of individual accumulations. It is distinctly the product of social effort. It is the combined inheritance from many sources of the past. It is the result of the resources of each nation being consolidated in the hands of a few. Capital as organized in the United States has a capacity to affect the lives of the people far greater than their elective, representative government. To have a self-elected government of capitalists more powerful than the general government is a condition that has no possibility of surviving. Even their unquestioned ability to elect their own representatives to public office will not perpetuate their control. At best, Government by Trusts is only a passing event. Nor is the capitalist method of production and distribution self-sustaining. It has a sufficient inherent weakness in its ignoring the welfare of the people, so that it must pass away. Hereafter the capital of the nation will be recognized as the property of the nation. Natural resources are, from their origin and their common necessity, the inheritance of the whole people. The social production of wealth invites social ownership. The people must learn to manage collectively the means of life.

No longer can we speak of "the natural environment" for civilized people. Civilization is the result of man's attempt to improve upon Nature. Imperfect as it is, it is our chief inheritance, next to life and land. Its accumulation of wealth and machinery, art and knowledge, should be made common property, and every child should be ensured equal rights of access and use. Nor can we "return to Nature." Trust governments, with their monopoly of land and machinery, would not let us, even if it were desirable. The race must go forward and solve its problems as it proceeds. We must grapple with the powers that be for the control of government and other environment.

What is the chief hope? That evolution has produced a conscious human intelligence as a directive agent for the natural social forces. Natural evolution is no longer to be allowed the mastery. That at best is a slow, blind, unethical process. Its course is lined with the wrecks of human hearts and hopes. Its Assyria, Babylon, Egypt and Rome are object lessons plain enough even for our kindergarten stage of development. The doom of the competitive system is likewise clearly manifest, and the social forces are now producing a co-operative system under the apparent manipulation of our modern financial world conquerors.

In no proper sense has "the survival of the fittest" ever been secured. The strongest, the shrewdest, the most unscrupulous, have crushed the sensitive, the worthiest, the most conscientious, all through the ages. The quicksands of our modern slums absorb many a genius and life of unknown worth and capabilities. The conditions of labor are worse than barbarism. The humanitarian and religious impulses of the race have made a long attempt to overcome the animal instincts of greed and private possession, and usher into power ethics worthy of human beings. The strongest and highest impulses of mankind have culminated in the Socialist movement. Socialists need social science and social scientists need to recognize

that Socialism is the legitimate and necessary outcome of the forces which have been competing, but are now surely and rapidly converging. Sociologists as a class are so careful of their reputations and their positions that they do not dare advocate anything. Socialists have not much in the way of reputation, and they need knowledge to equal their undoubted courage.

Human needs and wants comprise an ever-present force making for advancement. Where wants are few, civilization is low. Desire is the main-spring of all action, the life-power of every organism. The struggle for existence has been caused by the necessity for food, clothing and shelter. The problem of securing these, after many centuries of endeavor and progress, occupies the greater portion of the time, thought and strength of the large majority of the human race. This problem can be solved by the same intelligence which has solved other problems, and the means of an ample life can be secured by all the people with the minimum expenditure of life-force. The means of supplying every need and the proper principles of distribution are now known to every Socialist. Our numbers are growing with the passing of every hour, and increasing in ratio with the rapidity of the consolidation of industry in "strong hands." We propose to reorganize society to take possession of the entire plant of civilization just as soon as possible. The proper object of industry is to supply human needs and wants, not to create profits for holders of bonds and clippers of coupons. Government should be a committee elected by the people to do for the people what they cannot so well do for themselves collectively.

We believe in the possibility of so organizing our government that it will be devoted to the welfare of the whole people. We believe also that true self-interest or enlightened egoism will be sufficient motive for the individual members of society to render willing obedience to the rules for the administration of their own affairs when those rules are made by themselves. We believe that enlightened egoism coincides with altruism as the ultimate scientific ethics. An Industrial Democracy and a Co-operative Commonwealth are the two phrases which best convey the central idea of our proposed reorganization. Even the idea of such an extension of freedom is new to many and is opposed by the ignorant as new ideas have always been opposed. A revolution in thought must precede a revolution in institutions. Self-government in industry is the logical sequence to political self-government. The course of human evolution requires this further progress. The welfare of the race demands it. Those whose selfish interests seem to demand the preservation of the existing order will be compelled to loosen their grip on the world's life. At any stage of history he who says, "Let well enough alone!" is a traitor to humanity. It never has been well enough. What kind of an idea of history and evolution must a man have who thinks progress will cease with the conditions which have made him prosperous?

The desire for liberty to express one's whole life will continue to change institutions until every man and woman is free. Then Freedom will work still greater changes. Individual liberty can be secured only by combined effort. Society alone can make the changes necessary to free the individual. The benefits of co-operation and individual liberty can be combined only by extending the principle of self-government to collective industry. The benefits of organized society will more than compensate for its restraints. Liberty is not individual isolation but rather harmonious relationship in a state of equal rights, equal duties, and equal opportunties.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

BERLIN, June 7.—At to day's session of the Chemical Congress, Prof. W. Markwald, of Berlin, showed the electro-chemical and physical section, a smudge of dark powder on a piece of paper, which was the first time that any of the eminent scientists present had seen the metal polonium, discovered by Prof. and Mme. Curie, of Paris.

Its discoverers doubted whether polonium was a primary element or related to bismuth. but Prof. Markwald demonstrated that it was indeed a primary element. He exhibited a bit of the metal, weighing 15-100 of a grain, which was produced from two tons of uranium at a cost of $75. It is more thinly distributed in uranium than xenon, the most rarified gas, is in the atmosphere.

Prof. Markwald proceeded to give a marvelous exhibition of the powers of his speck of polonium. It intercepted a strong current of electricity passing through the air from the generator to the receiver, the air ceasing to be a conductor for the flashes. The room was then darkened, and pieces of barium, platinum, and zincblende placed near the polonium glowed with a bright greenish light.

The assemblage of chemists was thrilled with astonishment. It appeared to be a miracle.

In the section of organic preparations, Prof. Proskauer, of Berlin, read a paper on the sterilization of drinking water with ozone and on ozone water works, the German electricians having succeeded in cheaply producing a concentrated solution of ozone. The speaker, with Profs. Ohlmuller and Prall, of the Imperial Health Office, made exhaustive experiments with the solution in purifying water. The experiments included tests with water artificially impregnated with the deadliest disease germs, like typhus, cholera, and dysentery. Such water was pumped through the so-called "ozonizing tower," and then rigidly analyzed. All the germs were found to be killed, whereas the ordinary method of sand filters left the germs living. Moreover, the water was greatly improved in quality through the increase of oxygen from the ozone.

Prof. Proskauer said the ozonizing plant was cheaper than the sand filtering system, usually used in the city water works, hence the time had come for the general introduction of ozone plants. The town of Wiesbaden, added the professor, already had one of these plants, which sterilized 250 cubic meters of water hourly.

I give the above from the N. Y. Times regarding polonium as indicative that we are on the verge of making a great leap forward in man's command over the forces of nature.

It is to be noted that if any such leap is made that will limit to any considerable degree the demand for labor that the natural consequence will be a great unemployed problem. Today instead of a labor saving device being an unmixed good, as it will be under Socialism, it is often a thing of dread to the workers it threatens to displace.

The discovery relative to ozone is interesting inasmuch as it predicts a cheap method for the purification of our municipal water supplies. The method, if as good as stated, should be installed in every large city in America.

ASSUMING HIS AMERICAN EARLDOM.

At the age of twenty-one a youth stepped from Columbia College this week, with his degree, to immediately take his place in this great commercial and financial world of ours and assume the ownership of and responsibility for several millions of dollars. The sum is in the neighborhood of twenty millions. The young man is Marcellus Hartley Dodge, who a few months ago inherited the fortune of his grandfather, Marcellus Hartley, one of New York's great financiers.

This young man is already a director in three big corporations—the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the Equitable Trust Company and the International Banking Corporation. The last was organized to finance the Chinese loan. Young Dodge will, without delay, be elected a director of numerous other corporations.—The N. Y. Commercial.

And still such items as the above appear in our daily press without once exciting our suspicion that we have any such thing in our democratic America as hereditary rulers.

How many men of the feudal nobility of Europe have inherited the power of our American Patrician Marcellus?

What noble family of the old world but would willingly ally itself to parvenu Prince Hartley by giving him the choice of their daughters for a wife?

OHIO'S IDEA OF A FUNNY IDEA.

"A Talk with Rockefeller" is the feature of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE for May. Mr. Wilshire, a professed Socialist, talking with the Standard Oil man, is a funny idea, but not so funny as the dialogue between them. Concerning trusts, Mr. Rockefeller observes: "I think the trust, by regulating industry and systematizing business, will help keep up the present prosperity. We have never had such a period in the history of the country before, and yet there never were so many trusts, hence it cannot be said that trusts prevent prosperity. There are less unemployed men than ever known in the history of our country."

Rockefeller's statement may be funny enough to the Columbus, Ohio, Journal, but it seems to me that the Ohio editor would be less funny if he did not see so much fun.

It is simple enough to laugh when you have no other way of covering up your ignorance.

Let the Journal answer Mr. Rockefeller.

Have we prosperity now?

Did we ever have so many trusts as now?

If an affirmative answer is made, then how can it be said that Trusts and prosperity are incompatible?

Let the Journal speak.

Of course prosperity cannot last much longer but it will not be on account of the trusts that it will not last. The trusts simply indicate that prosperity must wane, exactly as a weather cock shows how the wind blows. The trusts mean threatened overproduction; overproduction means unemployment of labor and capital and such unemployment when it is severe enough means Socialism as the remedy.

CHICAGO EDITOR CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE.

Mr. Wilshire told Mr. Rockefeller that the Socialist remedy for the Trusts is government ownership. One of the most cheerful thoughts that come to us is the thought we shall be dead before the Socialists begin to remedy things. The disease is bad enough.

Thus wails the editor of the Chicago Tribune. What can the doctor do with a patient whose disease makes him so crazy that he would rather die than regain his health?

HOW ROCKEFELLER DISPOSES OF HIS SURPLUS.

BOSTON, MASS., June 2.—Men in closest touch with financial affairs in Boston and New York see the hand of John D. Rockefeller in the deal leading to the control of the First National Bank. The Standard Oil Company, they say, is seeking new outlets for investment of its millions, and the banking line is one of its favorites.

Leading bankers believe that A. E. Appleyard, who has secured control of the First National, is acting simply as a Rockefeller agent. It is part of the Rockefeller scheme to control one or more banks in all the financial centres of the country. The giant money trust which he rules already manages banks scattered all over the United States, but New England until now, has eluded his grip. It appears as if the chain of banks would soon be completed.—Boston Herald.

This item is one of the many significant straws showing the great pressure that the very rich are under to find investment for their incomes. It is to be noted that when Rockefeller solves

his problem by buying out a bank, he is simply shifting the burden on the men he buys out. When capital can no longer be invested then comes the crisis.

BIG DOGS EAT LITTLE DOGS.

That the smaller capitalists are constantly being awakened to the fact that there is "nothing in business" unless you have a monopoly is evidenced by the following:

Chicago, May 21.—Makers of farm implements are circulating a petition to President Roosevelt declaring that their business is being crushed out by the operations of 33 combines, and calling upon the government to take such steps as will protect them. It is declared that the steel and iron interests have increased the price of materials so that there is now little opportunity for independent plants to carry on business profitably.

Following is a list of the 33 combinations, to each of which tribute must be paid, say the petitioners, every time a machine is made: Standard Oil Co., Iron Tubing, Spoke & Rim, Wire Nail, Rope & Twine, Paper Box, White Lead, Bolt, Rivet, Belting (or Leather), Lumber, Paint Brush, Link Chain, Spring Cotter Emery Wheel, Electrical Machinery, Foundry Core Flour, Borax, Salt, File, Window Glass, Rubber, Woodworking Machinery, Pig Iron, Steel Spring, Wire Tube, Screw, Steel Saw, Sand Paper, Solder, Steel Wheel, Coal and the Railway combines.

But what can they do about it? Absolutely nothing; and if the rival fellows can't make money during prosperity, where will they be in "dull times?"

THE LATEST VIEW OF MATTER.

All capital, resolved to its atomic base, is simply power accruing to the owner, enabling him to force other men to work for him.

I want land, or a railway, or a sugar refinery, not for use, nor for display, nor for pleasure, but solely that I may enslave men who do not possess such capital, and make them work for me.

In connection with the thought that capital resolves itself to a single force, the following is of interest as showing the latest scientific theory that all matter resolves itself to energy, energy or force manifesting itself in different guises:

BERLIN, June 5.—Prof. Sir William Crookes, before the International Chemical Congress today, dealt with the possibility of reducing all the elements of matter to one, and ultimately finding this resolvable into a single form of energy. The subject was "Modern Views on Matter—the Realization of a Dream." Sir William cited the utterances of Sir Humphrey Davy and Faraday as anticipating the possibility of reducing the elements to simpler bases, spoke of the significance of the Roentgen rays and Bequerel rays, and the experiments of Curie and others, and said:

"All these observations find internal connection in the discovery of radium, which is probably the basis of the coarser chemical element. Probably masses of molecules dissolve themselves into the ether waves of the universe, or into electrical energy. Thus we stand on the border line where matter and force pass into each other. In this borderland lie the greatest scientific problems of the future. Here lie the final realities, wide reaching and marvelous.

"The nineteenth century saw the birth of new views regarding the nature of atoms, electricity, and ether. While our views about the composition of matter are generally satisfactory today, will that be the case at the end of the twentieth century? Do we not again see that our investigations have only a temporary value? Will we be content to see matter dissolving into a multitude of revolving electrodes? Such a mysterious dissolution of atoms appears to be universal. It occurs when a piece of glass is rubbed with silk. It is present in sunshine, in a raindrop, in lightning, in a flame, in a waterfall, and in the roaring sea. Although the whole range of human experience is too short to form a parallax whereby we can foretell the disappearance of matter, nevertheless it is possible that formless nebulæ will again prevail when the hour-glass of eternity has run out."

THE POWER OF MONEY.

Since July, 1897, the money circulation of the country, through gold coin and certificates, and national bank notes, has increased from $1,640,209,519 (a per capita circulation of $22.87) to nearly $2,400,000,000 June 1, 1903 (a per capita circulation of almost $30, the largest in the country's history). There is an expansion of the currency almost beyond the dreams of the "Greenbackers"—$740,000,000 increase in six years, nearly 50 per cent.

When the next crisis occurs, and it will occur within five years, there will be an enormous *per capita* circulation of money, but the money will all be in a few hands.

It is not the circulation *per capita* that ensures tranquility. It is a large average holding of wealth that must exist, and this can only be accomplished by collective ownership.

IS A TRUST NECESSARY?

If, as Mr. Rockefeller asserts, a trust is the necessary remedy for overproduction, there is considerable light shed upon the trust problem by his assertion. Mr. Rockefeller says that the Standard Oil Company was such a remedy, judiciously applied to the business. He does not contend that a like remedy has been employed with like results in other lines of industrial activity; although, if the theory is true in one case, it should be true in other cases. Mr. Rockefeller is quoted in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, saying:

I can't speak as to other trusts, but certainly as far as the Standard is concerned overproduction of oil led to the formation of the trust. We were producing three times as much oil as could be sold, and the trade was in a very bad way. The trust resulted in the greatest benefit to the refiners, and at the same time the general public were also benefitted by getting lower prices. The idea of the Standard forcing any one to sell his refinery to it is absurd. The refiners wanted to sell to us and nobody that has sold and worked with us but has made money, and is glad he did so. They all did well by coming into the trust. I can tell you that every one else has done well that came in with us. It's absurd to say the Standard forced the refiners into the trust. They were only too glad to come in, and they all made money by coming in. Natural conditions would have ruined us if we had not formed a combination.

This appears to mean that if no trust had been formed the scores of independent operators would have continued producing more oil than the market could absorb and thus would have drifted into bankruptcy, and been brought in by some capitalist or capitalists, thus leaving the independent refiners in ruin. The Standard came along, however, and consolidated them all and has since shared the profits of the business with them. We doubt not that it was a good thing for the independent refiners. That it was a good thing for the public is not so clear, notwithstanding Mr. Rockefeller asserts that the public got its oil at lower prices. We are not sure that this is not a post hoc propter hoc argument. It is something that it would be very difficult to prove, one way or the other. As a rule, however, a trust or any other power in control of a product, can be depended upon to put upon the product as high a price as the traffic will bear. Healthy competition alone can give the public the price it is justly entitled to. Whether competition can be healthy in certain industries is the main question, after all. Mr. Rockefeller says it cannot be in the oil industry. Students who wish to refute his argument will have to meet him precisely on this point.

The above is from the Mobile Register. The editor hits the nail on the head in asking if competition in the oil industry is really unhealthy or not. If it is unhealthy and a Trust is necessary to restore industrial health, then Doctor Rockefeller is all right.

In Russia often the peasants mob the doctor during times of epidemic because he insists on vaccination. The Trust is a heroic medicine for our social disease, but it is a necessary one. It will make us so sick, however, before we finish the treatment that we will be glad to take Socialism as an antidote.

As the Register says, "students who wish to refute Rockefeller's argument must meet him on this point" (the necessity of the Trust). Let me say, dear Register, that there will be no meeting him; it is easier to yawp and whine than to argue intelligently.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHS.

The N. Y. Commercial says:

Government ownership of the telegraph system in the United Kingdom is increasingly a failure. These lines have been operated by the British postoffice department for thirty-three years. During the first two years the telegraph revenues paid the interest on the purchase money. In no single year since then have they been sufficient to cover the interest charge.

The deficiency in the year 1872 was £119,000. This has steadily increased, until last year it was £950,740.

Almost $5,000,000 a year! Think of that! Five millions of dollars to be pulled every twelve-month out of the pockets of the British tax-payers in order to maintain a system of Government control of the telegraph! That should be contrasted with the Western Union here in the United States, capitalized at approximately $100,000,000, on which since 1886 the dividends have ranged from 2 up to 5 and as high as 5¾ per cent., while in one year (1892) an additional scrip dividend of 10 per cent. was paid out to the stockholders aggregating nearly $9,000,000; and all this on top of the uniformly prompt meeting of all interest payment on bonds, the rate in some instances being as high as 7 per cent. Good service—always a steadily improving service—is also given in this country, while every American traveler in the British Isles is familiar with the sort given by the Government there; a service that is far from efficient and actually costs the tax-payers nearly $5,000,000 a year!

I might ask if it makes so much difference to the general public whether they pay for their telegraphy by a low rate per telegram—there is a flat rate of twelve cents a message all over Great Britain—and meet the deficit by a tax, or do as we Americans do, pay an exorbitant rate for the service in order that the stockholders may enjoy five per cent. on a company capitalized at one hundred million, and that could be duplicated for less than twenty million?

CURRENT EVENTS

IT is not the policy of this magazine to hold individuals responsible for the faults of the economic system, and, therefore, when we touch upon the Post Office scandal and the individuals at the bottom of it, it might seem that we are departing from our logical position. However, in our own particular case there is a special excuse, inasmuch as we ourselves have suffered among the victims of the gang of Post Office extortionists and blackmailers who are now before the bar of public opinion. One strange part of it is that notwithstanding the enormous amount of corruption that is being exposed from day to day in regard to the Post Office, that the blackmailing scheme which it originally planned against us is still continued. One would think that policy, if nothing else, would have made the gang who tried to fatten at our expense, see that their nefarious game is up and that now is the time to quit. But there are some people to whom experience teaches nothing, and the Post Office scoundrels seem to be of this stamp. At bottom, this whole trouble rests upon the attempt of Roosevelt, who is himself above such dishonesty and trickery, to bolster up his political machine by means of machine politicans, and at the same time expecting these same politicians to be free from "graft." Roosevelt himself is perfectly honest, but it goes without saying that he is silly to expect to use machine politics without using

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD

—after your keeper had scrubbed you thoroughly,
—and he had given you a good coat of whitewash—
—and you had proudly started out for a promenade—
—if you suddenly fell into a mud hole, as above?

Wouldn't it JAR you?

"grafters" to run the machine. He seems to have one of those idealistic temperaments that allows him to think the whole world of graft is trying to put him on a pedestal simply that they may admire him. That his grafters are supporting him in order that they may participate in the political loaves and fishes, never occurs to the strenuous Roosevelt. They are willing to let him have the honor as long as they get the boodle; but Roosevelt seems to think they should have neither honor nor boodle, and therein he has made his great mistake regarding human nature. The following from the New York American seems to be about as complete and clear a statement of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude in regard to the Post Office scandal as has yet appeared:

Washington, June 29.—The President said "We shall go to the bottom of this Post Office scandal business," and then off he went to Oyster Bay on his summer vacation, leaving every high official's mouth shut tight as with a padlock.

He had passed word through the department that henceforward he would do or would authorize the talking on that subject for the Government, and that no one must presume to give out any information on pain of his serious displeasure. In consequence of this policy, the heads of divisions in the postal service who formerly spoke very freely are now dumb. What information is to be had can be got only from subordinates and under pledge of secrecy as to the source.

The view from the outside is that the President, so far from going to the bottom and opening up the rottenness, has really put on the lid and is now engaged in jamming it down tight.

Nor is this a departure from his course all through regarding the scandals. For months he has known about the stench in the Post Office Department. His course has been up to this to minimize and hush up.

His Attorney-General, Mr. Knox, made flimsy use of a technicality to let Machen escape trial on the charge of selling coal to the Post Office Department.

Later, Machen was caught in the net of further charges of using his office to sell letter box fasteners and other things at excessive prices to the Government, and also the charge of expenditures exceeding his appropriations.

One of these charges—that of conspiracy to defraud the Government—was formally brought against him. He was cited before United States Commissioner A. W. Taylor for examination, but before his case could be heard the President directed, or his Attorney-General for him directed, that Machen be taken before the Grand Jury, a proceeding said to be without a precedent in the District of Columbia.

That move took the case out of the hands of the Commission. The jury delayed a public hearing of Machen by indicting him and ordering him to be held for trial. But the court will not meet until October, and even then the case will not come to trial, but be assigned a place on the court calendar for trial at some still later date, and subject to the various and many delays that the lawyers on both sides may make.

The case of a man named Kehoe is offered as in point. Kehoe was indicted by the Grand Jury half a dozen or more years ago for defalcation in the State Department, but the case has been pending ever since. So it is said the Administration could do with the Machen case, if, for fear of injury to the Administration or Administration's party, it should be deemed wise to delay Machen's coming to trial until public attention had been diverted or tired out.

As to Beavers, one of the other division heads, and, like Machen charged as a gross offender, the President tried to hush up his case by letting him resign while under fire and authorizing Mr. Wynne, acting Postmaster-General in the absence of Mr. Payne, to give to Beavers a letter of commendation for his services to the Government, and to

say in that letter that he (Wynne) had three months before known of Beaver's intention to withdraw from the department and go into private business in New York, instead of telling the truth —that Beavers had suddenly decided to get out, and at once, to avoid investigation.

The President knew of the current talk about corrupt opinions from Assistant Attorney-General Tyner, of the Post Office Department, relative to unlawful use of the mails. Yet he permitted Postmaster-General Payne to arrange to hush the matter up and let Tyner "down easy" by setting a date for his resignation several months later. And this programme was not carried out only because Mrs. Tyner, wife of the accused official, went to the Post Office Department, and without hindrance from Acting Assistant Attorney-General Christiancy, who knew what she was doing, opened the official safe and took from it and to her home every paper it contained, even to the smallest slip.

TEN LITTLE POSTAL MEN

Three litttle Postal men, crooked through and through,
One had to wait his trial—then there were two.

In this extraordinary emergency nothing was done by the President or by his chief legal adviser, Attorney-General Knox, although it was morally certain that the stolen papers bore on the Post Office frauds and contained incriminations of men high in public life.

The President calmly accepted this monstrous robbery by the wife of the man whose duty it had been to prosecute Government thieves, and who, because of his suspicious relations of friendliness to those thieves, was to have been quietly, months later, dropped out of the service.

Instead of ordering his Attorney-General to have Tyner and Mrs. Tyner arrested and prosecuted for the State prison offence of robbing a Government safe, which, because it was a Government safe and on Government property, must be presumed to contain only papers belonging to the Government, and instead thereby of putting upon the Tyners the burden of proving that the papers taken were their private property, the President allowed Mr. Knox to decide that perhaps the papers taken were private, that the Government could not prove that they were Government papers, and that, therefore, nothing could be done. And this in face

of the fact that the Tyners admitted that some at least of the papers were not private, but related to postal business, and that they (the Tyners) would return them if the Postmaster-General or the Attorney-General would send for them!

Nor did the President even then take any public step to investigate or bring to trial Assistant Attorney-General James N. Tyner, on the other serious charges against him. He merely had Postmaster-General Payne write a letter to Tyner saying that because Mrs. Tyner had robbed the Post Office safe, Tyner could consider his dismissal to take effect at once instead of on the future date previously agreed on. Not a word was said about the other charges.

One of the best proofs of the President's cover-up-and-probe-as-little as-possible policy is revealed in Postmaster-General Payne himself. With corruption all about and long known to him, Mr. Payne had the audacity first to announce, and presumably with the President's approval, that specific charges made by a man of high reputation in the District of Columbia, Ex-Postmaster Tulloch, of Washington, were "hot air" and "a stump speech," and that there was nothing to investigate.

Later, when public opinion became too much aroused by the many evidences of "graft" and fraud to be met in this way, Mr. Payne told the newspaper men that the Administration had known of some of the Machen charges as long ago as last fall and that it had obtained $6,000 from Congress to enable it to make an investigation.

He said that the sum was not named for the purpose, but was included in the general appropriation, so as to permit the investigation to be carried on under cover and away from observation of the newspaper correspondents.

This statement, on its face, is very weak. Absolutely nothing was publicly done against Machen until the newspapers exposed him and aroused public indignation. Moreover, $6,000 will be ridiculously inadequate for any thorough independent investigation of such a large and ramifying division of the Government service as that of Machen's —the free delivery, city and rural. On the other hand, the $6,000 would not have been needed if the investigation was to have been conducted by the staff of inspectors under Bristow, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, the secret service branch of the Post Office Department, to which all recent investigations have been assigned by direction of the President.

If Mr. Payne had been a confederate in all the graft, the looting and the fraud charged against a great number of individuals in and out of the postal service he could not all along have done more to shield the criminals and less to reveal and punish them.

Mr. Payne was not a hold-over from the McKinley Cabinet. He was appointed by Mr. Roosevelt to succeed Charles Emery Smith who, because of personal incompatibilities, left the Cabinet soon after Mr. Roosevelt became President.

Mr. Roosevelt is, therefore, directly responsible for the present Postmaster-General, the more so as he likes to have the public understand that his Cabinet advisors do nothing and say nothing important without consulting him. Hence the President himself is chargeable with Mr. Payne's cover-the-cancer policy.

Indeed, that policy is primarily not Mr. Payne's, but the President's, notwithstanding all his brave words about "going to the bottom."

He did all he could, as long as he could, to ignore, minimize and cover up the Post Office scandals. He now has fastened a lid down securely over the mass of corruption, and he will take care to let forth as little of the stench as possible.

THE DOING UP OF DANNY-COMMON-PEOPLE-DEEVER

(Dated up from Kipling)

—N. Y. American

"What are the People growling for?" said Trusts-on-Parade.
"They're awful mad, they're awful mad!" the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so frightened like?" said Trusts-on-Parade.
"I fear they're getting on to us!" the Color Sergeant said.

"For you've taken all their money, and I've handed them the ice:
They have to buy their goods from you and pay an awful price;
They've been rifled and bamboozled in a way that isn't nice,
And I fear we'll have some trouble in the morning!"

A THOREAU BOOK, AND MUCH MORE

JOEL BENTON

ONE of the authors whose name and quality are becoming—and with true desert—more deeply imprinted on the public mind, as the years roll on, is Henry D. Thoreau. Like Landor, in this one respect, he has waited long for his audience, but it has now partly come and is yearly growing. He published only two books during his lifetime, which ended in May, 1862, and these were "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack" and "Walden." The first named records a trip down those rivers, in a small boat built by himself, giving therewith, as none but Gilbert White ever did before him, such a profuse, delicate and learned description of all out-of-door things as even now has no parallel. Mingled with all this are multiplied nuggets of remarkable human philosophy, together with gems of poetry and epigram, a large part of which are oriental and classic.

It is not a book, however, of conformity, but of absolutely honest and frank unconventionality. Poetic and shrewdly wise it is in its prose passages, and it has no exact companion in any literature I know of. Still, out of an edition of less than a thousand it took some years to sell two or three hundred copies of it. The author, therefore, at the end of that time was obliged to carry upstairs, after having them delivered from his publishers, some seven hundred copies of it on his back. He remarked thereupon that he now had a large library, mostly written by himself. And it was very true in another sense. Any copy of the volume was itself a large library, if originality and richness of contents count for anything.

Thoreau's "Walden," which followed in 1854, fared better, possibly because of the seeming eccentricity on the part of a Harvard scholar, as he was, in living for two years in a self-built cabin on the fringe of a pond and forest, to study, and to maintain life on cheap terms. The story ought now to be too familiar to need repetition. Thoreau's posthumous volumes are already numerous, and there are still others to come, while any one of those books that he carried upstairs brings now at auction a startling price.

The book before me, which I call a Thoreau book, is one in which he has so large and dominant a part that the attribution is fairly descriptive. "Daniel Ricketson and His Friends"* is a work of filial love, edited by a son and daughter of Mr. Ricketson who had himself hit upon Thoreau's hermitage experiment before he was aware that

*DANIEL RICKETSON AND HIS FRIENDS. —Letters, Poems, Sketches, etc. Edited by his son and daughter, Anna and Walton Ricketson. With illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Perkins & Co. 1902.

his friend, who was to be, had so separated himself from extreme social exactions. Other of his friends were to some extent friends of Thoreau first, so that all the pages of this fresh and interesting book are flavored with Thoreau, while some of them contain a part of his journal and many of his letters. Ricketson was fond of Nature, and not of too much society. Having some means he built, some distance away from his house, in the vicinity of New Bedford, Mass., a cabin in the woods which he called "The Shanty." Here Thoreau's "Walden" came to him very shortly after it dropped from the press, and the invisible cord of sympathy was carried to Concord in a letter. Thoreau was invited to visit him, and did this many times. So did Thoreau's friend Channing, and various others, who were linked to Thoreau, and Ricketson at times went to Concord and saw not only Thoreau, but Emerson and Alcott and all the Transcendental group. Very naturally he got acquainted with Thoreau's English biographers and friends, and what all these did, and their letters to and fro, make up a large part of the volume.

They were alike in one thing, that they were all plain in their living and high in their thought. They saw society's ails, of which slavery was then the crucial one, and they had their eyes set toward the future and reform. Still, the breath of nature, the balm of breezes, the song of birds and the babbling of brooks run through nearly all that is written here, and give the volume a distinct nature aroma. Thoreau tells Ricketson in one of his letters, after promising to show him little but nature, if he will come to Concord: "You see I am preparing you for our awful unsocial ways—keeping in our dens a part of the day, sucking our claws perhaps. But then we make a religion of it, and that you cannot but respect." Ricketson, however, preferred to have Thoreau at that date come to his own house, and he writes: "I am in need of a physician, so Dr. Thoreau, come to my relief. I need dosing with country rides and rambles, lake scenery, cold viands and jackknife dinners." And then he adds to this, from Sterne's Koran, "Spare diet and clear skies are Apollo and the Muses."

Further on Ricketson gives his friend directions for making an Æolian Harp, and says later that he too is getting "wonderfully interested in ancient lore, and am delighted to find that there were old fellows like you and I and C. (Channing) some hundreds of years before * * * I no longer wonder that you had Homer, Valmiki, Vyasa, etc., in your Walden shanty. They have already peeped into my windows, and I shall not be surprised to have them seated within as my guests ere long. You need not be astonished if you hear of my swearing in Sanscrit, or at least in Panscrit!"

Of these three men, Channing being the third, more individuality can be affirmed, though with sharp differences as well as likenesses among themselves, than of almost any three thinkers of their time. A story not to be found in this book is told of them when they were visiting together. They had agreed to take a walk, naming no route. At once, when the morning came for it, they set out from one doorway, and each went, without remark or prearrangement, in totally different directions. When the two or three hours given to it were passed they each arrived at the starting point as if nothing unusual had happened. The

advantage of this was, that each had a different experience and account to relate, so that the walk accomplished three different journeys.

These sentiments that follow are thoughts from Ricketson's Journal:

"In proportion as we see the merits of others we add to our own."

"Mind is ever in the spring—one eternal May morning, the same in its original freshness in the Sanscrit, the Greek and other languages as the English, as a medium of expression * *"

"'Haunted forever by the eternal mind' is a fine thought of Wordsworth's."

Choice readers know that Channing, at his best, was a remarkable poet, and that Thoreau's poems, wayward as some of them are, are full of wonderful thought and expression. Ricketson's verses, however, as he himself repeatedly says, lack the perfect efflu-ence. At the same time they are so true, simple and frank, and so strung upon Nature, that it is well they have been preserved in this volume.

We shall probably not have another group of men like this Thoreau band, with whom Alcott with his vegetable diet and Platonian idea—as well as Emerson—mingled. If Alcott was a sort of successor to Plato, as he has been called, Thoreau had no small touch of the flavor of Diogenes, holding up his lantern—if not for an honest man—for the discovery of truth and spiritual reality everywhere. It would be pleasant to quote further from this repository of good things, but the exigencies of space forbid. The book has fourteen illustrations and fac-similies, the portrait of Ricketson and two of Thoreau's being specially good artistically. The ostensible center of the volume—Ricketson with his Quaker inheritance and his humane and Nature-loving strain—well deserved its space and story. And, all that is in it is a delightful revelation and entertainment.

THE SEA-MOTHER

MARY MACREYNOLDS

Line of blue 'gainst a leaden sky,
Water of gray and a sea gull's cry,
Silent sails on a saddened deep,
The sea-mother croons to her dead, asleep.

Dazzling white in a sky of blue,
Glittering earth as the sun breaks through,
Golden sand in the surf's embrace,
The sea-mother sings to her quickened race!

SOME THOUGHTS ON CARLYLE

L. H DYER

THOMAS CARLYLE was one of the greatest men of this century. He was the greatest English writer of his time. His genius was titanic.

The deep seriousness and sturdy honesty of the stock from which he came, gives vigor to all he wrote. Carlyle had his discouragements—his bitter experiences, and early in life when his literary work found small favor and hardly any monetary return, he came very near utterly foregoing literature, and leaving England.

His great "Sartor Resartus" was a failure, as far as popular recognition went, and the remuneration that he received for it was a mere pittance. Carlyle's tenacity of aim served him well. He knew his own greatness and was conscious of the divine fire that glowed within.

At the time when slender means was a menace to his peace of mind and publishers would not give adequate compensation for his great writing, he planned his noble "French Revolution," a work that like a magician's wand, caused fortune to smile upon him. The tide had now turned in his favor. He immediately took high rank in the world of letters and was relieved from all financial difficulty.

Carlyle was bitterly opposed to all pretence—shams were shattered by his powerful pen into fragments. He longed for the strong men—the heroes who could do something worthy. Those spirits who were of the Cromwell type were cherished by him.

A man who, by force of an untamed and resistless personality, could bring a nation to its senses, dominate a parliament, and put grit into the brain and arm of impotence, satisfied his demand and received his homage.

Carlyle agreed with Huxley that mere knowing was of small consequence unless it led to something done.

Pretenders feared Carlyle as the dealer in false gems fears the lapidary. A sham could not meet Carlyle's eye without shrinking.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on great men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they have shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did: On heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance: what I call hero worship and the heroic in human affairs."

Thus speaks Carlyle at the opening of his first lecture on "Heroes and Hero Worship," delivered on May 5, 1840.

Not often has a message of such prime importance been given to men as

that given by Carlyle in this series of lectures, in which a mind of the first order uses its analytical power in holding up to the people those men who are greatest in the world's history.

Carlyle is a corrosive anti-septic that counteracts the poison engendered by those who write to inflate their own importance. Sincerity is the all-in-all with Carlyle. He says: "Dilettanteism, hypothesis, speculation, a kind of amateur search for truth, toying and coquetting with truth ; this is the sorest sin, the worst of all other imaginable sins. It consists in the heart and soul of the man never having been open to truth" —"living in a vain show." "Such a man not only writes and produces falsehoods, but *is* himself a falsehood."

"Man's greatness is not established by the noise he makes, nor by the money of which he has wrongfully deprived others, nor by the titles that are prefixed or affixed to his name, but by what he inherently is. You cannot write a man up nor write him down—if he stands on a high plane and lives in the atmosphere of truth; if he be sincere and his acts genuine, popularity or unpopularity little concern him. He will live because he is virtuously related to life and has a firm hold upon immortality, for truth alone is everlasting."

"Americans go in crowds. Everything is measured by majorities. Women must wear their hats not to please themselves, but in accordance with the 'style.'

"They read not that which is of prime importance in the world of thought, but what the 'smart set' read.

"Men bow and cringe before the rich and powerful, and speak of men as successful, who, by doing servile dirty work for political bosses get Judge prefixed to their names as a reward.

"The people praise those who possess high place and pelf, while patient merit is unregarded."

That the majority was an unthinking and "many headed beast" Carlyle knew, and thus knowing he had contempt for a democracy.

That he should have had a feeling of disdain for an unreasonable people who blindly follow cunning tricksters—was natural.

To shout at the sight of the stars and stripes and boast of the right to vote, does not make a man free.

Every man who works at labor in which he has no choice and produces wealth which he does not enjoy is a slave, no matter what kind of a government he lives under.

"There is no tyranny so bad as that of the money bag," says Carlyle, and in this republic of ours gold rules the cities, states, and nation.

Presidents, senators, college professors, school teachers, ministers, sabbath-school instructors, and even the beggarly wage workers who live simply from hand to mouth, praise and admire the successful man, no matter how unfeeling, unscrupulous and cunning he may be. Success covers all sins.

The world to-day pays homage to him who takes all and gives nothing.

This type of man, our national ideal, Carlyle execrated. With every drop of his honest Scotch blood, he despised him. Americans worship shams. We would do very well to remember this saying of Carlyle's: "The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none."

The people of this country are a very self-assured, complacent set. Why? We are free, we enjoy the blessings of

liberty, we live in a land free from oppression, excepting the trifling fact that a dozen or so of our fellow beings can freeze and starve us at will.

Carlyle begins Heroes and Hero Worship by a discourse on the "Hero as Divinity." He gives the Norse Mythology, in his opening, in a manner at once graphic and profound. The old race of Norsemen had lived generation after generation, speculating and wondering regarding the mysteries that are forever related to life; but their yearnings and philosophies had found no voice. They were like a huge animal—great, but dumb.

In Odin, this perennial problem found a voice. He has no history or date, and yet was a man of flesh and blood. He became deified and his personality is over his whole people. Valor consecrated, is the Norse creed. It were not possible to lay a better foundation stone on which to build his "Heroes and Hero Worship" than in the twilight of pre-historic times—in these legends of the Norsemen.

Dante in the vast literature that clings around his name, is nowhere treated with such comprehensive insight as in the opening of this lecture. "And so in this Dante, as we said, had ten silent centuries, in a very strange way, found a voice.

"The 'Divine Commedia' is of Dante's writing, yet in truth *it* belongs to ten Christian centuries; only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods, how little of all he does is properly *his* work.

"All past inventive men work there with him; as indeed with all of us, in all things.

"Dante is the spokesman of the middle ages; the thought they lived by stands here in everlasting music.

"Dante burns, as a pure star, fixed there in the high firmament, whereat the great and the noble of all ages may fire their souls. He is the joint possession of all the chosen of the world for uncounted time.

"As in Homer we may still construe old Greece; so in Shakespeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in faith and in practice, will still be legible."

Carlyle is a great epitomizer of profound criticism. In the lines above quoted, a clear intellect floods his subject with light; no unneeded words, no chaff—it is all high thinking, adequately expressed.

Carlyle was strong in discernment. Following Dante comes Shakespeare in this lecture, and of all the vast and appalling Shakesperiana to which mediocrity and genius have contributed the world over, for sterling sense, accurate information and valuable generalization these few pages of Carlyle are unsurpassed. The first words he utters concerning him are admirable to me: "Curious enough how, as it were, by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficient is this Shakespeare; had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer stealing, we had, perhaps never heard of him as a poet. The woods and skies, the rustic life of man in Stratford there, had been enough for this man."

The easy-going self-trust shown in all of Shakespeare's works impressed Carlyle strongly: "Withal the joyful tranquility of this man is notable.

"I will not blame Dante for his misery; it is as battle without victory,

but true battle—the first indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakespeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly, and did conquer." In the final summary of the transcendent worth of the great dramatist, Carlyle discloses discrimination in giving genius its proper place at the summit of human endeavor.

"But I will say rather, or repeat, in spite of the sad state hero worship now lies in, consider what this Shakespeare has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we not give up rather than the Stratford peasant? There is no regiment of highest dignitaries that we would sell him for. He is the grandest thing we have yet done.

"For our honor among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him?"

* * * * * *

"Call it not fantastic for there is much reality in it; here, I say, is an English King, who no time or chance, parliament or combination of parliaments, can dethrone.

"This King Shakespeare, does not he shine in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; indestructible, really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant, aloft over all the nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence.

"From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of parish constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another, 'Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him, we are of one blood and kind with him.' The most common sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that."

Can we conceive of a higher appreciation of the great dramatist than Carlyle has given in these brief lines?

Carlyle has done a precious thing for us in exposing the vanity and insincerity of our times—the glamour that clothes the false and worthless. We can well afford to pause in our mad race for gain and give ear to his wisdom. He teaches us to be sincere, to consecrate our lives to a high purpose, and to have reverence for those who are superior. He shows us that superiority does not consist in the possession of place, or power, or money, which is the badge of greed, but in high thinking and doing our duty bravely and without compromise; in keeping our mental and moral integrity unimpaired.

MAN'S SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

ALBERT ROBERTS

MAN being created in God's image, and the highest ideal of all creation, it is reasonable to expect that he will some time reach such a degree of consciousness as to understand the process of the infinite laws by which he has been developing into His image. This revelation, I believe, is now beginning to dawn upon the reason of men, and is truly evidenced in the apparent quickening of the social conscience, which is destined to become a great generative power in the near future. Man acquires truth by exercising the intellect in pursuit of discovering the laws which govern Nature and his own well-being. He discovers the laws of Nature by studying Nature itself, but of self-conscious man, very much knowledge is obtained by intuition ; by the power of sympathy revealing the inner current of others' thought. The Infinite attraction toward harmony constitutes an affinity, which quickens into a social conscience and prepares the way for a spiritual birth into a more ascending sphere of life.

To trace the development of the social conscience from the beginning is by far too great a task to be undertaken within the range of a single paper, so I shall endeavor very briefly to review, in a rudimentary way, the course of development.

In the first place, all men recognize the fact that the formation of our earth was completed before the advent of man, he being the culmination of creation, all other things being made for his use. Tracing the condition of man's surroundings backward to the beginning of records, we arrive at a point that makes it reasonable to suppose that primitive man knew but little about the use of the material earth, other than the mere instinct to appropriate the natural product of vegetable matter necessary to sustain an animal existence. Starting at this point and following onward we see that, although the earth was rich in natural material, yet man had to be equipped with tools in order to capture even the fish and game for his use, consequently, need stimulated the development of creative skill and formed the first basis of mechanics. Application of tools changed the mode of living and developed new social relations. Ever increasing development along this line continued to change social relations until the desire for worship and for government was evolved. In consequence of this codes of laws were introduced, a very distinguished one being the "Mosaic," founded upon the authority of "Thus saith the Lord," and upon this code

man has been guided for centuries past.

After the receiving of the law by Moses, in due time "beacon lights" of higher vision and ideal began to write of another greater law-giver that should appear. Prophets began to prophesy of his coming and to enunciate in part the doctrines he should teach.

In the fullness of time a greater law-giver did appear who was the living manifestation of "Immortal Life" and the revealer of God in the flesh, whose mission was to show men how to attain the realization of the symbolic life of Adam and the ideal of the Edenic life. His name was called Jesus as prophesied, because He should save men from their sins or teach men how to live without sin. Through Him we have a new code of laws, the "Eternal," much higher and grander than any before, suited to man's higher conscience.

As his doctrines of love and sacrifice for others interfered with the selfish and oppressive modes of living of the mighty ones of His time, He suffered death as a consequence of his teaching, He thus threw his life as a piece of leaven into the mass of human selfishness that it might leaven the whole lump into immortal love and life and left as a legacy the promise of the "Comforter" whom he defined as the Spirit of Truth who would guide into the way of all truth.

His teachings now form a working ideal, far in advance of present attainment, because He it is who taught men that their dependence upon a common Father should make them brothers, sharing mutually all the benefits that their combined efforts had created.

That the world is preparing to attain the consummation of this ideal is manifest on every hand. The development of power and the control of natural resources have civilized nations and bound society into a vast organism of interdependence, and quickened the embryo life of society to a complete consciousness of community of interests. As a result the necessity for a new social environment is causing society to struggle through the pains of birth from the womb of incubation into the new order of co-operative life, in harmony with the brotherhood ideal. It is thus preparing the way for the social salvation of society by giving man an environment suitable for the attainment of that higher philosophy of loving thy neighbor as thyself.

Thus when society reaches the stage of this second birth and has passed from the lower order of unorganized competing existence into the co-operative brotherhood life, men will become fully conscious of the harmony of God's laws and will see that they have been passing from one stage to another in the direction of God's image. The earth and the fullness thereof will then become the inheritance of the meek, and serve the material wants of all humanity. Individual men will cease to be lords over the heritage of all, depriving their fellow man the satisfaction of his needs, and society will go on developing on the higher plane in harmony towards the ideal. The Glory of the Lord shall cover the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep, and man shall become the mirror in which His Glory can be reflected.

BOOK REVIEWS

Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y., June 26, 1903.

My Dear Gaylord Wilshire:

I thank you cordially for sending me John Burroughs' "Literary Values,"* one of his latest and best books. It is a charming book; it is a long, friendly fireside talk on themes dear to the heart of the literary craftsman. It is a book that will be helpful to the old writer shedding his quills, as well as to the young writer growing them. The one chapter, "Thou Shalt not Preach," would be of more value to certain of our poets than a gold mine in Ormuz or Ind. It is the best book yet published in America by a distinguished literary man on the large question of literary art. Sincerely yours,

* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $1.20.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Harper & Bros., New York. $1.50.

Lady Rose's Daughter is undoubtedly a successful novel It has been lauded to the skies and welomed as a lasting contribution to English literature by some critics, and denounced as flagrantly and repulsively immoral by others. It has been dramatized, and the leading emotional actresses have been vying with each other for the chance to interpret the many-sided wayward, but inherently noble heroine, Julie Le Breton, who, they say, is one of the few real women in fiction.

The story introduces us to the very best English society statesmen, generals, prime ministers, dukes and duchesses, into the midst of which comes a girl, without money, without friends, without a name, dowered only with physical grace, extraordinary conversational ability, inherited social tact and ambition. With the aid of these gifts she wins finally to the summit of achievement possible for her, both in social position and personal happiness. Among other qualities, she inherits from her mother, Lady Rose, a disregard for conventionalities, an unlimited capacity for devotion, an ardent, impulsive, reckless nature which would give all for love and count the world well lost. This nature leads her into various complications and well nigh makes shipwreck of her life, from which she narrowly escapes through the timely intervention of the noble man who genuinely loves her, and whose love finally transforms her into the ideal woman.

It is a thoroughly artistic piece of work, and the transformation of "Lady Rose's Daughter" makes an absorbing story.

HOMOPHONIC CONVERSATIONS. By C. B. and C. V. Waite. Published by C. V. Waite & Co., 479 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. Price $1.00.

We have just received a useful and valuable little book, entitled Homophonic Conversations, an aid to the study of English, German, French and Italian. The distinguishing feature of this work is that the principal words of nearly every sentence have a like sound and a like meaning in the four languages; or at least in three of them. This arrangement is of great service in enabling the learner to remember, not only the words themselves, but the construction of the sentences as well. It is simply applying the principle of association to aid us in learning the languages.

Dr. Senn writes concerning it: "I know of no book so well adapted to the needs of the traveler as this one."

REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS: OR, THE POWER OF ORGANIZATION. By Peter E. Burrowes. 320 pp., 12mo. Finely bound in crimson cloth, with half-tone portrait and signature of author. $1.25.

The author and his book are the product of the greatest material revolution that has ever taken place in the social relations of man—the collectivizing of human work all over the world, and also of the most fundamentally immoral revolution the mind is capable of conceiving—the absolute control by a small alien class of the vast wealth and power ensuing. By this revolution, the experience, ability, and genius of the race have been made captive tributaries to the wealth, culture, and merciless power of a morally worthless minority, whose interests in their amazing estate of wealth compels them to stand in the way of all other human development but their own, and who cannot even permit themselves to be enlightened morally, lest the social conscience should restrain them to abdicate. When the co-operative process in the world of industry became international (no matter who made it so or why), the human race found the clew to its own soul, and but for the interception of capitalism we would today be in the era of the spiritual life, having conquered physical want and overgrown the childishness of competition. *The burden of this book is to implore the people of all nations to withdraw their legal consent from the crime of race murder now taking place by the captivity and oppression of the working people.* It is a plea for man against the inhuman capitalistic mode of exploitation, and the plea is made from the point of view that the cause of the worker is vital to the race, that it is the one only cause in all the world that is always right, as it alone embodies the divine selfishness of all humankind to become a single perfect organism in work, intercourse, and the spiritual life. It is here earnestly conceded that there may be a vital relation maintained between every single life and the race life; but only on the materialistic basis, by the denials of false property and by a strenuous intellectual revulsion against the thing physical or legal that hurts us. The essays are called revolutionary essays because they are the product of the mercantile revolution, and because the attitude, reasoning, complaint, and impulse of the book are really down side up to the conventional faith and philosophy of this inverted age. That the fighting of wrong is the beginning of right, and that the entrenchment of the sacred cause of labor in the faith and habits of the people, as well as in all the public laws of nations, constitute the definite solid foundation of the author's message, which might, therefore, not inaptly, be called "The Power of Labor Organization."

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

Those who have read Jack London's new story, which The Macmillan Company are to publish within a few weeks, speak of it as belonging in the category of such books as Ernest Thompson Seton's *Biography of a Grizzly*, Mr. Joseph Conrad's famous story, *Youth*, and other brief, striking, brilliant pieces of literature which endure. *The Call of the Wild* promises to be something more than merely an exceedingly strong and vigorous story, thrilling from beginning to end; it seems likely to prove a class of its kind.

PRINCE HAGEN. A Phantasy. By Upton Sinclair. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 12mo., $1.50.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Sinclair to choose for the hero of this half-extravaganza, half-satire, an imaginary creature of such noted antecedents as Prince Hagen, apocryphal son, if he may be so termed, of Hagen, the sinister slayer of Siegfried, and grandson of the Nibelung whilom apostle of negation, black Alberich himself. Richard Wagner, who made these Nibelungs familiar operatic figures, never hinted at the cold-blooded Hagen's being the father of a family, but then Mr. Sinclair lays the period of his phantasy in the present time, making young Hagen seven or eight hundred years old, to be sure, but still not allowing him to figure at Gunther's provincial court in the hall of the Gibichungs on the Rhine.

ODES FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has issued a rendering in verse of Odes from the Divan of Hafiz, which, as in the case of his paraphrase of Omar Khayyam, he has made from literal prose versions of the poet.

Send direct to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne at The Schuyler, 59 West 45th St., New York City.

One of the Odes is herewith given :

ODE 192—HAFIZ.

The days of distance and the nights apart
Are at an end,
All the long lonely winter of the heart
Is at an end :
No more forever shall the autumn gloom,
No more forever shall December freeze,
For lo ! the sweet swift-footed April breeze
Fills all the world with fragrance and with bloom—
O, my own love and friend,
Our grief is at an end !

Our grief is ended and our joys begun,
We have climbed the night—at last we reach the sun ;
And the wide world from pole to pole is bright
With the effulgent face of our delight,
From shining end to end.

Deep in the scented shadow of your hair,
I bow my head and weep for very bliss,
So happy I can scarce believe me there,
Too happy even to kiss ;
For, love, O most desired and lovely friend,
Through your great locks I see the rising sun,
The solitary night is at an end,
Our morning is begun.

What care I if, for love of your fair face,
To the wide winds my work and place I throw !
My work is just to love you, and the place
Just where you are the only place I know.

A first rate tract upon the relation of the farmer to Socialism has been written by G. E. Bigelow and published under the title of "The Capitalist Farmer and The Socialist," by The Alliance, Denver, Colorado. 10c., post paid.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

Subscribers will assist us very materially and save themselves annoyance when renewing their subscriptions by stating specifically that their remittance is for a *renewal*. Otherwise their names are entered as new subscribers and expiration notices continue to be sent. Our subscription list is now too large to permit of looking up every name that comes in.

It is necessary once more to remind our subscribers, workers and agents of the utmost importance of exercising care in sending in the names of new subscribers. Please write plainly; be sure and give the address correctly, naming town and state. Numerous complaints received from subscribers who are not receiving their magazine regularly, can be traced directly to carelessness in giving us proper addresses.

Our English comrades are kindly requested to see that in writing to us they place full postage on their letters. During the past month we have had to pay out many dollars in short postage, owing to subscribers placing a penny stamp on their letters instead of a 2½d. stamp, the shortage being 1½d. and the penalty for same being double the amount, or 6 cents on every letter. The special introductory rate we are now making to Great Britain is so low that it involves an actual loss to us,and we trust that our comrades will not burden us with a still further loss on each copy.

Our circular letter of May 26 to agents and workers requesting an accounting for unsold cards has brought us many replies stating that the cards had been returned long ago. We regret to have troubled our comrades under the circumstances, but in numerous instances we

have received cards in envelopes and packages which bore no mark whatever and naturally in the absence of any information regarding whence they came it was impossible for us to give credit for them to the proper persons; hence the letters to our workers.

The new premium list is arousing great interest among our old workers and has attracted the attention of many new friends who are going in early in a determined effort to win a leading prize. An early start in the race means a good lead, and a good lead in any race is a hard thing to overcome. "A stern chase is a long chase" says the old adage. See that you are not a "stern chaser."

There is no better way of helping forward the great Cause than by enlightening others through the medium of good Socialist literature of high standard such as fills the pages of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. There are thousands of our subscribers who have not as yet entered their names in this new contest. Here is a grand opportunity to do splendid work for the Cause and at the same time obtain for yourself a compensation in the way of a valuable prize or an interesting souvenir.

When mailing subscription cards to this office, unless enclosed in an envelope, be sure and see that a one cent stamp is affixed before mailing, otherwise the cards goes to the Dead Letter Office. A number of cards have been lost owing to this oversight on the part of subscribers.

Workers who have any Three Month trial cards on hand will confer a favor by returning them to us or by destroying them as such cards have been cancelled.

In many instances where subscribers complain of the non-receipt of their magazine we find upon investigation that their names are correctly entered upon our subscription list, that wrappers are correctly addressed, and that the magazine has been properly mailed from Toronto.

We would therefore suggest that in such cases subscribers make careful inquiry of their Postmaster and request that an investigation be made at the local delivery point. Such an investigation will frequently reveal delinquency at your end of the line. Where, however, no immediate results are obtained, please communicate with us and we will endeavor to locate the trouble.

Bradford, Tenn., June 10, 1903.

The bicycle which I won on 140 yearly subscriptions, in your recent contest, came O. K., and is a first class and up-to-date.

Count me in your next contest.

W. T. AYDELOTT.

Zanesville, O., June 24, 1903.

An apology is due you, and I guess the best way to make it is to own up that I owe it.

The handsome, interesting and instructive little gem by Edgar Allen Poe I had never seen, and while I had not intended hunting for Capt. Kidd's treasure, I will not even dream of doing so now that I have read of its discovery.

At this late date I thank you for the unexpected book and autograph.

Probably a little later on I will be able to do more for WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, and if so, I will do it.

E. C. CRUMBAKER.

June 27th, 1903.

Enclosed please find one dollar ($1.00) for which consider me as a subscriber to your monthly.

I find your magazine very interesting, and it is unlike other periodicals that are devoted to one cause, as the articles are more varied, and are marked with the individuality of their contributors.

Kindly forward the magazine, for one year (beginning July), to my address as below.

FRED LAKE.

Chicago, June 23, 1903.

I enclose my check for $5.00 for cards. I give a good many away, and prefer to have them on hand, so I can afford to do that. Would rather do this than to *get a prize*. The May number of the magazine was *extra good*.

GEORGE HAYWOOD.

Montana, June 23, 1903.

Herewith find $5.00 for subscription cards. I am anxious to get to work. Have been reading about Socialism for years, and only saw your magazine a week ago, and when I think of the thousands who have never seen this wonderful magazine, it makes me hope and pray for a million subscribers.

Here is a glorious work for all Socialists. Let's "make it a million."

Yours for the earth for all,

M. R. J.

George's Mill, N.H., June 15th, '03.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the premium, "Ideas of Truth" containing your autograph. I shall prize it very highly.

I consider your magazine the leader along our lines of thinking. IRVING C. AVERY.

Spokane, Wash., June 12th, 1903.

Have received promptly the Al Vista Camera I won in your prize contest. It is certainly a beauty, and I feel I am to be congratulated in its possession.

My subscribers for your splendid magazine say, it is the best and cheapest magazine they have ever seen. I need not say I heartily coincide with them. You are sure of future success.

With best wishes, and thanking you very much for my prize, I remain,

Yours for the 200,000, or more,

JULIE C. GILBERT.

Sawtelle, Cal., June 16th, 1903.

It would give me great pleasure to aid the circulation of your magazine, but I do not have the time, and cannot do so. I will say, however, that I will improve every opportunity to add to the number of subscribers to the magazine, and be satisfied with the result of its teachings to elevate humanity. A. HARRIS.

Milan, Mo., June 16th, 1903.

Your magazine is a "hummer" and is liked by all who have read it in this locality.

Comrade E. V. Debs was with us a few days ago, and brushed some political cobwebs from out the garrets of some of our citizens.

We would like to see Comrade Wilshire make a trip to old "Mizzouri" some time in the near future. R. D. MORRISON.

Hot Springs, N. M., June 16th, 1903.

June magazine received today, and would ask that you kindly send me the May number. Mr. Goheke in this town received his.

June is the best number I have ever seen. It comes right down to business. I could not do without it.

Wishing you and your magazine every success, I am, JOHN B. WIRZ.

Battle Creek, Mich, June 20, 1903.

Your letter with club rates received. I will make a special effort to assist in spreading the good work. I can see the dawn of a better dawn, and your magazine is doing a good work. L. C. ROGERS.

Carthage, Mo., June 18, 1903.

It is with a feeling of no little mortification that I have delayed this long to answer your kind letter and request. I have sold 13 cards and have 8 more on hand.

I shall be glad to do everything possible to hurry forward the good time coming, and help increase the circulation of Wilshire's Magazine. Am delighted with it every month.

W. P. RALSTON.

Valley City, N.D., June 19th, 1903.

Your magazine appears to grow better with each issue, and this last one I intend using for sample copy in securing subscribers. For getting at the bottom of Socialism, it is indispensable in the home of every thoughtful person.

I am but 23 years old, and I think I shall spend the rest of my life for the Cause, and I intend writing the Socialist College of Kansas tonight. H. E. PHILLIPS.

SOCIALISTS OF OREGON, ATTENTION!

For the purpose of getting better organized and in closer touch with one another, you are requested to send your name and address to W. S. Richards, State Secretary of the Socialist Party, Albany, Oregon, and to answer the following questions: Are you a legal voter? What is your occupation?

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

Kiichi Kaneko, of Brooklyn, allows us to use the following personal letter recently received by him from his friend Denjiro Kotoku, of Tokyo, who is well known in Japan as the brilliant editor of the "Yorozu Choho" and an earnest advocate of Socialism. It will be read with interest by American comrades.

"My dear Mr. Kaneko:—I thank you for your kindness in sending me the twenty-fifth anniversary number of the 'New Yorker Volkszeitung' and the March number of 'Wilshire's Magazine.' While I could hardly examine the contents of the former, owing to my ignorance of the German language, I have finished the latter with great pleasure as well as benefit. Particularly the debate between Mr. Wilshire and Prof. Seligman interested me immensely.

I can imagine what pleasure you have there in New York in having a chance to hear and meet people like them.

"While economic conditions in Japan are not as depressing as in European countries, the concentration of capital and the distinction between the rich and the poor are growing year by year with great rapidity and suffering and social corruption increase. The time has come to wake for men who believe in Socialism and social reform.

"When we organized the Social Democratic Party, which was suppressed upon its appearance year before last, there were only six persons who could declare themselves to be Socialists, and now we number over a thousand. Mr. Fumio Yano, who was once Japanese Minister to China, by declaring himself a Socialist, has helped to change the public attitude towards Socialism. We are gaining new members by means of mass meetings and lectures held two or three times a month in every part of the city. While we are prospering in this respect, the conservative government officials are vainly trying by all means to suppress and force us to stop our meetings and lectures, mistaking us for Anarchists or something dangerous.

"It is a great cause of regret that we have not enough direct Socialist organs through which to preach the cause and spread our principles throughout the country. For the present Mr. Katayama's 'Labor World' is the sole organ of Socialism, while there are a few other papers that show sympathy with us, such as 'Yorozu,' 'Niroku,' 'Mainichi,' and 'Rikugo-zasshi.'

"Another regret we feel today is that there is no one to connect us in warm relations with our foreign friends. In this, however, I feel strengthened by having you in a great city like New York, where you have the opportunity and responsibility of doing something for us. May we work together, let me hope, for the great cause and help each other wherever we are situated."—The Worker.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

He Hadn't the Chance.

Mr. W. J. Ford tells a characteristic Cockney story. A London small boy and his father went into a public-house. The father called for a pot of beer, had his drink, and passed on the pewter to his son, who finished it.

"Good boy, that," said a friend; "takes after his father."

"Yes," said the boy, sadly, "but 'e don't take *much* after his father."—The Clarion.

Go the Whole Hog.

A little stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a henroost or a hen,
But stealing thousands makes us gentlemen.
—The Clarion.

Where the Danger Lies.

"In these days of automobiles and flying machines," said the president of the life insurance company, "it is well for us to add another restriction to our policy."

"What would you suggest?"

"We must bar out every one who is proven to be an habitual pedestrian."—Philadelphia Press.

His Future.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "I'm surprised at you. Do you know what will happen to you if you continue to tell stories?"

"Sure," replied Tommy. "I'll get asked out when I grow up to make after-dinner speeches."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Lillian," said a certain little girl's mamma, "there were three pieces of cake in the pantry, and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

"Well," said the child, her eyes wide open with excitement, "it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."—Clipped.

Jack, who is five years old, came home one day last week crying that another boy had hit him.

"Why didn't you hit him back?" he was asked.

"I did," he answered. "I hit him back first."—New York Times.

It is very difficult to make those around us happy when we are ourselves miserable and deprived of peace.—Letters to Eugenia.

We easily tolerate an authority that we hope some day to exercise ourselves.—Joubert.

The pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save sometimes than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power; and where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.—George Macdonald.

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire
And said to his mates, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue,
We'll all have to sit on the air."
—London Fishing Gazette.

Daughter (pleadingly)—"I am sure you will like George. He is the most conscientious young man I ever knew." Father (a business man)—"Then don't yon dare to marry him! You'll starve to death!"—New York Weekly.

It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It was written: "In the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written: "In the breaking of thy heart."—John Ruskin.

Dialogues of the Day.

First Politician—"I thought that Roosevelt took Payne into the Cabinet to look after his fences."

Second Politician—"Well, isn't he discovering one 'fence' after another in his Department?"

First Politician—"Yes, but it's the grand jury that is looking after them."—N.Y. Evening Post.

We are relieved to learn that the Declaration of Independence has been sequestered in a safe in the Department of State and not in the Post Office Department.—The Philadelphia N. Am.

SEPTEMBER. 1903

$1.00 PER YEAR

10 CENTS

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

T. R.—"You must go clear to the bottom!"
Payne—"There doesn't seem to be any bottom."
—Harper's Weekly.

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

September, 1903

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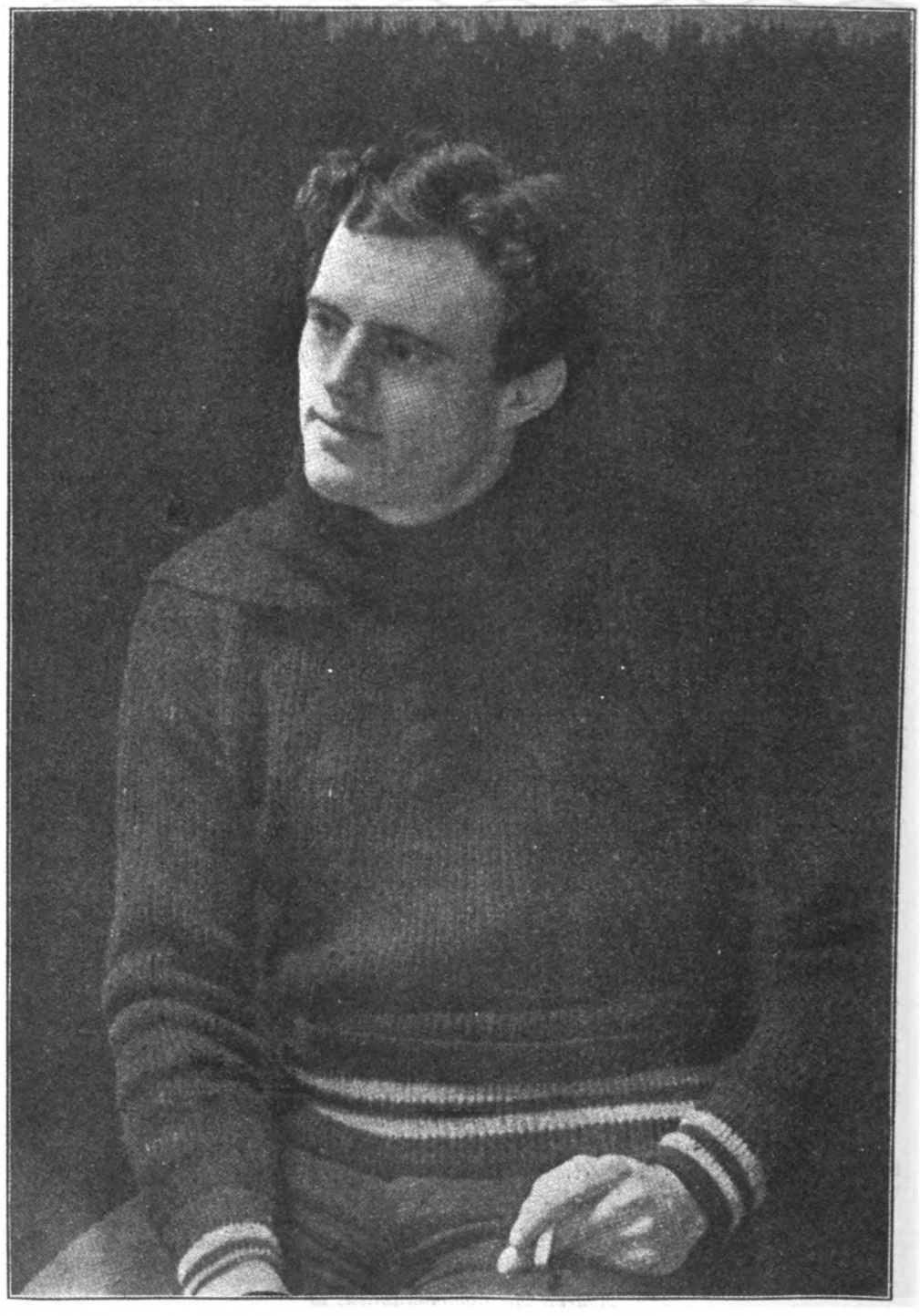


JACK LONDON

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 62 TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1903 $1 Per Year

THE ORDER OF THE TRANSITION

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 15, '03.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

I read your magazine with scrupulous precision. I admire your style and logic, sympathize with your motives and share your ideals, but I am unable to understand the *modus operandi* of the "approaching crisis." Grant that America should turn Socialist in a day, that every official from president to pathmaster were to be transformed in the twinkling of an eye to dyed-in-the-wool, middle-of-the-road Socialists—what would they do?

Kautsky tried to explain, act by act, how the millennium should be established. You dispute his soundness, remind him that relief for unemployed will be unnecessary, because there will be no unemployed, the proletariat will be abolished, and, in general, you assert, that then will exist Utopian conditions, but you do not explain, step by step, the several acts and deeds of the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the government, which will be necessary to inaugurate the new regime.

Humanity is now organized, the machine is running. No matter upon how bad a basis, it is running, and to make even a slight shift in its course has always taken much time and been accomplished by many stages.

What steps propose you after you get the offices? Are you going to bring about a realization of the beautiful dream by an exercise of "vril" force, or will you plod along in the old way, step after step, act following act, individual selfhood and organized society developing *pari passu* as of yore?

My difficulty seems to be one which should be answered in the kindergarten of Socialism, for unless "Humanity's job lot" are properly instructed how to act and what to do before they capture the government, what shall it avail for the Cause?

Possibly the question is so rudimentary that it was settled long ago, so thoroughly that you no longer revert to it, and it may be as absurd to look for such a thing on your pages as to hunt for the multiplication table in calculus; if so, I request you to refer me to this kindergarten literature, that I may sandwich it in with the post-graduate course served upon your pages. Yours very truly,

ALBERT L. WILLIAMS.

No, this is not kindergarten business, but, on the contrary, very much post-graduate. In fact, it is so decidedly post-graduate that I, in common with other Socialists, feel that the discussion of it is more or less premature, believing that the conditions which prevail at the time the crisis is reached can alone determine what steps shall first be taken.

The whole difficulty with Mr. Williams' position is that he fails to grasp my premise that when we shall have reached the point where the introduction of Socialism is necessary, "the machine" will *not* be running. It will have broken down. Mr. Williams' conclusion is based on the assumption that the industrial machine will be running just the same as ever. The very crux of my theory is that, owing to an industrial crisis induced by over-production, consequent upon the completion of the machinery of production and the inability of the unemployed and underpaid masses to consume what has been produced, the industrial machine, whose motive power is profit for the capitalist, will necessarily break down. When the steam power—profit—gives out, the capitalist engineer can no longer run the industrial engine.

In other words, we shall be confronted with an unemployed problem so grave that it can be solved only by the abolition of its cause, viz., the competitive wage-system, which is founded upon the private ownership of the means of producing wealth. Hence, my position is that we will have to abolish this private ownership as the very first step in the order of the day. We must at once, when the time arrives, take up the public ownership of the machinery of production in order to substitute the Co-operative Commonwealth for the competitive system.

H. G. W.

A NATURAL EVENT

At the meeting of the American Social Science Association held in Boston last May, Mr. George W. Anderson, of Boston, made the following remarks in the course of his speech:

In considering some of the responsibilities of capitalistic organization it is not to be overlooked that the career of the labor organizations has not been marked by any such love of wisdom, justice, and fair dealing as to evoke our moral enthusiasm. Nor have the labor organizations any moral standing to denounce trusts, for their movement is as distinctly a combination, or trust, as is the capitalistic movement. The two movements are alike in motive and object. In the contest as it is now carried on between these two opposing forces, it is obvious that there are at least two main desiderata.

In weighing the power of the two contending forces nothing is more foolish and misleading than a comparison of wages with interest and dividend rates, for the purpose of determining the share received by capital and the share received by labor in the joint product of both. Capital is today dynamic, not static. Its real power is not to be measured by interest and dividend rates, but by its use in the control of industry, in the manipulation of stocks and in the control of legislation.

The real control of business has become enormously centralized in the hands of persons who know little or nothing about the actual business carried on. The control is worse than that of non-resident landlords. It cannot be

expected that the employed class will receive or expect fair treatment.

For the past generation the legislation of this country has been mainly controlled by capital. In not a few of our states the sale of legislation is a regular business. The beginning of this sort of corruption was found in the greed of capital. In obtaining monopoly of state franchises and other legislations, by means of which they desired to exploit the public. It is one of the present responsibilities of capitalistic organization to undo the evil it has wrought—to teach the voters that the powers of the ballot box and of the legislative hall are to be held and exercised as a sacred trust for the benefit of the community as a whole. If capital fails to recognize the necessity of just laws, respected and obeyed, it may expect little mercy at the hands of its adversaries when they discover their real power. If Socialism comes, the main responsibility will rest upon the capitalistic organizations.

Let us determine as to the morality of a combination of laborers putting up the price of labor as contrasted with the morality of a combination of capitalists putting up the price of capital. Here is the earth, and it is owned by a few people—the capitalists—who attempt to get as much out of the laborers as is possible and give them as little as they can in return. Society allows the capitalists to own and manage the earth on the theory that industry may by this means be better managed for all, and society, as a whole, may get a greater return. The laborers give at least their labor for what they get, whereas the capitalist does not necessarily give anything at all for the share that he gets. He may be simply an owner, and as in the case of rent, get paid without doing anything in return for the rent. There was a time when the capitalist might claim as justification for the returns he received, that his profits were simply the wages of administration; but Mr. Anderson himself knocks this theory in the head when he says that the control of business has become centralized in the hands of persons who know little or nothing of the actual business carried on, and compares the capitalists to non-resident landlords. It seems to me that Mr. Anderson gives away the case for the capitalist completely when he makes this admission. He also shows his lack of philosophic insight into the whole question when he expects that capital will recognize the necessity of "just laws." Capital in itself has no more respect for "just laws" than a huge snowball rolling down hill has for the ground over which it rolls and from which it takes up the snow. The snowball obeys a law of its nature in following out the attraction of gravitation, and it cannot help doing what it does; and neither can capital help accumulating. There is nothing moral or immoral about the mere act of accumulating. It is simply an economic law. And just as the smaller pieces of capital fly to the larger pieces, and capital becomes greater and greater as time goes on, so the final huge mass of capital is bound eventually to fall into the greatest organization of all, that is, the people as represented by the State. Mr. Anderson might as well object to the immorality of meteors falling into the sun. They fall into the sun for the simple reason that the greater mass has an attraction for the smaller mass and forces it to fall whether it will or not. Incidentally it may be that the falling of the meteors into the sun, making the sun hot, gives heat to the earth and helps make it possible for people to keep alive on earth, but the meteors know not what they do. The main point is that whether it be good or bad for the people as a whole, the process of centralization of capital must continue under our present economic system, and the finality is going to be Socialism. The result will not flow from the fact that the capitalists fail to recognize the necessity of "just laws," as Mr. Anderson would suggest, but simply because it is in the natural and inevitable order of things.

SOME RIVERS TO CROSS

PROFESSOR THOMAS ELMER WILL

THE road to Socialism, as sometimes pointed out, seems plain and easy. First, let the concentration continue as now, let Morgan or his industrial successor trustify all the industries and make himself master of them all, then let prosperity continue till over-production becomes excessive, and let the inevitable panic devastate the land, and then the workers will arise, overthrow Morgan, take control of the industries in the name of the people, and establish Socialism. Why not? And what would be easier?

Now, a reflection or two.

Suppose our Industrial Emperor should conclude to give us no more panics. Could he stop them? Why not? At the Omaha monetary conference in 1898, representatives of the capitalistic side of the controversy declared that panics were unnecessary. Of course they are. There is no more reason why a capitalistic despot should not stop them than there is reason why Socialism should not stop them.

Take, first, the over-production panic. One function of the Trust is to stop over-production. Has not the Standard Oil Trust stopped the over-production of oil? For years it has required its agents throughout America to inform its management regularly of the amount of oil that would be needed. Why over-production if it controls the supply and knows in advance the probable demand? True, the Beaumont wells broke loose and people thought the Oil Trust had found its Nemesis, but report has it that the Texas oil supply is now largely under the control of the Standard, and eye witnesses report that untold barrels of oil are permitted constantly to run to waste in the Beaumont regions. That's the way, apparently, the Oil Trust handles the over-production question. It prevents over-production, in the first place, and if through some accident not under its control over-supply nevertheless occurs, it destroys the surplus.

What is there to hinder the other Trusts from following the example of the Standard and thus placing the over-production panic forever among the things that were but are not?

Next, there is the financial panic. Banks lend dollars where they have only cents. All goes well so long as they can "keep the paper in the air." Competition among them tends to drive them farther towards the danger line. Then the day comes when they must pay up. That is the signal for some of them to fail. One bank knocks down another, and so on down the line like so many bricks placed on end; and so we have a

financial panic. How are the Trusts going to stop this?

Easy, again. They have been figuring since the sixties on the establishment of a third United States bank, as much greater than the last as the United States of today is greater than that of Andrew Jackson. It is to have a Central Bank in New York and branch banks all over the United States and our "possessions." This banking system will be controlled by one board which, of course, will in time be controlled by one man, *the* man. It will not waste its substance on expensive money, gold or bank notes based on expensive government bonds. It will employ costless, fiat money, based on the bank's "assets." It will require its puppet, United States Congress, to destroy all competing money, notably greenbacks and silver. Then it will inflate and contract its currency at its own sweet will and milk the public cow at pleasure.

Not only will it control the monetary volume, but it will control the lending. To this end it will elbow out of the way all competing banks, including State banks and such national banks as are not willing to come into the system. Money lending will then be systematized as it is not now, kiting will be controlled, and a branch that should by any mishap over-lend will have the backing of the whole system to prevent its failing.

The Bank Trust is nearly here. Watch the work of Congress and the Fowler Bill.

Now, where does the financial panic come in? Obviously, nowhere, unless our Industrial Emperor who controls the bank, should lose his head. There can be no serious over-lending without his consent, and after the experience of 1893, he should know too much to permit another financial panic.

Should provision be made for a third form of panic, the speculative? Very well; but there can be no speculation without the assistance of the banks, and our one bank would be foolish to permit speculation to reach a dangerous point.

So there we are; panics out of date, everybody glad of it, and the Emperor serenely enjoying life.

But what of the unemployed? Nothing easier. Rome faced that problem two thousand years ago and solved it to her complete satisfaction. Rome couldn't employ her unemployed because she had slaves enough to do her work, just as we have machines enough to do the bulk of ours. But Rome had too much sense to permit her unemployed to make serious trouble. She simply fed and amused them. Her Emperors did this by wholesale. Why should not ours?

Where would our Emperor get provender for his proletariat? Where the Roman Emperor got it for his, namely, by taking it from those who have it and are not themselves in position to make trouble. If Rockefeller can give Chicago University a million today and then take an extra sixteen millions from the American consumers of oil, why should not our Industrial Emperor take such an amount for his proletariat as the situation might require, dazzling the people meanwhile with universities, libraries, churches, etc.?

But would the workers of America be satisfied with mere provender, with no prospect of "getting on" and becoming millionaires themselves? Remember 1900! What were the workers promised then: a chance to get on? An open road to the Presidency or to Millionairedom? Not a bit of it. The thing they were promised was—Provender, just that and nothing more. "Four years more of the full dinner pail."

And did they resent it? Not they. They fell over each other getting to the polls to vote for it. Then two years later they voted for it again. If it worked in Rome for four hundred years, and has worked in America in the last two elections, why may it not be made to work here indefinitely?

But suppose the workers should tire of mere provender and want something better; what could they do about it? If they would not vote against their masters now, would they then? And if an anti-plutocratic candidate gets counted out now, why should he not get counted out then if elected?

Suppose, then, the workers turned from ballots to bullets. Where would they get the bullets? With the important industries all Trustified, is it probable that the bullet factories would be allowed to sell their products to a possible enemy? On the other hand, as the Roman Emperors had their Prætorians, so our Industrial Emperor would have his standing army, headed by his puppet president; while in every great city he would have his armories and trained fighting bands, against whom the undisciplined mob of working men would make about the same headway that an undisciplined mob always makes against regulars.

Again, supposing that by any slip a panic did come, and the proletariat did arise and, by a miracle, did oust the Emperor; by what stretch of the imagination can we conceive of them as sufficiently intelligent to establish Socialism or anything else worth having? The *coup d'etat* is not an Anglo-Saxon institution and, even on its native heath, is a sorry substitute for growth.

Now look at the picture: An army of working men, without historical knowledge or political experience, complacently voting for years for their lords and masters and taking their pay in the shape of a cold dinner out of a tin pail, suddenly find themselves in possession of the supreme power of the greatest nation on earth. Promptly, and before they have given their enemies time to vote them out, they proceed to establish a co-operative commonwealth. Have they seen one? No. Can they find a satisfactory account of one in any history? No. Can they even find a satisfactory picture of such a social state as the more far-seeing of them think ought to be established? Hardly. Bellamy's writings afford the nearest approach to it. Yet even these books open endless vistas for controversy. Yet, nevertheless, these workingmen, unskilled in politics and uninformed respecting all industries save those in which they have worked, are expected by some to perform the miracle, establish the ideal system and, more wonderful still, maintain it in the face of a dispossessed bourgeoisie and a frowning world.

Men and brethren, we shall not reach the goal by that road. We may as well make up our minds once for all that we have ahead of us a long siege, and that we should at once begin to prepare for it. First of all, we must settle down solidly to the work of education. We must ourselves understand how the race gets ahead politically; we must consent to move with it along the lines of least resistance, and we must proceed to train up a body of workers who may serve, each in his own small corner, as a Moses to lead his little constituency up out of the Egypt of capitalism into the promised land of Socialism. Only as we learn to appreciate the gravity of the situation and the absolute necessity of unremitting hard work can we properly prepare ourselves to face the issue.

Ruskin College.

Professor Will is an example of a man in a most fortunate position to learn, and with an exceedingly good head to learn, and yet who has really digested very little of the economic facts of today.

Let me take up the Professor's first assumption, viz., that a panic is a necessary prelude to a social cataclysm. This is quite untrue. A panic may hasten the inevitable cataclysm, but the cataclysm may come without a panic. Our industrial system is such that it is necessarily built to a very large extent upon confidence, and anything that may disturb "confidence" is likely to produce a panic and upset all our industrial arrangements in a manner no one can foresee. For instance, if Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller should die without warning, it would very likely precipitate a financial panic. If Mr. Morgan should make a mistake in judgment and obligate himself to make payments he could not meet, that again would precipitate a panic. The money situation is always in such a strained position that at any time we may have a financial panic that would throw industrial conditions into chaos.

However, assuming that the capitalist system is run perfectly by the capitalists, with no mistakes of judgment, no sudden deaths, and the money question is settled by the United States Bank and the adoption of a flexible currency, then, I say, that the system must inevitably come to an end anyway, inasmuch as it cannot solve the coming unemployed problem.

Professor Will seems to think that the Trust, by stopping over-production may solve the problem of unemployment. Yes, this is quite true; on the same plan that you can cure a man of headache by cutting off his head. The stoppage of over-production will not answer our unemployed problem, because the very means used for stopping it cuts off the demand for labor. When you have a Trust formed which shuts up a number of factories because their product is not needed on the market, it means so many men out of work.

The stoppage of over-production by the Trust is not the solution of the unemployed problem, because the very action of the Trust in shutting down its factories to stop production throws men out of work and brings on the unemployed problem.

Professor Will speaks of the Beaumont oil wells breaking loose and wasting thousands of barrels of oil. He says that this is a method of the Standard Oil Company to avoid over-production. This statement must be due simply to sheer lack of knowledge of both fact and theory.

In the first place the Standard Oil Company is essentially in control of the oil refineries and not in control of the oil wells. In the second place, it would be just as absurd for it to try to prevent over-production of refined oil by turning the refined oil into the gutter as it would be to pump its crude oil into the gutter. It would be no more absurd for them to pay men to run refineries in order to waste the refined oil, than it would be to pay pumpers to pump the crude oil to waste.

It is true there was a great deal of crude oil that ran to waste in Beaumont, but this was simply owing to the fact that the Standard was *not* in control, and that a great many private competitive owners did all they could to develop an enormous number of flowing oil wells, without knowing what they were going to do with the oil after it came to the surface. There could be no better illustration of the stupidity of competition compared with the intelligence of monopoly than the very illustration which Professor Will gives.

Yes, Rome faced the unemployed problem 2,000 years ago and solved it to her satisfaction. She simply fed and amused the people, says Professor Will; and then he asks why should not our capitalistic emperors do the same thing. The difference is very great. Rome had no machinery, no steam engines, no electricity. Then at that time labor was largely used for the production of luxuries for the rich. Two thousand years ago the rich man had no method of disposing of his

surplus except by using it in luxury or by the acquiring of more land, and it was very natural that there should come a time when this method of investment must finally cease. There was no such thing as the production of capital in our sense of the word. There were no railroads, no factories, no telephone or telegraph lines. At the present time labor is employed to a very large extent, not in the production of luxuries, nor in the tilling of the ground, but in the production of machinery to produce still more machinery. As long as this building of railways and iron mills, etc., can go on there will always be employment for labor. But each railroad and each machine that is built means that the power of labor is by so much enhanced and that we are fast coming to a point where labor can no longer be used in building more machines or railroads. Such a position could not exist in Rome at all. There the laborer, not being helped by machinery, produced very little more than his keep, whereas today the modern laborer produces many times as much as it costs to support him, and he is only kept in employment because of his labor being used for the production of more machinery. Finally, we find we have more machinery than we can use, and the Trust comes in to prevent the production of more. The workers who have been employed in making machinery are thrown out of work, and we have the great unemployed problem. All this can take place without any panic.

Yes—the workers did return the Republican administration upon the promise of prosperity and a cold dinner in a tin bucket; and they have gotten it, so to speak; and there is every probability that if things continue as they are today, they will be willing to return the Republican administration once more. But "prosperity" can only continue in a country where the capitalist finds an opportunity of investing his capital, and the moment we get to a period where over-production of capital makes this impossible, "prosperity" will vanish and the unemployed problem will come up, and the laborers will refuse to return the Republican administration. They may then turn to the Democratic Party, as a protest and a manifestation of their dissatisfaction. They may do this at the next election; but the day is coming when they will turn to the only party that will give them true prosperity, that will yield them all they produce, and that is the Socialist Party. When the people finally become educated by the logic of events and by the talking and writing of the Socialists, and finally determine they wish Socialism, it is not to be supposed that they will have determined upon the exact form of the future state of society. They will simply determine that the present plan of letting the country be owned by the Vanderbilts, Rockefellers and Morgans has become intolerable, because it does not assure the people the possibility of getting a living. Society will be forced to make a change to save itself from destruction, and it will not shrink from making this change because every unit in society has not an exact knowledge of the details of the form of the future society. There was a time in the Socialist movement when a great part of the attention of writers and speakers was devoted to the building up of Utopias. It was always a discussion as to how we would manage about this, that and the other, in regard to the payment of labor, the communistic method of living in philansteries, uniformity of clothing, etc., etc. We have now passed beyond this stage, and are realizing that society is in a process of unconscious evolution, and that there is little or no use in trying to determine the exact details of the future society until the time comes for settling them.—H. G. W.

COLUMBIA RULES THE WORLD

Berlin. — The Allgemeine Elektricitaets Gesellschaft, with $22,125,000 capital in bonds, and the Union Elektricitaets Gesellschaft, having $85,000,000 capital, have reached an agreement amounting to a practical consolidation. The step is the result of the crisis in the German electrical industry. After the subsidence of the great boom in electrical companies it was found that the manufacturing capacity had far outrun the market's demands, hence various efforts are made to organize a combination after the model of the American trusts.

The above news from Berlin shows how all industrial forms must bend to the imperative laws made for them by a changing industrial environment. America was the first to take up the Trust form of industry, not because Americans are smarter than Europeans, but simply because industry here is further advanced in its evolutionary development. It will not be many years before Germany and England will be as Trust-ridden as is the United States. England's Premier, A. J. Balfour, in his recent remarkable speech in defence of Chamberlain's attitude towards free trade, presents a striking illustration of the awakening of the English political leaders to the significance of the Trust.

Ten years ago, when I was in England, I tried in vain to interest Balfour and Chamberlain in the Trust question, but I talked to deaf ears. They, like all politicians, look to the present only. Let the future take care of itself, is their motto.

I expect to be in England again this summer, and will again essay to explain to Mr. Chamberlain the menace of the Trust, but I doubt if he is ready yet to fully realize the menace to England of the American Trust. He seems to think a protective duty against American breadstuffs will avail.

It is not the agricultural products from America which are destined to bankrupt England. It is the American manufactures that will ruin her.

WHICH BEST TO BE: MAN OR HORSE?

There is no question that many a negro today who is free to starve if he can't find a job, is worse off than he was when owned as a slave by a planter who would no sooner let him starve when no work was at hand for the moment, than he would let his mule starve under like conditions.

But the white man of today who goes on a strike against wages that do not afford him a living, enters a contest to see if he can go longer without food than the employer can go without profits, is not as well off as the work horse, who is fed, work or no work. This is from the New York Commercial on the point:

One of the many unusual conditions entailing difficulty and loss that grow out of the present strike in the building trades is the matter of work horses. With the going out of the teamsters over a month ago thousands of these horses were thrown into idleness here in New York. They still have to be fed and cared for, as usual, and in addition they must be exercised to a certain extent every day in order to keep them in as good condition as possible—a process that costs money at a time when the beasts are earning nothing, although against their will.

A draught-horse well cared for and intelligently driven is at his best when working six days in the week. Up to a certain age under such conditions he grows constantly more valuable, for he learns and profits by experience and training just as human beings do; and there is a measurable concert of opinion among horse-lovers that a good horse much prefers working to loafing.

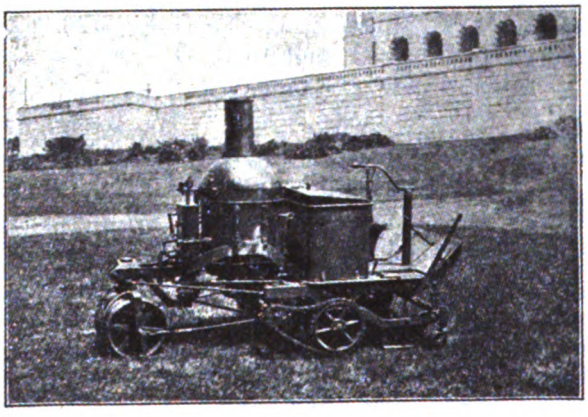
But no amount of airing and light exercise that the trucking contractors can give their idle horses under present conditions can keep the animals from deteriorating.

It's funny how we can see that horses MUST be "fed and cared for," while we see no reason for the MUST where men are concerned.

THE NEWEST AUTOMOBILE TRIUMPH

C. H. CLAUDY, in the American Inventor

WHEN the automobile first became a practical American possibility, numerous writers were found to prophesy that within a short time it would not only supplant the horse, but would cut railroad traffic in half and become the universal means of transporting freight of all kinds. How far this Utopian dream is from being realized, a glance at the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission or a perusal of the columns of some sporting weekly will soon show. Nevertheless, the automobile is slowly but surely winning its way through other fields besides those composed of the race track and the pleasure road.



A VIEW OF THE AUTOMOBILE LAWN MOWER IN USE AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.
(Photographed with a Goerz lens.)

One of the most recent developments of the horseless vehicle is shown in the accompanying photographs, which are of the automobile lawn-mower used in the grounds of the Capitol at Washington, to keep the wide and spacious lawns in condition. As the illustration plainly shows, the machine is a combination of steam roller, automobile, lawn-mower and noise factory.

A small boiler mounted upon a wrought-iron frame supplies the steam for the six horsepower, two cylinder vertical

A VIEW OF THE AUTOMOBILE LAWN MOWER IN USE AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.
(Photographed with a Goerz lens.)

engine, which by means of a double reducing gear transmits the power to the central roller.

Steering is effected by means of a wire rope on either side of the front roller connected to the steering handle, which rises in front of the driver's seat.

The large hand-lever on the right-hand side near the front is for the purpose of raising and lowering the cutters which can be plainly seen in the illustration in which the engineer is a prominent feature.

It can not be truthfully said that the machine works any quicker or does more work in a day than would be accomplished by a two-horse team, if propelling a lawn-mower with blades of equal size, but it is less expensive to run, and in addition to cutting the grass, it rolls the sod, thus keeping it in the best of condition.

Furthermore, it has no horse hoofs to dig up the tender grasses, and over the hillsides of the elevation on which the Capitol is situated, it can travel in places where a horse would find it difficult to navigate.

The machine altogether weighs about three thousand pounds, works at a steam pressure of 120 pounds and can, when scorching along, make very nearly five miles an hour.

* * * *

The Automotor Journal, London, describes a new traction engine called the "pedrail, which literally walks upstairs with the stride and sure-footedness of an elephant" and hauls loads far in excess of those the wheeled traction engine can move.

* * * *

The municipal government of Paris is testing, with reference to the purchase of a number of them, an electric sprinkler, which will water ten miles of streets an hour. It will be an automobile and will be able to water the Champs Elysees and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne in fifteen minutes. The machine costs $2,000.

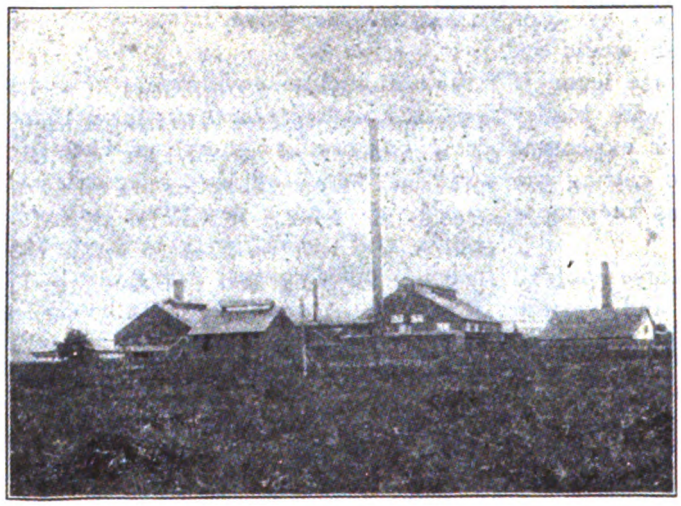
THE MINOTOLA STRIKE

HON. JOHN W. WESCOTT

FACT is as strong as fiction. The fiction of the situation will be given hereafter. The fact is as follows. Minotola is a small village in Atlantic County, New Jersey. George Jonas in 1895 purchased about 300 acres of bush land there, erected thereon a glass bottle factory, built some cheap houses for the use of his employees, and started a non-union plant. In 1897 he incorporated the concern. When deviltry is contemplated, incorporation is its weapon. The usual factory store was built for the exclusive use of the employees and for such transient trade as chance might bring. George Jonas is the corporation. He soon had about four or five hundred employees, and

began to make money with great rapidity.

His profits arose out of the following conditions. The law of New Jersey prohibits apprenticing to corporations, the employment of children under twelve years of age, and the use of factory stores in payment of wages. George Jonas apprenticed his employees to himself and put them to work in the corporation's factory, asserting his act to be an assignment of his employees to another. He employed numerous children under twelve years of age, and protected himself, in most instances, by the perjured affidavits of the poverty-stricken parents. He beat the store act by selling to his employees punch-order books. The books were sold on credit, charged against wages. The employees could live only by the use of the punch-book. Thus the law was circumvented. The apprentice contracts, which were invariably kept by Jonas, and the contents of which were never known by any employee, provided that each employee should work five years for half-pay, that a hundred dollars per year should be retained, in each case, out of the one-half as back money, and that the retention in service of each employee should rest entirely with Jonas.



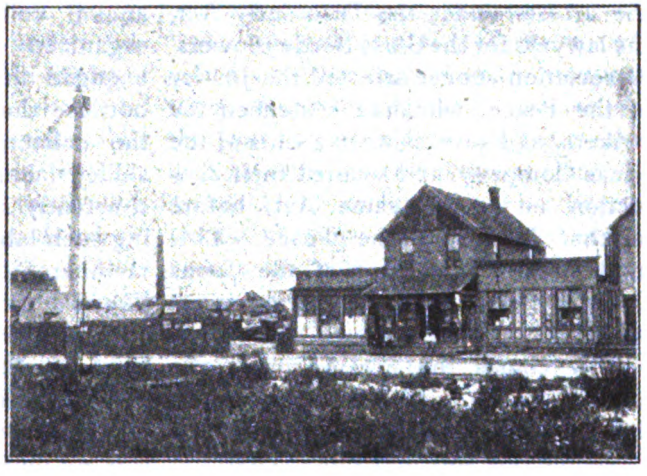
JONAS'S GLASS WORKS, MINOTOLA, N. J.

Under this system came about a condition of poverty, helplessness and degradation transcending belief. The men and boys were bound hand and foot. The most thrifty never made anything and the less thrifty were always in debt. Two small children came to their death by over-exhaustion. On one occasion, when the factory Inspector visited the plant, a lot of children were huddled together and hidden in a box car until the Inspector' left. The employees resembled tramps in attire and physical condition. They were cheated both in the weight and number of bottles made. This was a regular practice. They were driven to the highest pitch of physical capacity. Children frequently fell asleep while at work, especially at night. The men threw water on them to keep them awake. The local preacher was largely supported by a tax taken regularly from the employees' wages. Many were discharged or fined for attending labor meetings. Many of the apprentice contracts prohibited joining labor organizations. In case an employee had to go on a train, he used Jonas' commutation ticket and then had the full fare for the trip charged against

him. Most of the children were poor Italians. In no case did an apprentice ever become a journeyman. Nor did any journeyman ever get journeyman's wages. Two or three journeymen worked there on the apprenticeship terms. The dwellings used by the men belonged to Jonas. The rent for them was extortionate; so were the prices for necessities in his store. No other store existed in the community. The employees never had the cash to deal elsewhere, even had they the opportunity. In no instance was an employee taught the entire art of glass blowing; only some portion of it. The men and boys were discharged if they complained. They were ordered about, locked in the yard and treated generally as slaves. The result was that the cost of labor to the concern was the cost of a miserable subsistence. In South New Jersey only one other non-union bottle factory of any importance existed. The rest were union factories, the wages and conditions in which were determined by a collective bargain between employees and manufacturers. Therefore Jonas was enabled to undersell his competitors at great profit. After the legal fight, to be described, began, he said, "Let me alone for four years and you can have the factory."

Under these conditions, very mildly put, one Edward W. Vanaman, a clever workman, organized the employees into a social club, appointed a committee to demand the restoration of a number of men discharged for attending a labor meeting in a near-by town, and, in case of failure, had the members of the club bound to quit. The committee were contemptuously ordered out of the Company's office on the 9th of April, 1902, and a great majority of the men and boys went out in a body.

At this point the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association of the United States and Canada, which, theretofore, although often appealed to, had declined to intervene, took charge of the strike; made some of the strikers its members; established a pay roll on which were placed all the strikers; organized a system of picketing, and have since undertaken to defeat the systematic misery and injustice prevailing at the George Jonas Glass Company's Works.



THE GLASS COMPANY'S STORE.

As a result the Glass Company retained a large number of lawyers, some of them the best in New Jersey, and began a legal fight of great interest and consequence. The Company inaugurated two legal moves intended to win the strike at once. One was wholesale eviction. The other was

wholesale arrest under the Disorderly Act. Without trial by jury and on his own view, or by complaint, a Justice of the Peace may commit to prison for a long term. The disorderly conduct may consist of loitering, gathering on the sidewalk and public ways, undue noise, swearing, etc. The leading spirits of the strike were at once arrested and sentenced to imprisonment. The evictions were defeated and resulted in a sensational decision by the Supreme Court overturning the practice of years and necessitating new legislation. As a counter-move against the arrests under the Disorderly Act, the lawyers for the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association at once arrested the Justice of the Peace, who had sentenced the strikers, and several other a ents of the Jonas Company, and secured their conviction under the same Act, before another Justice of the Peace. This move demoralized that of the Jonas Company and gave the strike great force.

Now comes the fiction, which the fact will beat. Baffled as above stated, the Jonas Company immediately filed a voluminous bill in Equity, charging in the most extravagant language that the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association and its officers had induced the strike by the use of money and other means; that the Association and the strikers were conspired together to ruin the Company; that they terrorized its employees; held the whole community in their lawless grasp; and had committed and were committing acts of violence of every description designed to injure the Company. All of this was the purest fabrication. It rested upon innocent circumstances, which perjury developed into facts as impossible as they were monstrous. A temporary restraining order was allowed on the bill and affidavits. Twice, since, numerous strikers have been brought before the Court charged with violation of the restraining order. On both occasions the strikers were discharged and vindicated by the Court at the expense of the Jonas Company.

The Glass Bottle Blowers' Association and each striker filed answers to the bill of the Jonas Company. These answers raised a novel question of incalculable import. They allege that the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association and its members make and have an annual collective contract with the organized capital of the country engaged in the manufacture of glass bottles; that the contract consists of the collective sale of its members' skilled labor; that the Association is constantly seeking, acquiring and selling such labor in the interest of all its members; that the Jonas Company likewise seeks and employs similar labor in a similar business; that therefore the Bottle Blowers' Association and the Jonas Company are competitors for the same sort of labor in the same sort of business; and that, as a competitor, the Association had the right to purchase and control the labor of the strikers in its own business interests. It is needless to say that, if this contention succeeds, all labor organizations may lawfully do the same thing on the ground of competition. The case is now on trial, has occupied much, and will occupy more time.

In the interim, Counsel for the Bottle Blowers' Association filed a bill in Equity against the Jonas Company in which the substance of the above answers was set out, and asked for a restraining order against the Jonas Company to prevent it and its agents

from interfering with the various acts of the strikers and the Bottle Blowers' Association in their competitive and lawful efforts to overthrow the Jonas system. A rule to show cause was allowed. The bill and answer by the Jonas Company were elaborately argued. A decision has not been reached This latter bill rests upon the idea that labor is a value and entitled to protection as such. Capital, whether in money or things, is preserved labor. It is labor potentialized in fixed forms. But the skill and ability to labor are as much of a value as skill and ability reduced to fixed forms. Therefore skill and ability to labor, especially in combination under contract, are values susceptible of legal protection. If this contention succeeds, as it must in time, it follows that labor can resort to injunctions as well as capital. The theory, above inculcated, if well conceived and executed, would revolutionize the trade world. It is readily conceivable that all labor organizations can put themselves in the posture of competitors. It has been uniformly held that all legitimate competitive acts are justifiable even to the destruction of the competing parties. Capital, being absolutely dependent upon labor, in the legalized attitude of a competitor, could easily be compelled to submit to a fairly equitable distribution of its earnings.

The strike at Minotola is still on. It is effectively conducted by men of purpose and skill. It is certain that the Jonas Company has the support of other parties, or it would long since have abandoned its nefarious system of commercial slavery. The Company is now running a few shops at great loss.

At the outstart of the struggle, the Jonas Company managed to secure the influence and the bitter prejudice of many of the County officials. As a consequence some of the strikers are under indictment. Last week, one of them, as innocent as the proprietor of this magazine, was promptly convicted against the plain evidence of the case. Agents of the Jonas Company were arrested on various criminal charges, and some of these agents admitted their guilt before the committing Magistrate. Yet, such was the influence of the company in the grand-jury room, that the charges and admissions of these guilty agents were not even noticed. Public opinion, however, is gradually conforming itself to the truth.

An interesting phase of the controversy was the taking-for-granted-attitude of the distinguished Counsel for the Jonas Company. Here are trained and capable men so given over to the sacred right to employ and impose terms of employment, regardless of results to the employee, that they assumed that the mere statement of the proposition would start a judicial avalanche of prejudice to overwhelm the strikers. The position of the strikers was unsparingly ridiculed and pronounced to be subversive of all established principles. But the discussion was before the Hon. Martin P. Grey, a man of thorough independence, broad of views, and awake to the profound movements in modern society. That there is a widespread judicial prejudice against industrial disturbances everybody knows. But some judges can see that contracts made between a powerful incorporated combination on the one hand and a weak individual on the other, is not free, old-fashioned competition. Some judges can see that combined capital cannot complain if labor combines in

competition. Hence the outcome of the struggle at Minotola is not the certain thing that astute counsel assumed it to be. On the contrary, the controversy will compel a judicial determination of the question whether labor can combine and as a combination compete with capital and, in so doing, have the protection of the courts.

The above narrative presents a curious study in Socialism. Trade-unionism, as far as it goes, is Socialism in hard, efficient practice. To simultaneously increase wages, improve conditions, shorten work hours, secure better sanitation, abolish child labor and the factory stores, protect from dangerous machinery, etc., is to combine. Such things are accomplished only by union, which is force physically and morally applied. Just in the proportion that wages and conditions are improved by such forces, the competitive and capitalistic systems are overthrown. Both of these systems stand upon the idea that every man is free to work or employ individually. When capital or labor combine they attack this principle.

STRIKERS' HEADQUARTERS.

At Minotola the competitive system, so far as labor is concerned, is seen in its vilest form. Each employee supposedly individually hired. He was a free man, in a free country, exercising his freedom to work. On the other hand the Jonas Company was not an individual, but a powerful combination of individuals and preserved labor in the fixed forms of money and things. The Jonas Company was vastly the superior in every respect of any or all its employees. It had the power to bind and rob them. The individual had to have work necessarily. The Company did not have to have work necessarily. When the individual worked for the Company he was obliged to accept its terms. He was powerless to make his own terms. Its terms imposed misery and want. Had the Company been an individual, the competitive principle might have protected both parties. But one party being a powerful combination both of persons and wealth, the other could not appeal successfully to the competitive principle. The corporation, being a combination of men and things, so far abolished the competitive principle. Therefore the sole remedy for the employee was in combination. Combination could deal with combination, but not an individual with combination. It is the baldest untruth to say that the Jonas Company is individualistic and on a par with an

employee. In the last century, when a workman owned both the raw material and tools for fashioning it, the competitive principle worked better. But in these days, when the workman has only his labor, while the employer has both raw material and tools in combination, the competitive principle will not work in the old way. Hence the union of trades. Hence combination against commercialism, as now practiced, is toward Socialism.

But, while the acts of the strikers and of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association and of the Jonas Company are an impeachment of the competitive principle, as heretofore economically conceived, and so far socialistic, yet, each party to the contest, rests for success on the principle of competition.

CHILD WORKERS BEFORE THE STRIKE.

combination. Manifestly, then, both capital and labor at Minotola have assaulted the competitive system and are so far socialistic. Combination in any form, corporate or trade-union, is a refutation of the competitive plan, and, to the extent of the combination and its results, is socialistic. It would seem to follow that the trend of That is to say, each party is a combination. The Jonas Company is a combination of individuals and capital under corporate form. The strikers and the Bottle Blowers' Association are a combination of skilled laborers under an unincorporated form. It is no longer a contest of individual with individual. The Jonas Company appealed

to the competitive principle, as if the Company were an individual. The strikers and the Bottle Blowers' Association make precisely the same appeal. The practical injustice lies in the judicial effort to enforce the appeal of corporate combination against the individual laborer on the assumption that the corporate combination IS an individual. More or less vaguely the labor world has felt this injustice. Hence the impulse to resist by combination. But the distinctive feature of the Minotola strike lies in the attempt to successfully appeal to the same principles which the Courts heretofore have applied in the interests of corporate combination against labor. This appeal rests on the right to compete. Corporate combination seeks labor. Labor combinations control, and, in order to control, seek labor. Both combinations are in the market for the same purpose. As a competitor for labor the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association justifies its acts and seeks protection by injunction. The Jonas Company says to the Chancellor of New Jersey, "The strikers

HON. JOHN W. WESCOTT.

have combined to interfere with our employees and our business." The strikers and the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association say to the same Judge, "the Jonas Company is a combination interfering with our employees and our business." Both make the same claim precisely. The one is a combination of men and capital The other is a combination of men with ability and desire to labor. One is a combination of men and capital seeking skilled labor, and, to an extent, using it. The other is a combination of skilled laborers seeking employment, and controlling, buying and supplying skilled labor. The sole question for judicial determination is whether one of these combinations is illegally injured by the other and whether an injunction may be invoked as a protection against such injury. If capital can protect its labor by injunctions, why may not combined labor protect its labor in the same manner? If the effort succeeds, it succeeds by virtue of judicial protection of the competitive plan. So that, in place of individualistic competition, you have competition between combinations.

It is competition in a new form. Capital has taught and enforced it. Trades-unions must so shape their principles and policies as to make themselves competitors with combined capital. It would seem inevitable, in that event, that labor-unions must receive the same protection by injunction that capital-unions now receive. Furthermore, labor being indispensable to the creation and existence of capital, labor-unions can thus, with legal protection, compel an abolition of the competitive principle as applied in such places as Minotola. Moreover, by this means labor-unions can legally force capital to make a more equitable distribution of wealth. Such an eventuation of our present commercialism would necessarily reduce the mountains of wealth to accessible plains. The millionaire would gradually disappear.

But this practical suggestion involves the inviolate preservation of the competitive and capitalistic schemes. Hence the question arises whether, after all, it is possible to get rid of these two principles. The strikers and the Bottle Blowers' Association combine to force higher wages and improve conditions. These laudable objects are accomplishable only by combination in competition. Such moves are socialistic purely. But is this not the practical limit to socialistic principles? Can Socialism get any higher than to enforce competition between organized bodies, both amenable to full legal protection? Is not modern industrialism driving to that inevitable end? Can Socialism accomplish, as men are made, anything further? So the strike at Minotola has given rise to a legal controversy of vast consequence.

FROM "DAY AND NIGHT"

RICHARD HOVEY

Oh, praise for the glory of battle– the Day and its strife!
And praise for the sweat and the struggle, the turmoil of life!
But the work is not wrought for the working, increase for increase;
We toil for the rest that comes after, we battle for peace.
Let us take up our work every man, meet our fate with a cheer—
But the best is the clasped hands of comrades, when nightfall is near;
The best is the rest and the friendship, the calm of the soul
When the stars are in heaven and the runner lies down at the goal.

* * * * * * * *

And at last when the bugles are silent, or call but to rouse
A cheer for the memory of crowned and victorious brows,
When the drums beat no more to the battle and, smitten in one,
The hearts of the nations uplift but one song to the sun,
When the Law once made good for all peoples by stress of the sword,
The spent world shall rest from its wrestling, clasp hands in accord,
Then, best of all bests, in the silence that falls on man's soul,
We shall feel we are comrades and brothers from tropic to pole.
All men by the pledge of their manhood made one in the will
To achieve for all men as their fellows each conquest o'er ill;
No glory, or beauty, or music, or triumph, or mirth,
If it be not made good for the least of the sons of the earth;
And the bond of all bonds shall be manhood, the right of all rights
The right to the hearts of our fellows, to the love that requites
All the strain, and the pain, and the fag, all the wrench of the day,
When the stars shine at last in the heavens and Night has its way.

Last Songs from Vagabondia; Small & Maynard, Boston.

COST OF MUNICIPAL VS. PRIVATE GAS

ALTON D. ADAMS*

PRIVATE plants in the several States produce gas at average net costs that range, per one thousand cubic feet, between 51.9 cents in Illinois and $3.53 in Nevada. The average capacity and output of plants in each State, their locations as to the supply of raw materials, and the wages paid to labor, have an important bearing on the cost of gas, but these factors are not sufficient to account for the wide variations noted in the net cost of gas. This net cost represents the difference between the total cost of manufacture and the value of by-products per one thousand cubic feet of gas, on an average, for all the private plants in each State. The total cost of gas manufacture, as here considered, includes all sums paid for salaries, wages, materials, rent, appliances purchased for sale, interest (not on bonds), advertising, insurance, repairs, taxes, royalties, and other sundry items.

The average output of gas, per plant, during the census year, is obtained for each State by a division of the entire number of private gas plants located therein into the total number of cubic feet of gas that all these plants produced in the same period. In the average yearly production of gas per plant, thus determined, the District of Columbia leads the list with an output of 358.4 million feet, while in Nevada, where the gas output per plant was smallest, the figures are 1.6 million feet. Comparing the list of States, it appears that the output per plant gives no certain indication of the cost of gas therein. Moreover, in spite of the oft asserted economy of large plants, those having the greatest average outputs do not show the lowest costs of production.

It should be noted that costs, as here given, include no interest on bonds, dividends on capital stocks, or charges to cover depreciation. Miscellaneous expenses here include all those named as going to make up cost, except materials, wages and salaries. These miscellaneous expenses show much greater variations than either materials, wages or salaries, standing at 6.1 cents per one thousand feet of gas in the District of Columbia, and at 87.8 cents per one thousand feet in North Carolina, and are in many States the largest single item in the cost of gas. As these miscellaneous expenses include royalties and "sundry expenses," it is to be regretted that the census repor

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does not separate these items from the others.

The lowest net average cost of gas per one thousand feet, among the private plants, was that of 48.2 cents in Missouri, though the average production of gas per plant there was only 104.2 million feet, or not one-third of the production in the District of Columbia and less than that in four other States. In New York the average output of gas per plant was 205.4 million feet, and the net cost was 72.8 cents per one thousand feet, or 24.6 cents more than the like cost in Missouri. The sum of material and wages cost was less by 0.9 of a cent per thousand feet of gas in New York than in Missouri, but the charge for salaries plus miscellaneous expenses was greater by 17.5 cents in the former State. Eight States, each having a smaller average output of gas per plant than New York, show smaller costs of production per thousand feet than that in the Empire State. In one of these States, Ohio, the average output of gas per plant was 47.4 million feet, or about one-fourth of that in New York, yet the net cost of gas was only 54.8 cents per one thousand feet, or 18 cents less than that in the latter State.

Even in Indiana, where the average output per plant was only twenty million feet of gas, the cost per thousand feet was kept down to 75.5 cents, or less than three cents above the corresponding cost in New York. This favorable record in Indiana was not due to cheap labor and materials, because both of these items were larger there than in New York. If there be much economic advantage in the production of gas on a great scale, it hardly appears in the net cost of gas in New York, Maryland, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts when compared with the net costs in Wisconsin, Ohio, Delaware and Indiana, where the average output of gas per plant is much smaller.

The cost of materials per thousand feet of gas shows, for the most part, only a moderate range. Illinois leads as to low cost of materials, with only 21.1 cents per thousand feet of gas, and this cost is highest in Nevada, where the figure is $1.924 per thousand feet. In only one other State the cost figure for materials reaches one dollar, in only ten States is this cost above fifty cents, and in twenty-three States the cost of materials is less than forty cents per thousand feet of gas sold.

These differences in the costs of materials are due in part to the different proportions of coal gas and water gas in the products of the several States.

In the manufacture of water gas there are little or no residual products, while with coal gas these products are quite important. The value of residual products is thus some indication of the proportion of coal gas in the output for a State. Water gas, as commonly made, exceeds the candle power of coal gas by less than 25 per cent., though its candle power may be pushed much higher.

Oil gas is manufactured to a small extent compared with the coal and water varieties, and its cost is usually higher, but the candle power of oil gas is frequently between two and three times as great as that of the other two sorts.

Wages per thousand feet of gas reached their lowest point at 9.6 cents in Maryland and their highest at 54.9 cents in Nevada. In thirty-three States, wages amounted to less than 30

cents per thousand feet of gas. That the labor cost of gas production in rather small plants is not necessarily high is shown by the figures of 17.4 cents in Ohio, 16.7 cents in Delaware, 18.7 cents in Tennessee, and 21.8 cents in Vermont, per thousand feet of gas, while the like labor costs in the District of Columbia and New York, where the average production of gas per plant was greatest, amounted to 18.8 cents and 17.7 cents per thousand feet respectively.

Salaries show much greater variations than do wages per thousand feet of gas, being down to 4.3 cents in Missouri and up to 91.5 cents in Nevada. In the District of Columbia and in Illinois the output of gas per plant was much larger than that in Missouri, yet the amount paid as salaries in the latter State were only one-half as great per thousand feet of gas as the like amounts in the other two cases. In New Hampshire the salaries amounted to 11.9 cents per thousand feet of gas, and in Texas, where the average output per plant was very nearly that of the northern State, the salary charge was 26.7 cents per thousand feet. A number of similar instances may be pointed out where salaries per thousand feet of gas differ widely for plants of nearly equal outputs.

The relation between salaries and wages in the several States is especially notable. In Missouri salaries were only 24 per cent. of wages, while in Illinois and Maryland, where the average output of gas per plant was much greater, the percentages of salaries to wages were 59 and 61 respectively. Salaries were 50 per cent. of wages in Colorado, but in Louisiana, where the average output per plant was nearly equal to that in the former State, 91 cents were paid in salaries for each dollar paid as wages. The average outputs of gas per plant were nearly equal in New Hampshire and Texas, but in the latter State a dollar was paid as salary to correspond with each dollar paid as wages, while in the former State salaries were only 42 per cent. of wages. Laborers received 24.9 cents for each thousand feet of gas made in Mississippi, while 28.7 cents were paid as salary to officials of the companies. In Nevada, when the man who performed the labor of gas-making received one dollar, officials of the companies took $1.66 for their trouble.

Nine States contain municipal gas plants, and these plants present some interesting contrasts with those owned by private corporations. In each of seven States the net cost of gas in municipal plants was below the cost in the private plants of any State where the average output of gas was not greater than that in these municipal plants.

The largest salary item per thousand feet of gas in municipal plants was 27.3 cents in contrast with the 91.5 cents paid by the private plants of one State. Only two States show salaries equal to wages in municipal gas plants, and in six States these salaries ranged between 4.6 and 8.5 cents per thousand feet of gas. The net cost of 52.6 cents per thousand feet of gas in the municipal plants of Ohio was below the cost in private plants of any State, except Illinois and Missouri. In West Virginia the net cost of 44.4 cents per thousand feet for gas in municipal plants was below the net cost in the private gas plants of any State.

AVERAGE COST OF GAS PER 1,000 CUBIC FEET IN ALL PRIVATE PLANTS OF EACH STATE

	Million feet produced per plant.	Materials per 1,000 feet.	Wages per 1,000 feet.	Salaries per 1,000 feet.	Miscellaneous expenses per 1,000 feet.	Total cost per 1,000 feet.	Value by-products per 1,000 feet.	Net cost per 1,000 feet.
		$	$	$	$	$	$	$
District of Columbia	358.4	0.338	0.188	0.098	0.061	0.685	0.021	0.664
New York	205.4	.282	.177	.063	.243	.765	.037	.728
Illinois	177.2	.211	.139	.082	.111	.543	.024	.519
Maryland	128.6	.340	.096	.059	.189	.684	.005	.679
Rhode Island	127.6	.318	.325	.065	.278	.986	.093	.893
Missouri	104.2	.290	.178	.043	.098	.609	.127	.482
Pennsylvania	98.8	.358	.171	.051	.126	.706	.035	.671
New Jersey	80.7	.286	.249	.099	.391	1.025	.044	.981
Minnesota	72.8	.403	.223	.064	.187	.877	.075	.802
Massachusetts	71.5	.352	.173	.081	.245	.851	.080	.771
Colorado	69.2	.354	.156	.078	.289	.877	.176	.701
Louisiana	68.1	.347	.198	.181	.509	1.235	.053	1.182
Connecticut	49.9	.345	.220	.112	.317	.994	.085	.909
Wisconsin	47.7	.269	.225	.074	.221	.789	.124	.665
Ohio	47.4	.255	.174	.080	.202	.711	.163	.548
Nebraska	41.2	.405	.240	.111	.405	1.161	.010	1.151
California	41.0	.533	.256	.137	.565	1.491	.208	1.283
Delaware	40.3	.265	.167	.095	.207	.734	.145	.589
Georgia	37.7	.313	.204	.124	.461	1.102	.123	.979
Tennessee	31.3	.392	.187	.118	.338	1.035	.221	.814
Michigan	30.4	.264	.260	.126	.337	.987	.145	.842
Kentucky	27.2	.303	.272	.114	.438	1.127	.226	.901
South Carolina	24.8	.386	.303	.117	.460	1.266	.149	1.107
Washington	23.0	.446	.304	.184	.586	1.520	.126	1.394
Virginia	22.0	.358	.208	.103	.315	.984	.065	.919
Indiana	20.0	.334	.225	.116	.240	.915	.160	.755
Iowa	18.4	.427	.247	.147	.542	1.363	.112	1.251
Maine	18.3	.444	.229	.176	.364	1.213	.171	1.042
New Hampshire	16.4	.404	.281	.119	.611	1.415	.130	1.285
Texas	15.6	.547	.268	.267	.325	1.407	.275	1.132
Oregon	13.5	.779	.277	.203	.343	1.602	.253	1.349
Alabama	11.1	.415	.257	.250	.443	1.365	.233	1.132
Kansas	10.2	.601	.279	.147	.233	1.260	.174	1.086
Arkansas	10.0	.574	.324	.247	.367	1.512	.103	1.409
Mississippi	7.3	.456	.249	.287	.642	1.625	.129	1.496
Florida	7.1	.529	.308	.208	.069	1.111	.071	1.040
West Virginia	5.6	.327	.271	.067	.256	.921	.074	.847
Vermont	5.1	.562	.218	.181	.388	1.345	.019	1.330
North Carolina	4.6	.804	.306	.313	.878	2.301	.137	2.164
Arizona	2.4	1.102	.402	.285	.718	2.507	.024	2.483
Nevada	1.6	1.924	.549	.915	.640	4.028	.492	3.536
Municipal Plants:								
West Virginia	107.6	.185	.297	.046	.084	.612	.168	.444
Virginia	57.6	.294	.223	.077	.101	.695	.050	.645
Ohio	37.3	.317	.139	.085	.065	.606	.080	.526
Minnesota	25.3	.392	.178	.059	.392	1.021	....	1.021
Kentucky	12.7	.586	.216	.071	.305	1.178	.183	.995
Massachusetts	8.8	.588	.166	.085	.244	1.083	.265	.818
Missouri	4.1	.279	.072	.189	.073	.613	.072	.541
Michigan	1.8	.645	.358	.271	.316	1.590	....	1.590
Nebraska	1.8	.717	.230	.273	.904	2.124	....	2.124

THE A B C OF SOCIALISM

H. P. MOYER

WE are all Socialists at heart. We hate injustice. We are quick to help in distress. We are quite willing our neighbors shall be prosperous, comfortable and happy, provided we ourselves enjoy equal comforts. The Socialist spirit of good-will, peace and prosperity for all mankind is universal. The exception is the degenerate.

The present barbarous competitive system, compelling men to prey upon one another rather than to help each other, resulting in strife, war, fraud, robbery, oppression, poverty and crime, is abnormal, inhuman. The blighting effects of poverty or the fear of poverty, the abnormal spirit of greed and selfishness, developed through a natural instinct to protect self and family from the uncertainties of the present business system, cause men to smother their natural spirit of harmony and brotherhood and sink their diviner, better selves into the insane, brutish life of competition—death, moral and physical.

This unnatural, deadly social system continues to exist today, after it has served its purpose, because of the ignorance of a possible better system or of the true way to establish it.

But the vision of a time of universal prosperity, peace and righteousness, proclaimed by the Sages of all times, is a deep-seated conviction in the hearts of all mankind, manifesting itself in the universal desire to be rich, comfortable and happy, and in the natural spirit of kindness and helpfulness.

It is the mission of Socialism to materialize this beautiful vision into a glorious reality.

There are two chief reasons why so few heart Socialists are open advocates of Practical Socialism.

1. Because of the false ideas regarding Socialism.

But the fear of Socialism, induced by the ignorant or purposed misrepresentation of those interested in the present social system, is very rapidly disappearing before the light of truth.

People are learning that Socialism, instead of being a wild idea, "fit for fanatics and fools," is simply a "more precise, orderly, and harmonious arrangement of the relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed."—*Webster.*

That, instead of being opposed to religion or Christianity, Socialism is simply "applied Christianity, the Golden Rule applied to every day life."—*Prof. R. T. Ely.*

That, as the foundation principles of Socialism are Brotherhood, Union, Equality (economic), Love, it is absolutely true that the "ethics of Socialism

are identical with the ethics of Christianity."—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Hence, Socialism is being advocated by some of the greatest Scientists, Philosophers, Preachers and Labor Leaders in the world, and is rapidly being accepted by the masses, the great Common People, who have always "heard the Gospel gladly."

2. Because few people yet realize what practical Socialism really is and what great things it will surely accomplish for them.

But there will be one mighty, irresistible movement for Socialism by the people generally, when once they fully realize that Socialism will absolutely guarantee to each and every one:

1. A permanent position, with a generous compensation assured.

2. A comfortable home without rent, interest, taxes or mortgage.

3. The best possible and equal educational advantages for all.

4. Absolute and generous protection for self and family in case of accident, sickness, old age, or death.

5. Equal interest and participation in the world's great wealth, offering the people the greatest possible incentive for their best energies, their deepest thought, and greatest inventions, thereby increasing the world's wealth to the maximum and reducing the hours of labor to the minimum.

6. The end of all speculation, adulteration, political corruption, frauds, oppression, vice, crime, that are due to an unjust system, and of all lines of business, immoral and detrimental to the general welfare, now conducted solely because of profits, interest, dividends, or rents.

7. Universal prosperity, the fulfilment of the universal desire for wealth and its accompanying comforts and happiness, banishing, forever, all poverty and the fear of poverty, furnishing abundant leisure time for recreation, study, and perfect development, physical, mental, moral and spiritual.

That all these great possibilities and wonderful advantages are sure to follow in a Socialist regime is evident from the very nature of Socialism, and easily demonstrated.

Socialism is simply the organized union of all labor and intelligence to promote the common welfare.

The great problem of economic life is simply this:

1. Here, on the one hand, is a vast material world with every possibility of wealth, comfort and happiness for all mankind.

2. Here, on the other hand, is all mankind, a vast multitude of people, with equal desires for wealth, comfort and happiness, but with varied capabilities.

Now, what is the common sense, moral and scientific solution of this great problem?

Most obviously this:

Organize these people, intelligently, systematically, and develop these wonderful and unlimited natural resources for the equal benefit of all the people, their common right and inheritance—all the world for all the people, the Co-operative Commonwealth. A perfect, universal working system, universally organized Labor, unlimited resulting wealth, universal comfort and happiness, universal brotherhood, harmony, love.

This is practical Socialism, simple, scientific, satisfactory.

How is this same problem being solved under our present social system?

With neither sense, system nor science. Rush, grab, steal, lie, cheat, deceive, fight, oppress, overpower—every man help himself and Satan take the hindmost. The fact is that in this great, greedy struggle, suicidal to all good morals, his Satanic Majesty gets the most of us.

The results could not be otherwise than they are — the greatest extremes of wealth and poverty; injustice, oppression, corruption, vice and crime rampant everywhere. The few, the strongest, the most cunning, and the most unprincipled, seize the points of greatest advantage, forcing tribute from all the rest of us; and we, fools

that we are, are content to let them have for their own personal advantage what the good Almighty Father intended for all of us, and, instead of enjoying a luxurious feast possible for all, we are satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

A Rockefeller seizes our oil fields, a Baer our coal fields, an Astor our lands, a Morgan our railroads and commercial industries. The strong are constantly combining their efforts of power and cunning to wring profits from the masses.

Our cities and huge office blocks are not "hives of industry," but hives of parasites, a scheming, plotting band, who "toil not, neither do they spin," constantly reaching out over the world appropriating the hard-earned wealth of the weary producers.

So great is this thirst for gain without labor that even vice, iniquity and crime are used to coin the very souls of men into gold, making the whole wide world a mad maelstrom of distress and oppression, of iniquity and sin.

Everywhere injustice and wrong, lack of system and harmony, lead to confusion, death.

Justice and right, system and harmony — Socialism — naturally transform earth into heaven.

But the vital question of today is:

Can Socialism bring order and harmony out of the present chaotic system?

Yes, absolutely so! And the method is as simple as it is effective.

But, first, as to the people's rights in the premises.

In our statement of the problem of economic light we discovered that:

The World (Land) + The People (Labor) = Wealth.

It is evident then that Land (an economic term for all natural resources) is the ultimate source of all Wealth. It is just as evident that all Wealth is the product of Land and Labor; and that Capital itself is only conserved or appropriated Wealth, the product of Land and Labor.

It also follows that, inasmuch as no one is more responsible for his advent here than is any other man, all must be equally responsible, and, therefore, all must have equal rights to the common Land and to Wealth, the common product of Land and Labor.

There is, therefore, no such thing as individual rights to common property, Land, Wealth, Capital, as against the common rights of all the people. All private property is merely the result of unjust appropriation, somewhere in History.

It cannot be wrong, therefore, for all the people, in their representative capacity, the Government, to resume their rights to their own property, appropriating all natural resources, Wealth, Capital and Industries, and to manage and utilize them for the general welfare. Indeed, the general welfare alone would justify the action.

This action, assuming the control and management of all lines of business in the name and for the benefit of all the people, in an orderly, systematic and business-like manner by the proper authorities, will be taken as soon as the majority of the people have accepted Socialism and have elected, through the Socialist Party, the majority of the members of the legislative bodies, national, state, and local, as well as the regular governmental officers, national, state, and local.

The first important movement of the Socialist Government will be to organize the Industrial Army, composed of all able-bodied people of an agreed age, to carry on the world's industrial work.

All children and young people will be sent back to the kindergarten, schools, colleges, and gymnasia, for development into perfect citizens, physically, mentally and morally.

All the sick, crippled, aged and infirm will be pensioned (given time checks or credits) and well cared for, for what they have done or would do if they could.

The mothers will be left with their families to guard the health and strength of future generations.

The oppressed widows and orphans will be happy in the relief of their

struggles, with secure homes and sure positions adapted to their conditions and abilities.

Those in all classes superior in their knowledge, experience and abilities will be selected, according to their merit, for managers, leaders, superintendents, etc.

The next great step of the Socialist government will be to complete, as soon as possible, the organization and consolidation of all industrial enterprises so successfully begun by the trusts today. These organizations and departments will be managed by the most competent and experienced men.

There will be no material difference in the system of manufacture or of agriculture, transportation or distribution, save in the greater economies, through the most perfect and general organization of every department, the more skilled and efficient labor, inspired by their own personal interest as equal partners in the new enterprise, the use of the most highly developed labor-saving machinery, and the more perfect adaptation of supplies, in quantity and quality, to the general needs of the people.

Besides, as all production will then be carried on in the interest of all the people, all useless and unnecessary professions, occupations and industries will be abolished, and such labor, with all the present unemployed labor, will be utilized in useful industries, resulting in the greatest abundance of the necessities and the luxuries of life with the least possible number of labor hours per day for each.

The minor details of transfer, organization, production and distribution will be no greater than those involved in similar transactions in private business today.

The management of this comprehensive system will require simply the ordinary ability of a good general, who, with his trusted and efficient lieutenants, will organize his great Industrial Army in easily workable divisions and subdivisions and proceed to develop the world's great resources systematically and economically to the equal advantage of all the people.

Only, in this great Industrial Army, the general will have the hearty co-operation of each and every individual member of the Army, inasmuch as each member is an equal partner in this great world's business and is, therefore, intensely interested, personally, in making the Co-operative Commonwealth the greatest possible success.

There will be no injustice in the People assuming control of all the Land, Wealth and Capital, and directing all the Industries for the common welfare, as it will be simply reclaiming what originally belonged to them and which was unjustly appropriated for private use.

Nor will the few suffer in surrendering, without compensation, their appropriated wealth to its rightful owners, all the people, because, as equal participants in the greatly increased general wealth and comforts developed under the more perfect system of Socialism, they will enjoy even greater possibilities of comfort and pleasure than before, with none of the worries and uncertainties, and with the additional satisfaction that everybody else may then enjoy equal advantages.

Nor will there be any danger of corruption or fraud in the new system of Government. For, not only will all profits be eliminated, and all taxes, and hence tax frauds be a thing of the past, the Government officers being simply a part of the great Industrial Army and paid like the rest, in time-checks or credits, but money itself as such, "the root of all evil," will be entirely abolished, supplanted by the safer and more scientific system of time-checks and credits, redeemable in exchange at the great supply store-houses and other offices of the Government.

Without money, a power today regardless of its source, there will be no more "grafts," "get rich quick schemes," gambling, frauds, bribery, corruption or oppression — no more premiums for the greatest frauds or injustice.

But with all the people universally and usefully employed, with every man safe in his rights and enjoying the full results of his labor, fully and equally participating, by his time-checks or credits, in the benefits of all labor and inventions, with special honors and pensions for special efforts, great inventions, or discoveries, and with the possible and absolute assurance that "He who will not work, neither shall he eat," there need be no fear regarding a sufficient incentive for labor or invention.

Then, for the first time in the world's history, will every labor-saving invention be welcomed, as well as the advent of every laborer, whether by birth or immigration, as each will either increase the power of wealth production or reduce the hours of labor, conferring a universal benefit.

An increase of good things by whatever source, which under our present absurd social system proves a curse to so many, will, under Socialism, always prove a blessing to each and all. With each person an equal partner in the world's business and an equal sharer in the general prosperity, the successful efforts of each will mutually benefit all, while each in turn will enjoy the equal benefits of the successful efforts of all others.

With the world's industries organized to the highest degree of efficiency, and with all labor organized and utilized most advantageously, each and every man being personally interested in the greatest possible production of wealth, to which, by his simple time-check, he has equal access, no greater possibilities for universal prosperity, comfort and happiness could be obtained nor would even be desired.

With such glorious possibilities who would not be a Socialist?

Is Socialism practicable?

Nothing could be more so. Whatever is right and scientific in theory must be possible in practice. If order, system, science, are practical, then Socialism is practicable.

Moreover, the great successes of Government-controlled railroads, telegraphs, telephones, municipal gas, water and other plants in European countries and cities, as well as the Postal system, the Public School system, in our own country, all partial steps in Socialism, prove that Socialism, fully developed, will be a far greater success, as the possibilities of political corruption and fraud through private gain will be entirely eliminated.

Socialism is simply the modern business tendency of organization and consolidation developed to its complete and logical end, with the all-important additional element of the personal interest, as equal partner, of every man connected with the business to guarantee its success.

Nothing could be simpler, more economical, nor more practical than one complete system of manufacture, of agriculture, of transportation, and of distribution, conducted at cost for the equal benefit of all the people. The Meat business, the Oil business, the Steel business, and other lines of industry, are already completely organized and consolidated, and need only to be nationalized and conducted without profit in the interest of all the people. The entire change from private to public business will be as simple and easy.

There are no real objections to Socialism. The so-called objections to Socialism are offered only by people ignorant of the real truths of Socialism and of its wonderful power for good.

The only obstacles to the speedy acceptance and adoption of Socialism by all the people, ignorance and prejudice born of ignorance, are fast disappearing before the rapidly spreading light of the truths of Socialism.

This great light will soon inspire all the people and speedily end the greatest absurdity of the present day—the fact that the great masses of mankind, the laboring people, heirs of all the world's great plenty, are seemingly content to suffer, to beg, to starve, wasting time and energy and means in strikes and other impracticable and temporary schemes, when, by simply asserting their natural rights, rising up

in their mighty and efficient power, quietly and peacefully voting for Socialism through the Socialist Party, they could, in a few years' time, forever end all strikes and labor troubles, establish a perfect and permanent Labor Union, guaranteeing the maximum of wages and the minimum of hours of labor, reclaim their own property, the world's great wealth, and all be rich enjoying houses, and lands, automobiles, educational advantages, vacations, comforts, and all the happiness and pleasures possible with universal prosperity.

So will this great light and truth of Socialism, once reaching the hearts of the great number of honest, moral and Christian people, whose only desire is to seek the highest welfare for all mankind, soon wipe out the greatest shame, the great crime of the present day—the fact that a so-called Christian Nation permits innocent, honest men, women and children, deprived of the opportunity of remunerative employment, in utter helplessness and despair, to resort to crime, prostitution, and suicide, when, by doing our simple duty, we might so soon usher in Socialism, the only Christian social system possible, in which Nature's bountiful blessings could be properly developed and utilized by and for all the people, allowing each and all to develop into useful, noble and happy citizens.

Socialism is right. Socialism is reasonable. Socialism is desirable. Socialism is possible. Socialism is the only practicable and perfect solution of the great economic problem of life.

As Socialism would put a speedy and final end to the awful poverty, strife, and terrible evils of our present social system, establishing the long looked for reign of universal prosperity, peace and righteousness, it is the duty of every philanthropist, every moralist, every Christian, every laboring man, to support this great cause and help to proclaim its beneficent principles, as rapidly as possible, to the whole wide world and *work and vote for Socialism.*

Does Brain or Heart Lead Womanly Progress?

ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS
President National Christian League for Promotion of Social Purity

THIS is an important question which I would might be thoroughly answered by each individual on account of its significance in the higher development of womanhood.

Many will query "how does the question affect me or mine, and what is meant by the brain or the heart in holding supremacy — each over the other?" The casual observer and many profound students of sociology, arts, sciences and philosophy, believe that the brain from which mental caliber and the intellect emanates is the greatest motive power in personal and national development.

In the history of the human race we have no periods to refer to when general womanhood had attained any higher development through intellectual or scientific training than during the past century, or in our present time. All talent and genius down to ordinary womanly tact and common sense is usually understood to have its source in the brain. In referring to successful development of a nation, a government or an individual, similar expressions are often heard to the following: "He is a man of splendid brain;" "Yes, the Germans are a great people of Philosophers;" "The Britishers, they have

attained intellectual supremacy and unsurpassed power in comparison with their neighbors."

I would like to cite achievements of the Orient.

I will refrain from comment on the intellectual and brain development of our own people, lest we might become involved in a labyrinth of query from which we could not extricate ourselves even in thought.

A few weeks ago I listened to a sermon by the pastor of a church in New York City, who referred to a lady in conversation with him during the past week who declared that she esteemed J. Pierpont Morgan nothing less than a god; that she believed his brain superior to that of any other man who had ever lived! There were doubtless queries in the audience concerning the caliber of the brain of the pastor, as well as of that of the woman, whose judgment would evidently decide that brain power leads in the higher development of male-man.

If the national brain or man's brains has universally led in development of the race, then the brain power of womanhood is certainly the main factor in her momentous progress in freedom, and out of old-time-conservatism.

During the past decade, or the past century, womanhood has made greater progress for the race than in any period of her history.

No monument or inscription in Westminster Abbey testifies to broader, deeper or greater heights of helpfulness to mankind than the inscription of service rendered by John Howard, the philanthropist. The heart power which moved him in all his activities was greatly aided by his brain capacity.

We might refer to prominent personalities among all races and nationalities in historical periods where brain power impelled great men so-called. In most periods of history there have been prominent leaders who have come down to us, monuments of heart power, but one and another queries what is meant technically by ruling heart power? Heart signifies the center of love power, and according to Drummond, love is the greatest thing in the world. The heart is understood to be the throne of sentiment, and if love emanates from the heart, so also does faith, and there can be no substantial love bringing forth good fruit which is not chiefly founded on faith: faith in the Creator of Nature; faith in God; faith in man and in woman, must be the foundation on which love shall build to bring forth perfected fruit. Many brainy men, and some women have pronounced manhood the brain, and womanhood the heart of the race.

There can be no question that love between the sexes should be subject to reason and judgment.

No brain power has yet proven its capacity to solve the many problems in nature's laws of cruel upheavals! It is blind faith in Divine-Overruling-Providence which can accept nature's overwhelming calamities with any degree of resignation—faith alone that sometime in the future infinite creative love and wisdom will answer the whys to finite's satisfaction.

An example of divine and human love united, was manifested thirteen years ago when the few strong earnest-hearted women met in conference to discover the strength and make visible the wisdom and love-power of individual womanhood and the organized effort which resulted in the National Council of Women. Heart impetus of these women brought together some twenty-two national organizations, working to promote as many different objects. These few women sought to develop the Council idea, which was truly ideal, and some of us believe will eventually be demonstrated in practice.

Many of us have heard much of the Council idea, the conception of which was and is to heighten, deepen and broaden the development of womanhood which should permeate the whole race. Many difficulties have been met, and all of these must be overcome by heart-to-heart practical manifestations of truth, integrity and love, righting of wrongs, for the fulfilment of all righteousness, each to his world-wide neighbor.

There are many women and men who have never been more deeply impressed with the reaching out of holy ambition on the part of womanhood than at the first Triennial of the Woman's National Council, when they were witnesses in the Opera House in Washington, D.C., of the audience which occupied every foot of available space for sitting or standing room. The people came to learn what the women in, and out, of these National organizations were striving to accomplish by every means at their command, to promote increasing usefulness of their constituents.

Have not attributes of the heart more forcefully than those of the head inspired men and women in refining arts?

The heart quickeneth the song of the poet.

A heart that is first tuned in preparation for the voice's expression, charms and holds the listener.

The first monument in stone which has, up to date, materialized to the memory of a woman in the most rapidly developed civilization of the world, was erected in the city of New Orleans, in memory of the humble Irish Catholic woman, Margaret Haughery. "Our Margaret," as she is proudly referred to by the grateful people of that city, was not distinguished for special brain-power, genius, or intellectual attainment of any sort, but for her great Irish universal love which impelled her to serve the first two, three or six hungry street urchins with rolls in the beginning of her illustrious philanthropic record during the yellow fever scourge in that city in 1853. This humble bread-maker's heart-impulse was to feed the increasing army of orphans and many worse than orphaned children without home and natural affection. The only passport to her heart and service was their need, hunger and suffering. Her applicants became more numerous than her customers, while the increasing swarms of hungry children in the alleys advertised broadcast their great luck, until the people who had money to buy bread made regular donations to Margaret, with which to buy the raw material and hire domestic service to aid her valiant brawny arms in her kneading. Many of us know the splendid outcome of this grand, noble industry with its philanthropic scope, which so impressed this city's people that they erected the first and only monument to a woman, with the little orphaned girl kneeling at her feet.

Margaret Haughery was an example of one who improved her one talent, and it was a very humble domestic talent, placed in a circulating bank, but it paid a mighty interest! This woman did not complain that she had but one poor little talent. She did not say if she were the possessor of five or ten, what she would do with them. She was grateful for the opportunity to make good bread for her paid customers, and equally good bread for those with nothing to buy.

This truly Catholic Home Missionary proved her generous spirit of benevolence and charity, notwithstanding she afterwards confined her labors to orphan children of a Roman Catholic Institution in New Orleans. She not only honored the special church communion to which she belonged, but she continued to dispense the universal Gospel of Christ according to her opportunity, to the general family of God's children.

Women who visit New Orleans should not fail to see the one monument of the United States erected to a woman. Let us manifest gratitude and appreciation of the noble Irish woman's service, impelled by her grand womanly heart, which has come down a memorial not only of her service to poor little hungry children, but to all coming womanhood, that the humblest of us need never have a misgiving of our prospective usefulness because we have not the means to develop the little which we each possess.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER XIII.—HOPS AND HOPPERS.

So far has the divorcement of the worker from the soil proceeded, that the farming districts, the civilized world over, are dependent upon the cities for the gathering of the harvests. Then it is, when the land is spilling its ripe wealth to waste, that the street folk, who have been driven away from the soil, are called back to it again. But in England they return, not as prodigals, but as outcasts still, as vagrants and pariahs, to be doubted and flouted by their country brethren, to sleep in jails and casual wards, or under the hedges, and to live the Lord knows how.

It is estimated that Kent alone requires eighty thousand of the street people to pick her hops. And out they come, obedient to the call, which is the call of their bellies and of the lingering dregs of adventure-lust still in them. Slums, stews, and ghetto pour them forth, and the festering contents of slum, stews and ghetto are undimished. Yet they overrun the country like an army of ghouls, and the country does not want them. They are out of place. As they drag their squat, misshapen bodies along the highways and byways, they resemble some vile spawn from underground. Their very presence, the fact of their existence, is an outrage to the fresh bright sun and the green and growing things. The clean, upstanding trees cry shame upon them and their withered crookedness, and their rottenness is a slimy desecration of the sweetness and purity of nature.

Is the picture overdrawn? It all depends. For one who sees and thinks life in terms of shares and coupons, it is certainly overdrawn. But for one who sees and thinks life in terms of manhood and womanhood, it cannot be overdrawn. Such hordes of beastly wretchedness and inarticulate misery are no compensation for a millionaire brewer who lives in a West End palace, sates himself with the sensuous delights of London's golden theatres, hobnobs with lordlings and princelings, and is knighted by the king. Wins his spurs —God forbid! In old time the great blonde beasts rode in the battle's van and won their spurs by cleaving men from pate to chine. And, after all, it is far finer to kill a strong man with a clean-slicing blow of singing steel than to make a beast of him, and of his seed through the generations, by the artful and spidery manipulation of industry and politics.

But to return to the hops. Here the divorcement from the soil is as apparent as in every other agricultural line in England. While the manufacture of beer steadily increases, the growth of hops steadily decreases. In 1835 the acreage under hops was 71,327. Today it stands at 48,024, a decrease of 3,103 from the acreage of last year.

Small as the acreage is this year, a poor summer and terrible storms reduced the yield. This misfortune is divided between the people who own hops and the people who pick hops.

The owners perforce must put up with less of the nicer things of life, the pickers with less grub, of which, in the best of times, they never get enough. For weary weeks headlines like the following have appeared in the London papers:

TRAMPS PLENTIFUL, BUT THE HOPS ARE FEW AND NOT YET READY.

Then there have been numberless paragraphs like this:—

From the neighborhood of the hop fields comes news of a distressing nature. The bright outburst of the last two days has sent many hundreds of hoppers into Kent, who will have to wait till the fields are ready for them. At Dover the number of vagrants in the workhouse is treble the number there last year at this time, and in other towns the lateness of the season is responsible for a large increase in the number of casuals.

To cap their wretchedness, when at last the picking had begun, hops and hoppers were well-nigh swept away by a frightful storm of wind, rain, and hail. The hops were stripped clean from the poles and pounded into the earth, while the hoppers, seeking shelter from the stinging hail, were close to drowning in their huts and camps on the low-lying ground. Their condition after the storm was pitiable, their state of vagrancy more pronounced than ever; for, poor crop that it was, its destruction had taken away the chance of earning a few pennies, and nothing remained for thousands of them but to "pad the hoof" back to London.

"We ayn't crossin'-sweepers," they said, turning away from the ground, carpeted ankle-deep with hops.

Those that remained grumbled savagely among the half-stripped poles at the seven bushels for a shilling—a rate paid in good seasons when the hops are in prime condition, and a rate likewise paid in bad seasons by the growers because they cannot afford more.

I passed through Teston and East and West Farleigh shortly after the storm, and listened to the grumbling of the hoppers and saw the hops rotting on the ground. At the hothouses of Barham Court, thirty thousand panes of glass had been broken by the hail, while peaches, plums, pears, apples, rhubarb, cabbages, mangolds, everything, had been pounded to pieces and torn to shreds.

All of which was too bad for the owners, certainly; but at the worst, not one of them, for one meal, would have to go short of food or drink. Yet it was to them that the newspapers devoted columns of sympathy, their pecuniary losses being detailed at harrowing length. "Mr. Herbert Leney calculated his loss at £8,000;" "Mr. Fremlin, of brewery fame, who rents all the land in this parish, loses £10,000;" and "Mr. Leney, the Wateringbury brewer, brother to Mr. Herbert Leney, is another heavy loser." As for the hoppers they did not count. Yet I venture to assert that the several almost-square meals lost by underfed William Buggles, and underfed Mrs. Buggles, and the underfed Buggles kiddies, was a greater tragedy than the £10,000 lost by Mr. Fremlin. And in addition, underfed William Buggles' tragedy might be multiplied by thousands, where Mr. Fremlin's could not be multiplied by five.

To see how William Buggles and his kind fared, I donned my seafaring togs and started out to get a job. With me was a young East London cobbler, Bert, who had yielded to the lure of adventure and joined me for the trip. Acting on my advice, he had brought his 'worst rags,' and as we hiked up the London Road out of Maidstone he was worrying greatly for fear we had come too ill-dressed for the business.

Nor was he to be blamed. When we stopped in a tavern the publican eyed us gingerly, nor did his demeanor brighten till we flashed the color of our cash. The natives along the road were all dubious; and 'bean-feasters' from London, dashing past in coaches, cheered and jeered and shouted insulting things after us. But before we were done with the Maidstone district my friend found that we were as well clad, if not better, than the average hopper. Some of the bunches of rags we chanced upon were marvelous.

"The tide is out," called a gypsy-looking woman to her mates, as we came up a long row of bins into which the pickers were stripping the hops.

"Do you twig?" Bert whispered. "She's on to you."

I twigged. And it must be confessed the figure was an apt one. When the tide is out boats are left on the beach and do not sail, and a sailor, when the tide is out, does not sail either. My seafaring togs and my presence in the hop field proclaimed that I was a seaman without a ship, a man on the beach, and very like a craft at low water.

"Can yer give us a job, governor?" Bert asked the bailiff, a kindly faced and elderly man, who was very busy.

His "No" was decisively uttered; but Bert clung on and followed him about, and I followed after, pretty well all over the field. Whether our persistency struck the bailiff as anxiety to work, or whether he was affected by our hard luck appearance and tale, neither Bert nor I succeeded in making out; but in the end he softened his heart and found us the one unoccupied bin in the place—a bin deserted by two other men, from what I could learn, because of inability to make living wages.

"No bad conduct, mind yer," warned the bailiff, as he left us at work in the midst of the women.

IN KENTISH HOP FIELDS.

VILLAGERS PICKING HOPS. A BETTER FED AND BETTER CLAD FOLK THAN THE REGULAR VAGABOND HOPPERS.

It was Saturday afternoon, and we knew quitting time would come early; so we applied ourselves earnestly to the task, desiring to learn if we could at least make our salt. It was simple work, woman's work, in fact, and not man's. We sat on the edge of the bin, between the standing hops, while a pole-puller supplied us with great fragrant branches. In an hour's time we became as expert as it is possible to

become. As soon as the fingers became accustomed automatically to differentiate between hops and leaves and to strip half a dozen blossoms at a time, there was no more to learn.

We worked nimbly, and as fast as the women themselves, though their bins filled more rapidly because of their swarming children, each of which picked with two hands almost as fast as we picked.

"Don'tcher pick too clean, it's against the rules," one of the women informed us; and we took the tip and were grateful.

As the afternoon wore along, we realized that living wages could not be made—by men. Women could pick as much as men, and children could do almost as well as women; so it was impossible for a man to compete with a woman and half a dozen children. For it is the women and the half-dozen children who count as a unit and by their combined capacity determine the unit's pay.

"I say, matey, I'm beastly hungry," said I to Bert. We had not had any dinner.

"Blimey, but I could eat the 'ops," he replied.

Whereupon we both lamented our negligence in not rearing up a numerous progeny to help us in this day of need. And in such fashion we whiled away the time and talked for the edification of our neighbors. We quite won the sympathy of the pole-puller, a young country yokel, who now and again emptied a few picked blossoms into our bin, it being part of his business to gather up the stray clusters torn off in the process of pulling.

With him we discussed how much we could 'sub,' and were informed that while we were being paid a shilling for seven bushels, we could only "sub," or have advanced to us, a shilling for every twelve bushels. Which is to say, that the pay for five out of every twelve bushels was withheld—a method of the grower to hold the hopper to his work whether the crop runs good or bad, and especially if it runs bad.

After all, it was pleasant sitting there in the bright sunshine, the golden pollen showering from our hands, the pungent, aromatic odor of the hops biting our nostrils, and the while remembering dimly the sounding cities whence these people came. Poor street people! Poor gutter folk! Even they grow earth hungry and yearn vaguely for the soil from which they have been driven, and for the free life in the open, and the wind and rain and sun all undefiled by city smirches. As the sea calls to the sailor, so calls the land to them; and, deep down in their aborted and decaying carcasses, they are stirred strangely by the peasant memories of their forbears who lived before cities were. And in incomprehensible ways they are made glad by the earth smells and sights and sounds which their blood has not forgotten though unremembered by them.

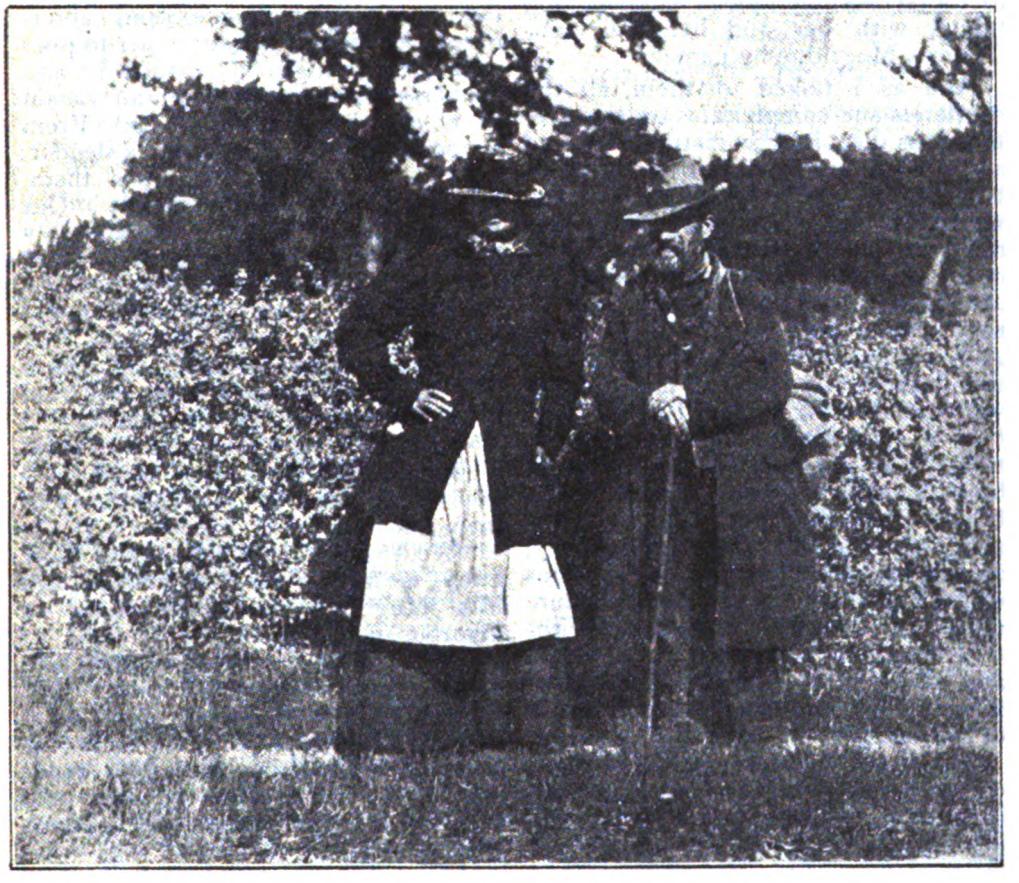
"No more 'ops, matey," Bert complained.

It was five o'clock, and the pole-pullers had knocked off, so that everything could be cleaned up, there being no work on Sunday. For an hour we were forced idly to wait the coming of the measurers, our feet tingling with the frost which came on the heels of the setting sun. In the adjoining bin, two women and a half a dozen children had picked nine bushels; so that the five bushels the measurers found in our bin demonstrated that we had done equally well, for the half-dozen children had ranged from nine to fourteen years of age.

Five bushels! We worked it out to eight pence ha'penny, or seventeen cents, for two men working three hours and a half. Eight and one-half cents apiece, a rate of two and three-sevenths cents per hour! But we were allowed only to "sub" five-pence of the total sum, though the tally-keeper, short of change, gave us sixpence. Entreaty was in vain. A hard luck story could not move him. He proclaimed loudly that we had received a penny more than our due, and went his way.

Granting, for the sake of the argument, that we were what we

represented ourselves to be, namely, poor men and broke, then here was our position: night was coming on, we had had no supper, much less dinner; and we possessed sixpence between us. I was hungry enough to eat three sixpenny'orths of food, and so was Bert. One thing was patent. By doing 16⅔ per cent. our silly stomachs would not knock off on that account. Here, then was the problem: how to get three meals on Sunday, and two on Monday (for we could not make another "sub" till Monday evening). We knew that the casual wards were overcrowded; also, that if we begged from farmer or villager, there was a large likelihood of our



MATES.

justice to our stomachs, we would expend the sixpence, and our stomachs would still be gnawing under 83⅓ per cent. injustice. Being broke again, we could sleep under a hedge, which was not so bad, though the cold would sap an undue portion of what we had eaten. But the morrow was Sunday, on which we could do no work, though going to jail for fourteen days. What was to be done? We looked at each other in despair—

Not a bit of it. We joyfully thanked God that we were not as other men, especially hoppers, and went down the road to Maidstone, jingling in our pockets the half-crowns and florins we had brought from London.

CHAPTER XIV—THE SEA WIFE.

You might not expect to find the Sea Wife in the heart of Kent, but that is where I found her, on a mean street, in the poor quarter of Maidstone. In her window she had no sign of lodgings to let, and persuasion was necessary before she could bring herself to let me sleep in her front room. In the evening I descended to the semi-subterranean kitchen, and talked with her and her old man, Thomas Mugridge by name.

And as I talked to them, all the subtleties and complexities of this tremendous machine civilization vanished away. It seemed that I went down through the skin and the flesh to the naked soul of it, and in Thomas Mugridge and his old woman gripped hold of the essence of this remarkable English breed. I found there the spirit of the wander-lust which has lured Albion's sons across the zones; and I found there the colossal unreckoning which has tricked the English into foolish squabblings and preposterous fights, and the doggedness and stubborness which have brought them blindly through to empire and greatness; and likewise I found that vast, incomprehensible patience which has enabled the home population to endure under the burden of it all, to toil without complaint through the weary years, and docilely to yield the best of its sons to fight and colonize to the ends of the earth.

Thomas Mugridge was seventy-one years old and a little man. It was because he was little that he had not gone for a soldier. He had remained at home and worked. His first recollections were connected with work. He knew nothing else but work. He had worked all his days, and at seventy-one he still worked. Each morning saw him up with the lark and afield, a day laborer, for as such he had been born. Mrs. Mugridge was seventy-three. From seven years of age she had worked in the fields, doing a boy's work at first, and later a man's. She still worked, keeping the house shining, washing, boiling, and baking, and, with my advent, cooking for me and shaming me by making my bed. At the end of threescore years and more of work they possessed nothing, had nothing to look forward to save more work. And they were contented. They expected nothing else, desired nothing else.

They lived simply. Their wants were few—a pint of beer at the end of the day, sipped in the semi-subterranean kitchen, a weekly paper to pore over for seven nights hand-running, and conversation as meditative and vacant as the chewing of a heifer's cud. From a wood engraving on the wall a slender, angelic girl looked down upon them, and underneath was the legend: "Our Future Queen." And from a highly colored lithograph alongside looked down a stout and elderly lady, with underneath: "Our Queen—Diamond Jubilee."

"What you earn is sweetest," quoth Mrs. Mugridge, when I suggested that it was about time they took a rest.

"No, an' we don't want help," said Thomas Mugridge, in reply to my question as to whether the children lent them a hand.

"We'll work till we dry up and blow away, mother an' me," he added; and Mrs. Mugridge nodded her head in vigorous indorsement.

Fifteen children she had borne, and all were away and gone, or dead. The "baby," however, lived in Maidstone, and she was twenty-seven. When the children married they had their hands full with their own families and troubles, like their fathers and mothers before them.

Where were the children? Ah, where were they not? Lizzie was in Australia; Mary was in Buenos Ayres; Poll was in New York; Joe had died in India—and so they called them up, the living and the dead, soldier and sailor, and colonist's wife, for the traveller's sake who sat in their kitchen.

They passed me a photograph. A trim young fellow in soldier's garb looked out at me.

"And which son is this?" I asked.

They laughed a hearty chorus. Son! Nay, grandson, just back from Indian service and a soldier-trumpeter to the King. His brother was in the same regiment with him. And so it ran, sons and daughters, and grandsons and daughters, world-wanderers and empire-builders, all of them, while the old folks stayed at home and worked at building empire too.

There dwell a wife by the Northern Gate,
And a wealthy wife is she;
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men
And casts them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,
And some in sight of shore;
And word goes back to the weary wife,
And ever she sends more.

But the Sea Wife's childbearing is about done. The stock is running out, and the planet is filling up. The wives of her sons may carry on the breed, but her work is past. The erstwhile men of England are now the men of Australia, of Africa, of America. England has sent forth "the best she breeds" for so long, and has destroyed those that remained so fiercely that little remains for her to do but sit to down through the long nights and gaze at royalty on the wall.

The true British merchant-seaman has passed away. The merchant service is no longer a recruiting ground for such sea dogs as fought with Nelson at Trafalgar and the Nile. Foreigners largely man the merchant ships, though Englishmen still continue to officer them and to prefer foreigners for'ard. In South Africa the colonial teaches the Islander how to shoot, and the officers muddle and blunder; while at home the street people play hysterically at mafficking, and the War Office lowers the stature for enlistment.

It could not be otherwise. The most complacent Britisher cannot hope to draw off the life blood, and underfeed, and keep it up forever. The average Mrs. Thomas Mugridge has been driven into the city, and she is not breeding very much of anything save an anæmic and sickly progeny which cannot find enough to eat. The strength of the English-speaking race today is not in the tight little island, but in the New World overseas, where are the sons and daughters of Mrs. Thomas Mugridge. The Sea Wife by the Northern Gate has just about done her work in the world, though she does not realize it. She must sit down and rest her tired loins for a space; and if the casual ward and the workhouse do not await her, it is because of the sons and daughters she has reared up against the day of her feebleness and decay.

CHAPTER XV—INEFFICIENCY.

I stopped a moment to listen to an argument on the Mile End Waste. It was night-time, and they were all workmen of the better class. They had surrounded one of their number, a pleasant-faced man of thirty, and were giving it to him rather heatedly.

"But 'ow about this 'ere cheap immigration?" one of them demanded. "The Jews of Whitechapel, say, a-cuttin' our throats right along?"

"You can't blame them," was the answer. "They're just like us, and they've got to live. Don't blame the man who offers to work cheaper than you and gets your job."

"But 'ow about the wife and kiddies?" his interlocutor demanded.

"There you are," came the answer. "How about the wife and kiddies of the man who works cheaper than you and gets your job? Eh? How about his wife and kiddies? He is more interested in them than in yours, and he can't see them starve. So he cuts the price of labor and out you go. But you mustn't blame him, poor devil. He can't help it. Wages always come down when two men are after the same job. That's the fault of competition, not of the man who cuts the price."

"But wyges don't come down where there's a union," the objection was made.

"And there you are again, right on the head. The union checks competition among the laborers, but makes it harder where there are no unions. There's where your cheap labor of Whitechapel

comes in. They're unskilled, and have no unions, and cut each other's throats, and ours in the bargain, if we don't belong to a strong union."

Without going further into the argument, this man on the Mile End Waste pointed the moral that when two men were after the one job wages were bound to fall. Had he gone deeper into the matter, he would have found that even the union, say twenty thousand strong, could not hold up wages if twenty thousand idle men were trying to displace the union men. This is admirably instanced, just now, by the return and disbandment of the soldiers from South Africa. They find themselves, by tens of thousands, in desperate straits in the army of the unemployed. There is a general decline in wages throughout the land, which, giving rise to labor disputes and strikes, is taken advantage of by the unemployed, who gladly pick up the tools thrown down by the strikers.

Sweating, starvation wages, armies of unemployed, and great numbers of the homeless and shelterless are inevitable when there are more men to do work than there is work for men to do. The men and women I have met upon the streets, and in the spikes and pegs, are not there because as a mode of life it may be considered "a soft snap." I have sufficiently outlined the hardships they undergo to demonstrate that their existence is anything but "soft."

It is a matter of sober calculation, here in England, that it is softer to work for twenty shillings ($5) a week, and have regular food, and a bed at night, than it is to walk the streets. The man who walks the streets suffers more and works harder for far less return. I have depicted the nights they spend, and how, driven in by physical exhaustion, they go to the casual ward for a "rest up." Nor is the casual ward a soft snap. To pick four pounds of oakum, break twelve hundredweight of stones, or perform the most revolting tasks, in return for the miserable food and shelter they receive, is an unqualified extravagance on the part of the men who are guilty of it. On the part of the authorities it is sheer robbery. They give the men far less for their labor than do the capitalistic employers. The wage for the same amount of labor performed for a private employer, would buy them better beds, better food, more good cheer, and, above all, greater freedom.

As I say, it is an extravagance for a man to patronize a casual ward. And that they know it themselves is shown by the way these men shun it till driven in by physical exhaustion. Then why do they do it? Not because they are discouraged workers. The very opposite is true; they are discouraged vagabonds. In the United States the tramp is almost invariably a discouraged worker. He finds tramping a softer mode of life than working. But this is not true in England. Here the powers that be do their utmost to discourage the tramp and vagabond, and he is, in all truth, a mightily discouraged creature. He knows that two shillings a day, which is only fifty cents, will buy him three fair meals, a bed at night, and leave him a couple of pennies for pocket money. He would rather work for those two shillings than for the charity of the casual ward; for he knows that he would not have to work so hard and that he would not be so abominably treated. He does not do so, however, because there are more men to do work than there is work for men to do.

When there are more men than there is work to be done, a sifting-out process must obtain. In every branch of industry the less efficient are crowded out. Being crowded out because of inefficiency, they cannot go up, but must descend, and continue to descend, until they reach their proper level, a place in the industrial fabric where they are efficient. It follows, therefore, and it is inexorable, that the least efficient must descend to the very bottom, which is the shambles wherein they perish miserably.

A glance at the confirmed inefficients at the bottom demonstrates that they are, as a rule, mental, physical, and moral wrecks. The exceptions to the

rule are the late arrivals, who are merely very inefficient, and upon whom the wrecking process is just beginning to operate. All the forces here, it must be remembered, are destructive. The good body (which is there because its brain is not quick and capable) is speedily wrenched and twisted out of shape; the clean mind (which is there because of its weak body) is speedily fouled and contaminated. The mortality is excessive, but, even then, they die far too lingering deaths.

Here, then, we have the construction of the Abyss and the shambles. Throughout the whole industrial fabric a constant elimination is going on. The inefficient are weeded out and flung downward. Various things constitute inefficiency. The engineer who is irregular or irresponsible will sink down until he finds his place, say as a casual laborer, an occupation irregular in its very nature, and in which there is little or no responsibility. Those who are slow and clumsy, who suffer from weakness of body or mind, or who lack nervous, mental, and physical stamina, must sink down, sometimes rapidly, sometimes step by step, to the bottom. Accident, by disabling an efficient worker, will make him inefficient, and down he must go. And the worker who becomes aged, with failing energy and numbing brain, must begin the frightful descent which knows no stopping-place short of the bottom and death.

In this last instance, the statistics of London tell a terrible tale. The population of London is one-seventh of the total population of the United Kingdom, and in London, year in and year out, one adult in every four dies on public charity, either in the workhouse, the hospital, or the asylum. When the fact that the well-to-do do not end thus is taken into consideration, it becomes manifest that it is the fate of at least one in every three adult workers to die on public charity.

As an illustration of how a good worker may suddenly become inefficient, and what then happens to him, I am tempted to give the case of M'Garry, a man thirty-two years of age, and an inmate of the workhouse. The extracts are quoted from the annual report of the trade union:

> I worked at Sullivan's place in Widnes, better known as the British Alkali Chemical Works. I was working in a shed, and I had to cross the yard. It was ten o'clock at night, and there was no light about. While crossing the yard I felt something take hold of my leg and screw it off. I became unconscious; I didn't know what became of me for a day or two. On the following Sunday night I came to my senses, and found myself in the hospital. I asked the nurse what was to do with my legs, and she told me both legs were off.
>
> There was a stationary crank in the yard, let into the ground; the hole was 18 inches long, 15 inches deep, and 15 inches wide. The crank revolved in the hole three revolutions a minute. There was no fence or covering over the hole. Since my accident they have stopped it altogether, and have covered the hole up with a piece of sheet iron. . . . They gave me £25. They didn't reckon that as compensation; they said it was only for charity's sake. Out of that I paid £9 for a machine by which to wheel myself about.
>
> I was laboring at the time I got my legs off. I got twenty-four shillings a week, rather better pay than the other men, because I used to take shifts. When there was heavy work to be done I used to be picked out to do it. Mr. Manton, the manager, visited me at the hospital several times. When I was getting better, I asked him if he would be able to find me a job. He told me not to trouble myself, as the firm was not cold-hearted. I would be right enough in any case. . . . Mr. Manton stopped coming to see me; and the last time he said he thought of asking the directors to give me a fifty-pound note, so I could go home to my friends in Ireland.

Poor M'Garry! He received rather better pay than the other men because he was ambitious and took shifts, and when heavy work was to be done he was the man picked out to do it. And then the thing happened, and he went into the workhouse. The alternative to the workhouse is to go home to Ireland and burden his friends for the rest of his life. Comment is superfluous.

It must be understood that efficiency is not determined by the workers themselves, but is determined by the demand for labor. If three men seek one position, the most efficient man will get it. The other two, no matter how capable they may be, will none the less be inefficients. If Germany, Japan and the United States should capture the

entire world market for iron, coal, and textiles, at once the English workers would be thrown idle by hundreds of thousands. Some would emigrate, but the rest would rush their labor into the remaining industries. A general shaking up of the workers from top to bottom would result; and when equilibrium had been restored, the number of the inefficients at the bottom of the Abyss would have been increased by hundreds of thousands. On the other hand, conditions remaining constant and all the workers doubling their efficiency, there would still be as many inefficients, though each inefficient were twice as capable as he had been and more capable than many of the efficients had previously been.

When there are more men to work than there is work for men to do, just as many men as are in excess of work will be inefficients, and as inefficients they are doomed to lingering and painful destruction. It shall be the aim of future chapters to show, by their work and manner of living, not only how the efficients are weeded out and destroyed, but to show how inefficients are being constantly and wantonly created by the forces of industrial society as it exists today.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOLIDARITY

ADELINE CHAMPNEY

MONTWAIT, MASS., July 20, 1903.

[DEAR MR. WILSHIRE,—Jack London's article in your July number cut home. I am still quivering from it. Please use the enclosed if you think it worth while, if you think it may help to drive the moral home to anyone. O, that all the "soft ones" could be compelled to read that picture of "The Spike," of "The Carter and the Carpenter."—A. C.]

Out of "The Abyss" a tremor, a thrill,
A stirring of impulses, a rending of heartstrings;
Are we all human, breathe we like breath, throb we with like love of life?
What can we *do*, we "soft ones, full of meat and blood"?
What boots it to curse our own softness?
What boots it to cry out at conditions?
O, to extend to you, all of you, soft or hard, the yearn of my own soul!
O, to make you, all of you, quiver and burn with the pain and the wrong of it!
Tremble and flash with the Ideal, the Possible!
Move forward with grand sweep, untiring, unceasing,
To the Realization! To a chance, a living chance for every one of us!
O, to Understand, that it is we, We, all of Us who suffer!
O, to climb up to Freedom, Together!

THE HORACE GREELEY I KNEW

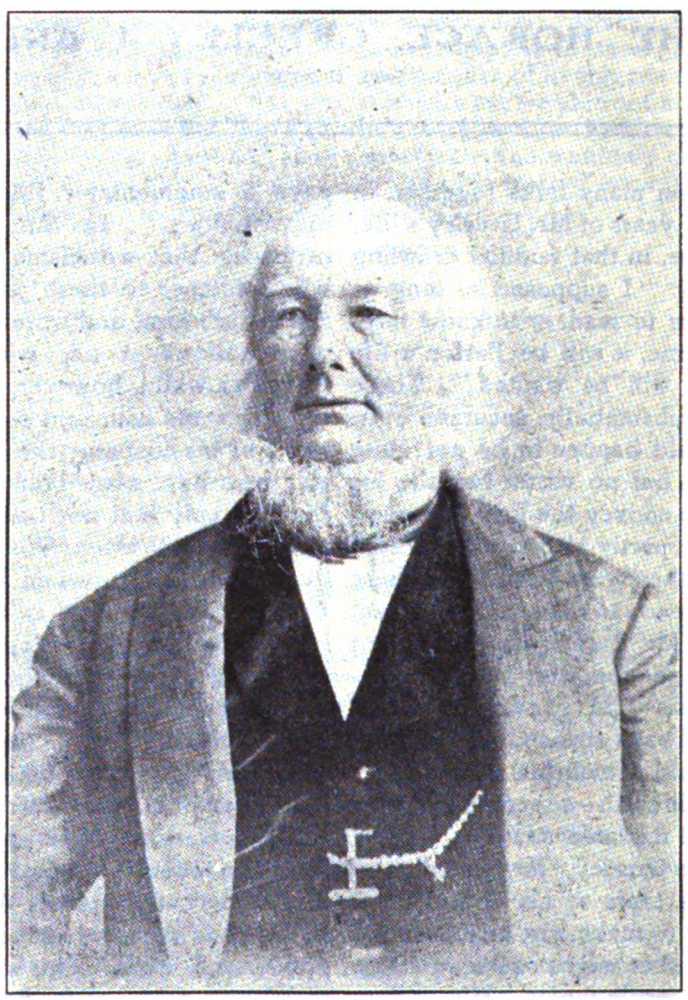
JOEL BENTON

IN one of our many talks together, in the later years of Mr. Greeley's life, he said to me, in that familiar drawling voice of his: "I suppose, so long as anyone cares to read, or to know anything about me, it will be Parton's life of me that will be wanted." These words are substantially accurate, even if they should happen to be not quite literally so; but no writer has the art necessary to convey the look and manner, and the partly deprecating accent with which they were delivered. These shaping addenda to the utterance meant this: That Mr. Parton was a brilliant and picturesque reporter, fond of striking antithesis and sensational statement, and always strained his glowing art, and would demolish a sober fact—many facts, in truth—to secure a floridly pungent and readable story.

In Horace Greeley, Mr. Parton certainly had a topic to his liking, for it was so easy to make any kaleidoscopic view of him that might strike an exaggerated and fertile fancy. His various eccentricities, as well as his marked individuality, made him the favorite theme of editors, and of all who wrote, when he was a great actor in current history. His personal figure and dress were the factors oftenest described and discussed, both of which, with his near-sightedness and his shuffling gait, gave a commentator thereupon great opportunities. In the majority of instances the witticisms perpetuated with reference to these particulars did not disturb him, and were read, if they were noticed at all, without retort. Once in a while, however, when he did reply to some comment on his personal style, or his costume, the author of the slur must have wished that the occasion for the reply had not been presented. Col. James Watson Webb was very likely one of these when he put in the *Courier and Enquirer* an article charging Greeley with affecting "oddity in dress." For Greeley replied that he had been dressed better than any of his assailants could be if they paid their debts, adding "that he ever affected eccentricity is most untrue, and certainly no costume he ever appeared in would create such a sensation on Broadway as that which James Watson Webb would have worn but for the clemency of Governor Seward." This was an allusion to Webb's sentence for fighting a duel, which Seward nullified by a pardon.

It was true, however, that the style of costume which was characteristic of one who would have been called a "fop" or a "dandy" in Greeley's early *Tribune* days, was at the antipodes from his. Still, it was mostly disarrangement of the parts that made the

outfit chiefly noticeable—one side of the linen collar up and the other down, a watch chain going subterraneanly under instead of wholly over the vest, and one trouser's leg in the top of, while the other was over, the boot. The cloth of his suit was something like plain satinet or other American make, or, at any rate, it had the home industry stamp upon it. But it was always clean, and the linen immaculately so, hardly seeming soiled when he got off a hot summer railway train. More than once I have adjusted his watch chain, or smoothed some disarranged part of his dress, before stepping on the stage to introduce him to an audience. At the farewell dinner given to Charles Dickens at Delmonico's—then in 14th Street—in April, 1868, which two hundred authors, editors, publishers and artists gave, Greeley was to preside. Raymond, Curtis, Bayard Taylor, Stedman, Nast, and other notables



HORACE GREELEY

were there. You might almost have said that almost everybody present was somebody. The evening was Saturday, and Greeley had been busy with his axe at Chappaqua through the day. When he came in I sat alone on the end of a sofa near the entrance, and seeing the liberal space near me he threw himself upon it and gave me a pleasant salutation. A noted Philadelphia author was close by, and we got, the three of us, into a general talk. Soon the signal came to gather at the feast, and the Philadelphia author and myself, noticing that Greeley's coat collar, though he had on the regulation suit, stood straight up, joined efforts in putting it down, with Greeley unobservant of our work, and talking right along.

In 1840, and there along, he wore the famous white overcoat, accompanied, I believe, by a light colored hat. One cool evening in 1872, after it had long subsided from active duty, I wore it from his house several miles away to ward off the coolness of a damp autumn night. I found it what it ought to be, by every conceivable analogy, a good many sizes too large for me.

The farming at Chappaqua, which was another topic that the knights of the press found amusing, was really Greeley's recreation—his substitute for the yacht or fast horses that serve a similar purpose for certain other city-countrymen differently inclined. His turnips may have cost him twelve dollars apiece (since Mr. Evarts told his Vermont guests to take either milk or champagne, as they cost him the same price), but, if they did, the owner's harvest of health, rest and vision were the essentially dominant factors in the account. That he turned a liberal spaced, boggy swamp into good meadow is still apparent to the traveler on the Harlem trains, and his trimming of trees and clearing his land of underbrush show yet their good effects.

Once when I told him that it was not generally deemed best to cut alders in the flush of Spring, when Nature's forces were pushing their growth, he replied that that doctrine was devised to prevent cutting them at all. His way, he said, was to strike at a nuisance on the very first opportunity. His idea of deep plowing had a reasonably fair foundation—but the suggestion I once heard him make in a lecture, to the effect that on an herbless desert tract you should sow Canada Thistles to get some sort of vegetation started, was not half so wise. The trouble with Canada Thistles, as with all other deviltry, is that they only appear where they can do hurt and are not wanted.

As a politician, Greeley was too individual and independent to suit a boss or a ring. No political committee could go into his office and sit on his neck. His worst mistakes, apart from advocating that undesirable jumble of absurdities and delusions euphemized under the inaptly applied, but hypnotizing, word "Protection," were in misunderstanding the logic of the phases in the Civil War. He came to my father's house in 1862, where I usually entertained him, already tired of Lincoln, and wanting Chase to be his successor, which struck me to be as ill-advised then as it seems to everybody now. And it was owing to this suggestion that Lincoln made that remark concerning the poor policy of trading horses while you are crossing the stream. But he lived to correct nearly all these mistakes. His ideas were in almost all cases luminous. They showed you the factors to be dealt with. He also had a style that was

lucid and compact, with no unneeded word—as Saxon as Franklin's or Cobbett's—and which came down at times with a trip-hammer's emphasis.

I handed him two or three German books in my library one day, one of which was a translation of one of Richter's most imaginative works—the "Campaner Thal." He read a paragraph here and there in this and remarked: "That don't suit me. It begins in the clouds and ends nowhere." Yet Richter's idioms were a prominent factor in the making of Carlyle's pictorial paragraphs. His love of poetry, though, was strong and pronounced. He was tolerant of all permissible kinds, but was not a wholly accurate critic of the different brands. He thought Gray and Cowper could easily be spared, which is a dictum good criticism would not entirely endorse. However, he really liked Tennyson and Browning, even the latter's "The Ring and The Book." Swinburne's "Dolores" I have heard him declaim parts of, while we were riding, largely for its cadence and melody. He kept my copy of "The Atalanta in Calydon" for a year, to get time to read it; but his opinion of it I forgot to ask when we next met.

His *New Yorker*, that preceded *The Tribune*, was the best literary paper of its time. And, in the *Tribune*, he planted afterwards its flavor. His toleration of Fourierism, Vegetarianism, and other fads in his early life was not an unmixed misfortune, for it was a part of the free opening of the press to new ideas, if no more.

There are two popular notions about Mr. Greeley that I suppose can never be extirpated, and yet I am in a situation to show cause for a vigorous disbelief of them. One is that he had a consuming and unwarranted desire for office, and the other is that the loss of the Presidential election in 1872 caused his death. In that campaign I worked harder for him than I ever worked in my life, but he urged me to do much less instead of asking me to do anything, and suggested that he feared my working for him at all would injure the property interests I had in custody. His break with Seward and Weed is supposed to show unworthy hunger for office. But who, if he had done what Greeley did to make the firm, would not have asked more, and asked it years before? He threw away knowingly, with one editorial, the United States Senatorship, and he never tried to be popular at the expense of not being right, as he understood the right.

I think it was to an audience that I arranged that he made his first speech after his return from Texas, berating the carpet-baggers who had gone South for predatory purposes. I know that I said to him a little later that a great general does not always make a great president, and when Senator A. W. Palmer, of the New York Dutchess County district, added his wish for a new nomination, he said: "Wait a little, boys, and give him a brief suspense of judgment." But he made no suggestion for himself, over and over again, when those who could have given him delegates, would have gladly done so. When I wrote for the *Independent* an article entitled: "For Governor, Horace Greeley," he thanked me gracefully, but did not ask the slightest aid in the matter, though I had a good deal of power then to promote the nomination. Are these symptoms of inordinate hunger for office, when smaller and less deserving men than he

were pushing towards place and power with successful avidity?

As to his death, there were a dozen causes for it; not merely one. Two years previous to it he was stricken and saturated with malaria. He had overworked for years, and in one hot campaign, fourteen hours a day with his feet in hot water and cold bandages on his head occasionally to be able to continue at his desk. He was writing for a Cyclopedia, lecturing and answering with his own hand bushels of letters through his own campaign, besides speaking politically, and, the month before election, his wife was dying, he sitting by her at night and losing six weeks of sleep. Just before this he went west and through Kentucky, making sometimes twenty-two speeches daily from the car platforms, the reporting of which nearly exhausted the young and vigorous press reporters. But with all these causes provable, which were sufficient to kill three or four strong men, some one once happened ignorantly to say that he died from losing the Presidency, and that hollow and baseless solution of the matter has ever since seemed to hold the floor.

I contend, too, that his nomination was not inconsistent with his most cherished ideas. His Whig notion of a vetoless Executive left the Tariff question with the Congressional districts, and, as to the other doctrines in issue in 1872, Democrats and Liberal Republicans were then altogether one.

But the whole matter is now in history—and, if the immediate effort of two conventions to defeat Grant were not successful, it was wholesome and drew a large popular, if it did not a large electoral, support. The world and the commonwealth are sometimes helped, and moved on, by a vigorous minority that records itself emphatically, even if it meets present defeat.

But whatever may be said of Mr. Greeley, so far as his sincere opinions and actions went, he came to be a greatly loved and cherished personality. No death since Lincoln's, when he passed away, ever drew the nation to more universal, or to tenderer tears. It was felt by all that a great and beneficent spirit had left the world poorer by his departure. One could not but think, in view of the event, of Tennyson's lines on the Iron Duke:

"He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone—but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here—and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

Mr. Linn's "Life of Horace Greeley" is the most recent biography of him. It shows much research, and an ardent desire to give all the facts concerning him. It is well written, and will form an instructive addition to the Greeley bibliography. Its frontispiece portrait is excellent, but the reproduction of the 33d Street statue is a misfortune.

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* LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY. By William Alexander Linn. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1903. Price $1.00.

The Cult of the Short Cut: A Meditation

PROF. HENRY DAVIES, Yale University

"CUT it short," a phrase once exclusively reserved for the sermon, is now becoming the watch-word of a powerful movement all along the line of human activity. We see it everywhere: in the demand, as stated, for short sermons, also for short stories, shorter hours of work, short school terms, short college courses, short newspapers and magazines "published for amusement, not instruction," short cuts to getting rich; even in short dresses, short engagements, and, alas! short marriages.

The demand itself, of course, has grown out of the great intensity of living in our day, when compared with past times. We do more in a day than our forefathers did in a week, more in an hour than they did in twenty-four; we have found the key of perpetual emotion, and yet we sleep less than they did. The consequence is that the stored-up energy of our nervous systems is ready to explode more readily in reflex actions, and is impatient of delays whenever anything definite has to be done. We do not know how to loaf, how to do nothing gracefully; we therefore lack repose. In short, the cult of brevity is a neural habit with us, an economic necessity, and is therefore almost a law of social mechanism.

Tendencies are invariably more subtle in their workings than conscious, fully-reasoned judgments. On their tide we drift, unconsciously, into shoals and quicksands, out of which it is often difficult, if not impossible to extricate ourselves; the consequences are upon us before we know where we are exactly. A calm view of social tendencies is specially difficult when physiological and economic habit combine to offset what reason or feeling may desire or say. Hence it is not so easy to see or foresee the consequences of our demand for quick returns in all walks of life.

But already, if I mistake not, we are beginning to see that it is not an unmixed good that we have chosen. The results of the pressure of modern life are appearing as inevitably and necessarily as the cause, which is a happy circumstance, inasmuch as by this means we may, if we care to be wise, be warned of the limits to which we may go in cultivating this tendency and to suggest the probable remedy for the evils of the extreme.

One consequence of vast importance, not only to our more general social life but to the personal interest, is the violation of natural laws to which the "short cut" leads. It is a well-known fact

that it is not activity that exhausts the system, but one-sided, misdirected activity If, in this way, the nervous system be taxed beyond a certain point the result must be prostration in the area over-worked. If, in other and less technical language, we endeavor to do two men's work instead of one, the evidences of premature decay must be expected. Nature is inconceivably slow in her operations, but there are no short cuts in her ceaseless warfare with free moral agents; her compensations are "to the last farthing." The consequence is she is never worn out, but ever renews her ancient energy.

The number of suicides that occur in this country is proof of the fact that we have too small patience with nature's slow-plodding, but always beneficent ways. In nearly all cases of suicide it is perfectly clear that the nervous resources have been over-taxed, unwisely, in the interest of this cult of the short cut. It is equally clear that a little more time, more humble reliance on nature, more patient waiting for results, would have spared many a man the horror of suicidal mania.

Social life, in the rapid-shifting scenes it opens to all classes, is visibly declining in manners, and chiefly, I think, because we are too eager to follow the false doctrine that everyone, from a pork butcher to an Emperor, can be a social "star" if he only knows the short cut to the front rank. Have "pull" and all else is merely a question of course. The case of Pennell, the Yale man who suicided the other day, is full of tremendous warning, especially to the intelligent college population of the country. To appear well in society was obviously the chief study of this youth, and he attained *it and its consequences*. Not everyone has, or would wish to have, the ability to stampede his social aims as Pennell did his, the more to our credit; but it is instructive to observe how he doffed, one after the other, the natural moral restraints imposed by decent and righteous society, in the fatuous desire to realize his splendid dream of being a social star in as brief a time as possible. Marriage was evidently a step, and though we need not question his motives in taking it, it is clear that he never knew the loving yoke of its restraints and the quieter joys it brings. It was social prominence he was seeking. His subsequent schemes were all of a piece with his studious regard for the short cut. From Pennell's case all college men, at least, can take warning. It teaches us that life is not to be mastered by methods whose unscrupulous smartness are more obvious than their honesty: that good breeding is invariably the accompaniment of good morals.

Deeper consequences are seen in our intellectual habits, in our art and in our science. For example, we lack thoroughness in all our more serious treatment of the problems of the intellect. We are cursed with superficiality, with the fallacy of egoism, where theoretical activity presses for consideration. For metaphysics and philosophy we vigorously cultivate spiritualism and Christian science and a thousand other quasi-religious cults of militant spookism. In our science we are still lacking in the noblest unselfishness, without which the pursuit of truth is little distinguishable from a vulgar commercial enterprise. We seem to have no leisure for unproductive plodding. Science is "business." We estimate the value of a great scientific discovery by its

economic utility and the value of its patent rights.

In our art the same is true. If we insist on having everything condensed, we must suffer in the grand style which belongs to the noblest creation. We are fearfully vulgar in all these things. A Vienese working man has more art impulse than some of our entire States. This is perhaps an exaggeration; but it contains a truth between the lines. Machinery is not art, my wide-awake Yankee friend and you can never get to art unless you get beyond machinery.

The whole situation is really very humorous. This feverish spirit, happily concentrated for the most part to our cities, but not confined there, which wants all history reduced to a few aphorisms, and the product of the ages embodied in a law or an institution enforced by police—how absurd to demand it! After all, can anything great, noble or permanent, be the product of such a spirit? Will not future ages ask: What leisure did those people of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have for the *best?* satisfied as they were with mere dollars. What, under the heavens, did they desire to have much of and to have long?

There are signs that we have reached the limit, and the pathological symptoms, which are the signs of this fact, are about, we hope, to yield to old-fashioned treatment. There will come in time a clearer vision of the happy medium wherein lies safety, and when this time comes we shall be able to adjust our social life to mightier and sweeter standards of value, standards which we shall never appropriate in their fulness by any patented machinery whereby the drudgery of discipline and toil can be averted, but in the old, old way, *via crucis*, by the tragic patience which waits for the victory of love over force.

THE BECKON OF THE IDEAL

VERA JOHNSTON

HOW often, in fighting along life's pathway, do we hear the criticism: "He does not practise what he preaches;" "He does not live up to his ideal."

No one can live up to his ideal; for as fast as we succeed in actualizing a part of it, new ideal possibilities are opened up to us.

Life is a constant struggle to reconcile our practice and our theories: an earnest effort to live up to our ideals. One's ideals may not be great, moral, or very elevated, but even so, we are each striving to realize them.

Yet it never can be done. And this should be a source of great joy to us. For as we look upon the pathway, it recedes upward through an endless vista of thought, power, and possibility.

I walk slowly across the country. My objective point is a magnificent

range of hills which I see on the horizon. After a tedious journey, many stumbles, and much hard climbing, I succeed in attaining the summit of the hills. Far before me stretches a beautiful country, with hills on the horizon, much higher than those on which I now stand. I so long to cross the plain and begin the ascent of these higher hills that I can think of nothing else. But what a distance to them; how far away from where I stand. Yet, when, after infinite toil and struggle, I undertake and fulfil the journey, and at length stand upon the summit of the second range of hills, it is but to see a higher, yet grander range on the ever distant horizon.

Is this discouraging? To me it is inspiring. That we can never get so far but we can go further; never so high but we can go higher. And we have no choice. Having attained to a glimpse of the possible, we must struggle to attain it, and as we attain it, new and more glorious possibilities are opened up to us.

Therefore between one's ideal and one's practice there must ever exist a disagreement if we would continue to progress.

Could we for any length of time reconcile our ideal and our practice, from that time our death would begin.

The effect of our ideals on our practice is to constantly change our practice. We drop certain actions in order that we may take certain ideals of ours and *put them into* practice. And when we have taken the larger part of our ideals and put them into practice, we stand upon a higher vantage ground from which we can see yet higher ideals towards which we *must* strive.

So while the effort of our lives is to live up to our ideals, we have the glorious certainty that this can never be done. For the more ideals we succeed in actualizing, the more ideals do we see beckoning us on.–Theosophical Forum.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MANKIND

HARRY C. THOMPSON

CULTS, Creeds, and Religions, as well as evolution in Industry, Science, and Government, mark the development of mankind. The world has been slow to adopt the evolution theory. Evolutionists have been slow to extend the theory to include the whole man, yet the history of mental and moral progress proves evolution. It is simplicity itself, though it is not a common thought, that Religion has passed through the same process as Science. Some people adjust themselves to the new conceptions of their own generation; more do not. Is there any sufficient reason why the race should cling to old creeds any more than to old scientific theories? The principal facts with which Religion and Science are concerned have not

changed. Religion as well as Science is an attempt to explain the universe. A religious man or woman is as well qualified to write new conceptions of life as an observer of nature is to tell his view of a law or make an analysis of a phenomenon. Scientists are ever seeking further knowledge and Science is being rewritten every day, yet Science is not discredited thereby. Religion is a conscientious attempt to adjust oneself to the universe, including of course, right relations to society. The devotion to this rational endeavor is the test of enlightenment, and in it all knowledge is valuable.

Nearly every person will assent to a name of some sect or organization as giving his status. "I am a Presbyterian." I am a Christian Scientist." "I am a Socialist." What would anyone of these think if asked, "Is that all you are?" Would the soul shrink back with a horror of falling into naught? Would it dogmatically answer, "Yes"? Or would it respond to the challenge, "I know not all I am, nor all I may become. I am pressing forward to see"?

Every individual has a title, more or less clear, to the privilege of absorbing the accumulated knowledge of the ages. Each soul may pass through the experience of the race. Standing on the very apex of attainment, some of this generation will "rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things" and point to greater heights for those who follow to attain. The soul acts upon its environment, and suffers or improves from the nature of that environment. Action and reaction are equal. Every effort to change the environment, to make this world a fit place in which to live, cultivates the capacity for life on a higher plane. All are not helpless creatures of circumstances. Poor is the soul that has not had some opportunity to prove its creative powers.

Every great religion had its origin in one man who voiced the misery of his time, with a mighty protest against the injustice of the ruling class and proclaimed something of the dignity, worth, and divine descent of the soul. He who would be truly great, as great as his opportunity, as great as his inheritance from the past requires, must unite his fate with that of the common people and demand for them all the privileges that anyone enjoys. Does that seem slight? Try it. Demand that each soul born on the planet shall have an equal chance with every other in opportunity and harmonious, helpful environment. See how athwart the mind of the age you are! Note that money, and desire to make more money, rule the multitude as slaves were ever ruled!

The soul who can command periods of solitude, freedom from grinding toil, opportunity to grow wise, may accomplish his individual destiny. Only favored individuals can triumph, not by selfish isolation, but by finally acknowledging responsibility to others in proportion to every degree of enlightenment. They see the various phases of life in their true relation. They are adjusted to the task of using the wisdom of the past to make the future fulfil the prophecy of the present. They are in harmony with the Creator and what more is that than consenting to the inevitable process called evolution? The mighty logic of irresistible events reveals an ultimate possibility of accelerating progress and sharing in the accomplishment of the prophecies and promises locked up in the nature of man. Religion, Science, and all else,

are interpretations of this evolving process. Blessed is the man who can comprehend the process with loving, faithful co-operation! Happy is the one who interprets life in its wholeness and its unity, who is content to fill his little sphere with activity and usefulness!

And what of those who have no leisure to think and love, who know no freedom or opportunity? Millions are doomed by our present measure of civilization to a ceaseless round of galling servitude. Their only hope is in their discontent. When they demand freedom in concert, they will get it. Socialism is opening the prison doors, for the machinery of production and distribution adequate to the world's need is nearly finished. Under a rational system the securing of the means of life will be reduced to the minimum expenditure of energy and time. With an adequate and just economic basis, the race will be set free for all higher pursuits. Then, and not till then, will human nature reveal its inherent worth.

THE PROPHET

G. C. CREELMAN

The prophet came from out the wild,
From lonely hours in desert place,
And there is something in his face
Of seer and child.

A thrill is in the air—he speaks:
With flaming eye before the throng
He fearlessly denounces wrong—
While error shrieks.

THE GREAT DRIVE-WHEEL

AUDLEY D. PORTER

IT stood half in the engine-room and half in the mill above. From his rawhide chair close up to the banked fires, the night watchman could see only the lower part, ponderous, quivering; suggestive, in the shadows cast against the lantern light, of Titanic power and of passionless intelligence. Always and always, night after night for many winters, the old man had come in from his patrol of the yards, to rest in comfort by the warm furnaces, and to smoke the pipe of reflection beside the great drive wheel.

Somehow the enormous thing, nicely balanced, heavy, but responsive to the slightest touch, appealed to Wolworthy's imagination. His heavy face and stooping form were not suggestive of flights of airy fancy, but perhaps years of solitary vigil had awakened in him this faculty.

He fixed his eyes on a splinter chafed loose near the ground. The wheel was Fortune's wheel. The splinter was Wolworthy. There he hung barely out of the muck at the bottom, entirely dependent on an inscrutable, unseen intellect. Why, he asked himself, was he, Thomas Wolworthy there? When he was extremely young he had aspired to great heights. In looking back over his career it seemed ages ago —indeed, very much like the previous life imagined by Buddhists. The memory was a pleasant dream. Afterwards he had been compelled to yield something of his ideals; and then there gradually insinuated itself into his heart, like a stealthy serpent, the sickening fear of the dirt below. He had tried hard to climb higher, and had not succeeded. The wheel had turned him down slowly as he laboriously climbed, and still he toiled just above the ground.

If in his prime he had feared for himself, Wolworthy was now doubly afraid for those who looked to him for support. During the last years, his old enemy, rheumatism, had fought many a lusty battle against him, and he knew that his time of usefulness could not last much longer. When his income should stop, the wheel would drop him down among the waste, and with him those dearest to him.

In the daytime the big driver whirled around and around, humming a giant's song of work, and of success and prosperity. The song of prosperous toil is a song of contentment. Yet at night the wheel hung ungeared, shifting with every weight of gravity, or else motionless as death. In the day it flashed and roared; at night it was as gray and silent as a phantom might be.

The splinter near the bottom seemed trying to raise itself above the floor,

seemed to throw out its spiny arms in entreaty to the power of motion. Sometimes when there came a little ruffle of breeze whistling through the machinery the wheel would purr-r and swing, and the splinter would rise a little from its own despondency. Then would follow a long calm, until the frost would groan in the timbers for very *ennui*, and Wolworthy would look back on long periods of nightly loneliness and days extinguished in black sleep.

Or, perhaps, he would recall a holiday when he had an outing in the park or up the river, with his wife and children. At such times he took courage, and hope was born anew in his breast. Surely the wheel would raise him above threatened mendicancy now! See, it is turning! It grates harshly and brings the splinter nearer to the ceiling. After a big deal by the Company, he will get three per cent. added to his salary. This time he will certainly succeed. But the Company store, at which every employee is expected to trade, finds it necessary to bring the price of flour up twenty-five per cent., and garden truck above market price. No; down comes the wheel again, very slowly, but very determinedly.

What is the hitherto impenetrable secret of life? Why is this man down while that man rises triumphant? Does Fortune control her wheel, or does she let Chance turn it at pleasure? Is it as some men say, that might makes right; or should one believe a merciful God to be working out a magnificent plan of things, teaching men the lesson of brotherhood and love?

It is the darkest and most silent hour of the night. Once more for the patrol rounds. The old man buttons his faded and much patched coat about him, takes up his lantern and goes out through the mist-laden yards. Over the railroad tracks where the wind strikes new twinges of rheumatism to his very marrow, behind the offices where are stored the Company's precious strong boxes, into the corners and crevices he creeps, a faithful old mastiff with limbs too stiff for the hunt, but who still keeps watch at his master's door.

There is a crimson glow in the mist toward the end of the mill. It pulsates in changing shades of purple and orange, and grows brighter every instant. Wolworthy sees it. He breathes one word, "Fire!" and starts on a run for the engine-room. It has been some time since he has handled the machinery, but his instruction in earlier years was long and thorough.

He pulls out the drafts, bangs open the furnace doors, and rakes down the hot coals. It takes him hardly a moment to pull down and tie the whistle cord. The shrill screaming of the escaping steam breaks upon the quiet of the night like the discordant wailing of some fearful monster in pain. In some mills fire is of so rare occurrence that means for extinguishing it are neglected. So it was here. Water must be drawn from the lake by means of an old-fashioned plunger pump. The watchman runs over to the lever that makes the connection. Then, as his hand grasps the throttle-valve, his eyes instinctively turn to the splinter on the drive-wheel. There is a swish of steam from the cylinder, another, and the massive wheel, no longer swayed by whims, begins to roll upon its axis, slowly, magisterially, suggestive to Wolworthy's mind of the dignified manager who during the day carries forth the high command and will of the S. Z. & J. Lumber Co.

In two minutes the pumps were resounding with their regular "ca-chung ca-chung, ca-chung ca-chung." In three, the firemen were there stoking the furnaces, and the yardmen were running out the hose. From the end of the mill came that ominous crackle, crackle, so familiar to firemen, and at the same time a dense smoke mingled with the fog. Through the yellow murk men were running excitedly. Voices were screaming unintelligible orders, that of the superintendent rising hoarsely above the rest.

No one heeded the man who had given such prompt warning. No one thought of him, unless it were a prematurely aged woman who had shared his arduous labors and his simple pleasures for many years.

A quarter of an hour later it was all over. Owing to the slowness of the pumps, the water supply had been weak for three minutes, and as the superintendent pushed his way into the engine-room he determined that a younger man than the present watchman must be found to guard the Company's property. Mr. Wolworthy was an honest old fellow, but he was getting to be too feeble for such emergencies. Thus thinking, the superintendent passed around the end of the boiler and stood before the drive-wheel.

It is not known whether the night-watchman attempted to facilitate the action of the wheel by the use of the oil can, or whether, in his excitement, misled as to distance by the unsteady light, he stepped too near. "A tiny but severe fracture of the frontal bone, with nervous shock," the Company physician said, and booked his charge of five dollars against the heirs of Thomas Wolworthy, night-watchman, deceased.

The great drive-wheel drives on every day, and every night it hangs sullen and waiting; but the splinter near the muck at the bottom, has disappeared beneath its slimy surface, just as many another splinter has done, worn off by remorseless grind.

DESPOTISM vs. DEMOCRACY

JOHN L. COWLES

SHALL the Royal Railed Post Road absorb the Postoffice or the Postoffice absorb the Post Road?

"It was the intention of the founders of our Government that the Postoffice Department should be self-sustaining. It was to be a great mutual transportation company, whose fund was to be the result of the contributions of every person who enjoyed its privileges; and the measure of its prosperity was to be constantly extending facilities and

proportionately diminishing assessments. That its advantages might be unequaled and its operations unobstructed the Government assumed its management and forbade all competition "—A. M. Gibson, Assistant Attorney U. S. in Star Route Fraud Cases. Report Postmaster Thomas L. James, of New York, Nov. 15, 1881, page 469.

The Postoffice, The People's Mutual Transportation Company of the United States versus The Combined Private Transportation Companies of the United States, this is the real issue of today, and on its determination depends our future.

The essence of modern government is the control of the circulating and nervous systems of the body politic, railways, trolley lines, telegraphs and telephones. The power that determines the use of these services, the power that makes railway and trolley rates, telegraph and telephone rates, that power is the governing power of today, whether it be in the hands of the people's representatives at the national capital, or in the hands of Mr. Morgan and his friends in Wall Street.

Our Royal Railed Post Roads practically control the nerves as well as the arteries and veins of the body politic; they control the telegraph and telephone lines; such of the trolley roads as are not already theirs will soon be merged in one great combine. In it will also be included practically all the means of water transport on river and lake and sea.

This is the language of ex-Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, as to this growing despotism: "The keynote of the railroad situation is found in the parental attitude of the railroads. They assume that they are the guardians of the commercial interests of the country; they divide up the commercial territory of the United States as the European powers divided Poland; they dictate with the arrogance of a Russian emperor. They say to me, 'You shall not build stores here.' They say to you, 'You may carry on a commercial business at this point.' They dictate where shops shall be built. They say in what locality business shall be done." And referring to the transportation of foreign goods by the Southern Pacific Roads, the great Republican leader said: "The roads are charging less on imported goods than they charge for exactly the same service where the traffic originates in this country. They have nullified our tariff legislation."

The one obstacle in the path of this Imperial Power is the Postoffice and the sentiment of the people for the Postoffice.

And the Cent-a-pound Second Class service is today the one safeguard both of our political and our industrial liberties.

Notwithstanding their absolute control of our great systems of transportation and transmission; notwithstanding their hold on a large portion of the public press, the circulation of public intelligence secured by the cheap Cent-a-Pound Publishers' Post still stands in the way of the complete establishment of the threatening railroad despotism.

This is the secret of the persistent attacks of ex-Congressman Loud, of California, on the second-class postal service and this, too, is the secret of the maddening edicts of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden against Wilshire's Magazine and other periodicals that preach the doctrine, "Government is public business, and there is no department of public business of such importance to the

public as that of transportation and transmission."

In each of the various reports on his bills aimed at the liberty and independence of the American Press, Mr. Loud said that the Postoffice was not a public necessity, that its business ought to be turned over to private corporations, and his reason for not then bringing forward a bill to that end was that the abolition of the Postoffice could not now be accomplished peacefully, adding in conclusion that the very existence of the Postoffice was a wrong, because, forsooth, its continuance implied its extension over the whole field of transportation and transmission.

If Mr. Loud had succeeded in his foul attacks on the Postoffice, there would not be today a single periodical in all the United States whose circulation, outside the immediate vicinity of its publication, would not be subject to the censorship of a railway manager.

If the further suggestion of the ex-Chairman of the House Postal Committee were carried out and the whole postal service turned over to the railroads, then even our personal correspondence would be subject to railroad espionage. And with the complete control of the circulation of persons, of produce and of public intelligence in railroad hands, this final step in the public enslavement could be taken quite peaceably.

Happily, these subtle attacks on the people's Mutual Transportation Company were defeated. It was proved moreover, that the cause of the deficiencies in the postal revenues was not the cent-a-pound rate of the Publishers' Post, but the extortionate railroad tax on the Postoffice, a tax eight to ten times that levied on the express companies for a similar service.

The harassing edicts of Mr. Madden, and the present postal investigations begun evidently for the purpose of bringing Free Rural Service into disrepute, have also proved similarly dangerous boomerangs. Each of these movements against the Postoffice have made more and more clear, not only the public necessity for the absorption of the Post Road by the Postoffice, but the public convenience and the public security that will follow the process of this evolution.

The modern postoffice—the simplest mechanism ever devised for human advancement—came into being in 1839, when Rowland Hill gave to England a uniform two-cent letter rate. It was founded on the grand principle that, once a great transport machine like the Postoffice or the railway is in operation, what costs is the movement of the machine, not the transport of a packet or a person on the machine.

The cost of the maintenance and operation of the machine is practically the same whether it runs full or empty, whether a packet or a person is transported on the machine from the first station to the next or to the very end of the system. Mr. Hill also discovered that in so far as it was possible to ascertain the relative cost of through and way traffic, the actual cost per piece of mail handled on the great long distance through line was actually less, many times less, than on the shortest way line. The lowest way rate was all that such traffic would bear. It paid the cost of the service rendered, or it would not have come into existence under the old regime. Hence its adoption as the uniform standard rate, a rate to be decreased as the machinery was improved and the cost of the operation of the machinery diminished.

This new discovery took the world by storm. "Colony after colony, and state after state, followed in the wake of Old England. Rates were continually reduced and in nearly every instance the revenues, at the reduced rates, were greater than before the reductions."

And not only were rates reduced, the weight of packets was steadily increased and the business was continually extended to new lines of service. 1875 saw the establishment of the World Postal Union, with a uniform five cents per half-ounce letter rate for the world. In 1880 the convention of Paris established the International Parcel Post Union, handling parcels up to 3 kilos, extended in 1885 to 5 kilos.

Within a few years thereafter most of the nations of Europe established parcel post services, carrying parcels at uniform rates within the national boundaries. France, commencing with parcels up to 3 kilos, increased her weight limit first to 5 kilos (11 pounds), and then to 10 kilos (22 pounds). Today the French Postoffice carries 22 pound parcels throughout the republic for 25 cents. Switzerland handles 44-pound parcels for 33 cents. 22-pound parcels are exchanged between Switzerland and France for 30 cents.

The system of uniform rates is widely applied on our city trolley lines and in the through-freight business of our great railways. It was long applied to the transport of milk brought to New York by rail, finally covering distances up to 497 miles. Judge Cooley declared it the best possible system for all engaged in the traffic. The railroads stoutly upheld the system on the ground that the cost of the service was the same for all distances. Judge Morrison, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, abolished the uniform milk service, because it equalized commercial conditions by advancing the condition of places unfortunately located by nature to that of places more fortunately located.

He might almost as well have abolished the railroad itself, for the *raison d'etre* of the Royal Railed Post Road as well as of the Postoffice is the equalizing of commercial conditions; the securing to every part of the body politic equal opportunities for its development.

The Postoffice stands for "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

In its quick development lie the possibilities of American liberty, the hopes of American industry. Its work, however, is not limited by national boundaries. Its field is the world.

It will only reach its full fruition when the feeblest hand, the most timid voice, shall reach the very ends of the earth and command its richest treasures.

The postman—peaceman—is to gradually eliminate the war man; the postal transport the man-of-war. Through the development of the Postoffice we are to at last arrive at the culmination of the poet's dream, when the war-drum shall throb no longer and the battle-flags be furled in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. And this is no mere utopian dream. It became a practical reality when the World Postal Union was established with its capital at Berne, in the heart of Central Europe.

But it is a pitiful truth that the one power which has stood for years opposed to the advance of this great movement has been the United States of America, and today the United

States still stands with the poorest postal service of any civilized country in the world, and within the last few weeks the Administration of the United States has shown its attitude toward the Postoffice, by cutting down the weight limit of its few foreign parcels post conventions from 5 kilos (11 pounds) to 2 kilos (4 pounds 6 ounces), and has thus taken the United States out of the category of civilization and placed it on a par with Madagascar and Africa.

And this Administration expects the endorsement of the American people next year. This Administration expects the American people to be content with seeing the United States Express Company placed above the United States Postoffice.

Will its expectations be realized? The people of the United States have great faith in President Roosevelt, but will they continue to believe in him if he truckles to President Platt of the United States Express Company? Will they support an Administration whose First Assistant Postmaster-General declares to the American people that the only business of the Postoffice is the transportation of correspondence? Will the publishers vote for an Administration that thus plainly declares itself opposed to the Publishers' Post?

A bill will be presented to the coming Congress that will test both Congressmen and the Administration. We believe that the American people demand the quick establishment of an extended parcels post. Its necessity is proved by the fact that it is in process of evolution on our free rural service. Today the carriers are handling barrels of flour and sacks of grain on their vehicles. Manifestly the business that is thus done on our postal machinery outside the Postoffice at the irregular rates determined by the carriers' wills, can be done with much better results at once to the postal revenues, to the earnings of the carriers, and to the public convenience, under the Postoffice and at low uniform postal rates.

One of the issues of imperative importance to the American people today is the advancement or the degradation of the American Postoffice. In it is involved the issue, Despotism vs. Democracy.

JOHN RUSKIN

L. H. DYER

ENGLAND in many ways has exerted a far-reaching influence in the world. Her commercial domination has been wonderful. The British navy has ever been a great source of national pride, and all countries are very respectful to the Union Jack. This sea-girt, chalk-cliffed country has subjugated diverse peoples in strange and remote lands. Material greatness has been hers to repletion, but this alone is transitory.

Power derived from death-dealing ships, large armies, and vast wealth, is as unstable as "stairs of sand." Gold and genius are seldom found under the same roof. How military pomp and treasure-burdened vaults pale before the poems and marbles of the Greeks. Thought alone is great.

Of this greatness I purpose to write, taking for the subject of my dissertation one of the bright particular stars in England's enduring Pleiades, John Ruskin. His father was a man of large fortune, and gave his son every advantage that money will secure. He travelled widely and saw the art of all countries.

At an early age he produced his "Stones of Venice," that contains some of the most sparkling and expressive writing in English literature. With a confidence born of the truth within him, he repudiated many of the accepted canons of art and exposed the falsity of much that the world calls excellent. Ruskin went back to Nature and insisted that art must truly reflect her spirit. The overdrawn, the extravagant, the abnormal, unerringly stamps artistic production as false art.

"In architecture," says Ruskin, "if you want to tell good Gothic, see if it has the sort of roughness and largeness and nonchalance mixed in places with the exquisite tenderness which seems always to be the sign manual of the broad vision and massy power of men who can see past the work they are doing, and betray here and there something like disdain for it."

The touchstone here gives us a valuable clue in our search for true grandeur to be seen in granite and marble. Has the builder with ease, and apparent carelessness expressed his ideal in stone? Does the structure appear to be something grown instead of something made? Can you see in the outlines of the work that the builder had within him an ideal higher than he could express? If these things are apparent to you, then you have beheld the work of a master.

Speaking of the work of his youth, Ruskin says: "I spent the ten strongest years of my life (from twenty to

thirty) in endeavoring to show the excellence of the work of the man whom I believed, and rightly believed, to be the greatest painter of the schools of England since Reynolds.

"I had then perfect faith in the power of every great truth or beauty to prevail ultimately, and take its right place in usefulness and honor; and I strove to bring the painter's work into its due place, while the painter was still alive. But he knew, better than I, the uselessness of talking about what people could not see for themselves.

"He always discouraged me scornfully, even when he thanked me; and he died before even the superficial effect of my work was visible. I went on, however, thinking I could at least be of use to the public, if not to him, in proving his power.

"My books got talked about a little. The prices of modern pictures generally rose; and I was beginning to take some pleasure in a sense of gradual victory, when, fortunately or unfortunately, an opportunity of perfect trial undeceived me at once and forever.

"The trustees of the National Gallery commissioned me to arrange the Turner drawings there, and permitted me to prepare three hundred examples of his studies from Nature, for exhibition at Kensington.

"At Kensington they were, and are, placed for exhibition; but they are not exhibited, for the room in which they hang is always empty.

"Well, this showed me at once that those ten years of my life had been, in their chief purpose, lost.

"For that, I did not so much care; I had at least learned my own business thoroughly, and should be able, as I fondly supposed, after such a lesson, how to use my knowledge with better effect."

Ruskin brought the people of England a message of the highest value. He came with keen insight to lovingly introduce them to the heart of Nature to make them see her infinite variety and to keep close to her spirit. He was aflame with the desire to share with them the blessing that true art can give. His message fell on ears that were incapable of receiving it. He felt down in his own heart that England's greatest genius was right when he said: "There is no darkness but ignorance." Ruskin well knew that people praised him who agreed with them; he who rebuked them could never hope to be popular. In a lecture given at Dublin, in 1868, Ruskin uses these words: "I know well enough it is only because you think I can talk, and because you think I know my business, that you let me speak to you at all. If I were to tell you anything that seemed strange, you would not believe it; and yet it would only be in telling you strange things that I could be of use to you. I could be of great use to you—infinite use—with brief saying, if you would believe it; but you would not, just because the thing that would be of real use would displease you."

How true are these words. We all welcome the book or lecture that is going our way. Men who are wiser than their time, the seers, are never accepted by their fellows.

Great as Ruskin was as an art critic, to me there is a greater side to him; his imposing grandeur is disclosed by his attitude toward the insatiate greed of the men of wealth. These words of his have the ring of the true reformer:

"We have much studied and much perfected of late the great civilized

invention of the division of labor, only we give it a false name.

"It is not, truly speaking, the labor that is divided, but the men, divided into mere segments of men, broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail.

"Now, it is a good and desirable thing truly to make many pins a day; but if we could see with what crystal sand their points were polished—sand of human souls—we should think there might be some loss in it also. . . . .

"It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot endure their own, for they feel that the kind of labor to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one, and makes them less than men."

Any man who has not lost all love for his kind, and in whose breast there smoulders even an ember of justice will thrill at these words.

In Ruskin's heart love held full sway; its every throb was one of kindness and consideration for all mankind. He respected all life; the animals, birds, insects, the trees and flowers he regarded with affection. Would to heaven there were more of his kin!

Ruskin's life purpose was to better the world, to be a disseminator of truth, a blessed bringer of light. He sought to make this world, this beautiful earth, with its wonders on every hand teeming with plenty for all, a place of co-operation and harmony instead of a perpetual battlefield where brother contends with brother, in a cruel, senseless strife.

John Ruskin expended his wealth in providing better homes for men and women and caring for the tender little ones, those poor neglected children, the flotsam and jetsam who are adrift on the mad wild sea of chance.

Ruskin, if we will but heed his words, will call forth the best and highest in our natures. He will give us a clearer vision, a higher purpose, and enable us to get much more from life for having known him. With absolute truth it can be said of him: "The world is better for his having lived."

Never in the world's history have a people followed their wisest men. The despicable wars which have lately disgraced both England and America have been the result of mercenary, inferior leadership. The honor of both countries has been sullied and their freedom seriously impaired. It would be well for the statesmen in both countries to consider these words of Ruskin's: "Take up your maps when you go home this evening—put the cluster of British Isles beside the mass of South Africa; and then consider whether any race of men need care how much ground they stand upon.

"The strength is in the men, and in their unity and virtue, not in their standing room: a little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools; and only that nation gains true territory, which gains itself."

And now for the brief practical outcome of all this. Remember, no government is ultimately strong, but in proportion to its kindness and justice; and that a nation does not strengthen by merely multiplying and diffusing itself.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE GREAT BEAR

W. E. P. FRENCH, Capt. U.S.A.

(Things seen and heard in a vision, during the coal-strike of 1902.)

'Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay?'—Tomlinson: Kipling.

Last night a Spirit stood by my bed, and, taking me by the hand,
Said, "Come: I've somewhat to show you in the realm beyond no-man's-land—
A pitiful sight, a cruel sight, a sight that will chill your soul,
A kingdom vast swept by icy blast, a kingdom out of coal."
I rose, and we swept through trackless space, to the very end of things;
I saw men cutting ice on Mars, and an angel with frozen wings.
I asked my guide who the angel was, and the cause of a plight so rare.
He replied, "Poor fool! She is Charity. She tried to perch on the Bear."
"What bear?" said I. The Spirit groaned, "Oh, man! was there ever but one
"With a heart as cold as the church-yard mould? No, never under the sun."
The constellation of the Bear was right in our path, as he spoke;
And, fancying there was the frigid bear, my interest quickly awoke.
I scanned him close and I scanned him hard, and I saw that his hide was thick,
And that cold that would freeze a human heart, was to him but a faint pin-prick
There were piles of coal between his paws, and his eyes were hard with hate.
I heard him growl, as we hurried by, "There is nothing to arbitrate!
"I am one of a band of Christian men to whom the Lord of Might
"Has confided a nation's fuel supply and most other things in sight,
"Including the fate of our fellow-men—the half-starved hind who delves.
"We've got the 'dough,' and 'The Man with the Hoe,' we'll boss to suit ourselves.
"We're the best that is, and we'll run this biz (we'll bet even coal on that!)
"Vile scoffer, the Head of the Universe Trust must know what he is at."
I noted some other things under his paws—closed hospitals and schools,
A mild-eyed, long-eared public (many millions, but "mostly fools").
And the want-pinched face of a man with a pick losing a waiting race;—
But I knew, of course, that all these things had "nothing to do with the case."
Fast, fast we fell to the gates of hell, and ever it colder grew.
A three-headed dog lay stark in the snow, and a blizzard fiercely blew.
I peered through the bars (they were white with frost), and icicles hung within
The shadowy depths of each empty vault, each cavernous, cold coal-bin.
The souls of the damned were skating for warmth on the frozen brimstone lake,
And "the worm that dieth not" acted like a hose with the stomach-ache.
A gentleman with a cloven foot, small horns and a long barbed tail,
Disconsolate, sat on a block of ice, and his breath was a frosty veil.
But the air was blue with most awful swears, as he nursed his frosted nose,
And he shivered and shook as he turned to look at his chilly tail and toes.
He nibbled a bit at a soul *frappé*, a soul *au naturel*,
Then scratched a chilblain with pensive claw and muttered, "Well, this is hell!"
"I hate cold fish, and I loathe raw *soul*,—they are not dainty fare,—
"But some day" (here he licked his chops) "I'll have a red-hot roast Bear."

He cocked an evil eye at the stars and rumbled and grumbled, "Where
"Can I get my winter's anthracite?" Then he shook his fist at the Bear.
"You'll not give even the devil his due, but some day, I'll go bail,
"I'll have you, you carboniferous fraud, and I'll have you by the tail.
"Come when you can, good Christian man: there'll be 'nothing to arbitrate'
"'Twixt me and you as to wages due—and *my* hours are *three times eight.*
"That each good turn deserves return is a proverb I'll prove is true;
"Dear, godly friend, when you reach your end, I will make it warm for you."
He picked an icicle out of his beard, and said, with a bitter sneer,
"The last time I visited Uncle Sam I bought me a mug of beer,
"And over the bar there hung a sign—the words I recall full well—
"'To trust is well, but to bust is hell; so, no trust, no bust, no hell.'
"Those fools have trusted the G.O.P. and they've gotten Trust for trust:
"They can't seem to see that protection pie is *cooked* for the '*upper crust.*'
"There are three kinds of fools: the plain ass-fool, the positive degree;
"The comparative fool, the bigger fool, the fool of the 'big, big D';
"But the top-notch fool, the superlative fool, the biggest fool I see,
"Is the fool that works for his daily bread—and votes for the G. O. P.
"The Elephant stuffs class-privilege hay, he gobbles it night and day;
"But the Donk-Ass lives on thistles and hope—and don't do a thing but bray."
Here the devil let off a frightful sneeze, and I awoke with a yell,
For I'd kicked all the covers off the bed, and I was as cold as—well,
I was very cold, let it go at that: It is sinful to weep and wail;
Besides I have consolation sweet in my too-"full dinner pail,"
Which is full of guff and hot air and stuff that nicely feeds my mind—
My stomach I fill with high-tariff swill whenever I'm so inclined.
So, God bless the Grand Old Party, and have mercy on my fool soul:—
I've mortgaged that soul for a "pound of flesh" and a pint of peanut coal.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST BUREAU

LONDON, JULY 24, 1903.

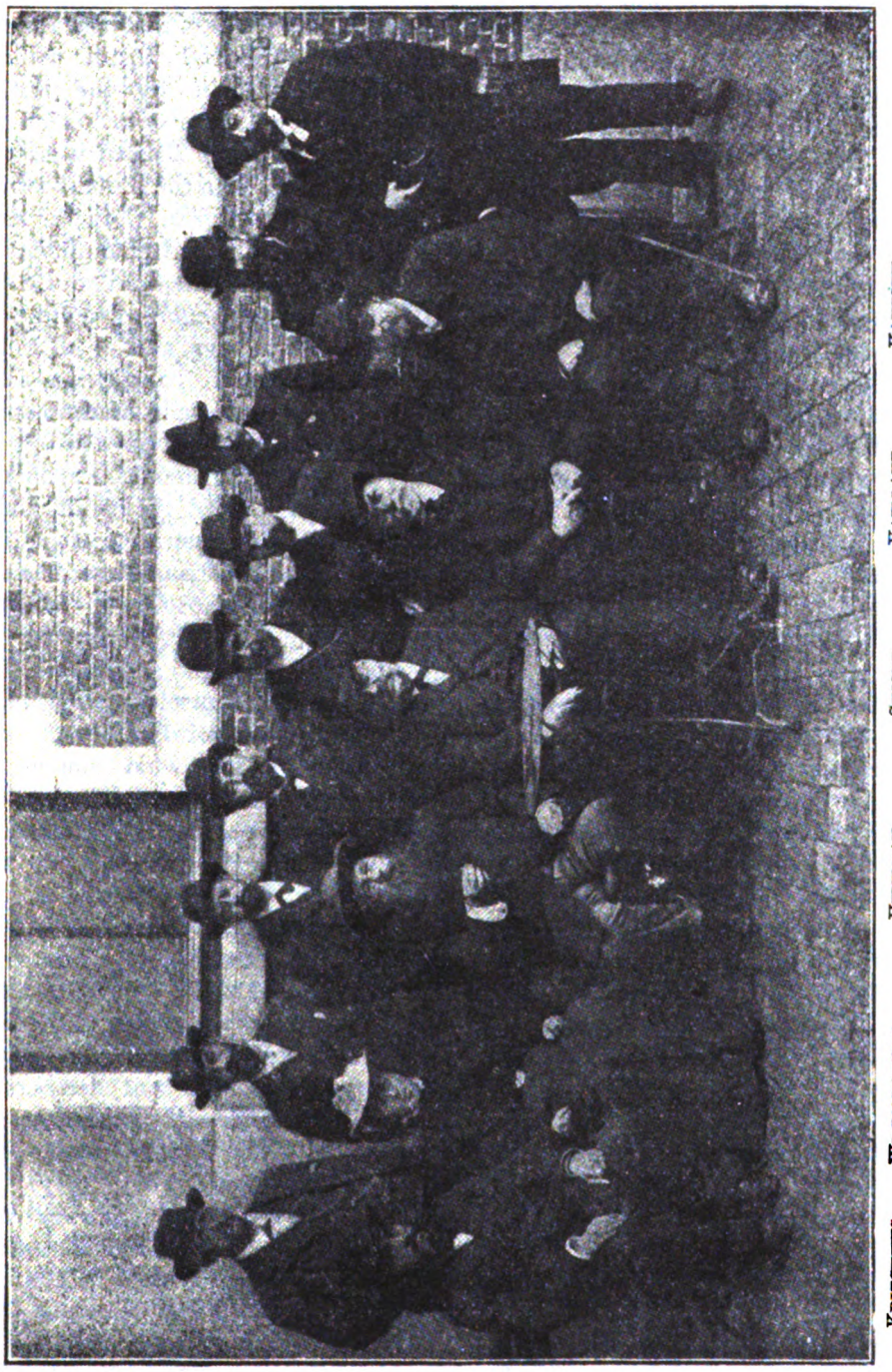
The International Socialist Bureau which meets semi-annually in Brussels is as yet more of a promise than a present power. It has been in existence now some three years. It is composed of two delegates from each nation sent by the respective Socialist Parties. In the absence of the regular delegates from the United States, George D. Herron and Walter Thomas Mills, I had the honor of being the official representative of the Socialist Party of America, having been appointed by the National Executive Committee, at its meeting held on the 5th of last July.

The meeting was held on July 20th in one of the committee rooms of the Maison du Peuple, the great building especially constructed for and owned by the Socialist Party of Brussels. The following is a list of delegates present at the meeting: V. Serwy, the secretary of the Bureau; Anseele and Vandervelde, of Belgium; Vaillant, France; Fischer and Pfankuch, of Germany; Van Kol and Troelstra, of Holland; Knudsen, of Denmark; Hyndman and Hunter Watts, of England; Wulski and Cesarine Wejnarowska, of Poland; Guizbourg, of Russia; Patronie, of the Argentine Republic, and Gaylord Wilshire, of the United States.

The Socialist Parties of Austria and Italy sent excuses for not being represented.

The morning session was occupied with routine business and the reports of National Secretaries. It was voted that the following subjects should be taken up for discussion at the International Congress of Socialists to be held at Amsterdam in 1904: General Strikes; General Rules of Political Socialism; Trades Unionism and Politics; Colonial Politics; International Arbitration; The Relation of the Trust Question to the Unemployed Problem; Emigration.

The afternoon session was devoted to a discussion of the protection of foreign labor, the question arising from the continual interchange of foreign labor between France and Belgium, the workers being now engaged in one country and again in the other. Wages being so much lower in Belgium, when workers from that country go to France they come into disastrous competition with French workers. In Germany and Austria the influx of Italian labor has also worked serious reduction in the wages of the workers of those two countries. Watts, of England, declared that it was difficult for the International Bureau to determine a question of this nature which concerned but two or three special countries. Vandervelde, of Belgium, believed that the question should be held for discussion by the Amsterdam Congress in 1904, when the



VAN KOL, Holland. HERRON, America. VANDERVELDE Belgium. PLEKHANOFF, Russia. QUELCH. England. V. SERWY. Belgium. TROELSTA. Holland. GERAULT-RICHARD. France. ANSELE. Belgium.

KRITCHWES. Poland. WENAROWSKA. Poland. HYNDMAN. England. SINGER. Germany. VAILLANT. France. KAUTSKY. Germany.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST BUREAU, BRUSSELS, 1902.

matter could be treated in its entirety, but in the meantime that the International Bureau should recognize the situation officially and take such immediate steps as were deemed best.

It was finally voted that the question raised by the Belgium delegation should be referred to the Amsterdam Congress, inasmuch as that Congress was to deal specifically with the matters of emigration and immigration, and this question would fall directly under these heads.

Furthermore, the delegates placed themselves on record as being opposed to restrictive legislation against the employment of foreign labor, and that delegates from the countries immediately interested in the matter, viz., the French, Italian and Belgian, should settle among themselves and put it in shape to submit to the Amsterdam Congress.

A letter was read from the Socialists in Bulgaria protesting against the recent outrages and acts of vandalism committed by the Turks in Macedonia. In view of the fact that the letter had no documents attached specifying the nature of the outrages, and that many of the delegates regretfully confessed ignorance of the exact situation in Bulgaria, the matter was laid upon the table.

The next meeting of the Bureau will take place in Amsterdam on the first Sunday in February, 1904.

The picture annexed is not of the delegates at this meeting—none was taken—but of the meeting of last year; but this will answer almost as well, there being but few changes in the personnel. Singer and Bebel were expected from Germany, but they were so worn out by their labors in the recent elections that they were unable to come, and sent substitutes.

Professor Enrico Ferri also disappointed us, Italy being unrepresented. However, his request that the Bureau endorse the proposed hostile demonstration to be made by the Italian Socialist Party on the occasion of the expected visit of the Tsar of Russia to the King of Italy kept the Italians well in the mind of the Bureau, notwithstanding the absence of any Italian delegate.

The Congress decided to endorse the Italians upon the general ground that Socialists are always and at all times and places bound to dissent from Tsarism, and especially inasmuch as the Russians themselves have no opportunity of expressing themselves on the subject, being denied the ballot, and a hostile street demonstration resulting inevitably in capital punishment to the participants. The hostility the Italians will show the Tsar is simply an expression to him of sentiments the Russian people themselves would like to express, but do not dare.

A discussion somewhat similar to this came up outside the Bureau a few months previous upon the occasion of the visit of the King of Italy to the President of France. Some of the French Socialists proposed a hostile demonstration, but the Italians very wisely requested them to abandon the project. The Italians argued in the first place that Italy was to all intents and purposes as free and democratic a country under its constitutional monarch as was France under her capitalist President; that they, the Italians, had plenty of rights and opportunities for hostile demonstration against their king, by their ballots and otherwise, and that they therefore did not require the help of the French to voice their views; and, finally, that the thing that Socialists were fighting was

capitalism, the competitive system, and that so long as they (the Italians) had the ballot on equal terms with the French, it was their own fault if they continued under capitalism, and that the mere fact of their having a king instead of a president was of practically no economic importance. The ardor of the French Socialists subsided at this reply, and they decided to allow the Italian king to visit France in peace.

Of course, none of this argument applies to the Tsar for he is not a constitutional monarch, and the Russians have no chance to freely express themselves from year to year at the ballot box as to whether they prefer autocracy or democracy.

We Americans have a chance annually to say whether we prefer being under a plutocratic government or not —whether we prefer owning our own country, or having it owned by Morgan, Rockefeller & Co., and we vote for King Morgan just as regularly as the Italian and German people vote for their King Victor Emanuels and their Emperor Williams.

The afternoon session of the Bureau was taken up with rather a futile discussion of the immigration problem. Nearly every country in Western Europe is bothered with the question of how to protect its labor from the competition of the foreign immigrant. There is, of course, no method; no more chance of protection than there is of preventing a smallpox patient having an eruption. Immigration is part of the disease of capitalism.

On my motion the Bureau resolved to have the relation of the unemployed question to the Trust question discussed fully at the next International Congress of Socialists to be held next year in Amsterdam.

Dr. John R. Haynes, of California, and Hon. George Fred. Williams of Massachusetts accompanied Hyndman. Watts and myself over and back from London to Brussels. Mr. Williams is not a Socialist, but he is a wise enough practical politician to realize the importance of being fully informed as to the Socialist movement.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

Letter to Postmaster-General Payne; The Proffer of a Hired Girl

WAYNESBURG, PA., August 30, 1903.

MR. HENRY C. PAYNE,
Postmaster-General,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear General,—Thinking that you have not heard from me for some time, I take my pen in hand and write you these few lines to let you know that we are well and enjoying life here, except that the bay colt has the blind staggers, and I hope that you are kindly enjoying the same great blessing.

Are you house-cleaning, General? I thought that you might be glad to have our hired girl for awhile as she is good at house-cleaning, and Mr. Madden could easily work her in under the civil service regulations.

She is not to say swift, but she can poke around for two days and leave more rubbish hid under the cellar stairs than a stranger would imagine about the place. She would be a perfect gem for the Post Office Department.

She can look around more and see less for her size and complexion than any two clerks outside of the government service. She would be a peach, General, for the free delivery system.

I am told by a gentleman who was never known to tell a lie that her earliest words were: "Not guilty," and that the first complete sentence that she ever framed was: "I know absolutely nothing at all about it." She was just naturally born to be in the letter box and postal bag department. You would find her a treasure.

When it comes to white-washing, our hired girl is a jewel of the first water, and she can give the Philippine commission points. Why, General, she one time white-washed the back fence and made it so white and shiny that the roof of the cow shed curled up all around the edges thinking it was the light of the moon.

Another thing in her favor is that she wouldn't recognize a civil service regulation if it were to come at her full tilt with a badge on as wide as the Monroe Doctrine and as long as the Republican National Committee's election debts. She's a beaut.

And then she can draw like Sam Hill, and you know, General, that Sam Hill was no slouch of a drawer. She can draw on her imagination till it cracks, and she can draw a salary with her eyes shut just as well as any that are in the service now to pay Mr. Perry Heath's election pledges.

Besides all this she has a mortal hatred for peddlers and advertising agents and if she found any publisher in her bailiwick guilty of advertising his own ideas, or indeed any ideas of any kind, she would rout the First Assistant Postmaster-General out of bed in a minute and have him convict the criminal of *lese majeste* or else drive him into Canada where they don't seem to be so much opposed to ideas, as some folks are.

She believes in decreasing the size of postal packets of all kinds and in increasing the fees. She believes in raising the rent of Postoffice boxes and in paying a little more to the poor railroad companies. She believes in shutting out as many newspapers and magazines from the mails as possible and devoting the difference in cost to franking home the speeches and free seeds of the members of Congress. She also believes in hiring as many persons as one can to do the same thing so that it shall be done well.

From this description she is, as you can see, a very daughter of the great American Postal System.

We shall be very glad to let her go to visit you during the busy season and you will find her a great comfort during the next campaign.

When she reaches Washington she will be wearing a blue gingham apron and a speckled calico sun-bonnet. Make her feel at home and treat her as one of the family and you will never regret it.

Trusting that Mr. Madden and Mr. Perry Heath are well, and busy as usual, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. SIMPON.

CAPITAL UNIONS vs. LABOR UNIONS

MARGARET HAILE

ONE of the most important moves that have been made in recent years in the direction of Socialism is the organization of the capitalist forces of this country into Employers' Associations, for the avowed purpose of fighting the labor unions.

Started only last April by the Manufacturers' Association, at the initiative of Mr. D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, the movement has spread with marvelous rapidity from State to State. The Business Men of Vermont and the Employers of Chicago and of New York were among the first to organize. Other cities promptly followed; and on a larger scale, the leading railroads of the country and the mine owners of Nevada, Colorado and Southern California organized for a similar purpose. And now we are to have all these different groups, together with many others, combined in a grand national organization, which is to include, as the report in the N. Y. Commercial says, "All the great manufacturers of the country, the railroads, great retail interests, and the majority of banking institutions. Nearly all the existing organizations, local in scope but with the same object in view, will be affiliated with the national body."

The varied and often antagonistic interests of the individual capitalists, who in the natural course of business must often secure their own salvation by cutting their competitors' throats, are cheerfully forgotten, and all unite in a fraternal band to present an unbroken front to their common enemy —organized labor.

They are clear and decided as to what they want and how they will proceed to get it. The proposition is a simple one. The labor unions are a menace, and they must be crushed. The labor unions are possessed of certain effective weapons; the capital unions will turn these weapons against them. United action, the sympathetic lockout, the boycott, legislative action, will all be used by the capital unions. "There is to be no single-handed warfare against labor unions," says a member of the railroad association, "but a concentrated effort. It will be a war in which the employers will stand united." A representative of the Manufacturers' Association says: "Every time a sympathetic strike is used as a weapon against employers, the employers will strike back with a sympathetic lockout. Arbitration is a farce. It simply means splitting the difference." Clearly the submission must be absolute.

At Schenectady recently the boycott was called into play, the lumber dealers refusing to sell lumber to any contracting builder or owner who was paying the advance

demanded by the striking carpenters.

In the platform of each separate association as it was formed, planks were introduced outlining this course of action. The Chicago and Omaha organizations declared that they would have "Freedom of Contract," and "No sympathetic strikes." The Vermont business men declared that they would "endeavor to make it possible for any person to obtain employment without being obliged to join a labor organization, and to encourage all such persons in their efforts to resist the compulsory methods of organized labor; and to protect its members . . . against legislative and other political encroachment."

Joseph S. Mundy, of Newark, N.J., refused to unionize his shop, and told his workmen: "If any of you strike because of my position on this point, I will never take one of you back;" and the New York Commercial, the avowed champion of the "capital union" movement, wants to have a monument erected to him as a hero whose courage and self-sacrifice are a service to every employer of labor in the United States.

And, finally, the platform of the National Association of Employers calls for:

Freedom of Contract. (No discrimination against non-union labor.)

No sympathetic strikes to be tolerated.

Enforcement of law.

This course, the capitalists claim, is necessary because organized labor has at last become so powerful and so aggressive that the methods heretofore used in treating with them no longer avail. Mr. Parry says it is necessary for "the united employers of the country to show organized labor that they have in reserve an effective fighting machine of their own." One of his confreres said: "Manufacturers are finding out that they cannot fight these battles separately. A single firm or individual against a crowd of workingmen has little or no chance. A combination against a combination will succeed."

But, in addition to this, there were several new features in the situation. Labor's protest had taken on new forms. The great coal strike of last year had introduced into industrial warfare an unwelcome factor—the interference of the Chief Executive of the nation; and moreover, the inconvenience to which the general public had been put had developed an alarming sentiment in favor of public ownership of the coal mines.

Organized labor had also come dangerously near getting its eight-hour and anti-injunction bills through Congress last year and are going to try it again this year; and they may even get legal decisions in their favor. Poor Mr. Parry fears this. He says: "There is no safe dependence to be placed in the action of the legislators whose political life is dependent to some degree on the labor vote. Even the constitution of the country does not appear to be a sufficient bulwark for our (the capitalist) liberties, and while the majority of the judiciary is in the main standing firm, yet our judges are being subjected to such attacks that even they may yield!" The pity of it! Pretty hard lines, isn't it, when even the judges cannot be absolutely depended upon to uphold the capitalists as against the workingmen?

The Socialist growth also worries Mr. Parry. He says that the labor unions and the Socialists are after practically the same thing, the trades

unions working on the industrial field and the Socialist political party on the political field. And the Socialists made great gains in this country last year and elected numerous of their representatives to office. And there rises the terrifying spectre of what the Socialists in Germany have done this year.

New occasions teach new duties, and the capitalists have risen promptly to the new occasion. And we have the capitalist class of the country organized and drawn up in line to oppose the demands of the working class, whether they be made on the industrial field or the political—by means of strikes or by means of legislation.

And the two parties fight it out on the industrial field, capital union against labor union; boycott against strike; sympathetic lockout against sympathetic strike, and the whole industrial world is thrown into chaos.

The capitalists have always preferred to fight it out in this way. They want no eight-hour or anti-injunction laws to limit them. They want complete liberty in regard to the wage contract. There are statutes till your eyes ache, regulating with the utmost care the relations among proprietors, the redistribution of wealth, and the rights of private property, but not a line regulating the wage contract. When labor was in the slavery form, the laws were utterly silent regarding any rights of labor. The slave had no rights which his owner was bound by law to respect. At the outset of the capitalist system, the statute books were equally innocent of laws in regard to labor. The terms of the wage contract were left entirely to the discretion of the capitalist. There was no restriction in the matter of hours of labor or rate of wages or the time or manner of payment thereof. In a state of society wherein one set of men has possession of the means of life, the owning set is enabled to exploit for its own benefit the first law of Nature; for very self-preservation the other set of men will accept any terms or conditions the owning set may choose to offer, so long as it keeps them alive. That is why they prefer what they call "Freedom of Contract," and make the phrase their shibboleth; and why it is one of the planks of the platform of the National Employers' Association.

But the other set of men, the class that works but doesn't own, wants to have wages and hours and conditions under which it labors, regulated by law. By slow and painful degrees, and by efforts and sacrifices almost superhuman, it has, through its unions, been seeking to effect legislation along these lines, and to bring its rights within the recognition of the law. The labor unions have secured legislation against the employment of young children in the factories; and compelling the introduction of sanitary conditions into the shops and factories, and the establishment of precautions against accident to them while they worked. Every move of this kind has been opposed by the owning class. They want freedom of contract, and they are now organized and ready to oppose the passage of the eight-hour law and the anti-injunction act, and any legislative interference whatever.

They have said: "A single firm or individual against a crowd of workingmen has no chance." No chance of what? Of successfully resisting the demands of the workingmen for a fairer share of the products of their labor. Until recently they have said: "We do not recognize the union. Come to

me individually and I will treat with you." From bitter experience the workingmen had long ago learned the futility of treating with them individually for better conditions. Long ago in self-defence they had been forced to band together in order that they might pit the strength of a thousand men against the one man who was strong as a thousand men because he owned the factory and the machinery and the materials with which they must work if they worked at all. They had found it necessary to organize all the men in a trade and all the men in associated trades, and to go through all the misery of a strike in order to gain any little point; and often they had to ask all the men in the associated trades to strike with them and to go through the same hardship and loss that the point might be gained; and also to see that no other men who were not of their band should step in and do the work, and frustrate the aim of all the rest. And the owning set, finding that these methods are hard to resist, have combined their individual strength, backed by their enormous capital, to defeat and utterly rout the organized workingmen. The British Empire against the Boers!

To the rest of us who, as society is now organized, have to depend on the harmonious co-operation of these two forces for our shelter, clothing, food, fuel, transportation, and general comfort, the prospect is appalling. What is to be done?

Why, if these people cannot carry on the industry of the country we will have to do it ourselves, as a nation. We will have to organize still another union —one which shall take in all the labor unions and all the capital unions and all the people who are not in either, and form one big corporation with power (and determination) to take over the whole industrial mechanism of the country and operate it for the benefit of all the people, including the capitalists and trades unionists. This will relieve the capitalists of the brain-and-nerve-racking strain and worry of the work they are now trying to do, and which is really beyond their strength; and give them positions where they can be of much more use to the world and comfort to themselves. It will give the trades unionists more than they have ever dreamed of asking in the way of shorter hours and more pay, which, being interpreted, means leisure and comfort. And it will give to the United States a system of industry that will be a *system*, that will ascertain just what the full demand of the people is in every line of industry, and will plan production so as to meet the demand and have no unnecessary over-production. The Trusts are simplifying the task for us. They are systematizing each industry, one after another, so that each may be carried on from one central office, by one general manager with the necessary assistants. And the manager, representing the people, could run an industry quite as well for the people as he can for the stockholders of a Trust.

The struggle on the economic field will be of short duration. The odds against the workingmen are too enormous to permit of a long-drawn-out campaign. The workingmen will quickly abandon the field where strength is measured by dollars, and betake themselves to the ballot-box where every man counts for one, and no more.

It is a large question—there is no use in disguising the fact. The workingmen are demanding certain conditions, which in the very nature of

the capitalist system the employers cannot grant them. The reason-for-being of the capitalist system is the profit the capitalists make; and if they have to pay the workmen so much that they cannot make the desired or necessary amount of profit, they won't carry it on, that's all. So that this contest involves the very existence of the capitalist system itself. Looking below the surface, it is not a question of whether the workingmen shall receive a few cents more a day or work a few minutes less; it is a question of whether a few thousand capitalists shall keep possession of the nation's machinery of wealth-production, or whether the nation shall itself take possession of it, and hold and operate it for the benefit of every man, woman and child within its borders.

But to see this contest in its true perspective we must look at it in the broad light of the age-long struggle of the human race for freedom, the long, slow, upward climb toward the ideal of a world of free and happy men and women living harmoniously in a perfected social organization. Look back and in the dim distance see the fettered captives of Babylon and of Egypt, of fair Greece and regal Rome, building cities and pyramids and beautiful temples of the gods for their masters, and themselves dying in hundreds under the burden and the lash; look at the chattel-slaves of our own America in later days; and mark the price the human race has paid in blood and tears that slavery might be banished from the earth.

Look back and in the middle distance see the serfs of Europe, no longer bought and sold, but bound to the land they lived to till for their feudal masters, branded and maimed if they rebelled; and mark again, in France, the land where Feudalism reached its height, the price, the awful price in blood and terror, at which the freedom of the serf was bought.

Then look again and see before your very eyes, in grim distinctness, our own day's incarnation of the same ancient struggle. No longer fettered slaves nor land-bound serfs, the men who build the cities, feed and clothe the people and fight the battles, are standing up as men in behalf of their righteous share in all the benefits of the civilization which the labor of all has created. And opposing them stand those who have the power of life and death over them in that they hold the means of life. Nor is it only in this country the struggle wages. The workingmen of the world, moved by the spirit of the irresistible Goddess for whose high sake the human race yields up the price, are reaching out blood-brother hands across national boundary-lines and seas, vowing with sacred oath to burst this age's slave-chains and set its captives free. And America is the land where Capitalism has reached its height! Will the Pharaohs and the feudal barons of today harden their hearts? Will the same price have to be paid? God forbid. That it may be averted, let each one who sees the awful possibility work on unceasingly, with heart and hand and brain, to enlighten and prepare the people for the crisis. This is the responsibility of those who know.

CONTRADICTORY TEACHERS*

JACK LONDON

TWO remarkable books recently published are Ghent's "Our Benevolent Feudalism," and Brooks' "The Social Unrest." These two books should be read together if the reader would extract the full value from either. The reader who may be interested in social questions will take huge delight in them, not alone because they are filled with the very latest and most significant industrial and political facts, but because the opposite sides of the great labor problem are expounded by two men, each devoting himself with apprehension to the side he hopes will be beaten.

It would appear that they have set themselves the task of collating, as a warning, the phenomena of two counter social forces. Mr. Ghent, who is sympathetic with the Socialist movement, follows with cynic fear every aggressive act of the capitalist class. Mr. Brooks, who yearns for the perpetuation of the capitalist system as long as possible, follows with grave dismay each aggressive act of the labor and Socialist organizations. Mr. Ghent traces the emasculation of labor by capital, and Mr. Brooks traces the emasculation of independent competing capital by labor. In short, each marshals the facts of a side in the two sides which go to make a struggle so great that even the French Revolution is insignificant beside it; for this later struggle, for the first time in the history of struggles, is not confined to any particular portion of the globe, but involves the whole of it.

Starting on the assumption that society is at present in a state of flux, Mr. Ghent sees it rapidly crystallizing into a status, which can best be described as something in the nature of a benevolent feudalism. He laughs to scorn any immediate realization of the Marxian dream, while Tolstoyan utopian and Kropotkinian communistic unions of shop and farm are too wild to merit consideration. The coming status which Mr. Ghent depicts, is a class domination by the capitalists. Labor will take its definite place as a dependent class, living in a condition of machine servitude fairly analogous to the land servitude of the middle ages. That is to say, labor will be bound to the machine, though less harshly, in fashion somewhat similar to that in which the earlier serf was bound to the soil. As he says: "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."

At the top of the new society will tower the magnate, the new feudal baron; at the bottom will be found the wastrels and inefficients. The new society he grades as follows:

I. The barons, graded on the basis of possessions.

II. The court agents and retainers. (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,

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*Our Benevolent Feudalism. By W. J. Ghent. The Macmillan Company. The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Co.

lawyers generally, and most judges and politicians.)

III. The workers in pure and applied science, artists and physicians.

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 laborers, 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 subtenants of the manorial estates and great farms (corresponding to the class of "free tenants" in the old Feudalism).

XI. The cotters.

XII. The tramps, the occasionally employed, the unemployed—the wastrels of city and country.

"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."

It must be confessed that Mr. Ghent's arguments are cunningly contrived and arrayed. They must be read to be appreciated. As an example of his style, which at the same time generalizes a portion of his argument, the following may well be given:

"The new Feudalism will be but an orderly outgrowth of present tendencies and conditions. 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 order will differ in no important respects from the present, except in the completer development of its more salient features. The visitor from another planet who had known the old and should see the new would note but few changes. *Alter et Idem*—another, yet the same—he would say From magnate to baron, from workman to villein, from publicist to court agent and retainer, will be changes of state and function so slight as to elude all but the keenest eyes."

And in conclusion, to show how benevolent and beautiful this new feudalism of ours will be, Mr. Ghent says: "Peace and stability it will maintain at all hazards; and the mass, remembering the chaos, the turmoil, the insecurity of the past, will bless its reign. . . Efficiency—the faculty of getting things—is at last rewarded as it should be, for the efficient have inherited the earth and its fulness. The lowly, 'whose happiness is greater and whose welfare is more thoroughly conserved when governed than when governing,' as a twentieth-century philosopher said of them, are settled and happy in the state which reason and experience teach is their God-appointed lot. They are comfortable, too; and if the patriarchial ideal of a vine and fig tree for each is not yet attained, at least each has his rented patch in the country or his rented cell in a city building. Bread and the circus are freely given to the deserving, and as for the undeserving, they are merely reaping the rewards of their contumacy and pride. Order reigns, each has his justly appointed share, and the state rests in security, 'lapt in universal law.'"

Mr. Brooks, on the other hand, sees rising and dissolving and rising again in the social flux the ominous forms of a new society which is the direct antithesis of a benevolent feudalism. He trembles at the rash intrepedity of the capitalists who fight the labor unions, for by such rashness he greatly fears that labor will be driven to express its aims and strength in political terms, which terms will inevitably be Socialistic terms.

To keep down the rising tide of Socialism, he preaches greater meekness and benevolence to the capitalists. No longer may they claim the right to run their own business, to beat down the laborer's standard of living for the sake of increased profits, to dictate terms of employment to individual workers, to wax righteously indignant when organized labor takes a hand in their business. No longer may the capitalist say "my" business, or even think "my" business; he must say "our" business, and think "our" business as well, accepting labor as a partner whose voice must be heard. And if the capitalists do not become more meek and benevolent in their dealings with labor, labor will be antagonized and will proceed to wreak terrible political vengeance, and the present social flux will harden into a status of Socialism.

Mr. Brook dreams of a society at which Mr. Ghent sneers as "a slightly modified individualism, wherein each unit secures the just reward of his capacity and service." To attain this happy state, Mr. Brooks imposes circumspection upon the capitalists in their relation with labor. "If the Socialistic spirit is to be held in abeyance in this country, businesses of this character (anthracite coal mining) must be handled with extraordinary caution." Which is to say, that to withstand the advance of Socialism, a great and greater measure of Mr. Ghent's benevolence will be required.

Again and again, Mr. Brooks reiterates the danger he sees in harshly treating labor. "It is not probable that employers can destroy unionism in the United States. Adroit and desperate attempts will, however, be made, if we mean by unionism the undisciplined and aggressive fact of vigorous and determined organizations. If capital should prove too strong in this struggle the result is easy to predict. The employers have only to convince labor that it cannot hold its own against the capitalist manager, and the whole energy that now goes to the union will turn to aggressive political Socialism. It will not be the harmless sympathy with increased city and state functions which trades unions already feel; it will become a turbulent political force bent upon using every weapon of taxation against the rich."

"The most concrete impulse that now favors Socialism in this country is the inane purpose to deprive labor organizations of the full and complete rights that go with federated unionism."

"That which teaches a union that it cannot succeed as a union turns it toward Socialism. In long strikes in towns like Marlboro and Brookfield strong unions are defeated. Hundreds of men leave these towns for shoe centers like Brockton, where they are now voting the Socialist ticket. The Socialist Mayor of this city tells me, 'The men who come to us now from towns where they have been thoroughly whipped in a strike are among the most active working Socialists.' The bitterness engendered by this sense of defeat is turned to politics, as it will throughout the whole country, if organization of labor is deprived of its rights."

"This enmity of capital to the trade union is watched with glee by every intelligent Socialist in our midst. Every union that is beaten or discouraged in its struggles is ripening fruit for Socialism."

"The real peril which we now face is the threat of a class conflict. If capitalism insists upon the policy of outraging the saving aspiration of the American workman to raise his standard of comfort and leisure, every element of class conflict will strengthen among us."

"We have only to humiliate what is best in the trade union, and then every

worst feature of Socialism is fastened upon us."

This strong tendency in the ranks of the workers towards Socialism is what Mr. Brooks characterizes the "social unrest;" and he hopes to see the Republican, the Cleveland Democrat and the conservative and large property interests "band together against this common foe," which is Socialism. And he is not above feeling grave and well-contained satisfaction wherever the Socialist doctrinaire has been contradicted by men attempting to practice co-operation in the midst of the competitive system, as in Belgium.

Nevertheless, he catches fleeting glimpses of an extreme and tyranically benevolent feudalism very like Mr. Ghent's, as witness the following:

"I asked one of the largest employers of labor in the South if he feared the coming of the trade union. 'No,' he said, 'it is one good result of race prejudice, that the negro will enable us in the long run to weaken the trade union so that it cannot harm us. We can keep wages down with the negro, and we can prevent too much organization."

"It is in this spirit that the lower standards are to be used. If this purpose should succeed, it has but one issue—the immense strengthening of a plutocratic administration at the top, served by an army of high-salaried helpers, with an elite of skilled and well-paid workmen, but all resting on what would essentially be a serf class of low-paid labor, and this mass kept in order by an increased use of military force."

In brief summary of these two notable books, it may be said that Mr. Ghent is alarmed (though he does not flatly say so) at the too-great social restfulness in the community, which is permitting the capitalists to form the new society to their liking; and that Mr. Brooks is alarmed (and he flatly says so) at the social unrest which threatens the modified individualism into which he would like to see society evolve. Mr. Ghent beholds the capitalist class rising to dominate the state and the working class; Mr. Brooks beholds the working class rising to dominate the state and the capitalist class. One fears the paternalism of a class; the other the paternalism of the mass.—International Socialist Review.

Strikes and the Slump in the Stock Market

N. O. Nelson, St. Louis, Mo.*

THE "Eternal Feminine" (Gœthe's reverent compliment) who occupies the Wilshire chair and presides in the Wilshire sanctum while Wilshire and Haynes are discharging broadsides of American Socialism in after-dinner speeches at English nobility functions, this inspiring and aspiring interregnum Editress-in-Chief caught me on the wing in New York and preferred one of those requests which equal a command when emanating from Royalty or the Eternal Feminine. Come now, gentle Editress and gentle reader, take no offence at the distinction. We need not have a common gender term, nor common gender qualities. We shall still be men and women after we become equals politically and economically.

*Mr. Nelson is another "Millionaire Socialist" and one who knows what he is talking about in regard to the business world.

Prefatory to what the Queen Regent wanted me to write about: New York is an epigram of capitalism. On Thursday, August 6th, the loss on Wall street stocks was five hundred millions, according to the Evening Post. Even Russell Sage got nervous. A hundred thousand margin speculators lost part or all of their worldly possessions. Give them the hand of welcome into the Socialist camp, whether they be scientific or merely empirical Socialists. A large proportion of the German Socialist vote is not Marxian but opportunist —immediate demands, anti-imperialism, working-class solidarity. Let us welcome the shorn lambs by promising Government ownership of these stock properties ; and let us promise enough personal honesty and honor to make the government a people's affair, not simply a change of masters.

The lambs who have lost their all, and for that matter many of the professionals, do not look beyond the stock exchange for this violent fall in prices, in many cases a fall to half of last year's prices. The wise ones do, and they are, after all, in control.

Last year and the three previous years, when every competent person was at work, there was no unemployed class. There was a shortage of labor and pig iron and steel, and freight cars to carry the stuff. Wages rose, prices rose more, profits still more, and stocks most of all. Universal employment was the key to it all—the broad-backed Atlas.

Organized labor was in the saddle. It wanted its share of pie—sometimes the whole pie. To a maximum day and minimum wage it added in many places a maximum output, few or no apprentices, factory supervision, no arbitration, etc.

The employers took lessons from their foe; borrowed their tactics as well as their plan of organization. The Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of San Francisco, the Contractors' Association of Chicago, the Employers of Dayton, had already measured strength with the unions, with doubtful results. In January the National Manufacturers' Association unanimously declared war—war to the knife.

Unionism was never so strong or so confident as in this country at the beginning of this year. Employers were never before so prepared to resist. Battle was inevitable; the conflict is irrepressible.

The Building Trades are the key to activity or depression. The strike of one trade affects a dozen, and the factories back of the material. If Parks calls out four thousand housesmiths in New York, in brief time the work stops from basement to garret. The steel mill, and the ore and coal pit, and the stone quarry, and the plumbing material factories are cut off. In a minor degree the railroads are affected.

Building work in New York has been almost suspended for four months. In Omaha there was a widespread strike followed by a concerted lockout. In Denver the same. In most of the cities there have been extensive strikes ; contemplated buildings and railroads have been abandoned for the year. The production of building material has been cut down fully one-fourth, and but for the unorganized towns and country it would have been one-half. Pig iron was $28 in December; it is $16 now. Last year enough of it could not be had; now not near enough can be sold.

Iron and industry and stocks go hand in hand. Dull and low iron, dull times and low stocks.

Unionism has asserted its power. It is felt all along the line. The reaction is upon the whole industrial and financial fabric, and upon organized labor itself.

There is no escape, good friends of the Stock Exchange, and the Labor Unions, and the Employers' Associations, but in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

ABOUT SOCIALISM ABROAD

FOR BELGIAN REPUBLIC

Brussels.—The topic of the hour in political circles here is the Socialist victory at the German elections. Emile Vandervlde, the brilliant leader of the Socialists in the Belgian House of Representatives, who has lived several years in Germany and is on terms of personal friendship with the Socialist leaders in the Reichstag, is better placed probably than any other political man on the Continent to give an impartial opinion on the situation in the empire. Asked how he accounted for the success of the German Socialists, Mr. Vandervelde said :

"The result was achieved alike by the popularity of the Socialist programme among the German masses and the mistakes of the Conservative and Reactionary Parties. The Socialists also owe a large measure of their success to the splendid organization and discipline of their party. In my opinion, and I speak from personal experience, the German Socialists are the best organized of any political party in the world, and on this account are better prepared to take the offensive against the reactionary parties than are their brethren in other Continental countries."

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The electoral success of the Socialists in Germany has already had an echo in Belgium. A Republican mass meeting has been convened for the coming week at the Brussels "Maison du Peuple," and resolutions of sympathy for their brethren beyond the Rhine will be passed at this meeting by the Socialists here. This meeting will, however, also be made the signal for an agressive Republican campaign throughout the country. The announcement is made at the same time that another Republican daily newspaper is to be issued by the Socialists at Ghent, in the very heart of the Flemish provinces, until now a Conservative stronghold.

Simultaneously with this Republican campaign an anti-royalist movement is being fomented by the Socialists. Lately this movement has taken the form of a protest against the expense to the country of a monarchical form of government. The Count of Flanders' yearly allowance of 200,000f. is cited as an instance of this expense. This matter is to be brought before Parliament once again by the Socialists at the coming session, and will be made the pretext for a vigorous onslaught against the existing order of things and what is termed the "capitalist regime."—New York Times.

SOCIALISM IN JAPAN

The vigorous manner in which the police authorities recently prevented the holding of a gigantic labor meeting organized by the Niroku Shimpo has given rise to a considerable amount of journalistic criticism. Why the police took this apparently high-handed measure we do not know for certain, as no official explanation has been given. It is, however, suggested in more than one quarter that the police interfered with the Niroku's project because they had reason to suspect the promoters of the meeting of Socialistic aims. This suggestion has an air of probability in view of the preponderance of avowed Socialists among those who were to speak at a lecture meeting which the disappointed projectors of the labor meeting proposed to hold afterward, and which was also suppressed by the police. If this explanation be trustworthy, we should think that the police were extremely ill-advised in interfering with the carrying out of the Niroku's labor gathering and lecture meeting. If it was the Socialistic bugbear that frightened the police into the summary procedure in question, we are inclined to believe that their excited fancy conjured up a danger which had no substantial existence. Socialistic doctrines have, it is true, found a lodgment in a section of the educated class, and their votaries appear to be increasing in number and importance.

These doctrines occasionally find expression in the columns of the Rodo Sekai, the Niroku, the Yorozu, and a few other organs, as well as from the popular platform. With all this apparent practical vitality, we may safely state that Socialism is in this country still in the stage of academic discussion, and that the day when it will assume practical significance is as yet, if such a day is ever to come, in the far-distant future. So far as the mass of the people

are concerned, they show as yet no sign of fundamental discontent with the present social order. This is so, not because they are less intelligent than people of the same class in the Occident, but because the conditions of life among us are such that there is little occasion for them to wish for any radical change in the social constitution. Happily or unhappily, according to the way in which the matter is looked at, the struggle for existence here has none of that sharp and unfeeling intensity which is calculated to engender in the breasts of its unfortunate victims in the West a deep and sullen hostility to the present order of things.

Society here has for centuries been constructed on principles fundamentally different from those obtaining in the West. Our society is more communistic in its character than theirs, and we are more forbearing with and helpful to each other than the European peoples. It is true that since the introduction of Occidental civilization great changes are taking place in our conditions of life, but amid all these changes the fundamental characteristic of our social organization still remains intact, and is not likely to be fully effaced, although it will probably be modified more or less owing to the new influences at work. Under these circumstances it seems to us that Socialistic doctrines may spread among us and may possibly benefit us in various ways, but are not likely to lead to popular agitations of a character inimical to the public order and tranquillity. If anything tends to promote the growth of such dangers, it may possibly be, it is to be feared, cases of unnecessary official interference like that under consideration.—The Japan Times, Tokio.

This does not mean, however, that there is no Socialist movement in Japan. What there is of it is in its infancy, it is true, but it is a most promising infant. The first Japanese Socialist convention was held April 5th and 6th in Osaka, the industrial center of Japan. A Socialist Party organization is lacking in Japan; the first attempt to form one, two years ago, was suppressed by the government, and the leaders were sentenced to pay severe fines. So, in order to hold a convention, the meetings were advertised as Scientific discussions. The purpose of thereby making the Socialist program known in the widest possible circles was successful. From 500 to 600 persons attended each meeting. The press could not slight the convention, especially as the "Osaka Asaki," the most widely circulated daily journal of Japan, helped advertise the convention by asking a Socialist leader, Comrade Abe, to publish several articles on Socialism in its columns. The program of the convention was very extensive; among other subjects discussions were held on: "The Coming Party," by Comrade Katayama, formerly a Buddhist priest, now editor of "The Socialist;" "The History of Socialist Ideas in Japan," "Municipal Socialism," "Tactics," and "Agitation." They spoke also on the international Socialist movement, and on that subject an Austrian, Dr. G. Eckstein, of Vienna, addressed the Japanese Socialists. He received greetings for the Austrian and German Socialists. Several resolutions were passed regarding Socialist propaganda and tactics. The Japanese journal, "The Socialist" (formerly called "The Labor World"), which in each number publishes several pages in English, gives a report of the convention.

BEBEL, THE GERMAN SOCIALIST LEADER.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND in Review of Reviews.

The Socialist party has produced some remarkable men in Germany, it must be admitted. Besides Lassalle and Marx, the founders, and Liebknecht, the martyr for "the cause," it may prove useful to keep in mind the existence of such men as Edward Bernstein, whose analytical mind re-fashioned scientific Socialism, and who is now in the Reichstag; Emil Singer, who from a wealthy manufacturer turned Socialist agitator, and who has sat in the Reichstag ever since its organization in 1871; Dr. Arons, the wealthy nephew of the multi-millionaire and Berlin banker, Baron Bleichroder, who is a lecturer on political economy in Berlin University; von Vollmar, a Bavarian nobleman and army officer, who was severely wounded and decorated with the Iron Cross in 1870, and who during his long convalescence succumbed to the Socialist faith—one of the handsomest and most striking figures on the Socialist benches in the Reichstag.

Most, deserving, though, of notice is August Bebel, the ablest and most impressive speaker

in the house. The son of poor parents in a town by the Rhine, he was as a boy apprenticed to a turner and carver. He learned his trade thoroughly, meanwhile perfecting his school education. He started in business for himself and married. Then he turned Socialist. At the outbreak of the Franco-German war he and his friend Liebknecht issued a manifesto in the name of the German Socialists to the Socialists in France, deprecating the war. For this the two were tried by the Imperial Court in Leipsic for high treason and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Neither that, however, nor his subsequent conviction for *lese majeste* and press offenses, could quench his spirit. He is moderately well-to-do. He has written many books, pamphlets, newspaper articles, etc., and one of his books, *Die Frau* ("Woman") an able exposition of the Socialist point of view as to woman and her rights as mother and wife, which has been translated into nearly every living language, alone yields him a modest competence in royalties.

Bebel is, however, not a great man, nor even a great party leader. He lacks balance, and also the power to conciliate and to hold his followers together. As a party strategist he is easily outdone by Singer and several others. As the most courageous and forceful orator on the Socialist side, as a man whose tongue never utters what his heart does not fully feel, as a man of the nicest honor and of irreproachable morals, he wields an influence over his hearers of every kind in the Reichstag which is unprecedented in that body. He is the trenchant *espada* of his party, whose thrusts even the Kaiser is not always able to parry.

M. JAURÈS, FRENCH SOCIALIST AND STATESMAN.

JAURÈS, THE FRENCH SOCIALIST LEADER

OTHON GUERLAC in Review of Reviews.

M. Jaurès is today the most prominent leader of the French Socialist party, as well as one of the most attractive figures in French parliamentary life. By general consent he is not far from being foremost among the great political orators of France, and for years a speech by Jaurès has always been sure to draw large crowds to the Palais Bourbon, or to the popular meetings where he often makes himself heard for the one cause that is dear to him.

Although belonging to a party in the Chamber that counts fewer than fifty members, he was this very year elected to the vice-presidency of the Chamber, an honor that is usually bestowed only on the most representative members of the Republican majority. In two sensational speeches he recently challenged the attention of the world by bringing up two of the most acute and delicate questions in French politics—the question of Alsace-Lorraine and the Dreyfus affair.

He is at the present time the Frenchman outside of the administration whose personality is the most striking and whose influence is the most powerful. His very career challenges attention and commands respect, for it shows the struggles of a man against the interests of his class to promote a social order more in accord with his notions of justice, and it shows the evolutions of a mind which has worked its way toward a higher ideal of life.

This single aspect of the character of Jaurès, this generous independence, and this high act of conscientiousness, would suffice to give him a place by himself in the Socialist party. By his intelligence and his breadth of spirit he is not only superior to the mob—primitive in its passions, of which he is the leader, and which at times he must flatter in order to lead—he is superior to his political associates and allies, some of whom, a short while ago, attacked him violently for having allowed his daughter to be confirmed according to the rites of the church to which her mother belongs. He is far above the level of the great mass of politicians of all parties, and the idealism with which he is

taunted has in it more wisdom than has the selfishness of the wise.

It may be added that this orator of sonorous utterance and glowing imagination is a worker of remarkable industry, whose intellect delights in exhaustive knowledge and thorough documentation and who has distinguished himself by works of erudite scholarship.

During the year in which he was absent from the Parliament, in punishment for his activity in the Dreyfus affair, he wrote a history of the French Revolution, treated from a socialistic point of view, which was praised by professional historians for its substantial merit.

Thus the Socialist party, which before Jaurès had for its leaders ignorant and passionate men of the people, or half-educated men rendered bitter by failure in life, has now for its guide a philosopher and scholar, an idealist of warm heart and ardent imagination, who might have achieved any desired political or literary distinction in the bourgeois social order, but who has chosen instead to devote his great talents to the service of the masses—of the unfeeling, unthinking, and often ungrateful mob—and to strive, with little hope of recompense, for a distant and perhaps unattainable chimera.

To the honor both of the French public and of the proletariat, it must be said that M. Jaurès has won the esteem of the best men of all parties and the enthusiastic and devoted admiration of the great mass of the proletariat.

AN ENGLISH WELCOME TO WILSHIRE

WE Social-Democrats of the English-speaking nations are a very modest folk. We stick up stoutly for our own principles, but we belittle our own persons. This is characteristic of our movement on both sides of the Atlantic. We seem to think that to say what is simply the truth about the active men in our ranks is bad policy, and one likely to be injurious to these men themselves and to our organizations at large. It is high time this foolish idea should be exposed. It is more than high time that the petty system of personal detraction which has been allowed too much play should be put an end to. At the present moment we have to welcome again to England our American comrade, H. Gaylord Wilshire. It is some eight years since he was last here. It is safe to say that, in the interval, no man in the United States has done more to spread a knowledge of scientific Socialism, or has been more correct in his forecasts of the economic development than our friend from the Pacific Slope. He has not only spent a fortune on his work, but he has used the advertising and propagandist methods of the Great Republic with the most remarkable ability and success. His challenges to Mr. Bryan to debate, backed up by an offer to that verbose, if not eloquent personage, of $10,000 for one evening's platform controversy; his excellent articles in his weekly journal, the *Challenge;* his sharp, dexterous and winning conflict with the Postmaster-General of the United States on behalf of his monthly magazine, and the unfair postal rates which drove him to Canada—it is now proved this official or his department is altogether corrupt and abominable; his success in rallying to his review the support of some of the ablest and best known writers in America; his vigorous personal agitation and candidatures alike in the United States and in Canada—all this has had an enormous effect, and, with his persistent cry, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," has done more than probably anything could have done to rouse the educated class throughout America to the truths of Social-Democracy. WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE has now a circulation of fully 100,000 copies monthly. Certainly nothing which zeal and energy and ability and money can do has been spared to establish it firmly and permanently as a Socialist review of the

highest class. To the great success so far achieved Wilshire's own writings have largely contributed. Wilshire has taken up his residence in New York; but he is now in Europe for a few weeks, taking as much rest as an American ever takes, in the shape of varied activity. His presence at the International Socialist Bureau last week as the delegate from the United States was timely and useful. On the continent of Europe our comrades, as a rule, have very little idea of the vast strides which Socialism is making in America, or of the fact that, economically speaking, the United States are far ahead of any other nation. Wilshire did something in Brussels to dispel this unfortunate ignorance. But we hope before he leaves again for New York he will contribute a searching article on the situation in his own country to the *Vorwaerts* and the *Petite Republique*. In the meantime, we English Social-Democrats wish him heartily welcome; we are looking forward to many opportunities of hearing him speak, and we need scarcely appeal to our comrades to show him how fully the good work he has done "on the other side" is appreciated on this.—From Justice, London, England; the Organ of the Social-Democratic Federation.

TOWARD HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

THE world is daily growing smaller. Its people are getting closer together. Distance is being obliterated by the increasing ease and rapidity of transportation and communication. Every day some new invention or scientific discovery or industrial combination carries us farther on the road to that unification of material interests in the Co-operative Commonwealth, which is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual brotherhood of man. These clippings of a single day are significant:

Progress in Cable Laying.

A new era in German cable construction began with the laying of a cable to Vigo, Spain, a distance of about 1,300 miles.

During the last seven years Germany has laid 7,375 miles of cable, at a cost of over $7,000,000. In 1898 a cable, 73 miles in length, was laid between Sassniz and Trelleborg, and in 1899 German Southwest Africa was connected with the international telegraph system by a cable 154 miles long.

In 1900 the first German-American cable between Emden and New York, via the Azores—a distance of 4,813 miles—was laid. At about the same time Germany put down the first German cables along the Chinese coast, the cable Tsintan-Chefoo being 285 miles and that connecting Tsintan and Shanghai 438 miles long. The year 1901 witnessed the laying of the fifth cable between Germany and England, connecting Borkum and Baktou, a distance of 280 miles. The telephone cable between Fehmarn and Laaland was laid in 1902.

The construction of a second transatlantic cable between Emden and New York, via the Azores, has been commenced, and it will, it is expected, be ready for service before the expiration of the next year. Germany is also contemplating an increase of her cable net in eastern Asia and the South Sea, by constructing cables between Alenado

and Guam and the Palau Islands and Shanghai.

It is said that the growth of German interests, both military and commercial, will in the future require the building of more cables by Germany, independent of foreign nations. Germany now has cable works and two cable steamers.—American Inventor.

Pollak-Virag Rapid Telegraph in Germany.

A new invention relating to rapid telegraphy is undergoing a practical test, the results of which should receive due consideration in the United States. The system is known as the Pollak-Virag Rapid Telegraph, and after a careful examination at the Polytechnic Institute at Charlottenburg it was shown to the Emperor and Empress of Germany about the middle of last February. It was decided at this visit by the chief of the German postal system and other influential persons that the new system would be given a practical test on the line between Berlin and Konigsberg, which is some 450 miles long.

The results obtained with the new system are considered most satisfactory, as it has been demonstrated that 40,000 words per hour can be transmitted under the most varying conditions. The imperial telegraph service has decided to introduce the system on the busy line between Berlin and Frankfort.—American Inventor.

Wireless Telegraphy Subject of Conference of the Powers.

Berlin.—The international conference on wireless telegraphy, at which is to be discussed the formulation of regulations for governmental control of the industry, will assemble tomorrow in the Imperial Postoffice Building. Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Spain, and the United States will be represented. The American delegates are General Greely, chief of the Signal Service; Commander Barbour, U.S.N., and John I. Waterbury, of the New York Chamber of Commerce.—N.Y. Commercial.

Gets Wireless News Service.

New York.—The Block Island Wireless is the name of a little paper published daily on Block Island by the Providence Journal. The paper is issued every morning and contains a summary of each day's news, sent through by the DeForest company.

In the past the people of New Shoreham and their hundreds of summer visitors have had to wait for news until the arrival of the afternoon boat on the day following the occurrence of any important event. Now they have a newspaper of their own. This is the first newspaper in the East entirely dependent on wireless telegraphy for its news, and the experiment has proved satisfactory.—N.Y. Commercial.

Message Sent by Telepathy.

London.—An astonishing experiment of thought transference was made last night in W. T. Stead's office in the Review of Review's editorial rooms, before a committee of six, including Stead and the noted Doctor Wallace. Telepathic messages were successfully transmitted from Nottingham, 125 miles away, numbers and times were given Dr. Richardson in Stead's office, and Richardson promptly telepathed them to Nottingham. It had been arranged with Dr. Franks, at Nottingham, to expect messages between 6 and 8. Upon receipt of the messages, Dr. Franks immediately telegraphed the committee repeating the message given and the time received. Every door of Stead's room was guarded so no confederate could hear what was said and telephone the result to Nottingham. Every member of the committee was previously unknown to Richardson. Owing to the eminence of the committeemen, collusion was impossible. A number consisting of three figures (579) was selected by the committee

and given to Richardson to telepath Franks. Richardson went into an adjoining room. At 6:34 Richardson stated that the message was dispatched. At 6:48 the committee received the following telegram from Franks:

"Number 579 received 20 minutes to 7."

The message, as Richardson had predicted, occupied eight minutes. An extraordinary test followed. At 5 o'clock Mr. Stead's secretary telegraphed Franks a time, a number, a name and place which Franks was to telepathically transmit to Richardson. The latter was kept in ignorance of the contents of the telegram. Between 7:22 and 7:58 Richardson received the time, 7:20, number, 777, name, Scotland. The committee at once pronounced them to be the contents of the telegram Mr. Stead's secretary sent Franks. Thought transference is instantaneous, and the time elapsed was due to telegraphing the result to the committee.

Stead said the experiments added proof to the fact that it is possible for mind to communicate with mind, irrespective of distance. The chief points of interest in the experiments were the long distance covered and the precise and definite nature of the messages.

CRUEL WAR ABOLISHED BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

Hertzian Waves may be Used to Explode Magazines Miles Away.

Paris.—Some of the wonders coined by Novelist Well's imagination may soon come true. Doctor Lebon, noted as the scientific investigator here, reported that he made a discovery fraught with possibilities hitherto only dreamed of by novelists. Dr. Lebon's experiment, which was accidentally effected, may lead to a terrific death dealing invention similar in results to the mysterious machines of death of the Martians in Well's "War of the Worlds," which hurled death upon the earth.

Dr. Lebon was experimenting in hertzian waves in his laboratory when suddenly he was surrounded by a rain of fire dropping from all the metallic objects in the room. The experiment leads Dr. Lebon to conclude it will be possible to construct huge metallic mirrors capable of reflecting hertzian rays several miles. They would be invincible and would ignite distant explosives like magazine shells, and even cartridges in soldiers' belts. If the discovery leads to a practical invention it will be possible to inflict death from a distance like Well's Martians. Dr. Lebon says the magazine of warships would be vulnerable to the reflected hertzian waves owing to the electrical machinery aboard, while torpedo boats aboard or afloat would be exploded with disastrous results.—Pittsburg Gazette.

British and American Friendship.

If the speeches made in London at the entertainments given in honor of the visiting American naval officers contained no sentiments that were new, they contained only those certain of a cordial echo in this country, says the Washington Star. The note sounded was that of friendship between the two great English-speaking nations and the importance to the world's peace and progress of fostering its growth with care. Hosts and guests both spoke to the point, and spoke well. The topic appealed to all, and all who touched upon it said something of interest and worth remembering.

The improved relations between Englishmen and Americans are very marked. They are attributed by some to this thing, and by others to that. They have certainly been especially noteworthy since the conflict between Spain and the United States. But, in all probability, if that conflict had never taken place we should yet have witnessed constantly increasing pleasant exchanges between the peoples of the two countries. Why should they not be friends in this day of the world's development and tendencies? Why should differences which were vigorously fought out in the days which gave them rise hold the stage as against

conditions so greatly changed, and obligations so apparent to all ?—Ex.

Social but Personal.

Whatever may be our sphere of action, however simple our affairs may be, we cannot ignore the glaring questions and issues—which, though called Social, are also intensely Personal.

More and more are we being made to realize the Unity of the race—the Oneness of Human Life. Yes, we are our brothers' keepers. We bear the same relationship to our fellow-men that the stars in the sky do to each other. We move in our separate orbits and circles; but our affairs are indissolubly connected. We are mutually interdependent.

We cannot give expression to our highest ideals until there is a widespread national reform. Public Opinion is a force that we cannot, as individuals, resist beyond a certain limit.—Fred. Burry's Journal.

The United States Among the Nations

In the United States capitalism has reached a higher stage of development than in any other country. Production is carried on here on so large a scale that we have outrun our home market more than has any other nation, and we now easily lead the world in exportation of domestic products. In the thirty-two years from 1870 to 1902 our imports increased from 436 million dollars to 903 million. Our exports increased during the same period from 376 million to 1,335 million; giving an excess of exports over imports in 1902 of $452,000,000, a greater excess than that of all other nations of the globe combined.

In 1903 we sold to foreign countries $1,392,087,672 worth of home products, which was $13,000,000 more than our closest rival, Great Britain, exported; $263,000,000 more than Germany, and $561,000,000 more than France. Thirty years ago all three of these countries exported more than we did. Ten years ago we had distanced France and Germany, but Great Britain was still ahead. Today, in export of domestic products, the United States easily leads the nations. We are becoming not only the workshop of the world, but its field and its mine as well. We have developed a marvelous industrial plant, which is increasing in size and productive power each year. We have 600,000 factories with 7,100,000 factory workers; we have 11,500,000 agriculturists, and 500,000,000 persons engaged in exchanging and transporting the products of the fields and factories and mines.

The only thing that stands in the way of our going ahead and developing this industrial plant until we can supply the whole purchasing world with almost everything it needs (or, rather, can buy) is that other capitalistic nations want to do the same thing, and there results an international contest for the markets

of the world. The time will come, and not a hundred years hence, either, when the capitalist nations, the nations that produce and sell and export for the sake of profit, will among them have completed an industrial equipment sufficient to produce all the goods of every kind that the people have the means to buy. Then they will need no more new factories or railroads or machinery. And all the people who up to that time had been at work building factories, or quarrying stone and burning brick, and making lumber and steel to build them with; all the people who had been at work making machines, or mining and smelting the ore and moulding the metal to make them with; all the people who had been at work transporting the stone and brick and metal, and building the railroads and engines and cars to carry them; and all the people who had been at work mining and transporting coal to run the railroads and factories and foundries and mills for the making of machines, and of machines to make machines—all these people will be out of a job. Being out of a job, they will have no money to buy the products of the marvelous industrial equipment with which the profit-seeking capitalists have furnished the world. The capitalists will have to curtail production tremendously, and thus throw out of employment a large proportion of the workers who are needed to run the completed industrial equipment, reducing still further the purchasing power of the people; and, no sales, no profits. And there you have it. Capital cannot find profitable employment, and labor cannot find any kind of employment. The capitalist system, having run its course and performed its historic mission of preparing the world's industrial equipment, will have broken down. But the industrial equipment will remain.

In the meantime, the United States, with characteristic push and vigor, is now heading the procession of the nations that are carrying capitalism to its logical conclusion. In this connection, the following from the London Statist, in regard to our becoming a creditor nation, is noteworthy:

The period of transition, which may be occupied by the United States in passing from a debtor to a creditor nation, will probably be short. Until about ten years ago there was a steady flow of capital from Europe into the United States, and the volume of American indebtedness to Europe for interest reached to an immense figure. In the past ten years, however, America has repaid to Europe in general, and to this country in particular, a large portion of the capital Europe had placed in the country, and at the present time is repaying capital probably at the rate of about £40,000,000 per annum. America is not redeeming its own securities at anything like this rate, but beyond repurchasing a very large quantitity of its own securities, it is investing money in Europe and in this country in the many forms of manufacture and industry as well as in Government bonds. Had our investors during the past few years appreciated the wonderful strength of the American financial position, America would not have had the opportunity of repaying the capital. But, unfortunately for our investors, they did not appreciate the importance of the action taken by Congress in securing the gold standard, and the wonderful development of the country's natural resources, which would result from the vast railway construction of the eighties. Had European capitalists not disposed of a portion of their holdings of American securities, the amount of American capital which would have been available for investment in foreign enterprises and securities would have been very great. As it is, however, the amount has been considerable and is likely to grow. M. H.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE CALL OF THE WILD. By Jack London. Published by Macmillan Co., New York. Cloth; 12 mo. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

Those who love a clean, strong, stirring story, well told, and what son of Adam does not? will revel in this latest and best Klondike tale from Jack London's virile pen. The story possesses all the fascination of the far Northland, with its hourly conflict with elemental forces and its hardihood born of the daily hazard of life and death. The central figure, a dog, is one of Nature's heroes—the fittest to survive, and compels one's admiration and sympathy by his daring, determination, devotion and leadership. In the telling, the author, like a strong runner stripped for the race, has discarded every superfluous ounce of weight. Not an incident, not a phrase, not a word but is instinct with purpose, with meaning, with directed vitality.

The dog, Buck, son of a St. Bernard father and Collie mother, has been reared in luxury in the home of Judge Miller in Southern California, and had all the advantages that civilization can offer to a dog. The demand for sledge-dogs in Alaska, resulting from the discovery of gold there, has increased the market value of dogs, and Buck is stolen from his home, sold, and shipped to the Klondike, where, after being "broken in," he is put to work in a team drawing sledges. The hardships of the new country, the intense cold, the scanty food, the hard work and the driver's lash bring out Buck's splendid inherited traits, and teach him many new things. He immediately proves himself fitted to survive by adapting himself to his new surroundings, and quickly learning "the law of club and fang." "At home he would have died for a moral principle, say in defence of Judge Miller's riding whip," but here, for the bare need of living, he learns to steal food without being caught, to fear a man only when he has a club or a gun, to hold everything weaker than himself in subjection, and to deal with an antagonist without mercy. Under the law of club and fang pity is a severe handicap. The work of centuries of civilization, as summed up in Buck, is rapidly undone, and the primitive instincts, which are but the registration of the habits of his remote wolf ancestors, are aroused. The fitful glimpses, the faint sounds, the subtle scents of the wild woods insistently appeal to the dormant "primordial beast" within him, and he listens with increasing responsiveness. On the other hand, civilization calls to him imperatively through his great love for John Thornton, the man who had saved his life in dire extremity and whose life he in turn had saved in still more desperate straits. For long he hesitates between the two, though yielding ground daily to the spell of the wild free life of the woods. But how, when finally the last link which binds him to civilization is tragically broken, Buck yields himself freely to the call and goes back joyfully to the wolves and the freedom of the Wild, and the whole fascinating story of it you should read for yourself and enjoy. Mechanically the book is entirely pleasing, printed on a heavy deep cream paper very restful to the eye, and illustrated in a novel and highly artistic manner in neutral and three-tone pictures in fine harmony with the spirit of the story.

MARGARET HAILE.

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. Percival Lowell. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York. $1.25.

Professor Lowell is director of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, and is an authority on Mars. In the most interesting chapter of this book he sums up all that has been discovered about this most intimately known of the planets, and one finds the amount surprising. After a careful description of the phenomena that have been observed, he goes on:

"These phenomena lead to the conclusion that the polar caps are masses of snow and ice; that the light areas are deserts; that the dark (blue-green) areas are tracts of vegetation; that there are no permanent bodies of water on the planet, and very little water in any form; that the surface is remarkably flat; that the temperature is moderately high by day but low at night; that it is fairly warm in summer but cold in winter," and that the water of the polar sea is fresh. These conclusions are reached quite independently of the "canals," that mysterious network of fine dark lines, meshing the whole face of the planet, usually if not always following arcs of great circles, with dark spots where they converge. Of these he says;

"They are of uniform width, from five to thirty-five miles, and sometimes thousands of miles in length. They waste nothing in breadth. Whatever breadth is necessary is used, and no more, and that is retained throughout. They go directly from certain conspicuously probable

Points to certain others. If we were obliged to connect the planet by a system of intercommunication, it is precisely those points we should ourselves select. . . . The round black dots, the oases, are found at the intersection of the lines. How important they are in the planet's economy is to be inferred from the host of canals each of them receives. Four, very rarely three, is the minimum number of approaches to them, and this number rises in the case of Ceranius to seventeen. It is not too much to suppose, though as yet we cannot count it more than a conjecture, that the oases serve some such purpose as our cities and are centres of population.

"From this we add to our list of conclusions —that the canals are artificial; and therefore imply organic intelligent life upon the planet . . . . It is certain that there can be no men there; that is as certain as anything well can be. But that does not preclude a local intelligence equal to, and perhaps easily superior to, our own. We seem to have evidence that something of the sort does exist there, and has made imprint of its existence far exceeding anything we have yet left upon mother Earth.

The other planets are also dealt with as interestingly as their respective natures allow, and a Cosmogony is given at the end. The scientific conclusions throughout are given in simple and lucid language, though the algebraic-and-conic-sections-looking arguments scattered at intervals, are somewhat appalling to the laity. However, it is easy enough to calmly skip these, and take the good Professor's word for it. In other words, this is a book which will be valuable to the advanced student of science, as well as to those busy people who have to be content to take their science on somebody else's authority.

M. H.

NEW CONCEPTIONS IN SCIENCE. By Carl Snyder. Harper & Brothers, New York. Cloth, 360 pp., $2.00.

While at the present day it is almost literally true that a scientific book is out of date by the time it is off the press, Carl Snyder's "New Conceptions in Science" will prove exceedingly valuable as a popular resumé of the progress Science has made during the last ten years toward a solution of the mystery of the beginning of things. It brings its subject right up to date; that is, up to the date the book went to press, which was recent enough to permit of the introduction of a most interesting chapter on The Search for Primal Matter, giving some of the latest theories suggested by the discovery of radium and uranium and the experiments with cathode rays. The theory is touched upon that in the "corpuscles," a thousand of which go to make up an atom of say hydrogen, primal matter, the ultimate basis of existing things, has at last been reached, inasmuch as to all intents and purposes the fascinating "corpuscles" are all alike, whereas of the chemical atom, the hitherto "undivided particle of matter," there was an interesting variety, some seventy or more.

The chapters on Newest Ideas as to What is Life, Bordering the Mysteries of Life and Mind and The World Beyond Our Senses, read like fairy stories but, in reality, give the substance of the result of long years of patient experiment and laborious synthesizing of already ascertained facts on the part of an army of scientific investigators the world over.

Other chapters are on Wireless Telegraphy, Synthetic Chemistry, An Explanation of Electricity, The Finite Universe and How the Brain Thinks, all written in simple, clear and popular style.

M. H.

THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE. By James Lane Allen. Published by Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. cloth. $1.50.

In marked contrast to the strenuous Call of the Wild is another one of the books of the year, the Mettle of the Pasture. The curious title is a quotation from Shakespeare, the pasture being represented by "Our earth, a small, grass-grown planet hung in space; and unaccountably making his appearance upon it is man, a pasturing animal, deriving his mettle from his pasture."

As in all Mr. Lane's books, the scene is laid in Kentucky—or is it in Arcady? With his love of the sensuous beauty of Nature as well as its spiritual significance, and his admiration for all that is beautiful and high in human nature, he at once invests all his scenes with the very atmosphere of the Land of Romance. In this story, or idyll, there is not much plot; the incidents are few, and haven't necessarily anything to do with the working out of what plot there is. You sit down leisurely with winsome Marguerite in the public library and read the exquisitely quaint and amusing extracts from Lady Bluefield's "Ye Gentle Art of Courting;" and you listen to fine old Judge Morris's philosophic and reminiscent monologues, with the same pleasure that you watch the tumbling bumble-bees, the flitting butterflies and the floating clouds, and listen to the hum of the myriad insects, as you stroll through a country lane on a summer afternoon.

Oddly enough, this charming and delicately moulded idyll holds within it a moral problem, which has aroused much discussion among the critics and their readers. Briefly stated the problem is: Is a man in honor bound to tell the woman he loves and is about to marry, all about his past life, as the once erring but high-souled hero of this story does? Bliss Carman, in a review in the New York Times, gives Mr. Lane credit for his charm and finish of style and artistic work, but considers the hero's course Quixotic. The secret was not his, he says; half of it belonged to the woman in the case. "The man who will not tell a lie and maintain it cheerfully in such a case is not a gentleman, whatever else he may be. As for the benighted imbecile who insists on telling all he knows about himself, he simply is not fit for human society. There are many things that ought to be ruthlessly forgotten; to recall them is almost as criminal as to commit them, and to

rehearse them to another is stark folly." Most men will probably say amen to these sentiments; but somehow, the ideal of a perfect understanding and confidence and mutual tenderness and forgiveness and helpfulness between one man and one woman, in other words, the ideal of a true love, is, and I presume always will continue to be, a very attractive one to most women. The perfect understanding which came to these two, after Isabel had grown great enough to forgive, knowing all, must have been full compensation for the suffering both had undergone. Even one day of complete and perfect understanding of the whole nature, the strength and the weakness, the aims and the struggles of one we love, is worth a whole lifetime of a blind adoration of the one side only which is kept constantly turned towards us in fear that if we should see the other side we would no longer love.

Then, too, it is not only a question of whether it is demanded of the man that he should tell. It was just as necessary that Isabel, in her self-righteous isolation, should, for her own sake, learn something of what human nature really is, and thus come into the Great Brotherhood through sympathy. It is only by facing the Facts of existence, the facts of our common human nature and of our environment, that we can hope ever to come in touch with Truth. It may hurt, but it is worth while. M. H.

THE PHOTO-MINIATURE.—June. Published by Tennant & Ward, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Single copies 25 cents. $2.50 a year.

The Photo-Miniature for June, No. 51, deals with Press Photography. It is a practical exposition by C. H. Claudy, an experienced newspaper writer and photographer, of the photographic art as applied to newspaper and magazine requirements. Amateur photographers ambitious to sell their work to the press and magazine publishers and thus gradually work into the professional field, will find invaluable suggestions in this little brochure covering every step of the *modus operandi*. A careful study of its contents should enable any good amateur to at once establish a profitable connection with some publication, either local or in one of the larger cities. The magazine is illustrated with several striking photographs setting forth the kind of pictures which go to make good "copy" and which editors are always glad to obtain.

THE TRUST; ITS BOOK. By C. R. Flint, J. J. Hill, James H. Bridge, S. C. T. Dodd, and F. B. Thurber. Edited by James H. Bridge. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.25.

This is a very excellent compilation of essays upon the Trust by people who are likely to know most about it, inasmuch as they are builders of the Trust. Mr. Flint, in particular, is known as the Father of Trusts, having originated so many of them, although a number that he organized have since been in very shoal water financially.

The book has, in addition to the opinions of the authors named, remarks upon the subject of Trusts by Rev. Lyman Abbott, Senator Hanna, and a number of others who are in the public eye. It is a very useful book for anyone wishing to be thoroughly at home on the Trust question. H. G. W.

TRUST FINANCE. By E. S. Meade. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

Mr. Meade's book might be entitled "A Guide to the Investment of Money," and it is probably as good a book as one could buy if he belongs to the class of investors, but I fear that any reader who looks for any deep philosophical ideas on the Trust will be disappointed.

On the question of the reason for the Trust, and the detail of its organization, and for information as to what preferred stock, debenture bonds, etc., are, it is a most excellent handbook. Professor Meade shows very conclusively that while economy of management ensues from combination, yet the main reason of the Trust is the desire to avoid competition and the resulting low prices. He seems to think that the cause of the low price of Trust stocks lies in their over-capitalization; says that they don't put aside sufficient for reserve, and that they are so eager to get a market for their stocks that they pay dividends when they should not, and he warns the public against placing too much confidence in these stocks or investing their savings in them. He is perplexed by the fact that when great industrial enterprises are paying tremendous dividends to their owners, the rate of interest is constantly declining. He solves the mystery, however, by his own original discovery that the trouble lies in the incompetent business methods of the Trust. Of course that is all absurd. The reason the rate of interest is falling is that openings for the investment of capital are getting to be less and less frequent; and the reason there is less openings for the investment of capital is simply that a few great capitalists have absorbed all the openings for investment, and their earnings are so large that they don't require any help from outside.

As Mr. Meade says, Standard Oil stock is selling at $700. This simply means that Mr. Rockefeller does not care to sell any stock unless you pay him $700 for $100 of stock; and even then you only get 6 per cent. on your investment, while Mr. Rockefeller makes 50 per cent. on his original investment because he got in on the ground floor.

Mr. Meade does not fall into the common error that because the rate of interest is low, the rate of return to the capitalitst is also low. He knows well enough that Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, gets his 50 per cent. income from the original investment, and does not attempt to show that because the rate of interest is down to 3 or 4 per cent., Mr. Rockefeller is therefore getting only 3 or 4 per cent. on his investment.

I can recommend the book to those who wish to make a close study of the Trust Problem.

H. G. W.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

The advance agents of the Co-operative Commonwealth are the workers in the movement that stands for that condition, and those who do their share towards sending into the homes of the workers a weekly or monthly visitor in the shape of a propaganda paper are not the least amongst them.

The agents and workers for our magazine have been doing a noble work in that respect, and we need hardly say that their efforts have been and still are very much appreciated. The time has come, however, when we must make some preparations for the campaign of next year, and we are of the opinion that the preparatory work that will be done between now and the time that the actual work of the campaign starts is that which will tell. As a matter of course it naturally follows that in order to make this possible a special effort will be required on the part of the workers to increase the circulation of the magazine NOW, so that the voters will have ample time to read and think the matter over thoroughly.

We have every reason to feel satisfied with the growth of our movement in the past few years, but that certainly is no reason why any of the workers should relax their efforts in even the smallest degree. In fact, it should be additional reason for displaying an even greater degree of activity than ever. And the comrades in this country should look at their co-workers across the waters and take from them some lessons in aggressiveness.

Our magazine has at this time 100,000 subscribers, but we are not satisfied with that number; we want 250,000 before the Fall elections, and it can be done if all the workers will simply do their little mite. Our reason for being desirous of reaching the 250,000 mark is not that we can have something to talk about, but to increase the power for doing good which the magazine may enjoy. We are in this fight to stay until we win. We know that it requires effort and sometimes plenty of it to induce the comrades to get to work, and that is especially true at this time of the year, but we want the workers everywhere to feel that this is their fight and that WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is simply one of the instruments in the great movement. Just in the measure that the comrades support it, just to that extent will we be able to do some good for the movement that is dear to us all. Every subscriber that is received is one step nearer the final goal for which we are all striving. Are you with us in the work for the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth?

Let us all work together with the determination that by the end of the year at the latest 250,000 people shall be receiving our magazine each month, which will mean that at least half a million will be reading the magazine each month. We do not elaborate on this power for good. It will be quite plain to all those who read this. All will readily see the results of having that many readers.

RICHARD GARTLEMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Are you with us in this effort? If so, start the subscriptions rolling this way and we will do our share towards making socialists enough, so that we can point with pride to the results after the votes are counted next fall.

In the barometer this month we are giving the photos of some of our prize winners in the last contest, Messrs. Gartleman, Casler, Hull and Dr. Reese.

This magazine has always had the desire and intention of keeping its pages clean and free from objectionable matter. As an evidence of

this please notice that we do not publish advertisements of Whiskey, Drug and Liquor Habits Cured, Flesh Reduced, Hypnotism, objectionable Medical nor objectionable or deceptive advertisements of any kind. Our cash receipts could be increased $25,000 or more a year by the publication of advertising of this nature, but we prefer the confidence and approval of our subscribers and advertisers.

WM. J. CASLER
Turtle Creek, Pa.

Orting, Wash., Aug. 20, 1903.

For the thinking man or woman, I consider WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE the best one published in the United States.

From the way the Socialist sentiment is growing among the producing class, I believe it will only be a short time until people will insist on having all the issues of the magazine published in book form; and indeed it would make a most valuable part of any home library. Besides all the splendid contributions, the editorials are forceful and to the point.

What strikes me more than anything else is the brilliant and convincing illustrations Mr. Wilshire uses in his writings.

My best wishes for the success of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. P. H. PAULSON.

Osceola, Wis., Aug. 12, 1903.

As my magazine fails to reach me I suspect my subscription has expired. If so, renew and send me bill. Must have your magazine to read. C. W. STAPLES.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 15, 1903.

I have not received my July edition of your magazine. I received the August copy. I am keeping all copies on file since your expulsion from the land where the eagle screams, and do not want to miss one.

Please forward same, and oblige,
FRANK BOHLMAN.

Yonkers, N. Y., July 20, 1903.

My Dear Wilshire:

Noticing your review of the Kempton-Wace letters* in this month's magazine, I took occasion to read the book. I hope to have an opportunity to review it. It completely surprised me. I read it with increasing astonishment at the power and resources of the mind that conceived and executed it.

No such intellectual grasp of a subject in the last degree difficult and subtle has been seen in literature since George Eliot's time. It is a new thing in our literature, and it is a wholly new departure in novel writing. And though I, personally, do not "like" the book, that fact may give the more weight to my perception and conviction of its singular merits.

Ever sincerely yours,
JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

*Published by the Macmillan Co.

New York, July 24, 1903.

Dear Wilshire:

I thank you for putting the *Critic & Guide* on your exchange list. I have always enjoyed your unique magazine and think it is doing excellent work in stirring up the dormant cerebra of thousands of people. We may disagree as to the methods of obtaining the end, but I am fully in accord with you in the belief that the Nation should own the Trusts.

Let us hope that an amnesty will soon be granted to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, so that it may return from its exile to its native land.

WM. J. ROBINSON, M.D., Editor.

ERNEST D. HULL
Naugatuck, Conn.

Life is becoming a matter well worth attending to just at present; just the right time to be on earth. We will see the whole show, and who could ask for anything better than "WILSHIRE'S?" WILLIAM WESTON.

New York, July 22, 1903.

Have just received by mail the book, "King Noanett," by F. J. Stimson, and thank you very much for it. But to my belief there can not be a much better, or a much more useful book to read for the people of this twentieth century, than is Wilshire's Magazine. For it opens the eyes of mankind; it penetrates all walls of ignorance, and spreads light and truth, where darkness dwelt before.

My only regret is that I am not able to get all wage slaves to subscribe for Wilshire's Bible, which, if they would, would soon end the wage slavery of the working class, and the bells of emancipation would ring. ISAAC KONECKY.

Galt, Canada, July 10, 1903.

Your magazine is getting better with each issue, and its coming is anxiously awaited every month. The Comrades in our League are going to push it hard in the next competition, and think it is about time you were giving us that promised lecture, but as the joys of anticipation are great, you no doubt wish them to last as long as possible. HARWOOD WARING.

Chicago, July 11th, 1903.

Permit me to congratulate you on the excellent publication you have been bringing out for the last few issues. A. M. SIMONS,
Editor, The International Socialist Review.

Des Moines, Iowa, July 10th, 1903.

Wilshire's is fine. I think it more suited for the man that has a scale or two removed from his eyes, and is just beginning to see the light, than it is for an eye-opener or, in other words, a starter. The main reason for this is that the average working man has to be knocked down with a club a few times before he will begin to think. For that reason I think our radical weeklies are doing a grand work. In fact, there is a place for them all, and I like them all. God speed them in their noble efforts to uplift humanity. E. L. CROSBY.

Azusa, Cal., July 2, 1903.

I wish to congratulate you on the grand work you are doing for Socialism. California is awakening to the Socialist cause in a manner that no one thought of a few months ago. I consider you and your magazine are doing as much as anything else in the United States for the Cause. You reach a class that no one else does. C. W. LYMAN.

Dos Palos, Cal., June 27th, 1903.

The Al Vista Camera you sent me for getting subscribers for your magazine is received, and I am very much pleased with it, and you have my hearty thanks for same.

Your magazine is doing a grand work, as I find that people who object to Socialist papers will read yours, and no reasonable man can find anything to object to in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

Wishing you success in your great work for humanity, I remain, T. KORSTAD.

Lynn, Mass., July 10, 1903.

If I can ever place a subscription for your magazine with any of the Members of this Lodge, or with any one else, I shall deem it my duty to do so, as well as a pleasure, for I consider it one of the most valuable publications touching economic questions before the public today, and I see many of them.

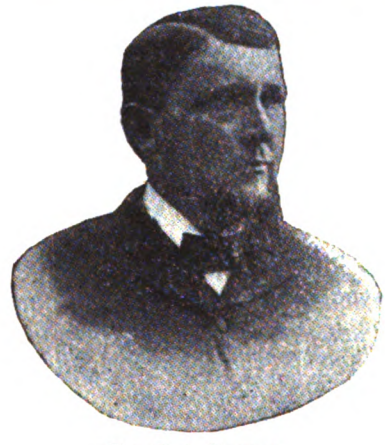
C. A. MERRILL.

We would once more remind our readers that they can do no better service for Wilshire's Magazine than by patronizing our advertisers.

Girard, Kansas, July 22nd, 1903.

I am very glad you have not given up all hopes of my working for the grandest and best magazine that was ever printed on American soil, which is WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

W. H. BUSH.



DR. C. A. REESE
Elmira, N. Y.

Sandusky, O., June 30, 1903.

I have received your letter and circular telling about the new contest.

As a former worker you ask me to accept your warmest appreciation for past efforts. Don't mention it, as I'm only too happy in finding time to get people interested in your most excellent magazine.

Please send me ten yearly subscription cards, and enter my name in your contest. Enclosed find $5.00 for the cards. We're going to make things "hum" in Ohio this fall.

You perhaps have heard about our going to start a state paper at Dayton, O. We are helping forward the "good time coming" and do it cheerfully.

The P. O. gang are getting the light turned on them now, and the one who laughs last, laughs best, you know.

THOS. H. COWENS, Literary Agent,
Socialist Local, Sandusky.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

"I see you advertise for a donkey," said the man who looked as if he had something for sale.

"Oh, yes," said the busy man, stopping his work for a minute to look up, "but I want one with four legs."—Clipped.

Plaint of the Plutocrat.

I have bought everything I can buy ;
I have tried everything I can try ;
I have eaten each eatable ;
Beaten each beatable ;
I have eyed everything I can eye.

I have sold everything I can sell ;
I have told everything I can tell ;
I have seized all the seizable,
Squeezed all the squeezable,
Till they have shelled everything they can shell.

I have ridden each thing I can ride ;
I have hidden each thing I can hide ;
I have joked all the jokable,
Soaked all the soakable ;
I have slid everywhere I could slide.

I have walked everywhere I could walk ;
I have talked everywhere I could talk ;
I have kissed all the kissable,
Hissed all the hissable ;
I have balked everything I can balk.

I have crushed every one I could crush ;
I have hushed every one I could hush ;
I have drunk every drinkable ;
Thought every thinkable ;
I have rushed everywhere I could rush.

I have been everything I can be,
And the scheme of things will not agree ;
I have spent all that's spendable—
Still it's not endable,
And I mean it's a bother to me.

—Chicago Tribune.

A Misnomer.

A very pompous woman attempted to leave a car while it was in motion, and the little conductor detained her with the usual,—

"Wait until the c-a-a-r sthops, leddy !"

"Don't address me as 'lady,' sir !" she said haughtily.

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am, but we are all liable to mek mistakes," was the immediate reply.—Lippincott's.

Friendship.

We hate some persons because we do not know them ; and we will not know them because we hate them. The friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm ; for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices.—Colton.

So long as we love we serve ; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable, and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Stevenson.

Children have moral measles sometimes. Only let them alone, and they will get well of themselves. There is a wise herb in the garden, and it is called thyme.—Mitchell.

Dinkelspielers.

Der meaning uf intelligence is to know how to laugh at a rich man's choke.

Der meaning uf health is to eat a large breakfast mitouid der aid uf a drug store.

Der meaning uf a trust is a machine used py a bunch of money grabbers to get der money in bunches.

Der meaning uf speculation is to pay a niggle for a seat in der street car und guess ven you vill get id.

Der meaning uf consolation is a man dot has on silk undervear ven he falls down und rips his trouserings.

Der meaning uf liberty is a license to think according to der plans und specificationing uf der Boss uf our vard.

Der meaning uf glory is der praise a great man gets because der facts in der case prevent us from throwing der hammer ad him.

Der meaning uf patience is a voman dot believes her husband is a goot fellow ven he is ouid proving id ad a saloon.—George V. Hobart in Hearst's Chicago American.

There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men and women, if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain.—Charles Dickens.

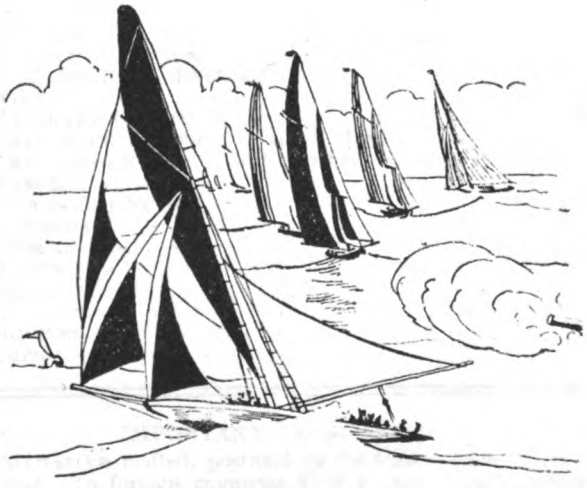
OCTOBER, 1903

$1.00 PER YEAR

10 CENTS

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor



INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE WORLD'S MARKET

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

October, 1903

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SIR THOMAS LIPTON

From a painting by H. T. See, New York.
See page 65.

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 63 TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1903 $1 Per Year

UNDIGESTED SECURITIES

THERE has been considerable discussion in the newspapers about the menace to our industrial situation resulting from the public being unable or unwilling to buy a large mass of securities, bonds, stocks, etc., which Mr. Morgan and his associates have recently issued, based upon various enterprises incorporated by those esteemed gentlemen.

In order to understand the economic position clearly, let us suppose that there are but three capitalists in the world, viz., Morgan, Vanderbilt and Rockefeller, and that these three men own the whole earth. They look over this sphere and determine that certain railroads and canals and steel works can be built which would give certain facilities for the production of material commodities better than those now existing. Suppose they detail, after a careful calculation, say two-thirds of the inhabitants of the earth to the work of manufacturing the food, clothing, housing, etc., which they find necessary for the whole of of the inhabitants. They divide the remaining one-third of the people into two parts, detailing one part, *i. e.*, one-sixth of the whole, to construct such new industries as they may think are wanted, and then they set the other half to work producing luxuries for themselves or working as their servants, footmen, coachmen, etc.

This is practically the industrial process now going on. As long as Vanderbilt, Morgan and Rockefeller can keep the whole six-sixths of us employed, there is no danger of any unemployed problem or any trouble about undigested securities. If it take a full three-thirds of the earth's population to produce wealth enough for the whole two-thirds, it is evident that if any larger part than the remaining one-third were devoted to the production of new machinery or of luxuries, then the excess must be subtracted from the two-thirds, the number necessary to feed the whole three-thirds.

However, supposing the capitalists were so eager to build new railroads or so greedy to enjoy luxuries that they would employ more than the one-third at such occupations, the result would be a diminution in the amount of grain and pork produced, since the necessary two-thirds would not be working, which would force part of the world to go hungry. This would be the condition which is described in the economic phraseology: "Too much floating capital has become fixed capital." That is, we would be building railroads more rapidly than we could afford. Now, supposing Mr. Vanderbilt had desired to build more railroads than Mr. Rockefeller thought the world could afford to build, and Mr. Rockefeller therefore would not join him; and he would say to Mr. Vanderbilt: "Look here, Vanderbilt, you may go ahead and build as many railroads as you wish or you think needed. I will lend you money to do it with, if you will pledge your part of the world to me as security for repayment." In other words, Vanderbilt assumes the risk and will get the profits or meet the losses, while Rockefeller advances the money and gets simply interest. This advance of money simply means that Rockefeller allows Vanderbilt part of his share of the products of his laborers to feed and clothe his, Vanderbilt's, laborers in payment for their producing more railroads for Vanderbilt.

If before the completion of the railroad, or even after it, Rockefeller should demand payment from Vanderbilt of what had been lent to him, and Vanderbilt could not pay, of course Rockefeller would be in a position to force Vanderbilt to give up a part of his share of the earth, Rockefeller would foreclose his mortgage. Of course, if Rockefeller would give Vanderbilt time, Vanderbilt might finally pay him off, but it might be that conditions would be such that Rockefeller would insist upon immediate payment, and Vanderbilt would be in a bad way. By immediate payment, as things go today, we mean payment in gold. But gold is obtained from the laborer who mines it by the exchange of other commodities produced by other laborers; so that Vanderbilt's laborers in time would produce sufficient food to feed other laborers digging out gold, and this gold would first go into Vanderbilt's hands and then come into Rockefeller's hands in payment of the debt. But all this takes time, and time might be the element most important in the case and be vital to Vanderbilt's being able to liquidate his indebtedness to Rockefeller.

Suppose Vanderbilt is building railroads today, that he is issuing bonds and stocks upon these railroads, which are virtually notes of indebtedness, and that he expects to sell these stocks and bonds to Rockefeller. But Rockefeller does not buy with the avidity that he might be expected to do. Vanderbilt would find himself with a lot of "undigested securities" on hand which he could not dispose of. In the course of time Vanderbilt himself could take up his own undigested securities, so to speak, from the income of his own properties, and also in course of time Rockefeller and Morgan, from the income of their properties, would have a surplus on hand to buy such securities, because they would have no other place to invest their surplus incomes. But again, this is all a question of "time." Therefore, the problem of "undigested securities" is, like any other question of digestion, one of time. A man eats

a hearty dinner; if he is in a healthy state and you give him time he will digest it, and nothing else but time can effect the digestion.

"Undigested securities" simply mean that a certain part of the capitalists have overbuilt the machinery of production and their bonds and securities issued upon this footing have not been sold to other capitalists as readily as was anticipated. However, unless financial disturbance takes place, this condition is of no material consequence, inasmuch as it only requires time to straighten matters out. That is, this will be true if the inordinate construction of new machinery be abated.

Another phrase, which is often used when issuing bonds for the payment of certain improvements, is "we will let posterity pay for the said improvements." As a matter of fact, any work that is being done on earth today, building railroads or anything else, must be and can only be done by the present generation, and it is absurd to talk about a generation which is yet unborn doing any work for us. If bonds are issued by a city in order to pay for its sewer system, it simply means that labor is being performed in some other part of the world, for instance, raising wheat and pork—and this food is lent by the capitalist constructing such improvements to the citizens of that town to feed them while they are building their sewer, upon the pledge that the said pork and wheat shall be paid back at some future day with an added percentage in the way of interest. Taking the earth as a whole, however, it is absurd to talk about posterity constructing any present-day improvements. The "posterity" that works for us is simply the present generation in a different locality.

The danger of today consists not in undigested securities, but rather in capitalist society not having enough securities furnished it to feed it. Of course, as in the case of an individual laborer, there are times when he may suffer from indigestion from eating too much food, but his great danger is not over-eating, but in the possibility that some day he will not have enough to eat. The continuance of our capitalist system depends upon the construction of more and more machinery, and this machinery, whether it be a new railroad or a new telegraph cable, is represented by new securities, bonds and stocks, and when the world reaches the point where no more of these machines are needed, there will be no more bonds thrown on the market. The consequence will be that the stock market will be suffering from a scarcity of stocks rather than from a surplus. The immediate result will be a great rise in the price of existing stocks and bonds; unless, which is very possible, there should be a period of great commercial depression owing to general overproduction, which will so reduce the earnings of existing stocks that prices fall, notwithstanding that no more stocks are being added to the general market. The moment the process of construction of new machinery ceases, and it must cease owing to the practical completion of the industrial equipment, then we will be confronted with a great unemployed problem. While this unemployed problem may take place coincidently with the phenomenon of "undigested securities," the only reason that they are coincident is that the securities have been issued upon the last lot of machinery constructed, and

which has failed to pay dividends owing to there having been no commercial demand for such machinery.

Every day there are less and less opportunities for the investment of capital in enterprises which promise safety and security. The result is that a great deal of machinery is likely to be built for which there is no demand, in the capitalistic sense; and upon this machinery there will be floated stocks and bonds which will probably in very many instances never pay any dividends. Such securities will, of course, remain "undigested," for they are of the nature of food known to be innutritious and indigestible, and consequently in no demand. In the continued manifestation and appearance of this kind of undigested securities there is indeed a menace to our whole financial structure; and it is probable that many of the securities which are classed today among the "undigested" are of this nature. In fact, the recent failure of the Shipbuilding Trust and of several other great corporations would seem to indicate that even though time were given, the public would be very unlikely to take over such securities, inasmuch as they are not of a nature to attract investors, since they would have very little likelihood of ever paying dividends.

Thus, one sees that the cry of "undigested securities" is of no especial menace if the securities are based upon legitimate financial operations, providing we have time to allow the public to gradually absorb such securities. On the other hand, if they represent such wildcat concerns as the Shipbuilding Trust, they are a menace to our financial system and a prophecy of its early collapse.

The financial system and the industrial system, though closely related are not necessarily affected by the same conditions. The *financial* systems of the world, and especially those of the United States, are of a much more delicate nature and more liable to derangement than the *industrial* system. Our industrial system will break down only when we finally reach the stage of complete overproduction of mechanical equipment. Our financial system can break down from a number of causes, at any time, and it is very likely that a violent financial crisis will be precipitated upon us some years ahead of the inevitable and final industrial crisis. Of course, it is understood that a financial crisis must bring on our industrial crisis. Any day might see some great banking concern break, which would pull down other banking concerns, and throw the whole financial world into a state of collapse. This collapse would naturally bring down at the same time our industrial structure; and we may not have to wait until the industrial structure is completed before we shall see the end of our competitive system.

As a matter of fact, the industrial structure is already in a state so near completion, that any great financial crisis is very likely to usher in the transformation of society from Capitalism into Socialism.

How the Trust May Perpetuate Itself

WILLIAM WHATELY

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:—

I read your good magazine regularly and admire and delight in the genial air and sprightly manner with which you dance in on the battlefield. Heaven knows, the good cause needed just that infusion of light-heartedness. There is solid value, too, in what you say, your intuitions have a startling suggestiveness and look as if they must be the truth.

There is one of your favorite contentions, though—and it is a pretty big block in your main argument—for which I have never been able to see the evidence. Not but what I would like to. I am more than willing, even anxious, to be convinced that your prophecy is right, for I am heart and soul a democrat, and, having been inoculated with the doctrine that only the power of hunger can be depended on to produce *en masse* movements of mankind, it fills me with dismay to think that there may be an aristocratic *regime* of industry which shall be economically stable.

The Trust is *the* powerful phenomenon of the day; it will become more and more powerful—even supreme—in the control of business and industry: so far I am with you. But when you go on to say that the dominance of the Trust, after it becomes supreme, is necessarily short-lived, that it must lead up, and soon, to the catastrophe of sudden disemployment on so vast a scale that it will drive the working-class into the bringing in of the Co-operative Commonwealth—I am as yet unable to follow you.

Let me quote, from the July (1902) number, your own words:

"The day is coming, 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.'"

In thinking that the Trust will find or place itself in a position where it must make this suicidal announcement to the workers, it seems to me that you underrate two things: first, the foresight and sense of the trust-builders; and, second, the effective possibilities of the completed organization in itself.

The same kind of sense of the needs of the day and the morrow which has led Morgan (as you so acutely point out) to reverse his tactics within the last twenty years, from under-capitalization to over-capitalization, will not fail him and his co-adjutors in the next twenty years; at least we cannot depend on its failing them, can we? During the present stage of trust-building it has been a part of the work of the builders of each separate trust to reduce the laboring force; they have given no thought to the question what became of the men discharged, what probability there was of their finding other work and continuing to be purchasers. During the next stage of trust-building, which is even now beginning, when the several trusts are to be co-ordinated, even in effect

combined into a vast whole, it must very early dawn on the minds of the builders that there is a new kind of economy which they must study as an essential part of the problem that faces them. That new kind of economy is the preventing of the waste of potential human labor; and it will not do for us to fool ourselves with the notion, that that particular problem will prove insoluble under perfected Trust domination, and when minds so bright are forced to grapple with it.

I have suggested the possibility that the Trust in its completed form may include some sort of compensating mechanism, so to speak, which will automatically take care of the disemployment difficulty as fast as it arises or even threatens to arise. To test this possibility, suppose we do the Rip Van Winkle act, and on waking from our twenty years' nap, ask The Trust, then all-controlling, sole and indivisible, for a statement of its receipts and outlay for one month. (These figures are *not* taken from the Census of 1920, therefore no one need bother to show how inaccurate they are; moreover, all that is necessary to the argument is that the amounts used should be somewhere within a long gun-shot of probability proportionately to each other.)

Suppose, then, we find that The Trust received during one month, for commodities of all sorts, perishable and permanent, $1;000,000,000; and that its disposition of this money was as follows:

(1) Wages for hand labor - -	$400,000,000
(2) Salaries of clerks, managers and officers - - - - -	250.000,000
(3) Interest on its bonds and dividends on its stock -	330,000,000
(4) Taxes - - - - - - - -	20,000,000
Total - - - - - -	$1,000,000,000

Now the question that interests *us* is what next becomes of all this money, what the people who receive it do with it. Of course they either spend it or save it. Out of (1) the wages for hand labor we may guess that nineteen-twentieths will be spent and no more than one-twentieth, or $20,000,000, saved. Out of (2), the salaries of clerks, managers and officers, we may assume that one-tenth will be saved, amounting to $25,000,000. Out of (3), the interest received by the bondholders and stockholders, we may assume that one-half will be saved, amounting to $165,000,000. The taxes (4) are of course practically all spent, *i.e.*, turned into wages at once.

These guesses give us the total amount of the savings of the month as $210,000,000 out of the $1,000,000,000. Of course the $790,000,000 gives us no trouble; it is paid back to The Trust in the next month for perishable commodities and keeps the wheels turning. A fraction of the $210,000,000 also plays the same part, but indirectly; it is used by the people who have saved it to buy bonds and stocks already in existence from persons who are spending their principal, either in riotous living or in benevolence; in either case, the money these spendthrifts receive from the frugal for their securities goes at once to The Trust for commodities. Let us guess that the amount of the savings disposed of in this way is $20,000,000. This leaves in the hands of the rich or the frugal the sum of $190,000,000, for which new investments must be found, whereby that sum will be turned into payment for permanent commodities — machinery or structures of some kind—in order that there may be as much available for wages in the second month as in the first.

We must bear in mind that the owners of this money will not be clamoring for high interest on the new investments; they will be content with such rates of interest as The Trust vouchsafes to give; and that there is nothing to prevent the rate from going much lower than at present—even as low as one per cent. Of course, the lower the rate of interest, the less the inducement for saving, and the larger share of incomes will be spent—thus reducing the dimensions of our difficulty. Here is where the automatic arrangement comes in, to put it in extreme form, if, as some authorities

have prophesied, interest should come down to *nil*, individual savings would practically cease and the wheels of The Trust would turn steadily, month after month, without any necessity for searching out new forms of investment.

We must bear in mind also that there will be another employer for labor besides The Trust, that is, the government in its national, state and local forms. Of course, its actions will be dictated by The Trust; but there is no reason to doubt that The Trust will order it to issue bonds whenever necessary to absorb savings which The Trust for the time has no use for, and to use the proceeds of such bonds to carry out the most extensive and imperial public works. The greater part of our railroads could be rebuilt to advantage in a thoroughly substantial manner, if money could be had to do it with at low rates. The same may be said of our cities and villages; in fact, we may presume that The Trust will have as one of its departments an immense corporation for building apartment houses on a vast scale in all our cities which, if a net return of no more than one per cent. were looked for, could comfortably house all classes of the people. The rural districts could be covered with a network of electric railroads; those at present existing, and running on the public highways, could all be taken up and replaced by lines running on fenced ways of their own across the fields and always crossing the roads either above or below their level. The possibilities of outlay of labor in irrigation works at the West are immense; a vast amount could also be expended profitably on storage reservoirs in the upper valleys of the Ohio River and in a new system of levees for the Mississippi. In fact, when we look over our country and think of the valuable permanent improvements that could be made if money were to be had at one per cent. there seems to be no assignable limit to the amounts which could be so disposed of.

If the forecast I have made is anywhere near right as regards the relative amounts spent and saved by the people, the inference is that so long as the general plant of the entire country, that is to say, its permanent improvements of all kinds, is steadily increased at a rate which keeps one-fourth as much labor employed on that kind of work as is employed on the making of commodities to be consumed, no catastrophe will happen. Furthermore, the probability seems to be that one-fourth is a maximum requirement, that through lowering interest and less tendency to save, the fraction of requirement may be as low as one-sixth, in which case we cannot suppose there will be any difficulty in continuously meeting the requirement.

Coming now to the twenty years or so of transition, I am unable to see where any sudden stopping of work is likely to come in. Such a plethora of saving as must precede its coming in the manner you predict, will necessarily reduce the rate of interest. The trusts, gradually consolidating into The Trust, will at once take advantage of this tendency and reconvert their bonds at lower rates (in fact the Steel Trust has already undertaken one such conversion). This will reduce the outlay for interest relatively to the outlay for wages and salaries—thus cutting down the embarrassing savings at their source.

The net advantage of the reduction in fixed charges will mostly go to the officers and managers, and probably also to the foreman and most skilled workers, in the shape of greatly increased salaries, enabling them to live in more and more luxurious style. We may look to see a numerous hierarchy, so to speak, circle above circle, like the blessed in Dante's Paradise, raised above want or any straitened feeling in regard to their outlay for comforts and luxuries. There is practically no limit to what a man and his family can spend if they feel at liberty to buy whatever they desire; and the money so spent will not lead to any disemployment, for it will be paid out either for menial service or to The Trust for commodities to be consumed.

It is likely that the process of reducing fixed charges and increasing salaries will have gone so far by the close of the next twenty years that the figures I have given as guesses at the relative amounts of each might be vastly changed in favor of the salaries and against the interest-payments—which would reduce the problem of disposal of savings to a very easy one.

Our stupid competitive *regime* has blundered into more than one crisis, acute enough and widespread enough, one would think, to bring about some sort of uprising of the working class; but no, we have blundered out, somehow, and on again in our staggering way. Where, then, is the likelihood that the new *regime*, the flower of the executive genius of mankind, will drift or be forced into a crisis so much worse than any of the past as to produce the unexampled result you look for? If you can show such a likelihood, derived from facts, I shall be sincerely grateful.

Faithfully yours,
WM. WHATELY.

Mr. Whately's fundamental mistake is that he considers that the rate of interest on capital varies directly as the income of capital. Interest is determined by the profits that may be made from a *new* investment of capital. When there are no more investments for capital, owing to the industrial equipment being completed and developed into the Trust stage of industry, interest of course falls, but the fall of interest does not mean that the return to the capitalists who own the Trusts has become any less. For instance, Mr. Rockefeller, during the early period of building up the oil industry was able to pay interest at 10 per cent. on borrowed money because he could invest it in his business and make 20 per cent. Finally there came a time when there were too many oil refineries, and profits fell to nothing. Competition became so severe that not only was he not making any money, but he was actually losing money. The next stage of development was the formation of the Standard Oil Trust. A great increase of income came to Mr. Rockefeller owing to the monopoly he established; but inasmuch as the Trust itself was a confession of there being too many oil refineries, it is evident that for a while, at least, he would not need to build any more; and finally when the business so increased and developed that he would need money to build more oil refineries, he would be in possession of all the money of his own that he needed from the profits he was making from the Trust. No outsider could invest in the Trust except on the basis of paying Mr. Rockefeller a monopoly value for the stock. For instance: today the Standard Oil Company pays 48 per cent. per year upon its capitalization, but an investor cannot get 7 or 8 per cent. on his money, because the stock is selling at a premium of 700. Now, according to Mr. Whately's theory, the profits of the Standard Oil Trust are only 7 or 8 per cent., because a new investor cannot make more interest on his money than 7 or 8 per cent. by buying Standard Oil stock. As a matter of fact, however, we know that Mr. Rockefeller is making 48 per cent., he being in "on the ground floor." We might imagine that a few years from now the Standard Oil Trust would be making 100 per cent. per year on its original capitalization, and the stock would be selling at $4,000 a share; so that notwithstanding that it pays 100 per cent. on the original capitalization, a man who would come in at the rate of $4,000 a share would be making only 2½ per cent. Mr. Rockefeller, as one of the the original holders, owning one-half of the $100,000,000 of stock,

would be in receipt of an income of $50,000,000 a year, notwithstanding the fact that the rate of interest paid to the new investor would only be 2½ per cent. per annum. As all industrial enterprises are tending towards the trust stage, it can be seen that the dividends from stocks are becoming more in the nature of a rent than interest. There is a marked tendency for interest to fall to zero, and with interest at zero it simply means that there is no investment for capital in new enterprises. This does not mean, however, that capital in the shape of monopolies will not be paying enormous dividends upon the original investment. I may have bought land at the corner of Wall street and Broadway for $50 two hundred years ago, and today it may be worth $5,000,000. I am receiving an enormous rate of interest upon my original investment, but a purchaser from me today would have to pay the market value of the lot, and would only get the normal rate of interest for his money. But because he happens to get the normal rate of say 3 or 4 per cent. that does not mean that my income will not be 3,000 per cent. as an original investor. The very rich make their investments not because they are going to get a certain amount of interest today, or tomorrow, or even next year, but they make these investments because they have capital which they cannot utilize to advantage. They have the income which they cannot spend upon themselves in luxury, and they are therefore compelled to save it and to invest it. They are therefore quite prepared to go into enterprises which do not promise any return for years, and even then only a nominal rate. Rockefeller, Morgan and Vanderbilt do not save their money because the rate of interest tempts them to save, but they save it because they have nothing else to do with it.

Mr. Whately again has the old school idea regarding interest being the reward for abstinence, and that investments are open to all. This may have been true thirty or forty years ago, but today investments are closed to the vast majority, being monopolized by a few great capitalists. These capitalists do not save their money at the expense of their own personal suffering, nor can their saving be construed in any way as a reward of their abstinence. There is no possible luxury in the world which they will not indulge themselves in. Their labor is but to determine what will give their jaded appetites new pleasures. They save their money because even the utmost ingenuity does not show them how to spend it. When this saving comes automatically to a close, as it must, for the Trust itself is a confession that we are rapidly approaching that period, then we shall be face to face with a great unemployed problem. As long as we have a competitive system which keeps people down to the minimum of expenses, there is bound to be this enormous surplus turned over to the capitalists which they must either spend or save, or fail for an insoluble unemployed problem. Even today the spending of the whole of their incomes by the rich is becoming too great a burden. Saving it, on the other hand, is becoming an impossibility through the closing of all avenues by which saving can be invested. The competitive wage system is doomed to destruction from the very logic of events. It is now a choice of the competitive system and destruction or Socialism and prosperity. "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP VS. SOCIALISM

THE corruption in the Post Office is being used as a text by anti-Socialist papers, such as the New York Evening Post, to show the fallacy of public ownership. Here is one of its recent editorials:

"They have scouted the idea of efficiency" under that sort of control. And it adds: "They have seen waste and extravagance writ large upon the system. This was so in the nature of the case. The methods and motives of the strict business man did not apply. A deficit did not mean a passed dividend, but only a fresh appeal to a good-natured uncle to advance some more money. Lavish expenditure could be covered up. There was no competitor to compel the adoption of up-to-date appliances, on peril of having the business ruined. Accordingly, in the judgment of first-class business men, the Department has long been the home of loose and wasteful management. We have heard one such man declare that, if he were put at its head with a free hand, unvexed by politicians, he would undertake to give a better postal service at a cost less by millions.

"All this, of course, was quite irrespective of actual stealings, such as have been disclosed. If estimates for the Department have to be made large enough to cover all manner of 'graft' and 'rake-off,' we see at once that the most swollen revenues will not suffice. And the point to keep distinct in our minds is that all this robbery of the public has come about purely because the Post Office is a public business. * * * * The system shows public ownership in its full flower. There is, at any rate, one comfort; it will be some time before the Post Office is again held up by the champions of 'nationalization' as an example of what they would like to do with the telegraphs and the railways. It stands today, rather, as an awful warning.

"But do we mean to say that this great nation cannot conduct its own public business? Have we no faith in the people? We have so much faith in them that we do not believe they are silly enough to run into danger needlessly. And our experience too plainly exhorts us to avoid every unnecessary extension of the powers of government. That way peril lies. Human nature being what it is, and political motives being what they are, 'public ownership of utilities' will be sure to be, in this country, a cloak for lax and blind management, extravagance, crookedness, looting. Let all unprejudiced Americans study the incompetence and corruption revealed in the Post Office Department—the very pride and delight hitherto of those who have argued for municipal and national ownership—and then ask themselves if it is not their bounden duty to oppose sinking further into that slough."

As has been repeatedly stated in this magazine, public ownership is simply a means to an end, the end being the abolition of the competitive wage system. It is perfectly evident that we cannot have co-operative distribution of the products of labor as long as we allow private persons to own our machinery of production, who, by virtue of that ownership, can demand rent to the extent of all we produce beyond the wages required to give us a mere living. Public ownership, unless it carries with it a co-operative system of distribution, is not necessarily of any particular benefit to us. A man, wishing to feed himself, first grinds his flour. The grinding of the flour does not make him any less hungry than he was before, but it is a necessary preliminary to making the bread which, when eaten, will remove his hunger. He would not be fool enough to say, when he got through grinding the flour, that because he didn't feel any better

than before, he would, therefore, not continue the making of the bread.

Public ownership of the Post Office is one of the steps which will provide a groundwork for complete public ownership of all the means of production, which is the necessary basis for the co-operative system. But public ownership of the Post Office is necessarily of no immediate particular benefit until it accomplishes the end toward which we are tending. We at once admit that public ownership is full of flaws, inasmuch as the politicians, who at present run the public utilities, are doing it not for the benefit of the public, but in order to line their own pockets. And it will always be thus until we have Socialism.

Under Socialism, where we would have a complete co-operative system, all "graft" would disappear because every one would have a good living, and there would be no incentive to steal, and any way, there would be no place to put one's stealings. If I had been made to pay $5,000 blackmail for the privilege of exercising my legal right to Post Office entry in this country, that $5,000 would have been used to advantage by the Post Office officials in buying, say railroad stocks and government bonds, or other property which would enable them to have an income without further work. Under Socialism there would be no possibility of monopolizing any of the means of production and making other people hire them before they could use them, and thus afford the owners thereof a living without work. Again, under Socialism there would be no strenuous president blinking his eyes at the acts of subordinates in office, for fear that their exposure will interfere with his ability to hold his strenuous job.

ALL DAY

All day, all day the shuttles fly
Across the noisy loom;
All day, all day the maidens sigh
Adown the busy room.
All day, all day the big machines
And belted pulleys play;
All day, all day the same old scenes,
All day, all day.

All day, all day the foreman's eyes
Sweep o'er the humdrum place,
All day, all day a grim expression lies
Upon his changeless face.

All day, all day a thousand feet
Tread through the weary way;
All day, all day to labor's beat,
All day, all day.

All day, all day the bent souls yearn
For freedom from the toil;
All day, all day the pulleys turn,
Begrimed with dust and oil.
All day, all day the toilers' fate
'Tis drudge or never pay;
All day, all day the endless gait,
All day, all day.

—Joe Cone in New York Sun.

FORTUNATE "PAUPER WORKINGMEN OF EUROPE"

Venice, August 19, 1903.

THE great mystery that always confronts me in the consideration of the labor problem of Europe, is how the European laborers, getting small wages and paying high prices for their food and clothing, yet appear to be in better physical condition than do the generality of our American working-class. To my enquiry the intelligent foreigner will usually respond that the Americans ruin their digestion by drinking ice-water, and are therefore unable to give physical and materia! manifestation of their better feeding. For my own part, I am inclined to think that the reason lies in the fact that the European workman is not driven so hard at his work and has less worry as to the certainty of his job holding out. He may get less food, but his work being less laborious, he needs less.

The freedom from dust in the European cities, owing to the streets being kept in better condition than those of our American cities, undoubtedly has much to do with making the conditions of their city life more healthy. The many attractions furnished by the European cities to their citizens, free of charge, such as picture galleries, public concerts, public parks, and even the very picturesqueness of the cities themselves, unquestionably contributes largely to that rest and recreation of the mind which is so necessary to the health of the body.

The workman in any event, no matter in what part of the globe he may be unfortunate enough to vote, simply gets enough wages to pay for his "keep." In New York his "keep" costs more than it does in Venice; therefore in New York he gets more wages. But here in Venice he lives in an earthly Paradise, the most beautiful city in the world. The climate is delightful the year round; the streets, whether of water or land, are free from dust. He has free libraries, free art galleries, and free music in the finest square in Europe. He looks fat and healthy, as do his wife and children—very much more so than their New York cousins. He has his daily paper for one cent—a Socialist one, too, if he wishes—and he sees the whole world parade itself in tourist form before his gaze for his edification and amusement.

Yes, his wages are small. A skilled man may get $2 a day, but there are many unskilled men not getting over fifty or sixty cents per day. The hours of labor are from eight to ten. Children under twelve are not allowed to work. Education is compulsory.

However, to come back to the question, the comparison of the condition of

ST. MARK'S, AND THE CAMPANILE, VENICE.

the European laborer with that of the American. I am now speaking of those I have seen, and not of such exceptional cases as may exist among the persecuted Jews of Russia or the very poorly paid laborers of Southern Italy. I say that, superficially at least, as to the clothes they wear, as to their houses, and as to their physical condition, no one would ever believe that the American working-class is better paid than the European. Is not the testimony of the eye just as good, if not better, than that of tables of comparative statistics regarding wages in the different countries? If I wish to know how well a farmer treats his horses, I don't ask to look at his account books in order to discover the price of oats and then figure out how many bushels of oats each horse gets per day by dividing the cost. Even if I did all this and the figures proved that the horses were well fed, I would not be satisfied if the appearance of the horses showed that they were starving and overworked. I do not by any means wish to imply that the European workingman is getting his due. I merely wish to point out the absurdity of the balderdash the American politician feeds out to our American voters and workingmen as to how much better off they are than the "pauper workingmen of Europe."

Venice is one of the last cities where one looks for a change. Since my last visit here, some nine years ago, the only noteworthy change is the disappearance of the famous Campanile, the square tower shown on the preceding page. This, as everyone knows, crumbled and fell to the earth some months ago. There is now on hand a project to restore it by a private company, which looks for its remuneration not in the gratitude of a thankful Venice, but in the more tangible manifestation of the fees to be gained from the tourists who will patronize the electric elevator to be built within, and from which a magnificent view of the city will be had. However, I am glad to say there is a good prospect of the Campanile never being rebuilt, since the original foundation has been shown to be quite unable to support a new tower, and the cost of a new foundation would be so great, that the company cannot see where they would ever get their money back, if they are obliged to go to this unexpected expense. I say I am glad of this, because, as any one can see, the tower detracts from the beauty of the Square. It is particularly in the way of gaining a good view of the Ducal Palace, and the Palace is worth twenty Campaniles. The historical interest of the Campanile is very much exaggerated, it having been the subject of so many restorations, and bad ones too. If the Piazza of St. Mark had never had a Campanile, and a private company had now come along and offered to build one in consideration of the privilege of running an electric elevator within it, there would arise such a howling and moaning among the artists of the earth that Ruskin himself would be roused from his grave to join in the indignant chorus.

I was only a few days in Rome, but was fortunate enough to have an opportunity while there of making the acquaintance of Signor Enrico Ferri, the Socialist deputy, and editor of the Socialist paper *Avanti*, which has a circulation of forty thousand. Ferri is a delight. It is rarely, indeed, that one meets a man with such force, magnetism and intellectual acuteness. He has the greatest hopes of the future of Socialism in Italy. He keeps in

close touch with America, and showed me the last number of his monthly magazine, *Il Socialismo*, wherein he had quoted very extensively from our recent article on Child Labor, written by J. G. Phelps Stokes. Ferri is an exceedingly good-looking man of perhaps forty-five, iron gray.

At Florence I was disappointed at missing D'Annunzio, who was away for the summer at his villa in the Appenines. H. G. W.

THE NEW UNIONISM IN AMERICA

N. O. NELSON

AN Alpine glacier couldn't stop the avalanche force that is carrying Unionism into Socialism. Fear of disruption alone has saved the conservatives in the last two annual conventions of the American Federation.

It has already lost the major portion of the Far West by the secession of the Western Federation — avowedly Socialist.

The National Machinists' Union submitted a Socialist resolution to a referendum vote.

That tells the sentiment of the delegates, which the members will heartily ratify.

The recent convention of the Brass Workers was almost unanimously Socialist, so a delegate assures me. Socialist action was suppressed and deferred for the sake of unanimity on purely union questions.

Unionists are not saints, nor are they fools. They have been bred in the school of self-interest, looking out for number one through association to their craft. They have made headway by intelligence and courage. New difficulties are met by resourceful expedients.

Two millions of them under one head seemed unconquerable. But employers also can organize and they can federate. They have done it, and are doing it now with a rush and effect. See New York, Omaha, Chicago and Denver. The lockout is as fierce and effective as the strike. Strengthened by federation and a Strike Insurance Company the employers are bidding defiance to Unionism.

The English Taft-Vale verdict assessing damages of $250,000 against the railroad Union for picketing, has given the cue in this country. Judgments have been rendered for considerable amounts in Connecticut, Vermont, Indiana and elsewhere. Three suits have been brought in Chicago aggregating $80,000, for damage to business by boycotts, picketing and intimidation.

Judgments go against the property of individual members, because the Unions are not incorporated, and an unlawful act involves every accessory to it. This is a second new and alarming difficulty, easily understood by intelligent Unionists.

Wages have risen, prices have risen, prices more than wages, profits more

than either. When the bricklayer gets $6 a day, the plumber $5, the carpenter $4, who pays the advance? The contractor? The owner? Yes; but he charges it to the tenant and adds a profit besides. The contractor and owner are middlemen, go-betweens. The wage earner pays the tax. Can you raise yourself by your boot straps? Are you bettered by raising wages 30 per cent. and prices 40 per cent.?

The intelligent Unionist sees the point. It is common sense logic.

Some wise men do tell us that the tariff cheapens goods, and other wise men tell us that higher wages makes lower prices. The Unionist looks at his grocery bill, butcher's bill, clothing bill, and rent receipt and laughs a sickly laugh.

Employers' Associations in front of him, damage suits to the right of him, high and rising cost of living to left of him. Whither shall the workingman flee?

To Socialism — the social ownership of the land and machinery by which workingmen live. Socialism promises that he who works shall enjoy and no one shall ride on his back. The parasite and spendthrift shall be converted to a worker—or a corpse by starvation.

Unionism has worked out one lode, it must now find another—fortunately one is at hand.

The Unionists stand alone—they are one-ninth of the wage earners; one-tenth or eleventh of all workers. It is dawning on the Unionist that his interest and his duty lie with all the industrious, that economic equality is the only justice, the only complete comradeship.

Socialists approve of Unionism as an intermediate step, as a consummate organization for effective leadership. They look with confidence and hope to the new Unionism that shall include all honest workers and own no master.

ON THE SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH

ROBERT J. THOMPSON
Officier de la Legion d'Honneur, author of "The Proofs of Life After Death"

"IF all the people," says Camille Flammarion, "who have lived up to this time arose from the dead, there would be five of them to every square foot upon the surface of all the continents, obliged to climb on one another's shoulders in order to stand."

It is a very simple proposition. Out of a population of one thousand individuals there is an average of twenty deaths per annum. With a billion and a half people on the earth, or one million, five hundred thousand thousands, the total annual death rate for the world amounts to thirty million human beings. If a man live over the common span of four-score years, the inconceivable number of two billion, four hundred million fellow creatures will have died while he has lived.

The Creator seems to be quite as lavish with humanity as he is with the

bee, the ant, or the bacilli prodigiosi. Here a Roosevelt waves his antennæ and cries to his fellows: More eggs! More pollen! More bees for the hive's sake!

Men desire more that the living remain, than that the unliving (unborn) appear. It is certain that the *hive* could be perfected; that the advancement of man and civilization could be made indefinitely more rapid, for the continued and unbroken efforts of a Franklin, a Pasteur, or a Marconi, than for the coming and uncertain quality and education, of a myriad of newborn babes. But the individual, at the moment of his greatest usefulness to the whole, throws down his arms and deserts. He fares forth into new fields. The *hive* knows him no more. He departs, full of wisdom and power for good, unto death.

Thus, of all the certainties of man's experience on this planet, no event stands out with greater and more overshadowing prominence than death. It towers before him, the fixed and unchanging background of life; grand and sublime in its possibilities on the one hand, fitful and appalling on the other. Fortunately for the individual, his thoughts are diverted from this mysterious and disconcerting event by the uncertain and ever-changing affairs of life.

In most cases, that is, with the great unthinking majority, men believe, or at least hope, that this is not the end. Faith serves its purpose well. But after all the human mind, fitted as it is for inquiry and understanding, demands reasons either for, or in support of, its belief. Hence we look about, with such light as we possess, and search for this golden key to the future.

Barring revelations which are evidences sufficient perhaps for our less questioning brothers, what are the substantial reasons known today for this supreme expectation of the conscious human mind—this expectation of a life beyond the grave? What are the proofs, if any, of life after death?

In my book, published under this title—"The Proofs of Life After Death"—I have endeavored to bring together into concentrated form such facts as, it seemed to me, would appeal to the higher faculties—sentiment and reason—in substantiation of this great hope; facts derived second-hand, but nevertheless from eminent and worthy witnesses, and given in their own language, a twentieth century digest, I might say, of our real knowledge on the subject. And while each person will insist on being his own judge and jury in this case, and certainly on the evidence in the book referred to, I have, as an experiment, impaneled a "jury" of twelve thinking people to weigh the testimony adduced, and to render a verdict in accordance with the evidence, as it may appeal to them, submitted in this *symposium*. The observations and arguments comprising the book are now in the hands of those who have kindly consented to pass judgment on their evidential value. Among the members of this jury are Professor Dolbear, of Tufts College, Dr. Edgar Saltus, of New York, Judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa, Charles A. Bishop, Professor Helder, of Scio College, etc.

The volume is the direct result of a *questionnaire* addressed to a considerable number of recognized thinkers and students throughout the world, asking for the best reason known to them, in science, philosophy, or common sense for man's belief in the continued

conscious existence of the soul after bodily death. The list of contributors and authorities used fills four pages and numbers over a hundred. The book is divided into five parts, arranged under the heads of Science, Psychical Research, Philosophy, and Spiritualism, with a special scientific supplement entitled, "Immortality from New Standpoints," by Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington.

It is, in a sense, a summary of our present knowledge on the subject of survival; a collection of evidence and expert opinion from the highest sources in the world—from men distinguished in science, psychical research, philosophy, and spiritism—as to the significance of death and the proofs now in our possession that man does not die with the death of the body.

It is the opinion of many thoughtful people—among them some of the best known and most eminent scientists—that the question of life after death is a demonstrable proposition, that it is already fairly proven, but that it awaits the amassed, severely tested, and systemized knowledge that is first and always essential to effect a universal conviction.

Thus Dr. Sir Oliver Lodge, Fellow of the Royal Society, mathematician, wireless telegraphy inventor, president of the University of Birmingham, England, writes:

"If any one cares to hear what sort of conviction has been borne in upon my mind, as a scientific man, by some twenty years' familiarity with these questions which concern us (Psychical Research), I am very willing to reply as frankly as I can. First, then, I am, for all personal purposes, convinced of the persistence of human existence beyond bodily death; and though I am unable to justify that belief in a full and complete manner, yet it is a belief which has been produced by *scientific evidence*."

The great Lombroso, alienist and psychologist, writes: "The question you put to me is not one that has been solved with scientific certainty. But there is a great probability now given us through psychical and spiritistic researches that there is continued existence of the soul after death, preserving, for the time being, a weak identity, to which the persistent soul can add new life and growth from the surrounding *media*."

Professor J. H. Hyslop, Dean of Philosophy, Columbia University, after spending much time and the splendid power of his brilliantly analytical mind on the trance phenomena of Mrs. Piper, the Boston *psychic*, writes: "When I look over the whole field of the phenomena and consider the suppositions that must be made to escape spiritism, which not only one aspect of the case, but every incidental feature of it, strengthens, I see no reason, except the suspicions of my neighbors, for withholding my assent. The chasm which is usually supposed to exist between an embodied and a disembodied spirit has no excuse for its existence except the imagination of unscientific men. It is absurd to take any cross section of the doctrine of evolution and assume that the next stage of it will mark an immeasurable degree of progress. Evolution has destroyed the golden age of the past, and spiritism, with a similar lesson of humility, may destroy the illusory golden age of the future."

Thus Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard, naturalist and Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School, to whose book —"The Individual"—Bishop Potter

refers me as the best authority, aside from revelation on the subject of immortality extant, writes: "We have, in effect, in evolution—the development of the series of animals which leads to man—the most absolute proof that can possibly be had, that chance does not determine the occurrences, that we are compelled to support the existence of some kind of control leading to the particular result . . . a mighty kinsman of man at work behind it all. Again and again the naturalist feels that this or that feature of the order exactly satisfies him. In fact, to the inquirer this recognition of himself, of his own intellectual quality in the events he is considering, gives the sense of the highest pleasure which his occupation affords." Referring further, to the work of Psychical Researches, Professor Shaler says: "We may fairly conjecture that we may be on the verge of something like a demonstration that the individual consciousness does survive the death of the body by which it was nurtured."

Another distinguished naturalist, Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, the greatest living evolutionist and co-laborer with Darwin in the discovery of the law of evolution, now in all respects the most renowned exponent of the philosophy of spiritism living, writes: "If all men without exception ever come to believe that there is no life beyond this life, if children are all brought up to believe that the only happiness they can ever enjoy will be upon this earth—then, it seems to me, the condition of man would be altogether hopeless, because there would cease to be any adequate motive for justice, for liberty, for unselfishness, and no sufficient reason could be given to the poor man, the bad man, or to the selfish man why he should not systematically seek his own personal welfare at the cost of others."

"Such a hell upon earth as would thus be brought about will happily never exist, because it would be founded upon a falsehood, and because there are causes now at work that forbid a disbelief in man's spiritual nature and his continued existence after death. . . . . In every country of the world we find the phenomena (spiritistic and psychic). They are of the same general type, whether the mediums are men or women, boys or girls, or infants, or civilized or savage, the phenomena are of the same degree and are all essentially human. We conclude, then, that the phenomena are natural phenomena; that they are produced under the action of general laws which determine the interrelation of the spiritual and material worlds. And these phenomena demonstrate, by direct evidence as conclusive as the nature of the case admits, that the so-called dead are still alive."

Andrew Lang writes me that he does not believe the subject will admit of an opinion, excepting through the regular channel of psychological research, that he believes in time there will be sufficient data upon which to base such an opinion. Mr. Lang is an active member of the Society for Psychical Research, and it is doubtless to this society he looks for the accumulation of psychical data respecting the survival of the soul, upon which data scientific deductions may be made.

Philosophy, although it may in all cases be argued without end, and one objective fact may upset a system of a thousand years, furnishes after all the basis for most accepted religious beliefs; and when the teacher is pushed beyond

tradition and legend, he must perforce resort to "reasoned facts" or philosophy. The standard argument and perhaps the best given by philosophy on this subject may be quoted from Cardinal Gibbons:

"Our own unaided reason assures us that our soul will live beyond the grave. Let the intensified gratifications of life be concentrated on one man, let him have the undoubted assurance of enjoying them for a thousand years, yet will he be forced to exclaim "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" The more delicious the cup, the more bitter the thought that death will dash it to pieces. . . . Man has within him the desire for perfect felicity; and if this felicity, as we have seen, cannot be found in the present life, it must be reserved for the life to come. And as no intelligent being can be contented with any happiness that is finite in duration, we must conclude that it is eternal, and that, consequently, the soul is immortal."

Psychical Research promises objective facts in proof of the continuity of the soul. "This research," as Gladstone said, "is the most important work being done in the world." It points the only method, at present, by which an opinion satisfactory to the twentieth-century mind can be reached. The question becomes at once a practical one, open and demanding investigation and solution. Upon its issue rest the most stupendous results in civilization and the relations of man to man in all their varied aspects. Let the question be answered and the sociological problem is solved forever.

To the scientific organization, known as The Society for Psychical Research, in my judgment, must we look for the ultimate, unquestionable proof of life after death; and many of us who are living today will "pass up the gangplank to take ship for the new country," with a knowledge—given us by God if you like—but acquired by reason, observation, experiment, and repeated demonstration—that vast and still vaster fields lie before us, that grand and grander possibilities are open to us and invite our better efforts, that greater work, wider travels, higher thoughts, and deeper love are our heritage in that new country.—The World Today.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

E. R. SILL

An Old Favorite Revived

The royal feast was done; the king
  Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
  Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells
  And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
  From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
  Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
  We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
  Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
  Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
  Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
  Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
  The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
  Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
  Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
  The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
  "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

THE BIRD OF DREAMS

ADELINE CHAMPNEY

IN the deep still night a dream came to me, and I saw, within a walled and turretted courtyard, a woman toiling in the early dawn. A heavy burden bound her shoulders, and her face was weary, but she made no moan. And as the woman toiled I saw a man who called to her sharply, as one whom others must obey. The woman went quickly to him, and she took armor she had polished and put it upon him and on his head a helmet with plumes. Then she led forth his steed and the man mounted, and as he sat proudly the morning light fell upon him, and his armor of steel and of gold shone like another sun, till one could not see it for the brightness.

Then the woman brought him to drink, a goodly drink of her own brewing. Tall and strong was the man and noble to look upon, and the woman stood by his stirrup and worshipped him. A flush was on her wan face and she spoke to him softly, entreatingly, but he barred his visor, and as she stooped to kiss his hand the steel gauntlet cut her lips, and the knight spurred his steed, the gates clanged, and the woman stood watching, with the burden on her back, but she made no moan.

And I saw the knights, for there were many, go riding down the hill, with bugles and with banners, and terrible was their splendor.

Then in my dream I heard a sound of singing, and on the parapet above the woman's head there rested a milk-white bird, and strange and rare was its song. The stress of battle, the valor of high emprise rang in its high clear notes and sent the heart beating high to do and to dare. The woman drew herself up and she was grandly formed and fine. She shook her burden from her and a great glow filled her face—the lust of glory, the courage of great deeds. But the gates were barred, the walls were strong, and at her feet lay the burden of ages and all about her the bondage of toil. And I saw the glow fade from her face, and the woman fell upon her burden and lay moaning. The milk-white bird had fled and gloom filled the courtyard, but the clear brave notes still stirred my pulse and I awoke.

All about me was the soft stillness of the dark. There was no sound nor any light, naught but myself, very small, very weak and alone. And I drew the covers closer and again I slept.

In the garden of roses I saw a cottage and by the window sat a maiden, young and beautiful, and no care had ever left its trace upon her fair softness. But as

she leaned from the window a dreamy look was in her eyes and I saw that she listened. Then I listened, too, and again I heard the milk-white bird. Low was his note and weird, and strange new visions trembled in the soul that heard that song; a longing without name, a a wild unrest, a pulse as of unknown powers, throbbing, throbbing for release. The maiden's face was kindling and a strange new wonder filled her eyes, and a light as from a vision unattained yet near.

Then I heard a step in the garden, but the maiden heard it first, and at the door she met her lover. A sweet pleasure flushed her face, but the new light was still in her eyes, and she cried to him, "Let us go forth!" They walked in the garden among the roses, and his arm was about her, and she questioned him about his life and the great world.

"Where have you been?" asked the maiden.

"Far from you," said her lover.

"But what do you do, so far away?"

"I think of you, and long to return to my love."

"No, no!" cried the maiden, impatiently. "Tell me about your life."

"You are my life," said her lover. "I have no other. Only here do I live."

"That is not true," she answered. "It cannot be true."

"Tut! tut!" he chided her, and he stopped the words on her lips with a kiss.

But the maiden pushed him away from her and stood facing him with hands clasped and earnest eyes.

"Listen!" she cried. "I would go with you, out into the great world. I would be ever by your side, and I would learn and grow strong, and I too would work and we should be always together."

The man shook his head and his face clouded.

"No, little one, the great world is no place for you. You are too soft and frail, the world is too harsh and cruel. I must work for you, and you, little one, you must be my home and my rest, you must be my little song-bird to cheer me when I am weary."

But the maiden said "Listen!" He said "I hear nothing."

"O hush!" she cried, "the bird! Have you ever heard it?"

Listening a moment, he laughed. "Always," he said. "Come away! It does not sing for you!"

But she stood rapt, and when he took her hand impatiently, she drew back. The wonder and the vision deepened in her eyes and at last she turned to him, and her voice was low and tense.

"O take me with you," she cried, "or—I—must go—alone!"

Then his brow darkened angrily, and he caught her by the wrist and pulled her away and his voice was harsh. And the maiden trembled.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Are you mad? Alone in the world! For shame!" Then as she made no answer, but looked at him pale with fear, he softened and murmured reproachfully—

"Ah! You do not love me! If you loved me you would be mine, all mine. You could have no other thought, if you loved me!"

"Yours, all yours!" she said, and her voice was as the purling of spring waters and her eyes were great with tears. "Oh, I *love* you."

Then he gathered her to him and pressed his lips to hers, and in their clinging warmth her soul caught fire.

Her arms stole round his neck and drew him close, and the maiden lay quiet and soft and yielding, with her heart beating against his, as in his arms he bore her to the cottage. The hot, sweet scent of the rose-garden filled the air, but the milk-white bird was still, was still, and I awoke.

The air was thick with moonlight and a soft mist drowned the world. I knew not why my heart was sad, but tears fell, one by one, upon my pillow. Then I turned my face from the light, and again I slept.

Again I saw the maiden of my dream, but life had graven many lines in her fair face and the vision was gone from her eyes. She was grown a comely matron now, and all about her were her children. Mother and daughters were spinning and weaving, and making beautiful things with their hands, singing as they worked.

Outside in the garden sang the milk-white bird, the Bird of Dreams, ever singing, never tiring, ever unheeded. Within, the little children played about the floor and now and again they stole to the windows to listen to the bird. But when the mother saw them she drew them away and fondled them and closed the windows. And sometimes when their work was done the maidens listened at the door, and into their young eyes stole the vision. But when the mother saw this she was very angry and shook them roughly and her voice was harsh and bitter. She could not hear the bird-song now; she had loved; she had borne many children, ah! she had forgot!

Then those elfin fingers that weave the evanescent film of dreams troubled the curtain and brought strange fleeting scenes and fragments dancing and fleeing in my sight, but through it all I heard the Bird of Dreams, and here and there I caught the passing flutter of his milk-white wing.

And now I saw brave women, many women. The vision was in their eyes, and they found no rest until they rose and wandered far, following the bird-note, seeking, ever seeking. And many of them fell and perished. Dank swamps and foul morasses swallowed them. Some fainted in desert places, some returned, and some there were who passed beyond my gaze, I knew not whither.

And again came withered crones who stoned the bird and spat at it and called it evil names. But still the bird sang on and still I listened.

And now I saw a woman who listened to the strange entrancing melody till she, too, felt its power and must go forth, but she was hemmed in by prison walls and could not escape. She struggled with the iron bars and pitted her whole strength against her cage. Her hands were torn, her tender flesh was bleeding, but still she fought until she fell, a captive still.

And again came harpies, gruesome, carrion-hunting things with women's faces, who shrieked and clamored and tried to drown the bird-song, but the bird still sang. And still I listened. I listened and I dreamed till listening grew to loving, till my own heart beat with the rhythm of that song, till my own throat swelled with that melody, till my own form rose, white and light and free, till I, myself, became my Bird of Dreams. Then parapets and cottage walls, with harpies, crones and matron's faces whirled confused and strange, a stifling cloud that slow took shape, became a fearful, noisome, creeping thing which flung its slimy crushing folds about me and hissed in

my face with its fetid breath, and I woke screaming, "What, what does it mean?"

I threw the curtain back. The night had passed, and the red, quivering, radiant dawn was breaking in the east. On the morning breeze came the voice of the sea—calling, calling, calling. And I, alone in my room, panting with longing unto Life, I heard, I *heard* my Bird of Dreams, and Oh! I *knew*, I *knew*!

THE LABOR SITUATION IN JAPAN

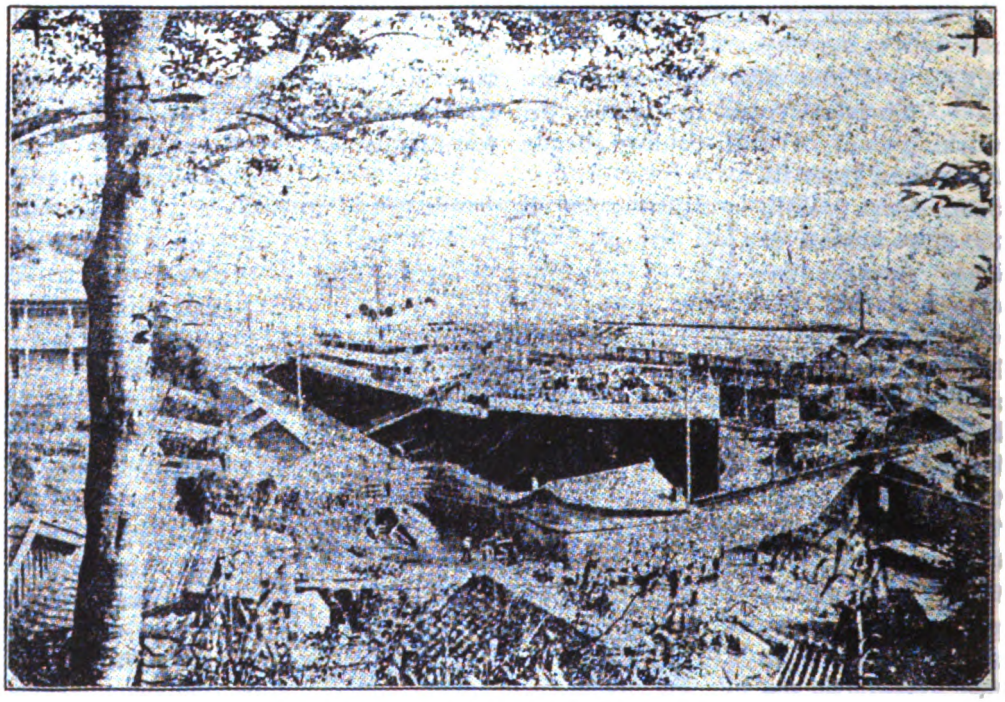
KIICHI KANEKO
New York Correspondent of YOROZU CHOHO, Japan.

WITH the first stirring of the Socialist spirit in Japan, the working-class of that country began to awaken from its deep sleep. With the introduction of labor-saving machinery from the west the problem of labor and capital immediately arose. Labor is no longer blindly submissive to the idle class. The once proud and undisputed sway of idle knighthood has passed into history. A man is no longer regarded as the rightful slave of another man. The dignity of labor begins to be recognized.

KIICHI KANEKO.

It is a great mistake to suppose, as many do, that because there has been no trouble between the Japanese employers and employees in the past there will be none in the future. The apathy and quiet submission of the past was mainly due to the lack of education of the workingmen. Most of them had an idea that they were born to be slaves to their masters and must obey in whatever was required of them. The Chinese ethical teachings, especially the teachings of Confucius, have helped to impress the Japanese mind with this belief. These doctrines taught them simply to obey and not to inquire why. It is for the same reason that the Japanese people talk so much of loyalty, which will oftentimes appear rather a ridiculous thing to the western mind. It is all loyalty to the state, loyalty to the parent, loyalty to

the emperor; but never a word of loyalty to the truth or loyalty to his own individuality. It was this lack of an inquiring spirit which kept the less intelligent workingmen in submission for so many years of silence. But as the intelligence of the people increased, this state of affairs could not endure. As soon as the conception of individual right and duty was conveyed to them, they began to find their own proper place and assert their claims. They



THE MITSUBISHI' DOCK YARD, NAGASAKI.

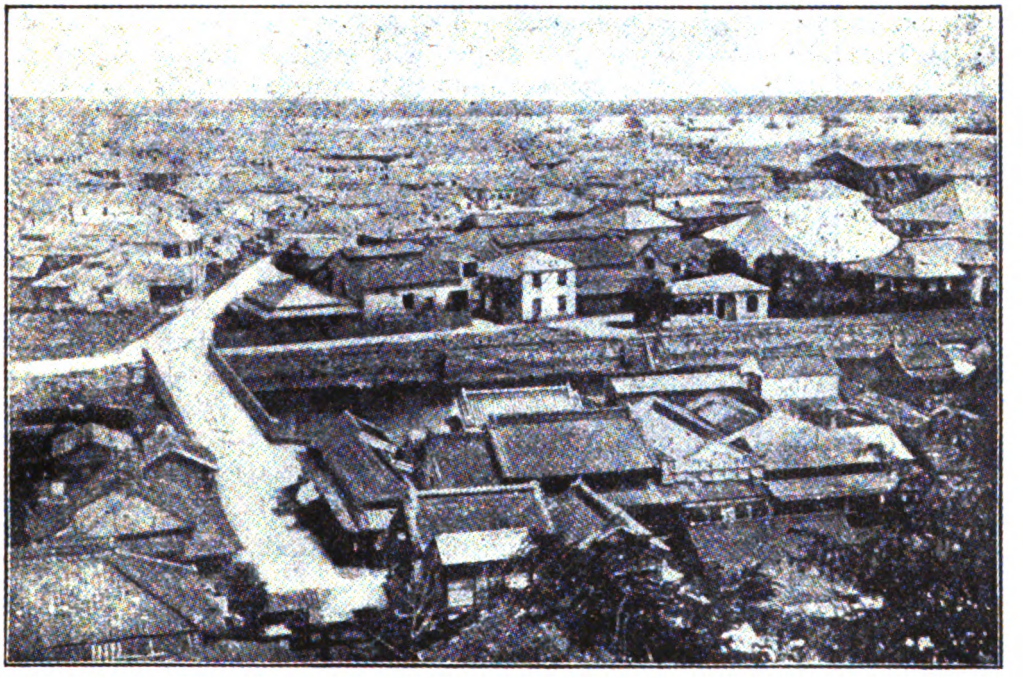
learned their own positions as well as their employers', and the philosophy of their treatment in the past.

It is not generally understood by the American people how the Japanese workmen are struggling under the present conditions. Probably the Japanese laborers are the most hard-worked men on the earth. Their average hours of work are from twelve to fifteen per day, and they are very poorly paid. According to the statistics estimated by the Toyko chamber of commerce in 1902, the carpenter gets 75 cents per day; painter, 85 cents; bricklayer, 75 cents; cigar maker, $1.05; shoemaker, 50 cents; printer, 46 cents; tailor, 70 cents; maidservant, 1 yen and 67 cents per month; manservant, 2 yen per month. These figures show how poorly they are paid. But it must be understood, at the same time, that the Japanese yen has twice as much purchasing power in the Japanese market as a dollar in this country, for in Japan everything is cheaper and the rate of wages is lower proportionately. This does not alter the fact that Japanese workingmen, like those of other nations, are not treated justly at all. Humanity has never been paid what humanity has earned. Cruelty to the child

and female workers are particularly noted.

Only last year, the Tokyo newspapers reported that many of the factory girls in the Sakitama district had committed suicide to escape from the unbearable treatment they had received at the hands of their employers. A deep and widespread public sentiment was aroused among the thoughtful by this revelation, and factory regulation laws are now in preparation by the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, but they have not yet been enacted. Although prompt and immediate action is demanded, it will be years before the desired regulation is completed and carried into effect.

While the Government's action is so slow in these matters, signs of the awakening of the working class appear everywhere throughout the land. One of the most surprising strikes which have recently occurred in Japan was the great dock strike at Kuré in July, 1902, where five thousand workmen went on strike. The object of the strike was the removal of a manager who had made and enforced many harsh and restrictive rules. After three days' stoppage of work they won their victory and had the tyrannical manager removed, as well as receiving a raise in their wages which they had not anticipated.



YOKOHAMA AND HARBOR.

In more recent days, the strike of the Jinrikisha-men at Osaka is noticeable. On June 12 of this year about five hundred Jinrikisha-men assembled at the Y.M.C.A. hall of the city of Osaka, to make the first attempt at organizing their own trade. But the narrow-minded Japanese police thought the meeting was something dangerous and would not allow it to proceed. The

denial of their plain right to organize peaceably so exasperated the Jinrikisha-men that they immediately went on strike. For three days, fifteen thousand Jinrikisha-men stopped their work. Not a single Jinrikisha was to be seen on the streets. It is true that some unwise and undesirable acts were committed by these poor and ignorant men, but for this the police were primarily responsible. If the police had not suppressed their meeting, the men would have been organized and might have secured their demands without the necessity of resorting to a strike; or, if they were forced to strike, being properly organized they could have carried on their strike quietly and in good order.

These are a few examples of noted strikes. There are many smaller strikes going on all the time in Japan. Another case, called the Namaude affair, which occurred a few months ago, will, I think, illustrate how labor is treated in the Island Empire in the far East. In one of the factories of Baron Shibusawa, who has been happily termed the Japanese J. P. Morgan by an American newspaper man, a

BARON SHIBUSAWA
The Japanese Pierpont Morgan.

fund had been saved by the employees for the purpose of helping the unfortunate among their fellow-workmen. Unfortunately this fund was in charge of the managers, who finally assumed complete control of it and refused to give it to the sick and wounded for whose benefit it was intended, even where it was urgently needed. The men complained of their managers' acts and appealed to the proprietor, but in vain. No notice was taken of their complaints or appeals. One day one of the workmen had his arm cut off by a machine. The customary grant was made by his fellow-workmen, but the managers as usual refused to pay it over. Then the workmen got together to consider the situation and decide upon what was to be done. Next day a carefully wrapped bundle was sent to Baron Shibusawa by the workmen, which, when opened, was found to contain the cut-off arm of the injured man—a ghastly token of the helpless condition of his employees.

The above facts will show that the workingmen in Japan are today becoming class conscious. They are not contented with present conditions. The Socialist movement has been largely instrumental in waking them up from their long sleep. But as long as labor is unorganized, it will have a hard and hopeless struggle. It is now generally felt that the organization of labor must be brought about. It is, however, to be hoped that Japan in the near future will come to the conclusion that the true development of industry and commerce must be made through the channel of harmony between capital and labor. But how can this be done? I answer that the only way to harmonize labor and capital is to unite both capitalists and laborers, and all the rest of the people, in one grand organization which shall own all the capital and perform all the labor, necessary to supply the needs of all the people.

The organization of labor is for today, but Socialism is for tomorrow.

MR. CARNEGIE'S FAILURE

MONT BLONG

A CUTTING sent me by one of our readers has filled my too susceptible heart with pity for our millionaires in general, and poor Mr. Carnegie in particular. Perhaps it would be more correct to say rich Mr. Carnegie, but under the circumstances the one phrase means about the same as the other, and so may be allowed to stand. The cutting commences as follows:

"Each year it is becoming more and more evident that, despite his most strenuous efforts to the contrary, Andrew Carnegie will, to use his own now famous expression, ultimately die disgraced. The cause of this is found in the fact that, though he distributes his fortune as no one has ever distributed a fortune before, his banking account increases so rapidly that it is

practically impossible, at least by his present donations, to even get abreast of his income."

This is very sad, and rather disappointing. For a successful man, a man of vast energies and vaster abilities, poor Andrew's efforts seem to have been almost pathetically ineffective, and may tend to shake the public confidence in his capabilities. A moment's reflection, however, will convince you that this would be an error in judgment. Mr. Carnegie has shown a marvelous capacity for *getting* money, but a talent for getting wealth and a talent for spending wealth are wide as the poles asunder, and very few constitutions could find room for both of them. It is natural for some men to amass, or try to amass, wealth; it is equally natural for others to dispense in a few years a fortune some one else has labored to collect; but you will find it hard to name anyone who, having spent the greater part of a lifetime in getting wealth, has spent the remaining years in squandering it.

This appears to be Andrew's difficulty. He has displayed a wonderful talent in getting money; but so far, his efforts to get rid of it would simply arouse the merriment of an ordinary spendthrift, and the contemptuous scorn of a "Jubilee Plunger."

However, Mr. Carnegie being a man of abounding energy and keen business instinct, there is still hope for him. So far he has failed, and failed utterly. But it is one of the proudest boasts of the successful business man, that failure only inspires him with ever increasing and ultimately resistless energy. Indeed, there is a ray of hope for him in the quotation at the head of this article; for there it says, "it is practically impossible, *at least by his present donations*, even to get abreast of his income."

So far Andrew's efforts to get rid of his cumbersome wealth have mainly taken the form of free libraries. And as the figures I am going to give will show, even with the whole field open to him, those efforts are hopelessly inadequate. But if that is so, what will he do when the demand for free libraries is satisfied? When, owing to this benevolence, the demand of the young people of every town and even every village for sloppy fiction is satiated? It is obvious that unless Mr. Carnegie can find some other way of disposing of his superfluous cash, his often expressed desire to die poor will never be achieved. This it is that has stirred my heart to pity, and inspires me to make the following suggestion. How would it be for Andrew to seek assistance in his laudable attempt? There are men who would be not only able, but willing to help him. Indeed, I would lend a hand in the good cause myself, even if I had to neglect my legitimate duties; and, there are, no doubt, others of the same self-sacrificing ardor. That Andrew—who is not only a keen business man, but a Scotchman—will never be able to manage the business unaided, the following figures will show. They, also, are from the cutting above alluded to. They set forth, on the authority of official returns, that while in ten years he has only got rid of some eighteen millions, his income for the same period has been more than double that amount! Suppose we make a liberal discount from his income, and assume that the four millions a year has in reality only been two. Even then, it is evident that poor Andrew, after ten years spent in striving to reduce his wealth, is at the end of that time rather richer than before! One could almost be forgiven for supposing that Andrew had not really been doing his best. For instance, look at the amount it is said he has donated in England and Wales during the last ten years, which is given at £203,300, or little over twenty thousand a year! Why, if the star-spangled Scotchman will give me the chance, I will undertake to do ten times as well as that in the same length of time.

And not, mind you, in waste or extravagance, nor in ways that would pauperize the people, or have an unsteadying effect on trade, labor, or commerce.

It is a comparatively easy thing to spend money with philanthropic intentions; but caution is necessary, or more harm than good may result from the best of such intentions. Mr. Carnegie has been cautious—perhaps being a Scotchman a little too cautious. Free libraries are an eminently safe if not what you would call an adventurous investment; as they can do little harm, even if they don't do much good. It is perhaps better to give the jaded factory girls an opportunity of reading cheap sensational stories about wicked dukes, improper countesses, crafty priests, tearful penitents, and a poor melancholy devil, making the best of a hard and uncongenial occupation, than to give them nothing at all. It may serve to enliven the monotony of lives that greatly need enlivenment; may act as a sort of intellectual dram-drinking, in fact. But it would be idle to expect the race to make much progress towards the millennium on a course of dram-drinking, either intellectual or otherwise.

We may assume that Mr. Carnegie not only wishes to spend his immense fortune, but also wishes to do as much good with it as possible. And in that case, "at least by his present donations," he is not likely to do either the one or the other.

Surely there are other, and even more effective ways, of laying out a few millions for the public good. It would not, of course, be any use offering Mr. Carnegie any Socialistic suggestions; because he is certainly not a Socialist, whatever he may be. Yet it might be possible to benefit the poor without digging up the foundations of our curiously complicated economic basis. There is, for instance, the housing problem. Perhaps a few hundred thousands spent experimentally in that direction might lead to good results: Peabody did something in this line many years ago, and Lord Rowton has experimented more successfully since. Probably, if a man with money and ideas, and the courage to employ both, were to demonstrate that neither gloomy barrack flats nor dismal slum cottages are the best houses that can be provided for the industrious poor, such a man would deserve the thanks of Society. In my opinion, one of the greatest drawbacks in the housing of the poor is the boxed off and dismal privacy, common alike to the barrack and the cottage, and the chief cause for the surly unsociability so characteristic of our countrymen. Would it not be possible to devise a block of dwellings that would combine privacy with opportunities for cheerful sociability; and to demonstrate that if such were sensibly designed and well carried out, they could be made to pay even better than the gloomy brick boxes with slate lids our people are at present doomed to exist in.

Then, also, it might be possible to do something for the health of the people, not only without unsettling the labor market, but to the mutual advantage of employers and employed. Work in our factories and other confined employments is not conducive to the healthiness of the strongest, and often entails unavoidable suffering on the weakest; suffering that an occasional few days in the air and sunshine, with healthy cheerful lodgings, and sensible food, would do so much to remove. I know amongst my own immediate acquaintances many women and young girls to whom a week in the country once a year, under healthy and cheerful conditions, would be worth far more to themselves and to their country than the few paltry shillings it would cost. Couldn't Mr. Carnegie build a few holiday resorts in pleasant seaside and inland places; which, properly managed, and providing board, lodging, and recreation at bare cost price, would be infinitely cheaper and pleasanter than any holiday accommodation such people as I have mentioned could possibly get for themselves.

Then, again, there are the amusements of the people. For amusements they will and must have, and might just as

well have it good and cheap as dear and deadly, as much of it is at present. Free libraries are something, certainly; but we do not all care for books, and few of us care for continuous reading. Activity is needed; healthy games, innocent enjoyment—even though a little boisterous—is far better for the health and spirits than any quantity of physic.

Then there are the old people and the children. Can nothing be done for them? A good deal is done for the latter; but not near what ought to be done. Indeed, I am confident that if the children were only properly looked after for a couple of generations we should have such a healthy, wise, and happy country as the world has never known.

The children in our elementary schools amaze me with their quickness, cheerfullness, and intelligence. There is nothing that could not be taught them, and nothing that could not be done with them. And yet a large proportion are the offspring of poor and ignorant parents, live in dismal and comfortless homes, are often but half clothed, and too frequently hardly know what it is to get enough to eat.

Some day, perhaps, we shall treat our children as you would expect children to be treated in a Christian country. Some day the State will find that the prosperity, the very existence, of a country, depends upon the health of its people; and will find it cheaper to clothe and feed, as well as educate its children, than it is to stunt and enervate them physically and intellectually, from an insane dread of pauperizing the parents.

Even Mr. Carnegie's millions would go but a little way in this direction; but he might experimentally demonstrate, at the cost of a million or two, that the careful feeding, and housing, of the children of the poor, would be the best investment the wealth of any man, or any country, could be sunk in.

No doubt with more time and consideration I could offer other aids to the dispersal of these millions; could rough out the above suggestions in detail, if Mr. Carnegie was inclined to consider them. I don't say they are the best suggestions that could be made; but they are at least an effort to aid a poor millionaire who seems unable to aid himself. Something has got to be done by somebody in all these and other directions if the deterioration of the British race is to be stayed. And if Andrew would help in that way, he would earn, even if he failed to receive, the thanks of his fellow-creatures.—The Clarion.

JOTTINGS FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTE-BOOK

The shortest way to success is across lots; but it is not necessary to trample down the other fellow's corn.

Some people climb the ladder to success, others take the elevator. The temple of success is not always fireproof; therefore it is well to practice on the fire-escape.

A "successful failure" is a man who gradually works himself up to prominence, and then shoots the chutes.

If you see a man drinking nothing but buttermilk in lent, be not the first to write him down a teetotaler.

Court-ships, air-ships, and torpedo-boats have several things in common.

Human brain proves a very good lubricator for fortune's wheel.

Ignorance is an extremist; it either adores or condemns.

Lovers may become one heart and one soul, but stomachs will persist in single blessedness.

Do not ask the early bird to share the worm with you. Get up before breakfast and catch your own worms.

Do not claim to know anything about wind, until you have flown a kite, sailed a boat, and made a political campaign-speech.

T. S.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER XVI.—WAGES.

When I learned that in Lesser London there were 1,292,737 people who received 21 shillings or less a week per family, I became interested as to how the wages could best be spent in order to maintain the physical efficiency of such families. Families of six, seven, eight or ten being beyond consideration, I have based the following table upon a family of five, a father, mother, and three children; while I have made 21 shillings equivalent to $5.25, though actually, 21 shillings are equivalent to about $5.11.

Rent	$1.50
Bread	1.00
Meat	.87½
Vegetables	.62½
Coals	.25
Tea	.18
Oil	.16
Sugar	.18
Milk	.12
Soap	.08
Butter	.20
Firewood	.08
Total	$5.25

An analysis of one item alone will show how little room there is for waste. *Bread*, $1: for a family of five, for seven days, one dollar's worth of bread will give each a daily ration of $2\frac{6}{7}$ cents; and if they eat three meals a day, each may consume per meal 9½ mills' worth of bread, a little less than one cent's worth. Now bread is the heaviest item. They will get less of meat per mouth each meal, and still less of vegetables; while the smaller items become too microscopic for consideration. On the other hand, these food articles are all bought at small retail, the most expensive and wasteful method of purchasing.

While the table given above will permit no extravagance, no overloading of stomachs, it will be noticed that there is no surplus. The whole $5.25 is spent for food and rent. There is no pocket money left over. Does the man buy a glass of beer, the family must eat that much less; and in so far as it eats less, just that far will it impair its physical efficiency. The members of this family cannot ride in busses or trams, cannot write letters, take outings, go to a "tu'penny gaff" for cheap vaudeville, join social or benefit clubs, nor can they buy sweetmeats, tobacco, books or newspapers.

And further, should one child (and there are three) require a pair of shoes, the family must strike meat for a week from its bill of fare. And, since there are five pairs of feet requiring shoes, and five heads requiring hats, and five bodies requiring clothes, and since there are laws regulating indecency, the family must constantly impair its physical efficiency in order to keep warm and out of jail. For notice, when rent, coals, oil, soap, and firewood are extracted from the weekly income, there remains a daily allowance for food of 9 cents to each person; and that 9 cents cannot be lessened by buying clothes without impairing the physical efficiency.

All of which is hard enough. But the thing happens; the husband and father breaks his leg or his neck. No 9 cents a day for food is coming in; no 9½ mills' worth of bread per meal; and, at the end of the week, no $1.50 for rent. So out they must go, to the streets or the workhouse, or to a miserable den, somewhere, in which the mother will desperately endeavor to hold the family together on the 10 shillings she may possibly be able to earn.

While in Lesser London there are 1,292,737 people who receive 21 shillings or less a week per family, it must be remembered that we have investigated a family of five living on a 21-shillings basis. There are larger families, there are many families that live on less than 21 shillings, and there is much irregular employment. The question naturally arises, How do *they* live? The answer is that they do not live. They do not know what life is. They drag out a subter-bestial existence until mercifully released by death.

Before descending to the fouler depths, let the case of the telegraph girls be cited. Here are clean, fresh English maids, for whom a higher standard of living than that of the beasts is absolutely necessary. Otherwise they cannot remain clean, fresh English maids. On entering the service a telephone girl receives a weekly wage of $2.75. If she be quick and clever, she may, at the end of five years, attain a maximum wage of $5.00. Recently a table of such a girl's weekly expenditure was furnished to Lord Londonderry. Here it is:—

Rent, fire, and light	$1.87½
Board at home	.87½
Board at the office	1.12½
Street car fare	.37½
Laundry	.25
Total	$4.50

This leaves nothing for clothes, recreation, or sickness. And yet many of the girls are receiving, not $4.50, but $2.75, $3, and $3.50 per week. They must have clothes and recreation, and—

Man to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to woman.

At the Trades Union Congress now being held in London, the Gasworkers' Union moved that instructions be given the Parliamentary Committee to introduce a bill to prohibit the employment of children under fifteen years of age. Mr. Shackleton, Member of Parliament and a representative of the Northern Counties' Weavers, opposed the resolution on behalf of the textile workers, who, he said, could not dispense with the earnings of their children and live on the scale of wages which obtained. The representatives of 514,000 workers voted against the resolution, while the representatives of 535,000 workers voted in favor of it. When 514,000 workers oppose a resolution prohibiting child-labor under fifteen, it is evident that a less-than-living wage is being paid to an immense number of the adult workers of the country.

I have spoken with women in Whitechapel who receive right along less than 25 cents for a twelve-hour day in the coat-making sweat shops; and with women trousers-finishers who receive an average princely and weekly wage of 75 cents to $1.

A case recently cropped up of men in the employ of a wealthy business house, receiving their board and $1.50 per week for six working days of sixteen hours each. The sandwich men get 27 cents per day and find themselves. The average weekly earnings of the hawkers and costermongers are not more than $2.50 to $3, of all common laborers, outside the dockers, is less than $4 per week, while the dockers average from $2 to $2.25. These figures are taken from a royal commission report and are authentic.

Conceive of an old woman, broken and dying, supporting herself and four children, and paying 75 cents per week rent by making match boxes at 4½ cents per gross. Twelve dozen boxes for 4½ cents, and, in addition, finding her own paste and thread! She never knew a day off, either for sickness, rest or recreation. Each day and every day, Sundays as well, she toiled fourteen

hours. Her day's stint was seven gross, for which she received 31½ cents. In the week of ninety-eight hours' work she made 7066 match boxes, and earned $2.20½, less her paste and thread.

Last year Mr. Thomas Holmes, a police court missionary of note, after writing about the condition of the women workers, received the following letter, dated April 18th, 1901:—

SIR:—Pardon the liberty I am taking, but, having read what you said about poor women working fourteen hours a day for ten shillings per week, I beg to state my case. I am a tie-maker, who, after working all the week, cannot earn more than five shillings, and I have a poor afflicted husband to keep who hasn't earned a penny for more than ten years.

Imagine a woman, capable of writing such a clear, sensible, grammatical letter, supporting her husband and self on five shillings ($1.25) per week! Mr. Holmes visited her. He had to squeeze to get into the room. There lay her sick husband; there she worked all day long; there she cooked, ate, washed and slept; and there her husband and she performed all the functions of living and dying. There was no space for the missionary to sit down, save on the bed, which was partially covered with ties and silk. The sick man's lungs were in the last stages of decay. He coughed and expectorated constantly, the woman ceasing from her work to assist him in his paroxysms. The silken fluff from the ties was not good for his sickness; nor was his sickness good for the ties, and the handlers and wearers of the ties yet to come.

Another case Mr. Holmes visited was that of a young girl, twelve years of age, charged in the police court with stealing food. He found her the deputy mother of a boy of nine, a crippled boy of seven, and a younger child. Her mother was a widow and a blouse-maker. She paid $1.25 a week rent. Here are the last items in her housekeeping account: *Tea, 1 cent; sugar, 1 cent; bread ½ cent; margarine, 2 cents; oil, 3 cents; and firewood, 1 cent.* Good housewives of the soft and tender folk, imagine yourselves marketing and keeping house on such a scale, setting a table for five, and keeping an eye on your deputy mother of twelve to see that she did not steal food for her little brothers and sisters, the while you stitched, stitched, stitched at a nightmare line of blouses, which stretched away into the gloom and down to the pauper's coffin a-yawn for you.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE GHETTO.

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
There among the gloomy alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street;

There the master scrimps his haggard seamstress of her daily bread;
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead;
There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest, in the warrens of the poor.

—Tennyson.

At one time the nations of Europe confined the undesirable Jews in city ghettos. But to-day the dominant economic class, by less arbitrary but none the less rigorous methods, has confined the undesirable yet necessary workers into ghettos of remarkable meanness and vastness. East London is such a ghetto, where the rich and the powerful do not dwell, and the traveller cometh not, and where two million workers swarm, procreate, and die.

It must not be supposed that all the workers of London are crowded into the East End, but the tide is setting strongly in that direction. The poor quarters of the city proper are constantly being destroyed, and the main stream of the unhoused is toward the east. In the last twelve years, one district, "London over the Border," as it is called, which lies well beyond Aldgate, Whitechapel, and Mile End, has increased 260,000, or over sixty per cent. The churches in this district, by the way, can seat but one in every thirty-seven of the added population.

The City of Dreadful Monotony, the East End is often called, especially by

well-fed, optimistic sightseers, who look over the surface of things and are merely shocked by the intolerable sameness and meanness of it all. If the East End is worthy of no worse title than The City of Dreadful Monotony, and if working people are unworthy of variety and beauty and surprise, it would not be such a bad place in which to live. But the East End does merit a worse title. It should be called The City of Degradation.

WHERE THE PEOPLE OF THE SWEAT SHOPS DO THEIR MARKETING.

While it is not a city of slums, as some people imagine, it may well be said to be one gigantic slum. From the standpoint of simple decency and clean manhood and womanhood, any mean street, of all its mean streets, is a slum. Where sights and sounds abound which neither you nor I would care to have our children see or hear is a place where no man's children should live and see and hear. Where you and I would not care to have our wives pass their lives is a place where no other man's wife should have to pass her life. For here, in the East End, the obscenities and brute vulgarities of life are rampant. There is no privacy. The bad corrupts the good, and all fester together. Innocent childhood is sweet and beautiful; but in East London innocence is a fleeting thing, and you must catch them before they crawl out of the cradle, or you will find the very babes as unholily wise as you.

The application of the Golden Rule determines that East London is an unfit place in which to live. Where you would not have your own babe live, develop, and gather to itself knowledge of life and the things of life, is not a fit place for the babes of other men to live, and develop, and gather to themselves knowledge of life and the things of life. It is a simple thing, this Golden Rule, and all that is required. Political economy and the survival of the fittest can go hang if they say otherwise. What is not good enough for you is not good enough for other men, and there's no more to be said.

There are 300,000 people in London, divided into families, that live in one-room tenements. Far, far more live in two and three rooms and are as badly crowded, regardless of sex, as those that live in one room. The law demands

400 cubic feet of space for each person. In army barracks each soldier is allowed 600 cubic feet. Professor Huxley, at one time himself a medical officer in East London, always held that each person should have 800 cubic feet of space, and that it should be well ventilated with pure air. Yet in London there are 900,000 people living in less than the 400 cubic feet prescribed by the law.

Mr. Charles Booth, who engaged in a systematic work of years in charting and classifying the toiling city population, estimates that there are 1,800,000 people in London who are *poor* and *very poor*. It is of interest to mark what he terms *poor*. By *poor* he means families which have a total weekly income of from $4.50 to $5.25. The *very poor* fall greatly below this standard.

The workers, as a class, are being more and more segregated by their economic masters; and this process, with its jamming and overcrowding, tends not so much toward immorality as unmorality. Here is an extract from a recent meeting of the London County Council, terse and bald, but with a wealth of horror to be read between the lines:—

Mr. Bruce asked the chairman of the Public Health Committee whether his attention had been called to a number of cases of serious overcrowding in the East End. In St. Georges-in-the-East a man and his wife and their family of eight occupied one small room. This family consisted of five daughters, aged twenty, seventeen, eight, four, and an infant, and three sons, aged fifteen, thirteen and twelve. In Whitechapel a man and his wife and their three daughters, aged sixteen, eight and four, and two sons, aged ten and twelve years, occupied a smaller room. In Bethnal Green a man and his wife, with four sons, aged twenty-three, twenty-one, nineteen and sixteen, and two daughters, aged fourteen and seven, were also found in one room. He asked whether it was not the duty of the various local authorities to prevent such serious overcrowding.

But with 900,000 people actually living under illegal conditions, the authorities have their hands full. When the overcrowded folk are ejected, they stray off into some other hole; and, as they move their belongings by night, on hand-barrows (one hand-barrow accommodating the entire household goods and the sleeping children), it is next to impossible to keep track of them. If the Public Health Act of 1891 were suddenly and completely enforced, 900,000 people would receive notice to clear out of their houses and go on to the streets, and 500,000 rooms would have to be built before they were all legally housed again.

Bishop Wilkinson, who has lived in Zululand, has recently said: "No headman of an African village would allow such a promiscuous mixing of young men and women, boys and girls." He had reference to the children of the overcrowded folk, who at five have nothing to learn and much to unlearn which they will never unlearn.

It is notorious that here in the Ghetto the houses of the poor are greater profit earners than the mansions of the rich. Not only does the poor worker have to live like a beast, but he pays proportionately more for it than does the rich man for his spacious comfort. A class of house-sweaters has been made possible by the competition of the poor for houses. There are more people than there is room, and numbers are in the workhouse because they cannot find shelter elsewhere. Not only are houses let, but they are sublet, and sub-sublet down to the very rooms.

"A part of a room to let." This notice was posted a short while ago in a window not five minutes' walk from St. James' Hall. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is authority for the statement that beds are let on the three-relay system—that is, three tenants to a bed, each occupying it eight hours, so that it never grows cold; while the floor space underneath the bed is likewise let on the three-relay system. Health officers are not at all unused to finding such cases as the following: in one room having a cubic capacity of 1,000 feet, three adult females in the bed, and two adult females under the bed; and in one room of 1650 cubic feet, one adult male and two children in the bed, and two adult females under the bed.

Here is a typical example of a room on the more respectable two-relay system. It is occupied in the daytime by a young woman employed all night

in a hotel. At seven o'clock in the evening she vacates the room, and a bricklayer's laborer comes in. At seven in the morning he vacates, and goes to his work, at which time she returns from hers.

The Rev. W. N. Davies, rector of Spitalfields, took a census of some of the alleys in his parish. He says:—

> In one alley there are 10 houses—51 rooms, nearly all about 8 feet by 9 feet—and 254 people. In six instances only do two people occupy one room; and in others the number varied from three to nine. In another court with six houses and 22 rooms were 84 people—again 6, 7, 8 and 9 being the number living in one room in several instances. In one house with eight rooms are 45 people—one room containing 9 persons, one 8, two 7, and another 6.

This Ghetto crowding is not through inclination, but compulsion. Nearly fifty per cent. of the workers pay from one-fourth to one-half of their earnings for rent. The average rent in the larger part of the East End is from $1.00 to $1.50 per week for one room, while skilled mechanics, earning $8.75 per week, are forced to part with $3.75 of it for two or three pokey little dens, in which they strive desperately to obtain some semblance of home life. And rents are going up all the time. In one street in Stepney the increase in only two years has been from $3.25 to $4.50; in another street from $2.75 to $4; and in another street, from $2.75 to $3.75; while in Whitechapel, two-room houses that recently rented for $2.50 are now costing $5.25. East, west, north, and south, the rents are going up. When land is worth from $100,000 to $150,000 an acre, some one must pay the landlord.

Mr. W. C. Steadman, in the House of Commons, in a speech concerning his constituency in Stepney, related the following:

> This morning, not a hundred yards from where I myself am living, a widow stopped me. She has six children to support, and the rent of her house was 14 shillings per week. She gets her living by letting the house to lodgers and doing a day's washing or charing. That woman, with tears in her eyes, told me that the landlord had increased the rent from 14 shillings to 18 shillings. What could the woman do? There is no accommodation in Stepney. Every place is taken up and overcrowded.

Class supremacy can rest only on class degradation; and when the workers are segregated in the Ghetto, they cannot escape the consequent degradation. A short and stunted people is created—a breed strikingly differentiated from their master's breed, a pavement folk, as it were, lacking stamina and strength. The men become caricatures of what physical men ought to be, and their women and children are pale and anæmic, with eyes ringed darkly, who stoop and slouch, and are early twisted out of all shapeliness and beauty.

To make matters worse, the men of the Ghetto are the men who are left, a deteriorated stock left to undergo still further deterioration. For a hundred and fifty years, at least, they have been drained of their best. The strong men, the men of pluck, initiative and ambition, have been faring forth to the fresher and freer portions of the globe, to make new lands and nations. Those who are lacking, the weak of heart and head and hand, as well as the rotten and hopeless, have remained to carry on the breed. And year by year, in turn, the best they breed are taken from them. Wherever a man of vigor and stature manages to grow up, he is hailed forthwith into the army. A soldier, as Bernard Shaw has said, "ostensibly a heroic and patriotic defender of his country, is really an unfortunate man driven by destitution to offer himself as food for powder for the sake of regular rations, shelter and clothing."

This constant selection of the best from the workers has impoverished those who are left, a sadly degraded remainder, for the great part, which, in the Ghetto, sinks to the deepest depths. The wine of life has been drawn off to spill itself in blood and progeny over the rest of the earth. Those that remain are the lees, and they are segregated, and steeped in themselves. They become indecent and bestial. When they kill, they kill with their hands, and then stupidly surrender themselves to the executioners. There is no splendid audacity about their

transgressions. They gouge a mate with a dull knife, or beat his head in with an iron pot, and then sit down and wait for the police. Wife-beating is the masculine prerogative of matrimony. They wear remarkable boots of brass and iron, and when they have polished off the mother of their children with a black eye or so, they knock her down and proceed to trample her very much as a Western stallion tramples a rattlesnake.

A woman of the lower Ghetto class is as much the slave of her husband as is the Indian squaw. And I, for one, were I a woman and had but the two choices, should prefer being the squaw. The men are economically dependent on their masters, and the women are economically dependent on the men. The result is the woman gets the beating the man should give his master, and she can do nothing. There are the kiddies, and he is the breadwinner, and she dare not send him to jail and leave herself and children to starve. Evidence to convict can rarely be obtained when such cases come into the courts; as a rule the trampled wife and mother is weeping and hysterically beseeching the magistrate to let her husband off for the kiddies' sake.

The wives become screaming harridans or broken-spirited and doglike, lose what little decency and self-respect they have remaining over from their maiden days, and all sink together, unheeding, in their degradation and dirt.

Sometimes I become afraid of my own generalizations upon the massed misery of this Ghetto life, and feel that my impressions are exaggerated, that I am too close to the picture and lack perspective. At such moments I find it well to turn to the testimony of other men to prove to myself that I am not becoming overwrought and addlepated. Frederick Harrison has always struck me as being a level-headed, well-controlled man, and he says:—

> To me, at least, it would be enough to condemn modern society as hardly an advance on slavery or serfdom, if the permanent condition of industry were to be that which we behold, that ninety per cent. of the actual producers of wealth have no home that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil, or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind, except as much old furniture as will go into a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages which barely suffice to keep them in health; are housed, for the most part, in places that no man thinks fit for his horse; are separated by so narrow a margin from destitution that a month of bad trade, sickness, or unexpected loss brings them face to face with hunger and pauperism . . . . But below this normal state of the average workman in town and country, there is found the great band of destitute outcasts—the camp followers of the army of industry—at least one-tenth of the whole proletarian population, whose normal condition is one of sickening wretchedness. If this is to be the permanent arrangement of modern society, civilization must be held to bring a curse on the great majority of mankind.

Ninety per cent! The figures are appalling, yet the Rev. Stopford Brooke, after drawing a frightful London picture, finds himself compelled to multiply it by half a million. Here it is:

> I often used to meet, when I was curate at Kensington, families drifting into London along the Hammersmith Road. One day there came along a laborer and his wife, his son and two daughters. Their family had lived for a long time on an estate in the country, and managed, with the help of the common land and their labor, to get on. But the time came when the common was encroached upon, and their labor was not needed on the estate, and they were quietly turned out of their cottage. Where should they go? Of course to London, where work was thought to be plentiful. They had a little savings, and they thought they could get two decent rooms to live in. But the inexorable land question met them in London. They tried the decent courts for lodgings, and found that two rooms would cost ten shillings a week. Food was dear and bad, water was bad, and in a short time their health suffered. Work was hard to get, and its wage was so low that they were soon in debt. They became more ill and more despairing with the poisonous surroundings, the darkness, and the long hours of work; and they were driven forth to seek a cheaper lodging. They found it in a court I knew well—a hotbed of crime and nameless horrors. In this they got a single room at a cruel rent, and work was more difficult for them to get now, as they came from a place of such bad repute, and they fell into the hands of those who sweat the last drop out of man and woman and child, for wages which are the food only of despair. And the darkness and the dirt, the bad food and the sickness, and the want of water was worse than before; and the crowd and the companionship of the court robbed them of the last shreds of self-respect. The drink demon seized upon them. Of course there was a public house at both ends of the

court. There they fled, one and all, for shelter, and warmth, and society, and forgetfulness. And they came out in deeper debt, with inflamed senses and burning brains, and an unsatisfied craving for drink they would do anything to satiate. And in a few months the father was in prison, the wife dying, the son a criminal, and the daughters on the street. *Multiply this by half a million, and you will be beneath the truth.*

No more dreary spectacle can be found on this earth than the whole of the "awful East," with its Whitechapel, Hoxton, Spitalfields, Bethnal Green, and Wapping to the East India Docks. The color of life is gray and drab. Everything is helpless, hopeless, unrelieved, and dirty. Bath tubs are a thing totally unknown, as mythical as the ambrosia of the gods. The people themselves are dirty, while any attempt at cleanliness becomes howling farce when it is not pitiful and tragic. Strange, vagrant odors come drifting along the greasy wind, and the rain, when it falls, is more like grease than water from heaven. The very cobblestones are scummed with grease. In brief, a vast and complacent dirtiness obtains, which could be done away with by nothing short of a Vesuvius or a Mount Pelee.

Here lives a population as dull and unimaginative as its long, gray miles of dingy brick. Religion has virtually passed it by, and a gross and stupid materialism reigns, fatal alike to the things of the spirit and the finer instincts of life.

It used to be the proud boast that every Englishman's home was his castle. But to-day it is an anachronism. The Ghetto folk have no homes. They do not know the significance and the sacredness of home life. Even the municipal dwellings, where live the better-class workers, are overcrowded barracks. They have no home life. The very language proves it. The father returning from work asks his child in the street where her mother is; and back the answer comes, "In the buildings."

A new race has sprung up, a street people. They pass their lives at work and in the streets. They have dens and lairs into which to crawl for sleeping purposes, and that is all. One cannot travesty the word by calling such dens and lairs "homes." The traditional silent and reserved Englishman has passed away. The pavement folk are noisy, voluble, high-strung, excitable—when they are yet young. As they grow older they become steeped and stupefied in beer. When they have nothing else to do they ruminate as a cow ruminates. They are to be met with everywhere, standing on curbs and corners, and staring into vacancy. Watch one of them. He will stand there, motionless, for hours, and when you go away you will leave him still staring into vacancy. It is most absorbing. He has no money for beer and his lair is only for sleeping purposes, so what else remains for him to do? He has already solved the mysteries of girl's love, and wife's love, and child's love, and found them delusions and shams, vain and fleeting as dewdrops, quick-vanishing before the ferocious facts of life.

As I say, the young are high-strung, nervous, excitable; the middle-aged are empty-headed, stolid, and stupid. It is absurd to think for an instant that they can compete with the workers of the New World. Brutalized, degraded, and dull, the Ghetto folk will be unable to render effieient service to England in the world struggle for industrial supremacy which economists declare has already begun. Neither as workers nor as soldiers can they come up to the mark when England, in her need, calls upon them, her forgotten ones; and if England be flung out of the world's industrial orbit, they will perish like flies at the end of summer. Or, with England critically situated, and with them made desperate as wild beasts are made desperate, they may become a menace and go "swelling" down to the West End to return the "slumming" the West End has done in the East. In which case, before rapid-fire guns and the modern machinery of warfare, they will perish the more swiftly and easily.

CHAPTER XVIII—COFFEE-HOUSES AND DOSS-HOUSES.

Another phrase gone glimmering, shorn of romance and tradition and all that goes to make phrases worth keeping! For me, henceforth, "coffee-house" will possess anything but an agreeable connotation. Over on the other side of the world, the mere mention of the word was sufficient to conjure up whole crowds of its historic frequenters, and to send trooping through my imagination endless groups of wits and dandies, pamphleteers and bravos, and bohemians of Grub Street.

But here, on this side of the world, alas and alack, the very name is a misnomer. Coffee-house: a place where people drink coffee. Not at all. You cannot obtain coffee in such a place for love or money. True, you may call for coffee, and you will have brought you something in a cup purporting to be coffee, and you will taste it and be disillusioned, for coffee it certainly is not.

And what is true of the coffee is true of the coffee-house. Working-men, in the main, frequent these places, and greasy, dirty places they are, without one thing about them to cherish decency in a man or put self-respect into him. Tablecloths and napkins are unknown. A man eats in the midst of the debris left by his predecessor, and dribbles his own scraps about him and on the floor. In rush times, in such places, I have positively waded through the muck and mess that covered the floor, and I have managed to eat because I was abominably hungry and capable of eating anything.

This seems to be the normal condition of the working-man, from the zest with which he addresses himself to the board. Eating is a necessity, and there are no frills about it. He brings in with him a primitive voraciousness, and, I am confident, carries away with him a fairly healthy appetite. When you see such a man, on his way to work in the morning, order a pint of tea, which is no more tea than it is ambrosia, pull a hunk of dry bread from his pocket, and wash the one down with the other, depend upon it, that man has not the right sort of stuff in his belly, nor enough of the wrong sort of stuff, to fit him for his day's work. And further, depend upon it, he and a thousand of his kind will not turn out the quantity or quality of work that a thousand men will who have eaten heartily of meat and potatoes and drunk coffee that is coffee.

A pint of tea, kipper (or bloater), and "two slices" (bread and butter), is a very good breakfast for a London workman. I have looked in vain for him to order a five-penny or six-penny steak (the cheapest to be had); while, when I ordered one for myself, I have usually had to wait till the proprietor could send out to the nearest butcher-shop and buy one.

As a vagrant in the "Hobo" of a California jail I have been served better food and drink than the London workman receives in his coffee-houses; while as an American laborer I have eaten a breakfast for twelvepence such as the British laborer would not dream of eating. Of course, he will pay only three or four pence for his; which is, however, as much as I paid, for I would be earning six shillings to his two or two and a half. On the other hand, though, and in return, I would turn out an amount of work in the course of the day that would put to shame the amount that he turned out. So there are two sides to it. The man with the high standard of living will always do more work and better than the man with the low standard of living.

There is a comparison which sailormen make between the English and American merchant services. In an English ship, they say, it is poor grub, poor pay, and easy work; in an American ship, good grub, good pay, and hard work. And this is applicable to the working populations of both countries. The ocean greyhounds have to pay for speed and steam, and so does the workman. But if the workman is not able to pay for it, he will not have the speed and steam, that is all. The proof of it is when the

English workman comes to America. He will lay more bricks in New York than he will in London, still more bricks in St. Louis, and still more bricks when he gets to San Francisco.* His standard of living has been rising all the time.

Early in the morning, along the streets frequented by workmen on the way to work, many women sit on the sidewalk with sacks of bread beside them. No end of workmen purchase these, and eat them as they walk along. They do not even wash the dry bread down with the tea to be obtained for a penny in the coffee-houses. It is incontestable that a man is not fit to begin his day's work on a meal like that; and it is equally incontestable that the loss will fall upon his employer and upon the nation. For some time, now, statesmen have been crying "Wake up, England!" It would show more hard-headed sense if they changed the tune to "Feed up, England!"

Not only is the worker poorly fed, but he is filthily fed. I have stood outside a butcher shop and watched a horde of speculative housewives turning over the trimmings and scraps and shreds of beef and mutton—dog-meat in the States. I would not vouch for the clean fingers of these housewives, no more than I would vouch for the cleanliness of the single rooms in which many of them and their families lived; yet they raked, and pawed, and scraped the mess about in their anxiety to get the worth of their coppers. I kept my eye on one particularly offensive-looking bit of meat, and followed it through the clutches of over twenty women, till it fell to the lot of a timid-appearing little woman whom the butcher bulldozed into taking it. All day long this heap of scraps was added to and taken away from, the dust and dirt of the street falling upon it, flies settling on it, and the dirty fingers turning it over and over.

The costers wheel loads of specked and decaying fruit around in the barrows rows all day, and very often store it in their one living and sleeping room for the night. There it is exposed to the sickness and disease, the effluvia and vile exhalations of overcrowded and rotten life, and next day it is carted about again to be sold.

The poor worker of the East End never knows what it is to eat good wholesome meat or fruit—in fact, he rarely eats meat or fruit at all; while the skilled workman has nothing to boast of in the way of what he eats. Judging from the coffee-houses, which is a fair criterion, they never know in all their lives what tea, coffee, or cocoa tastes like. The slops and water-witcheries of the coffee-houses, varying only in sloppiness and witchery, never even approximate or suggest what you and I are accustomed to drink as tea and coffee.

A little incident comes to me, connected with a coffee-house not far from Jubilee Street on the Mile End Road.

"Cawn yer let me 'ave somethin' for this, daughter? Anythin, Hi don't mind. Hi 'aven't 'ad a bite the blessed dy, an' Hi'm that fynt . . . ."

She was an old woman, clad in decent black rags, and in her hand she held a penny. The one she had addressed as "daughter" was a care-worn woman of forty, proprietress and waitress of the house.

I waited, possibly as anxiously as the old woman, to see how the appeal would be received. It was four in the afternoon, and she looked faint and sick. The woman hesitated an instant, then brought a large plate of "stewed lamb and green peas." I was eating a plate of it myself, and it is my judgment that the lamb was mutton and that the peas might have been younger without being youthful. However, the point is, the dish was sold at sixpence, and the proprietress gave it for a penny, demonstrating anew the old truth that the poor are the most charitable.

The old woman, profuse in her gratitude, took a seat on the other side of the narrow table and ravenously attacked the smoking stew. We ate steadily and silently, the pair of us,

*The San Francisco bricklayer receives twenty shillings per day, and at present is on strike for twenty-four shillings.

when suddenly, explosively and most gleefully, she cried out to me:

"Hi sold a box o' matches!"

"Yus," she confirmed, if anything with greater and more explosive glee. "Hi sold a box o' matches! That's 'ow Hi got the penny."

"You must be getting along in years," I suggested.

"Seventy-four yesterday," she replied, and returned with gusto to her plate.

"Blimey, I'd like to do something for the old girl, that I would, but this is the first I've 'ad to-dy," the young fellow alongside volunteered to me. "An' I only 'ave this because I 'appened to make an odd shilling washin' out, Lord lumme! I don't know 'ow many pots."

"No work at my own tryde for six weeks," he said further, in reply to my question; "nothin' but odd jobs a blessed long wy between."

One meets with all sorts of adventures in coffee-houses, and I shall not soon forget a Cockney Amazon in a place near Trafalgar Square, to whom I tendered a sovereign when paying my score. (By the way, one is supposed to pay before he begins to eat, and if he be poorly dressed he is compelled to pay before he eats.)

The girl bit the gold piece between her teeth, rang it on the counter, and then looked me and my rags witheringly up and down.

"Where'd you find it?" she at length demanded.

"Some mug left it on the table when he went out, eh, don't you think?" I retorted.

"Whot's yer gyme?" she queried, looking me calmly in the eyes.

"I makes 'em," quoth I.

She sniffed superciliously and gave me the change in small silver, and I had my revenge by biting and ringing every piece of it.

"I'll give you a ha'penny for another lump of sugar in the tea," I said.

"I'll see you in 'ell first," came the retort courteous. Also, she amplified the retort courteous in divers vivid and unprintable ways.

I never had much talent for repartee, but she knocked silly what little I had, and I gulped down my tea a beaten man, while she gloated after me even as I passed out to the street.

While 300,000 people of London live in one-room tenements, and 900,000 are illegally and viciously housed, 38,000 more are registered as living in common lodging-houses — known in the vernacular as "doss-houses." There are many kinds of doss-houses, but in one thing they are all alike, from the filthy little ones to the monster big ones paying five per cent. and blatantly lauded by smug middle-class men who know nothing about them, and that one thing is their uninhabitableness. By this I do not mean that the roofs leak or the walls are draughty; but what I do mean is that life in them is degrading and unwholesome.

"The poor man's hotel," they are often called, but the phrase is caricature. Not to possess a room to ones' self, in which sometimes to sit alone; to be forced out of bed willy-nilly, the first thing in the morning; to engage and pay anew for a bed each night; and never to have any privacy, surely is a mode of existence quite different from that of hotel life.

This must not be considered a sweeping condemnation of the big private and municipal lodging-houses and working men's homes. Far from it. They have remedied many of the atrocities attendant upon the irresponsible small doss-houses, and they give the workman more for his money than he ever received before; but that does not not make them as habitable or wholesome as the dwelling-place of a man should be who does his work in the world.

The little private doss-houses, as a rule, are unmitigated horrors. I have slept in them and I know; but let me pass them by and confine myself to the bigger and better ones. Not far from Middlesex Street, Whitechapel, I entered such a house, a place inhabited almost entirely by workingmen. The entrance was by way of a flight of steps descending from the sidewalk to what

was properly the cellar of the building. Here were two large and gloomily lighted rooms, in which men cooked and ate. I had intended to do some cooking myself, but the smell of the place stole away my appetite, or, rather, wrested it from me; so I contented myself with watching other men cook and eat.

One workman, home from work, sat down opposite me at the rough wooden table, and began his meal. A handful of salt on the not over-clean table constituted his butter. Into it he dipped his bread, mouthful by mouthful, and washed it down with tea from a big mug. A piece of fish completed his bill of fare. He ate silently, looking neither to right or left nor across at me. Here and there, at the various tables, other men were eating, just as silently. In the whole room there was hardly a note of conversation. A feeling of gloom pervaded the ill-lighted place. Many of them sat and brooded over the crumbs of their repast, and made me wonder, as Childe Roland wondered, what evil they had done that they should be punished so.

From the kitchen came the sounds of more genial life, and I ventured in to the range where the men were cooking. But the smell I had noticed on entering was stronger here, and a rising nausea drove me into the street for fresh air.

On my return I paid fivepence for a "cabin," took my receipt for the same in the form of a huge brass check, and went upstairs to the smoking-room. Here, a couple of small billiard tables and several checkerboards were being used by young workingmen, who waited in relays for their turn at the games, while many men were sitting around, smoking, reading and mending their clothes. The young men were hilarious, the old men were gloomy. In fact, there were two types of men, the cheerful and the sodden or blue, and age seemed to determine the classification.

But no more than the two cellar rooms, did this room convey the remotest suggestion of home. Certainly there could be nothing homelike about it to you and me, who know what home really is. On the walls were the most preposterous and insulting notices regulating the conduct of the guests, and at ten o'clock the lights were put out, and nothing remained but bed. This was gained by descending again to the cellar, by surrendering the brass check to a burly doorkeeper, and by climbing a long flight of stairs into the upper regions. I went to the top of the building and down again, passing several floors filled with sleeping men. The "cabins" were the best accommodation, each cabin allowing space for a tiny bed and room alongside of it in which to undress. The bedding was clean, and with neither it nor the bed do I find any fault. But there was no privacy about it, no being alone.

To get an adequate idea of a floor filled with cabins, you have merely to magnify a layer of the pasteboard pigeon-holes of an egg-crate till each pigeon-hole is seven feet in height and otherwise properly dimensioned, then place the magnified layer on the floor of a large barnlike room, and there you have it. There are no ceilings to the pigeon-holes, the walls are thin, and the snores from all the sleepers and every move and turn of your nearer neighbors come plainly to your ears. And this cabin is yours only for a little while. In the morning out you go. You cannot put your trunk in it, or come and go when you like, or lock the door behind you, or anything of the sort. In fact, there is no door at all, only a doorway. If you care to remain a guest in this poor man's hotel, you must put up with all this, and with prison regulations which impress upon you constantly that you are nobody, with little soul of your own and less to say about it.

Now I contend that the least a man who does his day's work should have, is a room to himself, where he can lock the door and be safe in his possessions; where he can sit down and read by a window or look out; where he can come and go whenever he wishes; where he can accumulate a few personal belongings other than those he carries about with him on his back and in his

pockets ; where he can hang up pictures of his mother, sister, sweetheart, ballet dancers, or bulldogs, as his heart listeth —in short, one place of his own on the earth of which he can say : "This is mine, my castle ; the world stops at the threshold ; here I am lord and master." He will be a better citizen, this man ; and he will do a better day's work.

I stood on one floor of the poor man's hotel and listened. I went from bed to bed and looked at the sleepers. They were young men, from twenty to forty, most of them. Old men cannot afford the working-man's home. They go to the workhouse. But I looked at the young men, scores of them, and they were not bad-looking fellows. Their faces were made for women's kisses, their necks for women's arms. They were lovable, as men are lovable. They were capable of love. A woman's touch redeems and softens, and they needed such redemption and softening instead of each day growing harsh and harsher. And I wondered where these women were, and heard a "harlot's ginny laugh." Leman Street, Waterloo Road, Piccadilly, The Strand, answered me, and I knew where they were.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IDEALS

J. A. EDGERTON

If I can let into some soul a little light,
If I some pathway dark and drear can render bright,
If I to one in gloom can show the sunny side,
Though no reward I win, I will be satisfied.

If I to some one can reveal a nobler view
Of life and work ; if I can reach some spirit true
With but one word, if that word mean his betterment,
Though without recognition, I shall die content.

If I can serve the cause of truth and liberty,
If I by deed or song can help to make men free,
If I can lift some burden from the toiling poor,
Although unknown and friendless, I will ask no more.

If I can add one little spark to the world's love,
If I can show the inward path that leads above,
If I can give some comfort to a soul in pain,
Though nameless, I shall feel that life is not in vain.

If I can show the beauty of my inmost dream—
The temples of the coming age with light agleam—
And thus can help the world progress to brotherhood,
I'll feel that life is sweet to me and God is good.

If I can win some soul to see the higher way,
If I can help somewhat to bring the better day,
If I can feel my work and words have others blessed,
In silent satisfaction I will seek my rest.

The Spirit of the Social Reconstruction

FREDERIC W. BURRY

ENERGY is everything. The physical scientists now know that Matter is simply Force made objective and cognizable to the senses. In the same way, human energy—commonly called work or labor—is at once the productive element and the end of existence; for experience gained by exercise is the purpose of creation.

Man and Nature are one. Their activities are indivisible; they grow together; their interests are identical. Man is really a unit; the different members of the human family being indissolubly connected. Man is the positive element in the universe; all else is negative. Thus all is united; all is one; this is a universe.

If, as often stated, Happiness is the motive of existence, Creation is the road to Happiness. We are in a condition of conscious harmony when our forces and capabilities are allowed the play of healthful exercise and activity.

The popular idea of economy is a mistaken one. While money and tangible possessions should not be squandered, real economy lies in the best disposal of one's time. Since we live amidst limitless resources, it is clear that a right disposal of one's energy, or industrial economy, is the real issue to be considered.

Socialism is the concept of minds which could see the great industrial waste, as well as the industrial slavery and injustice.

We need not lose sight of either the moral or the economic principles involved in the social problems. Though, it is true, that until the consciousness of the masses rises beyond mere narrow selfishness, the moral side of a suggested change will not attract them like the economic side.

"What is it going to do for Me?" will for awhile continue to be the first question asked by the prospective disciple.

This Me, though a mere personal atom, is to the average individual the centre of the universe. And this contracted selfishness is a forecast of a larger consciousness: Selfishness, *per se*, is not at fault—only the very limited sphere that makes the Me to be a frail personality, instead of the larger universal Ego or Self.

However, Socialism is not waiting exactly for the birth of such a large consciousness; it is not even waiting for the dawn of a national humanitarian brotherly love. It offers its scheme as an actual life-saving possibility to men who are rapidly getting to their wits' ends with social and national problems.

These are all personal problems. The growth of civilization is bringing people more and more together. Collective interests are discerned to be of

the greatest personal significance. Combination and co-operation force themselves on people as of advantageous and even requisite economic worth.

Socialism is but the extension of this growing feeling of the need of collectivism. It is thus an inevitable move of destiny.

Just what form certain industrial changes will take, we cannot exactly say. Socialism is not a cut-and-dried, unchangeable system, conceived in the mind of some individual; it is an elastic plan of living, that will re-order itself, according to the growth of humanity. It is Freedom — and Freedom is Expansion.

As a matter of fact, Socialism has already been born; and its moves in various ways are going on under the very eyes of those who believe in slavery, who still manage to hang on to their privileges, for awhile.

We are now about to see a maturing of the Social Order; when, timidities and temporizings laid aside, there is a sweeping industrial reorganization: with Science and Justice at the head—the cosmic voice at last being heard—the soul of humanity at last awaking from its long stupor.

The discoveries and inventions in various realms of mental and material life are doing their part to hasten the redemptive day: the iconoclast, the dreamer, the talker, the scientist, the philosopher—all are doing their part. The world moves on its axis day by day, the sun shines, with the end of human redemption and resurrection in view—the apotheosis of creation—regeneration, the complement of mere generation.

For men have so far lived with only the ideal before them of a short animal existence—and a fight even for that. Their minds have not been capable of conceiving a better state. A few have given out their prophecies of a coming kingdom, a heaven, a reign of peace; but the masses have considered it as a sort of shadowy, transcendental or spiritual world, to be reached only after a life of piety; graciously bestowed and given to suppliant, humbled children of earth—and lying beyond the grave. It is not suprising that this reward has not seemed so very inviting; and there has been nothing else—life on this earth has been for the general masses, a dead life—eating, drinking, reproducing—O, inane existence!—short, stolen periods of pleasure and long periods of pain—no romance—and a life without romance is a dead life.

Who can think of romance, when one must scramble for a living? One even learns to despise romance, art, beauty—calling it effeminate. And so men have grovelled—as they still grovel.

Some have remarked that the slaves themselves are more to blame even than those who hold the whip over them—for the simple reason that they submit. As long as people are fed, in too many cases, they see no cause for discontent or reform. But in many cases they do not get fed; then some of them steal; and the law soon takes them under its motherly shelter.

All this social inharmony is born from the ignorant point of view that men take of life. They imagine that natural opportunities and resources are so limited; and they see again that the laws and customs of society are not particularly in their favor; from their point of view, there appears nothing to do but fight and scramble.

Only some growth of intelligence can change this view. It need not be a

very great growth; neither colossal intellect nor extraordinary heartfelt sympathy or love is required for the next social change. It is a change that condescends to appeal even to the brute animal instinct of self-preservation.

Men are learning that a gregarious life is necessary for the perpetuation of the personal life. They can now see with their physical vision that social unity alone is strength.

And so we perceive all kinds of tentative organizations and societies and unions growing up around us, with protective and progressive motives; all of which must lead in one way and another to more definite institutions of solidarity, the different interests intermerging. By the very law of gravitation people are bound to come together.

Yes, we see the forces and energies of life, as manifested in things and in people, congregating, concentrating, unifying. Nature is passing the boundary of the hitherto superficial ignorant consciousness. We are now entering into new dimensions—a new plane of consciousness.

It is not necessary that the complete significance of the new moves should be immediately understood by this race that is, in plain words, being born again. During the early years of our corporal existence, we are not conscious of the methods and processes of our life, but we live and grow just the same. In a similar way, people are now being carried on by the waves of destiny—being ushered into new spheres of life and action—but they do not discern the changes. If they did, they might be unwilling to move. Therefore, those who would force certain economic and social principles down people's unwilling throats—people who see only the shadows of the truths thus enunciated—are working most unscientifically as well as unprofitably.

Education is needed; and education of the best kind is not one large bitter pill. It need not be taken in homœopathic doses, either. It should be a curative and strengthening substance, administered in the form of food rather than medicine.

The people are being educated by the observation of the inevitable course of events; their minds are being made awake by the survey of the great industrial moves going on around them.

And so more and more are desiring to take an active, conscious part in the reconstruction of society. Their personal consciousness is expanding a little, and in time their old narrow selfishness will be no more. They will then work with true Love and Intellect. Meanwhile, it is interesting and encouraging to watch the moves made all around. Every move on the part of society or the masses makes it possible for the leaders in the vanguard to take extra moves.

All the paltry enactments of those in selfish usurped authority cannot keep back the emerging consciousness in the people. When once the flame of reason is ignited, or the slumbering human sensations aroused, what avail is it for superstition or precedent to say: "Thou shalt not!"

And if this system of Socialism were not reared upon principles of immutable justice—its message the clarion notes of human destiny and evolution—all the talk and agitation in the world would not foist its scheme on humanity. The time is past for organized ignorance or slavery. The consciousness of the race has advanced too far in quality and quantity for anything short of definite industrial and social worth.

With the growth of race-consciousness—particularly to be marked here and there in special centres—we find the old industrial enterprises at demonstrably a zenith of possibility. Either the next moves must be national in character, or the industrial kings will own the earth. With the bewildering discoveries of science, the need for concerted human action is still more apparent. It is no longer even a matter of expediency that the people should rule; it is a matter of necessity.

And this transitional period is no time for petty fads among reformers to stand in the way of definite progress, which has been the case during former years. It is no time to be tied down to certain "convictions" and "principles"—the best of which have to be changed as the days of growth go on. Science, including social science, has too often been allowed to degenerate into mere dogma and partyism; when all systems and theories and schemes should be held for human service. Let us move on. There is only one move to make—it is Forward!

Activity is Life Exercise means Happiness. The greater expansion we allow our natural energies, the more experience we have, the higher degree of consciousness is ours—and so our capacity for happiness is increased.

The faculty of Appreciation means happiness for us. Let us develop it. In other words let us awaken to existing opportunities and possibilities; let us to work.

Within our present sphere of action we can exercise that economy and concentration which in an extended form is to be the salvation of society. Our time, our energy, needs more conservation. Our attention requires to be centred. We have been making a number of unnecessary false moves. These failures we can minimize in the future; and so make every move count.

The reconstruction of society is going on; we ought not to neglect our share of work in hastening the new order; neither ought we to neglect our present personal opportunities. What we may make of our personal characters has a great deal to do with the re-making of society. Socialism is true Individualism.

In the new order of collective industry, the Individual is to be enthroned—all Individuals. The Unit is to be the symbol and objective point of the Whole. Thus, Socialism is a concrete system, and not merely abstract or undefined.

There are some who would have what they call a complete new regime of Liberty ushered in by revolution—all at once. But who can draw a demarking line of completeness in a universe that is forever unfolding—where new dimensions appear from time to time, making our finalities and goals lose themselves in the boundless cosmos of events?

Very often, those who would say "Here are the limits of the possibilities of Freedom," are far behind the wide, ever-widening, ranges of others. May we not ignore the goals and limitations, except as passing epochs and steps in the ascending scale of evolution? For Freedom is a word of infinite significance: though the infinite life itself requires its tentative points and periods in the whirling cycles of existence.

It is not just to be forever nagging at particular individuals, because of their apparent good-fortune, while others have nothing. It is not even just to condemn selfish acts on the part of others.

Socialism is a new ideal of Economy, and appeals to the cool, real business man, rather than to the hot-headed enthusiast. It is a system of practicable, even inevitable evolution. It has actual favors to offer to all—rich and poor. It is the outgrowth of developed human intelligence.

Beyond well-defined limits, it is impossible for individuals to amass possessions or assume responsibilities. Such limits are clearly discernible now in various quarters. Either things must stop where they are, or old methods must be thrown over.

Things never stop. Life in all its phases consists of perpetual wasting and making. This is expression. We are just learning how to express our energies to the utmost and best advantage. We are learning to be artists and scientists — for we are ascending onto a new plane of consciousness.

I have observed the actions of those alleged reformers who have nothing to offer but a scheme of iconoclasm or annihilation, who insanely imagine that new orders of life are going to rise of their own accord on the top of dead ashes, who harbor thoughts of vengeance and hatred against the educational past; and I have found them very undesirable characters, to say the least. Unsystematic visionaries are not going to create new worlds of life and action. We must extend what exists—recognizing the place of all conditions in the order of growth; not think about "starting over again."

We never start over again. Every new birth is an extension or re-incarnation of a former one. There is absolutely no kind of experience but what has positive worth; only we must rise, and grow, and unfold, and develop.

This is not the time of the mere protestant or iconoclast. It is the day of the man of expediency. There are opportunities around us; conditions are ripening for marked changes; people's minds are open for progressive ideas—which are even being suggested to them by the old ideas.

There is nothing to overthrow. Our part is to disentangle the existing conditions, to re-arrange scattered forces, to practise Concentration. Yes, the first element of true propaganda is to exemplify our ideals—to incarnate them in our personalities. Living affirmations, strong characters, are suns of mighty influence. In our immediate spheres, let us first practise Concentration.

Thus thinking and living from one's Self-Centre — an attitude of Mental Balance — a Napoleonic sceptre of power is wielded — for mighty and wonderful are the latent human-forces native to every soul. Whether these titanic forces are used for good or ill is another question; but it is certain that today only justice can live and good prevail; for such forces are developing in many thousands of souls—souls becoming conscious of Life's Unity and the Brotherhood of Mankind.

Dare to look beyond the old ranges. Fear not. You can lose nothing. The best the world has to offer today is mediocrity. What, then, is there to lose?

We can be satisfied no longer with the old inconsequencies; the old arts and pastimes have lost to a large extent their satisfying power. Our consciousness is expanding. We must create new and improved conditions—new worlds of science and art. Our forces are coming to the front—untried capabilities and senses are developing. Our

mental vision is widening. We are learning to harness the Niagaric plunges of energy that have been flowing unrecognized throughout the ages. We must now adopt more system—minimizing the waste of energy more and more—directing and controlling ourselves, our forces.

The age of Socialism is the age of geniuses, artists, gods. It is the extension of heroism and mastery—a time when Opportunity is opened to all—a time of the emancipation of Thought.

For if men's minds are free, their surroundings and conditions are at once made free. And is not mental expansion or the development of intellect clearly a matter of love and goodwill? The ideal all-inclusive universal love is the secret of dominion—the key of the infinite powers to be held by the men in the vanguard—the prerogative of the teachers and leaders—for love impels to marked speech and action. And the masses, who have not learned to love with such an absorbing fullness, will look on and up with instinctive admiration, and their slumbering energies will be made in a measure active.

All things and thoughts and conditions are contributing towards the new regime of Industrial Economy. The Eternal makes use of the basest and the loftiest motives; and the man of genius will do the same in his particular sphere of action.

For the secret of perfection and excellence lies in subjecting all manner of opportunities and means towards the ideal ends. All is good; mastery is the recognition of the goodness and possibilities in anything.

Success and Health for the individual today lie in being true to one's concept of justice. Mathematics is an absolute and unassailable law, which it is useless as well as undesirable to strive against. Let us live in accord with true principles and we shall have nothing to regret; we shall, indeed, only then know what harmony is.

Apply universal principles in your individual life—and individual principles to the universal life. Have Faith. Recognize Oneness. And practice what you preach. Exemplify your ideals. Take down the barriers; unmask yourself; be true; be courageous; be free.

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Members of the Presbyterian Assembly, convened at Vancouver, B.C., from an Elder

Gentlemen:

As no other opportunity presents itself, I use this method of addressing you, to draw your attention to a question of vital importance to the community; which question has had my own most earnest and prayerful consideration and study for some years past.

In the words of Lyman Abbott, who says, "I believe the impetus towards Socialism to be irresistible, and I believe it ought not to be resisted," I draw your attention to the great economic question of the day. To many the term Socialist is a synonym for all that is bad, this false idea having in the past been taught by the press, who coupled

it with anarchy, Nihilism, etc.; to others who are equally ignorant it means a dividing up of what we have produced today and then a fresh start. Now, its teachings are the very opposite. It is the only practical application of the teachings of Jesus—for all his teachings are based on justice.

You may or may not agree with me, that the church today is fast losing its hold on the working classes, especially in large centers, and wonder at the cause. The fact is, this class of the community is beginning to believe that the church has no interest in them, or in the class struggle that is continually going on. They think the well-to-do, who can support the church, are the ones cared for and welcomed, the poorer people tolerated, and in many cases looked down on by the better off. I full well know the difficulties of the earnest minister who sees these things in his congregation and cannot find adequate means to prevent or remedy them. Now I have faith in the organizations of the various denominations to do a much greater work for the cause of humanity than they have ever done in the past, when they wake up (as wake up they must) to the opportunities offered them by a study of the question of Socialism, and it is to this end that I write—to beg—to appeal to you with with all the power—all the force at my command to study the question—drop all pre-conceived ideas--get its literature and study it out, each for yourself, and on its merits let it stand or fall. I can assure you there is more love, brotherhood, justice, fairness and kindness in it than you can conceive of. Were it in force today 95 per cent. of your church difficulties would vanish, and "Thy kingdom come" would at least be nearer than it appears to be today, when we see in our legislative halls political and municipal debauchery, and business competition so hard, so cruel, that earnest Christian men solemnly affirm they cannot do business on right principles and succeed.

You yourselves, as thinking men, view with alarm the outlook, and can you suggest a remedy? Pick up your newpapers—any of them—and surround with a colored pencil each item that tells of vice in its varied forms, and then look at it as a whole—do this for a week and you will have an object lesson before you that will startle you and make you think, and think hard, till you ask yourself the question, How can this be remedied?

We have now preached the doctrines of Jesus a long time, and we wonder if the world is getting better or no. The church can no longer ignore the subject; it must ally itself on the side of capital with its corporate greed, or on the side of the common people—the mass of humanity, on the side of labor, the producer of all wealth. Were Christ here in person He would be found, as in the past, teaching justice, and the common people hearing Him gladly. When He was here, He was daily preaching against the religious, political, and economic systems of that day, and would need to repeat it again.

Today thinking men of all classes are fast realizing the fact that we are face to face with an economic and social crisis, one that portends great change—possibly bloodshed and revolution. It is the aim and desire of Socialism the world over to prevent this. To that end we are bending every energy; to that end we are propagating a gospel of peace—the Brotherhood of Man, the Fatherhood of God for all His children. We see vast thunder clouds gathering. Capital against labor—both like powerful dynamos charged with electricity. We see corruption, prostitution, vice and drunkenness rampant. We see women and children working for bread to exist. These present evil conditions cannot last, but must be replaced by a new economic and social system of society in which all shall have an opportunity to work, in which labor the producer shall have the full value of what he produces—every child an education, and every man, woman and child be economically free. This we cannot have under our present laws, and it is the system of today we fight—not men, not millionaires. I would draw your attention to the fact that at a late

Methodist conference held in this Province, all their ministers were recommended to read and study this question. A day, a week, will not suffice; it's too deep, for it lies at the foundation of economic, religious and social life, and we who live on the earth now are the ones to move, to remake our laws. God does not make them; we make them ourselves. If men now dead made laws for themselves for their day, why cannot we in our day and under different conditions, make laws to suit ourselves and our conditions—laws that shall leave us free to live the life the Creator intended us to live?

I conclude by beseeching you in the name of God and humanity—in the name of the carpenter of Nazareth—in the name of the people, to read, to study, not in the light of men long since dead, but in the light of modern thinkers, men who love their human kind, who see the evils, who know the cause and its remedy, and then come out boldly—fear not. God and one are a majority. If we are on God's side, which is one of justice, no power can possibly prevent success. God speed the day, and may you one and all be workers in the great cause—the cause of the common people.

I am, gentlemen,
Respectfully yours,
W. H. MARCON,
Elder Presbyterian Church of Canada.
Victoria, B. C.

FREEDOM

Of old, sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet,
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the roaring torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling down upon the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field
To mingle with the struggling race,
And part by part to men revealed
The glorious fulness of her face.

Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them; may perpetual youth
Keep dry their holy light from tears.

—*Tennyson.*

CERTIFICATE OF SEARCH

MADE BY

UNIVERSAL ABSTRACT AND TITLE CO.

UTOPIA, EARTH,

OF

Proceedings had and taken in the Supreme Court of the Universe, Department of the Earth, in the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of H. U. Manity, an Incompetent Person.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNIVERSE,
DEPARTMENT OF THE EARTH.

HON. P. E. OPLE,
Judge presiding.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of H. U. Manity, an Incompetent Person.

No. 1421.

November 4, 1902. PETITION (filed) of S. O. Cialism, respectfully showeth :—

I.

That H. U. Manity is a citizen of the World, and his person and property are within the jurisdiction of this Court.

II.

That said H. U. Manity is advanced in years, but his exact age is to your Petitioner unknown ; that he has several million sons and daughters, many of whom are minors, now living and residing within the jurisdiction of this Court, but the exact number thereof, and the names, ages and places of residence of each of them is unknown to Petitioner.

III.

That said H. U. Manity is the rightful owner of a large estate, consisting of both real and personal property, of infinite value, and more particularly described and enumerated as follows, to wit :—

REAL PROPERTY.

All those certain tracts, pieces and parcels of land respectively known and described upon the Official Map of the World as Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, North America and South America; also all the various islands shown and delineated upon the aforesaid map (to which reference is hereby made for further description) being too numerous for particular mention herein.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, including all the minerals contained therein.

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

All the crops, produce and vegetation of every kind and nature, growing, grown or to be grown upon all the real estate hereinabove mentioned and described.

All the animals and fowls, whether domesticated or wild, which subsist upon the aforementioned real estate or any portion thereof, and all the fish within the waters, both salt and fresh, which border upon said land or any portion thereof, together with the increase.

All the fences, buildings and improvements of every sort situated upon said land or any part or portion thereof.

All the furnaces, engines, mills, looms and machinery of every sort used in the manufacture of goods of any kind, wheresoever the same may be situated.

All the roadbeds, rolling stock, steam vessels, sailing craft, rails, poles, wires, cables, wireless stations, telegraph and telephone instruments, and all articles and things of whatsoever kind which constitute the means and facilities of transportation and communication upon, over, across, through or under any of the above-mentioned land or the waters surrounding or adjacent to the same.

An exclusive and perpetual water right in and to all the rain, snow and mist which falls or condenses upon said land or anything appurtenant thereto; also in and to all the oceans, lakes, rivers, and other streams and bodies of water which border upon or flow through or over any part of said land; with the right to use the said water for power, irrigation, domestic manufacturing purposes, or for any other use or purpose whatsoever.

All and all manner of franchises, rights and privileges for conducting business of every kind with and among the inhabitants of the Earth.

All and singular the lands, waters, forces, rights and things (whether hereinbefore specifically enumerated and described or not) constituting the Earth and the fulness thereof.

IV.

That said H. U. Manity for some time past has been, and now is, incompetent to manage his said estate, and it is necessary that a Guardian be appointed to conduct and manage the same for him, lest said Incompetent and his lawful heirs be wholly deprived of their rights therein.

V.

That your Petitioner, S. O. Cialism, is a fit and proper person, and is the only fit and proper person, to be appointed as such Guardian.

VI.

In support of the allegation of incompetency, Petitioner alleges the following facts, proof whereof will be adduced upon the hearing of this Petition, viz.:

Said H. U. Manity is peculiarly susceptible to the wiles and devices of certain unscrupulous and designing persons, and more especially one C. A. Pitalism, who has already despoiled him of the legal title and possession of all the hereinabove mentioned real and personal property, except a small portion thereof, of relatively insignificant value. That he persists in believing the protestations of friendship made by said C. A. Pitalism, in the face of the most acute suffering which he constantly endures through the acts of said false friend, and is likely, unless restrained, to turn over to him the small portion of his estate which remains. That he granted and conveyed away the greater portion of his property, as above alleged, without adequate consideration, and, in fact, without any consideration whatever. That by so doing he has already brought great deprivation and suffering upon his sons and daughters aforesaid, and their right of inheritance is placed in jeopardy and will be permanently lost unless the prayer of this petition be granted.

VII.

That the property so alienated can be recovered by an action in equity, which it is the intention of Petitioner to bring immediately upon his appointment, as hereinafter prayed.

WHEREFORE YOUR PETITIONER PRAYS:—

That a day of Court be set for the hearing of this petition, and due notice given by proclamation from all the platforms, pulpits and soap boxes within the

jurisdiction of this Court, on all convenient occasions; and by publication in all the daily, weekly and monthly papers and magazines printed and published within the territory of the world, as often as said papers and magazines are printed, for a period of two years.

That a Citation issue to said H. U. Manity to be and appear at said hearing to show cause, if any he can, why he should not be adjudged an incompetent person.

That upon said hearing and the proofs to be adduced, your Petitioner be appointed Guardian of the Person and Estate of said H. U. Manity, and that Letters of Guardianship issue to him.

And your Petitioner will ever pray, etc.

(Signed) RIGHT & JUSTICE,
Attorneys for Petitioner.

November 4, 1902. ORDER setting hearing of above Petition for Tuesday, the 2nd day of November, 1904; directs notice to be given and Citation to be issued in accordance with the prayer.

November 5, 1902. CITATION issued.

November 3, 1903. CITATION returned, with Certificate of M. Ight, Sheriff, that he served the same upon the said H. U. Manity, personally, on November 5, 1902.

November 2, 1904. AFFIDAVIT (filed) of P. R. Opoganda, that the Order to Show Cause has been proclaimed and published as ordered by the Court.

November 2, 1904. DECREE, recites:—

Above Petition coming on regularly to be heard; proof to the satisfaction of the Court that due notice has been given, and that the Citation issued to H. U. Manity has been duly served; and the Court having heard and read the oral and documentary proofs adduced, and heard the arguments of counsel, whereupon it appeared to the satisfaction of the Court that all the averments of said Petition are true, and that said H. U. Manity has disregarded the comfort and security of his children, and has fraudulently attempted to convey away their inheritance.

And all and singular the law and the premises being by the Court heard, seen, understood and fully considered, it is by the Court,

ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED:—That said H. U. Manity be and he is hereby adjudged to be an Incompetent Person, and incapable of managing his said estate; that S. O. Cialism, a fit and proper person, be and he is hereby appointed Guardian of the Person and Estate of said Incompetent, without bonds, and that Letters issue to him upon his taking the Oath; that said Guardian be and he is hereby authorized to take possession and charge of the whole of said property (including that attempted to be conveyed, said acts being void), and to manage and administer the same for the use and benefit of all the sons and daughters of said H. U. Manity, share and share alike, forever.

(Signed) P. E. OPLE,
Supreme Judge, Department of Earth.

Attest: ED. UCATION, Clerk of Court.

(Seal.)

CERTIFICATE OF SEARCH.

State of Utopia, } ss.
County of Futurity. }

This is to certify that the foregoing 3 pages, inclusive, contain a full, true and correct abstract of all proceedings in the above entitled matter, to the date hereof.

S. EDGAR ALDERMAN,
Searcher.

WHY THERE IS A TRUST QUESTION

IN HIS speech in Congress last February on his anti-Trust bill, Representative Littlefield read a carefully prepared table of figures in regard to Trusts, which are staggering in their proportions. He divides them into two classes—the regular industrial Trusts and the so-called "natural Trusts," the latter including such local monopolies as gas, electric traction, telegraph and express companies.

The industrial Trusts he found to be at that time 453 in number, and capitalized at $9,231,136,698. Of the "natural Trusts," he found 340, with a total capitalization of $4,519,597,819. This gives nearly 800 Trusts, with the stupendous total capitalization of nearly $14,000,000,000.

Mr. Littlefield's list was compiled early in February, 1903. A year and a half before, on May 31, 1900, the census statistics reported 183 Trusts with a capitalization of $3,607,539,200; an increase in number of over 600 and in capital of $10,400,000,000 within eighteen months.

The following list of some of the Trusts whose capitalization is $50,000,000 and over, is taken from the Wall St. Journal:

FOUR AND A QUARTER BILLION DOLLARS

Some of The Trusts

The fifty-three corporations whose capitalization is 50,000 and over (exclusive of the steam railroad companies and such railroad "holding" companies as the Northern Securities and the Rock Island Company) are as follows:

United States Steel Corporation	$1,404,000,000
Consolidated Tobacco Co	262,689,200
International Mercantile Marine	195,000,000
United States Leather	180,800,000
Amalgamated Copper	155,000,000
American Telegraph & T	152,748,000
Consolidated Gas	151,235,000
Anthracite Coal Combine	150,000,000
Metropolitan Securities	147,499,000
Western Union Telegraph	146,051,350
Chicago Union Traction	120,349,200
International Harvester	120,000,000
Consolidated Lake Superior	117,000,000
Bay State Gas	112,000,000
American Smelting	100,000,000
Standard Oil	97,000,000
United Railways, St. Louis	90,000,000
United Railways, Baltimore	90,000,000
Manhattan Railway	88,000,000
American Can	88,000,000
American Sugar	85,000,000
Union Steel Company	85,000,000
New Orleans Traction	80,000,000
United Copper	80,000,000
Corn Products	80,000,000
American Plow	75,000,000
Union Traction, Philadelphia	72,341,684
Central Lumber Co., of Cal	70,000,000
United States Realty	66,000,000
American Woolen	65,000,000
People's Gas, Chicago	64,046,000
Pittsburg Coal	64,000,000
U. S. Rubber	62,000,000
Union Steel & Chain	60,000,000
American Car & Foundry	60,000,000
North Jersey Street Railway	59,004,000
New England Insurance Ex	58,537,107
National Biscuit	56,683,000
Underwriters' Ass'n, N.Y	56,428,711
Republic Iron & Steel	55,000,000
International Paper	54,169,000
U. S. Shipbuilding	51,000,000
Philadelphia Electric	53,307,300
American Locomotive	51,312,500
Western Telephone	51,000,000
Cambria Steel	50,206,000
Chemical Manufa'rers' Combine	50,000,000
Crucible Steel	50,000,000
Federal Sugar	50,000,000

Marsden Company	$50,000,000
Rubber Goods Co	50,000,000
Soapmakers' Combine	50,000,000
Virginia-Carolino Chemical	50,000,000

And this stupendous development has taken place practically within the last six years. The problem presented by the Trust is therefore something new under the sun, and our poor little politicians are at a loss to know what to do about it. No wonder. It is too big for them. Only the nation can deal with it adequately, and it will know what to do with its own when the time comes.—M. H.

Judge-Made Law, or American Despotism

A. T. CUZNER, M. D.

TO the intelligent, studious enquirer after truth, nothing is more apparent than that the principles of freedom enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and guaranteed by the Constitution, are fast becoming a dead letter—made thus by the decisions of the life-appointed judges of the Supreme Court.

These judges can decide any question of supreme importance to the great majority of the people of the United States, and there are none who have power to revise or amend their decisions, excepting themselves or their successors.

Being appointed for life, and no provision being made for their impeachment or removal from office, they are therefore above all law, and are "a law unto themselves." This applies in a lesser degree to our State Courts. What is the consequence of this absolute, uncontrollable power?

What is the natural result?

We know that the great mass of the people—the propertyless class—are at the complete mercy—as to their natural rights and liberties—of these judges appointed by and through the influence of the property-owning class, whose interest it is the business of these judges to conserve.

Before proceeding further let us pause, and consider the nature or character of our laws. "The body of our laws is made up of two parts—first, legislative enactments called statute law; second, decisions of courts, called common law.

"The statute law is comprised in a single volume; the common law is to be found in ten thousand volumes of court reports."

The few little statute laws are not surely laws until they have passed into decisions of the courts. These decisions may therefore be safely affirmed as the whole thing, i.e., judge-made laws.

It was at an early period of our history that the judges began to usurp the power to make law, which it was originally intended should reside in the people.

"Chancellor Kent justifies this usurpation as necessary to protect the rights of minorities; but it is now used

with the avowed object of defeating the will and rights of the majority. See Cooley, Constitutional Limitations, chap. vii., where this question is discussed." Judge Cooley says:—"In declaring statutes unconstitutional, the courts *only do what every private citizen may do in respect to the mandates of the courts when the judges assume to act and to render judgments or decrees without jurisdiction.*" But there is the rub! Who is to decide when, or when not, they have jurisdiction, seeing they are the sole judges, and there are none above them but the people, who can only act as revolutionists? If this position assumed by our judges were assumed by Socialists, they would be dubbed Anarchists! Abraham Lincoln, in his first inaugural address, referring to the Dred Scott case, said:—"The candid citizen must confess, that if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigations between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal." If Abraham Lincoln could speak thus in his day, what would he say to the position our judges occupy at the present time? These judges today, to avoid the appearance of partiality, not only reverse legislation by their decisions, but they even reverse themselves. This fact constitutes the peculiar advantage of court-made law, it is so flexible. It can be either followed or reversed. One instance: The Federal income tax of 1894 was illegal, not because there was no precedent for it, but that the court refused to follow the precedent. Again, harsh and revolutionary injunctions are issued against labor unions, notwithstanding there are no precedents for such, but because in the interest of capital, a new one is needed.

"Our courts not only have a veto on the legislative branch of the government, but they have control over the executive."

"As there is no provision made in our system for the faithful execution of our laws, many of them remain unexecuted.

"What our executive does is not to execute the laws, but to execute the orders of the court."

Again: "Not only do the courts control the legislature and executive; their power extends to all kinds of contracts between individuals. They can either annul contracts or enforce them as they see fit.

"They allow and enforce waivers of exemptions and many other legal rights which the legislature attempts to secure to the weaker party. They assume to say what is an equitable contract.

"But there is one class of contracts which they exclude from the temple of justice; such as the contracts between employer and employe. When the laborer comes and asks them to pass on the fairness of this contract, they shut the door in his face.

"To make money out of brother capitalists is stealing or cheating, and if carried too far the courts will stop it.

"There is only one strictly legitimate and honorable way of making money, and that is to make it out of the working class.

"So long as a man confines himself to this field he will not be interfered with.

"There is no law limiting the exploitation of labor. It would be unconstitutional to do that."

All intelligent students of our history are aware of the fact that the "Dred Scott" decision was the main cause that precipitated the war between the States in 1860-1865. Chief Justice Taney declared that the negro was a chattel, that the compromise of 1850 was unconstitutional, and that a slave-owner might settle with his property where he pleased, in any territory. *Chattel* is a different form ofthe word *cattle*. "In the pastoral age of England, as in other countries, the wealth of any man of substance was naturally estimated by the number of cattle he possessed.

"Hence the word *cattle* came to mean what we now should call a man's *chattels;* on the same principle as the Latin word *pecunia* (money) from *pecus* (cattle)."

Thus we find by a decision of the Supreme Court, the negro was degraded down to the level of the brute beast, and the Declaration of Independence rendered "null and void" to one class of men, at the behest of another class —the property-holding class.

If our present property-holding class, who practically own and run the government in the interest of property, in preference to that of persons, who make the laws to conserve property in preference to persons, and apply the penalty for the breakage of such laws made in favor of property, greater and more severe than the breakage of laws in the favor of persons as a rule, should conclude that only those who have property interest at stake shall have any say in the making and execution of laws, will not precedents call for the ruling in favor of such position? Such being the case, what safety is there for republican institutions?

There is none inside the Constitution of which the Supreme Court judges are the sole exponents.

But, thank God! we still have the Declaration of Independence which gave birth to our malformed, patched-up Constitution, since plastered with fifteen amendments.

In this Declaration we have these fundamental principles enunciated to stand for all time and peoples.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*"

In this Declaration sovereignty was assumed to be lodged in the people *as a whole*; not in a king, emperor, oligarchy or an aristocracy of whatever nature.

"Sovereignty is defined as the supreme, absolute and uncontrollable power by which a state or nation is governed."

If this principle of the sovereignty residing in the people as a whole is correct, on what grounds can our judges reconcile the usurpation of sovereignty they have indulged in during the past few years when issuing their injunctions and imprisoning those who refused to obey their behests; thus constituting themselves lawmakers, judges and executioners all in one?

History doth but repeat itself.

Will these infamous injunctions have a like effect on our people as the "Star Chamber" decisions had in the time of Charles the First of England, and the like infamous rulings of the notorious Judge Jeffries during the reign of James the Second, and which precipitated the two English revolutions? Both of these tyrannies were exercised under cover of law.

It is high time for the American people to pause, take account of our stock of liberty, and see if the sovereignty still resides in the people as a whole, or whether we are bankrupt of the liberty purchased for us by our ancestors at the expenditure of so much blood and treasure. That the Sovereignty still remains with the people as a whole is evidenced by the fact that we still possess the ballot to use or misuse. However, the people have largely lost their high estate, and their votes have been split up and rendered of little power by our professional politicians, who labor not to champion the cause of justice and the masses, but, on the contrary, are the henchmen and servants of the propertied classes.

Again, can we look to or expect from either of the dominant parties any great or favorable changes in the condition of the toiling masses? Nay! They are wedded to our present system of industrial slavery, and cannot in the very nature of things give us anything more than a present slight palliative of our present evils. Can we look to the Churches? Alas, no! They have lost that high conception of their mission the Apostles had when Jesus commanded them: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, teaching them to observe *all* things whatsoever I have commanded you." Do they teach and practice the commands of Jesus contained in the 5th to the 8th chapters of Matthew? They cannot under our present system of economics. Their conception of duty under our present industrial system, is very much like that of Baer, viz., that holders of property should consider themselves as such by Divine Providence, and should hold themselves as stewards and almoners of the bounties of Nature.

Hence we find them patronizing almshouses, soup kitchens, hospitals, asylums, and all those philanthropic efforts to lessen the evils of mankind.

Seeing we cannot reasonably expect either of the two great parties, or the church, to obtain redress or cessation of the industrial evils of the day; and further, that we cannot in government ownership, as government is at present constituted, see any reasonable hope for more than a present palliative, the disease is not removed, viz., the power of the few to industrially exploit the many.

Then what remains for the exploited masses? Nothing but Revolution! A peaceful one, if you please; a revolution whose weapons are ballots not bullets; a revolution or turning round to the Declaration quoted above, and which declares: "That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such forms as to them shall seem likely to affect their safety and happiness."

THE TWO KINGDOMS

REV. LUCIEN V. RULE

EVERY thoughtful man admits that we are in the midst of the most far-reaching economic and religious revolution of modern times—a revolution that is the consummation of all that have gone before, from the days of Moses till now. Happy is he who perceives and participates, however humbly, in such a movement. Of such Christ spake when He told His disciples to watch and pray; of such He was thinking when He said to the Pharisees and Sadducees, who came desiring a sign from heaven: "Ye know how to discern the face of the heaven; but ye cannot discern the signs of the times." It is even so today, for human nature is still blinded to truth by self-interest and superstition. A man who took part in the New England mobs that attacked the poet Whittier, Garrison, and Thompson, the brilliant young English reformer who had come to America to champion the cause, told Whittier fifty years thereafter it was the intention of the mob to tar and feather the three apostles of freedom. Whittier's biographer remarks concerning these hostile demonstrations: "The mobs that for a series of years disgraced the cities of New England had their origin partly in the feeling that the Abolitionists were in conflict with the churches, and partly in the fear of business men that our commercial relations with the South were imperilled by the agitation."

The Abolition movement was hostile to a church that indorsed chattel slavery and did endanger "commercial relations" that were profitable at the peril of conscience. It is the same today with regard to industrial slavery. We would silence the agitators for the same reason. We would pay men to cry Peace! Peace! when there is no peace. Let us watch and pray lest we enter into such a temptation! The parable of the wise and foolish virgins is intended for such a time as the present crisis. The bridegroom Truth approaches; let us make ready to meet him so that when the judgment of after days is pronounced upon us and ours we may not find the door of Divine approval closed and barred against us, our lamps, lighted with the oil of self-interest or superstition, gone out, leaving us in utter darkness. How sad must be that soul which awakens too late to truth; how melancholy to mourn a lost faith which failed because God and man were against it! Christ foresaw the future with unerring vision when He predicted troublous times ahead; and at every crisis like that now upon us His words are literally fulfilled. Households are divided;

woe befalls men and women; the sun and moon seem darkened, and the very stars of heaven withdraw. The doom of tradition is nigh; the knell of sceptered privilege sounds; the downfall of many an idol is at hand. Millions suffer from no fault of their own. But of this soul-travail of the human race freedom and comradeship, begotten of truth and love, are born. Happy he who comes from afar to worship with the wise at the lowly Bethlehem manger!

Since the love of money is the root of all evil, the cause and remedy of modern social ills are economic. The problem of production and distribution must be settled on an equitable basis ere it is possible for men to really live the religion of Jesus. Hence history teaches that religion from Moses until now has been a protest against social inequalities, and an earnest endeavor to alter the same so that the weak and dependent may survive as well as the strong and mighty. Socialism is a world-wide movement with a rational and scientific solution of the economic problem, a solution which must ultimately be embodied in the law of every civilized land, resulting in the establishment of a world federation of freedom, the co-operative commonwealth (which was germinal in the Mosaic ideal) being the model. This world commonwealth of humanity will be the visible Kingdom of our Lord set up on earth.

But in addition to the Kingdom of Law without, there is the Kingdom of Love within. Moses stirred up a class struggle, delivered a race from industrial slavery, and established a theocratic commonwealth, the legal system of which has long been the model of mankind. But Moses realized that Israel must have the law written on the tablet of the heart as well as upon tablets of stone, or parchment; and hence the repeated emphasis put upon individual study and observation of its mandates. In a word, he understood that men must be regenerated individually as well as collectively. This latter conception, emphasized by the prophets, became with Jesus the Kingdom of God within the heart. The temptation of our Lord in the wilderness was the thought of becoming a mighty temporal deliverer to Israel as was Moses. But his gentle nature shrank from such an undertaking, and he said truly to Pilate that his kingdom was not of this world.

This Kingdom of Love is the exclusive realm of Religion, just as the Kingdom of Law is the exclusive realm of Socialism. They work conjointly but are distinct. For the first three centuries of the Christian era the churches were communistic societies, endeavoring to live up to the ideals both of Moses and Jesus. The utopian attempts of noble-minded reformers in succeeding ages had the same end in view. But so long as the economic condition of mankind continued as it was, the real program of Christianity remained a dead letter, its lofty dream a mere sentimentalism, so far as the world was concerned.

But the silent leaven of religion was doing its work. Revivals, reformations and revolutions, occasioned by what Renan aptly terms "the recrudescence of the Hebrew spirit," caused by the reading of the Bible, continued to break forth whenever economic and social conditions became intolerable, and long strides toward the goal of humanity were made, despite the persecution of a despotic state and a corrupted church. Today these movements and tendencies have reached the consummation of the ages, and at last the establishment not only of the Kingdom of Law but the Kingdom of Love is possible, nay inevitable. God and humanity have decreed it.

The Most Precious Literary Quality

JOHN BURROUGHS

THERE is no more precious literary quality than suggestiveness, and none harder to describe; a page full of latent meaning, as it were, implied analogies and correspondences, sentences that float deeper than they show, words that awaken association with the concrete and the real, a page or a picture that has been steeped in the life of the producer, that has a quality like the tone of a voice or a glance of the eye. Thus Hawthorne is the most suggestive of our romancers; he has the most atmosphere and the widest and most alluring horizon. Emerson is the most suggestive of our essayists, because he has the deepest ethical and prophetic background. His atmosphere is full of moral electricity, so to speak, which begets a state of electric excitement in his reader's mind. Whitman is the most suggestive of our poets; he elaborates the least and gives us in profusion the buds and germs of poetry. A musical composer said that Whitman stimulated him more than Tennyson, because he left more for him to do; he abounded in hints and suggestions that the musician's mind eagerly seized.

In the world of experience and observation, the suggestiveness of things is enhanced by veils, concealments, half lights, flowing lines, etc. The twilight is more suggestive than the glare of noonday, an avenue of trees more suggestive than a thicket, a winding road than a straight one. In literature, perspective, indirection, understatement, side glimpses have equal value; a vocabulary that is warm from the experience of the writer, sentences that start a multitude of images, that abound in the concrete and the specific, that shun vague generalities—with these go the power of suggestiveness. Thus Emerson's mysticism adds to his suggestiveness.

This quality is not related to ambiguity of phrase, or to cryptic language, or to vagueness and obscurity. It goes, or may go, with perfect lucidity, as in Matthew Arnold at his best, while it is rarely present in the pages of Herbert Spencer. Spencer has great clearness and compass, but there is nothing resonant in his style—nothing that stimulates the imagination. He is a great workman, but the metal he works in is not of the kind called precious.

The quality I refer to does not, as a rule, belong to the polished and elaborated styles. It is rare in DeQuincey, in Gibbon, in Johnson. It is less a gift of the prose masters of the eighteenth century than of the nineteenth. It is more a gift of the Teutonic races than of the Latin. It often goes with a

certain incompleteness and indirectness. The sculptor's rude outline of his figure in the marble is often more suggestive than the finished statue. It leaves something for the beholder to do, as veils and laces enhance the attractiveness of women. It is the business of art to know what and how much to conceal, when to be direct and when indirect. The enigmatical is not one with the suggestive. The late round about and enigmatical style of Henry James is far less fruitful in his readers' minds than his earlier and more direct one, or the limpid style of his compeer, Mr. Howells. The curve suggests the circle; elliptical sentences may be so used as to stimulate the mind, but there is a kind of inconclusiveness and beating around the bush that is barren and wearisome. And there is a blind use of language, as often in George Meredith, that is merely bewildering.

The invisible rays in the spectrum are said to be very potent, but the invisible rays in the spectrum of human speech do not by themselves make things appear very real to us. Henry James seems to be constantly groping for these invisible rays. Upon the pages of the great masters there falls the whole spectrum, the red, the yellow and the orange not being eliminated.—The Leader.

The International Race for the World's Market

MARGARET HAILE

AFTER all is said and done, it is really the view-point that makes the Socialist and differentiates him from other economists. The Socialist is a man who takes a world-wide view, who sees the broad relations of things. He looks out beyond the four walls of his home, beyond the confines of his city, across the boundaries of his country. His vision commands the earth as a whole and the people thereof as a unit. He considers the needs of the race as the needs of an individual. Like Cecil Rhodes, he "thinks in continents."

He sees an inconsiderable planet swinging in the immensity of space, divided by Nature into certain great divisions more or less suitable for the abode and maintenance of human life; and upon it a race of beings who have come out of God knows whence, who tarry a while and go back again to God knows whither, without wish or will of their own in either case. However, the men are on the planet, God knows why; and all, from Fiji Islander to Shakespeare, seem to be actuated by a common desire to stay as long as possible, seeing they are here, and to be happy meanwhile. As a necessary condition to this end, all alike seek to protect themselves from the elements by means of clothing and houses and

fuel and to restore their strength from day to day by means of the various kinds of food which the planet abundantly yields.

How the race as a whole can best utilize the resources of the planet as a whole, so that each may live and be happy and evolve, is the broad problem the Socialist sees. Today, with our complex civilization, with our involved systems of industry, finance and commerce, of law, politics and ethics, the problem would seem at first glance a difficult one; but it is really very simple when one gets down to first principles. In the last analysis, there is nothing here but the Earth and Man In the beginning there was nothing but the naked savage and the teeming, fruitful earth; and from the union of these two, from the application of the labor power of the man to the natural resources of the fruitful earth, sprang all the civilizations that have grown up and flourished and died away throughout the ages, "since the first man dropped down from a tree and stood erect." By the hand and brain of the men of all ages New York and Paris, Pekin and London have place upon the earth, and for the same reasons that the savage hunted and fished and decorated himself with paint and feathers—that he might thereby continue to live and to win happiness.

Because men have not understood that the only way to secure life and happiness for all was to co-operate, they have made war upon each other as individuals, as tribes and as nations. The conquerors in battle seized the persons of the conquered and made them do their work for them. The stronger in prowess and cunning, seized the land and made serfs of the weaker. The stronger in wealth and power, seized the means of wealth-production and made wage-slaves of those who had neither. All the complicated machinery of our civilization is nothing but the present-day hap-hazard method of supplying the primal needs of mankind, with the various refinements thereof that have been evolved in the process of civilizing.

The Socialist looks upon this mad civilization, and possessing the key to the puzzle, reads it off easily. Within all the tangle he sees still the two prime factors, the human race with needs and desires, and the earth fruitful to satisfy them. The industries of agriculture, mining, fishing, stock-raising, lumbering, represent the first application of labor power to the natural resources of the earth. Manufacture in all its branches represents the second stage, the converting of the raw material into forms that meet the need of the people. The railroads, telegraphs, express and postal systems represent the bringing together of the people and the product. The law courts and legislatures, police and militia, the orthodox economists and moralists represent the forces which maintain the prevailing method of supplying to the people of the earth the products thereof. How utterly inadequate this system is, may be seen by taking a bird's-eye view of the Earth's people—the famines within recent years in India and China, the destitution and starvation among the submerged tenth in the great centres of population, the chronic state of want and privation in which the working-classes of all countries live, and the superabundance, beyond the power of mortal to consume, that a few others are piling up for their own individual use and enjoyment.

This method, this capitalist system, is not only utterly inadequate, but it is self-destructive as well. It is a condemned building—unsafe for further habitation. It is about to collapse, because its foundations are unsound. Its foundation stones, profit through private ownership of land and capital, are laid on what was supposed to be the bedrock of boundless opportunity for making profit, that is to say, an unlimited market for the goods the capitalists have to sell.

The unsoundness lies in the fact that the market in not unlimited by any means. This is a very small world, after all. There are only a billion and a half people on it, all told—not such an inconceivable multitude as it used to

seem before we became familiarized with billion dollar trusts, billion dollar Congresses, and billion dollar exports. A billion is now a number with which we can figure as easily as we learned to do with millions a few years ago. Why, the capital stock of the United States Steel Company could give a tip of fifty cents to every man, woman and child on the face of the earth and have money left; and our exports for last year amounted to very close to a dollar for every living human being.

But not all this billion and a half is available as a market. All the savage and semi-civilized races must be excluded, which will cut it down by about one-half. The barefooted and sandalled races of the East don't want our shoes, or our heavy woollen cloths, or our automobiles. The remaining seven hundred million would afford a satisfactory and profitable market for some time to come, were each person's purchasing powers equal to his desires. If they could go on indefinitely buying silks and laces, and automobiles, and yachts, and marble palaces, the capitalists could be kept busy for a long time. But when you average up those who get the bare necessities of life, those who get just a little more and those who get less, you have to cut down your effective demand by almost another half. This leaves only a few hundred million people who can exercise any considerable effective demand.

The home market in every capitalistic country is limited by the very nature of the capitalist system itself, which pays to the workers in wages about one-fifth of what they produce, thus curtailing their power to purchase, and leaving four-fifths of the product to be disposed of to the non-producers and to foreign nations. Were there only one country with this large surplus to dispose of, its task would be easy. But every capitalist nation is in the same position, and there ensues, therefore, a race among the nations for the world's foreign market.

Until recently, in these races Great Britain held the cup. Europe, devastated and impoverished by the Napoleonic wars, took considerable time to recuperate. Meanwhile, England forged ahead and gained unquestioned supremacy of the commerce and industries of the world. Undisputed mistress of the seas, and confident in her power to hold her position, she could afford to throw down her tariff walls and open her home markets to the world. "At the middle of the last century," says Otto Eltzbacher in the August Nineteenth Century, "Great Britain was the merchant, manufacturer, shipper, banker and engineer of the world, and ruled supreme in the realm of business. Two-thirds of the world's shipping flew the British flag, two-thirds of the coal produced in the world was British; Great Britain had more miles of railway than the whole Continent, and produced more cotton goods and more iron than all the countries of the world together. Her coal mines were considered inexhaustible and the coal possessed by other nations was believed to be of such inferior quality as to be almost useless for manufacturing purposes. Great Britain had, therefore, practically the manufacturing monopoly of the world, and the great German economist, Friedrich List, wrote with perfect truth in his *Zollvereinsblatt:* "England is a world in itself, a world which is superior to the whole rest of the world in power and wealth."

At that time the Germany of today was not. She was still largely under the feudal system, mainly agricultural, weak through division into many petty contending States, devasted by constant wars, and having neither good coal nor shipping, and only one good harbor.

The United States was fully occupied in becoming acquainted with and peopling her own vast territory, and with the ferment preceding her civil war.

France was recovering from her revolution and her Napoleon. Russia was a feudal nation of barons and serfs, and Japan and China were "heathen" countries to which we sent missionaries.

Today the world's industrial map presents an entirely different aspect. Great Britain has fallen to second place, the United States being now in the lead. During the seventies and eighties Great Britain's exports, the greatest of any nation's, remained almost stagnant. Since 1890 they have declined ninety million dollars, inclusive of her colonies. The decline in exports to this country alone has been $47,500,000. Mr. Paul Voigt said in *Germany and the World Market:* "In Great Britain the export industry *par excellence*, the textile industry, is in a particularly unfavorable condition. The adverse balance of British trade has grown continually from less than £50,000,000 in the sixties to more than £150,000,000 at the present time." Mr. Felzbacher, in the article above quoted from, adds: "Great Britain is economically no longer the strongest among the nations of the world, but is, in proportion to other nations, rapidly getting poorer."

Germany, now a united, rich and powerful nation, is a close competitor of Great Britain in the markets of the world, with France not far behind.

Russia, with her Trust-builder De Witte, promises to develop a species of State capitalism which will eventually bring her into the front rank.

Little Japan is making rapid strides, having more than doubled her export trade within the last eight years.

But the United States—truly many nations have done strenuously, but thou excellest them all! From being fourth in the race thirty years ago, she has now won to first place. Her exports for the last year were over $1,419,000,000. She has invaded the market of every country in the world. She furnishes 75 per cent. of all the world's cotton and oil; 23 per cent. of its entire agricultural yield; 34 per cent. of its manufactured products, and of the entire mineral product of the earth she furnishes 40 per cent.

She is now about to contest the lumber market of China with Russia, with every chance of success, inasmuch as she has superior business organization and unequalled mechanical equipment. She will contest with Germany, her only competitor, for the steel and iron market of South America, also with every chance of success, as the U. S. Steel Corporation feels confident of being able to undersell any corporation operating there.

One of the vice-presidents of a locomotive company is now on a year's tour around the world for the purpose of studying the foreign field preparatory to active competition for its locomotive trade.

The copper mines of Sweden have been bought by an American syndicate.

Every newspaper you pick up reports some new extension of American industrial enterprise into foreign fields.

Noting this aggressiveness, Europe is preparing to meet us at every point.

English iron and steel makers held a conference recently to consider how best to meet the competition of the United States. They declared that the British iron and steel industry occupied an unassailable position, but that, pending the development of the resources of Canada and other British colonies, a period of serious competition and invasion from the United States was to be expected.

German firms interested in the petroleum industry recently petitioned the Prussian minister of communications that land should not be leased in the neighborhood of railway stations to the American Petroleum Company, as this would give the Americans an undue advantage over the Germans and enable them gradually to monopolize the market.

France has just barred out American cattle and meats by means of a prohibitory tariff, higher even than that laid by Germany a few years ago.

De Witte, recently promoted to what is practically the premiership of Russia, declares that in his new position he expects to do much towards fostering Russian industry and agriculture "by a system of protection, and by giving preference to Russian manufacturers and contractors over those of other countries."

In Germany we find a strong sentiment in favor of a Central European Customs Union against all outside nations.

And thus the contest goes on. The reason for all these moves and countermoves is found in the very nature of the capitalist system, or profit system, which is under compulsion to find a market for its goods, as a condition precedent to its further lease of life.

It is misleading, however, to talk about "the nation" seeking foreign markets. The nation itself is sufficient market, if only its demands were effective, if only the people had the means to buy all they want. It is not the nation, but merely the group of capitalists in each nation who have goods to dispose of at a profit, that are seeking foreign markets. These capitalists speedily exhaust their home market, for the very good reason that the workers receive in wages only about one-fifth of the value of what they produce, so that the very utmost they can do is to buy a fifth of the product, leaving the other four-fifths to be disposed of to the non-producers or to other countries. A new market secured, the relief continues just the length of time it takes to exhaust its possibilities. But the workable limit to new markets will be reached, and the bottom will drop out of the old ones, when enough factories and railroads have been built to make and carry enough goods to meet the demand of the present world-market, and the multitude who have been engaged building them no longer finds employment or receives wages with which to buy.

The United States has been able to lift the world's market cup because of the superior build of its industrial racing-machine, The Trust, which has placed it far beyond the possibility of being overhauled by that of any other nation. The Trust is carefully designed so as to present the least possible resistance in cutting through the water, and to utilize the greatest possible spread of canvas to catch the impelling wind. Designer Morgan is hard to beat, and the officers and crew haven't much to learn about how to run an industrial racing machine. At the present time there unfortunately happens to be some little preventable resistance, caused by small protuberances called labor unions, which must be neatly and smoootly shaved off before the yacht can attain its highest speed. When these annoying little protuberances have been completely removed, our industrial yacht will be in condition to challenge all nations for industrial supremacy. The Wall Street losses in July and August last prove nothing in regard to the real race. They were merely the losses of men who had bet on the yacht making the race within a given time limit set by themselves, which she failed to do.

Yet, when this marvelous industrial racing machine is completed on a capitalist basis, it will be of no more use to society as a whole than are the Columbia and Shamrock for any other purpose than mere racing. It is well to demonstrate the speed that can be made by keel and canvas, but when the race is over the yachts may go to the junk pile. The Trust will have demonstrated how production can be carried on with the greatest results from the least expenditure of energy, with the greatest economy and the largest results in output. But it will have utterly and absolutely failed as a system of supplying the people of the planet as a whole with the necessaries of life and happiness with which the planet abounds. It will have succeeded in the production but failed in the distribution. It will have built up an industrial equipment capable of catering to the needs of the whole people, which will, nevertheless, be utterly useless to it for its purpose of profit-making, and which the people themselves will have to take in hand and run for the supplying of all their needs and desires.

We will make use of the principles of economy and effectiveness that have been demonstrated by the Trust, but apply them, not to the running of a racing machine, but to a vessel that shall conduce to the profit and pleasure of the whole human race.

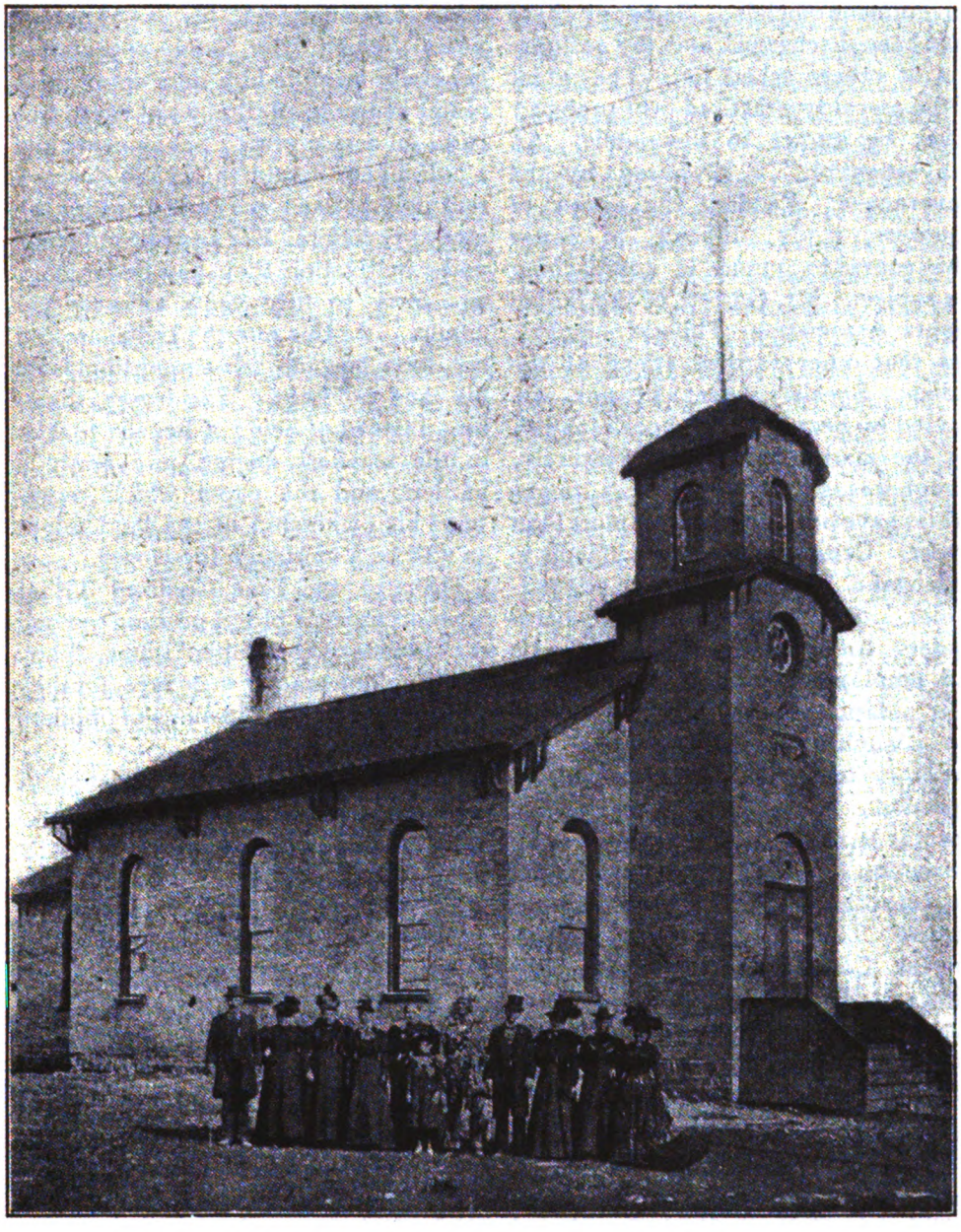
Indian Rights Assoc'n After Government Scalp

J. OJIJATEKHA BRANT-SERO

Council House,
Ohsweken, Ont.

The "Five Civilized Tribes of the Indian Territory" are going to become "citizens" of the United States of America, by an Act of Congress, passed March 3rd, 1893. Tribal relationship is to be dissolved, and about thirty millions of acres of land distributed in allotments to the members of the tribes, composed of the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws and Choctaws. Primarily, the intention of Congress is to lead these Indians into line with the rest of the citizens, who are said to be enjoying all the rights and privileges, conferred and administered according to the letter and spirit of the Declaration of Independence; and at the same time, to throw open valuable land, worth millions of dollars, for general settlement. Under the present system of civilization, it would appear that this plan was the only one likely to solve the Indian question for all time to come. Tribal relationship is to be broken up at all cost; which does not mean putting into disuse the habits and manners of the Indians, but rather the breaking up of the Communal system of holding land. Incidentally, when that is accomplished, all the Indians will then be good Christians, amenable only to the God of Christendom and the laws of the United States. Doubtless a very large proportion of the population, who think on the subject at all, believe that when that is done, the white man's moral obligation to the Indians is at an end. There is no reason to suppose that it should be otherwise; yet the civilization which is being vaunted to the skies does not appear to be infallible. Indeed, it is somewhat inconsistent. For the past few days, the press of the country has been giving accounts of the "white man's tricks" in helping the poor benighted heathen to dispose of his ancestral inheritance, in a manner utterly disgraceful to any self-respecting country.

Notwithstanding the fact that men of high calibre and standing in the Republic were chosen to act on a Commission to see that the Indian was properly treated and not cheated out of his primeval rights—in spite of this, the most outrageous charges of fraud are made, and in some instances freely admitted, indicating that there is scarcely a l i v i n g thing connected with the land allotment work that is free from the taint of "graft." Only the other day an authoritative admonition was received by the writer that it was undesirable to give the names of those connected with the Administration who



COUNCIL HOUSE OF SIX NATION INDIANS, OHSWEKEN, ONT.

The group represents the general type of the Six Nation Indians today. In the centre is "William Bill," a pagan Indian, in full Cayuga costume. The woman on his right is Princess Viroqua, well-known in New York as a lecturer and philanthropist. She and Mrs. Powells, who stands next but one to her, are sisters of Dr. Oronhyatekha, who so interested the then Prince of Wales on his visit to America in 1861 that he had him educated at Oxford University. Pauline Johnson, the Mohawk poetess, is their niece. On the left of "William Bill" is Dr. Johnson, a Tuscarora Indian, who is a practising physician in one of our American cities.

had been guilty of conduct unbecoming Government officials. Some of these have been discharged and the resignation of others asked for. The extent of the rascality practised will probably never be known to the public. An "investigation" is promised by the Government. Pending the action of Congress, it is difficult to know what course to pursue in approaching the subject. Mr. Garrett, of the Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia, Pa., and that other fearless friend of the Indian, Special Agent Brosius, are blamed by Secretary Hitchcock for giving the matter publicity prematurely, though it is said that these gross irregularities have been going on for more than a year. Certainly it is most difficult to understand how so many "land companies," counting among their shareholders trusted Government officials and employees, could have carried on their nefarious business of defrauding the unsophisticated Indians of the Territory for so long a time without detection. A regular epidemic of disclosures has now broken out, covering the entire Indian Service, implicating the departments of the Interior and of Justice. There is The Tribal Development Company, The Muscogee Title and Trust Company, The International Bank and Trust Company, The Canadian Valley Trust Company, Tishomingo Trust and Loan Company, and others of lesser pretentions. The methods pursued in cheating are scarcely worth following in detail. To state them briefly, Congress it appears, desired that these lands should be allotted to the Indians on the basis of 160 acres per head. Accordingly, the Indian is "located" and his name registered as the owner of a particular allotment. Now, Congress made no provision for his protection in case he should lease his allotment for a term of years, which the land speculators generally inveigle him into doing, at a rental ranging all the way from five cents an acre upward. Seven cents and a half a year is said to be the average rent paid per acre to the Indians by the land speculators. For agricultural lands under cultivation they pay on an average forty to fifty cents an acre per annum. At this rate the Indian would not soon become self-supporting from his land holdings. The leases, therefore, instead of being a benefit to him in the smallest degree, are really a burden; and the paper which represents his ownership of the land might as well be a mortgage foreclosed.

Hitherto, the Five Civilized Tribes have occupied a proud position among the Indians of the United States. They stood unique among their race, for they enjoy many of the blessings of modern civilization.

But when the Communal system of land holding among the American Indians shall have finally become a thing of the past, the Indian will, himself, realize how stale and unprofitable a thing the white man's boasted civilization really is. He is doomed to go out into the world and join the ranks of thrice persecuted people. The land of his ancestors will not offer to him that safe refuge and haven of retreat which is the desire of human love for home and country.

The infusion of other blood into their veins does not necessarily mean de-nationalization—far from it. We Six Nation Indians of this Province, formerly of the State of New York, have had an experience unequalled on the continent. Though we are not all pure blooded Indians, in spirit we are

more Indian than the full-blooded Indians of a former age. As farmers we are a prosperous community. Our lands are held as common property, our aged and disabled are cared for by the community, and in other ways we are carrying out some of the most idealistic and sanguine dreams of intelligent Socialism. Living in Canada, under its broader lawful protection, we are an ally of the Crown of Greater Britain, and to all intents and purposes, dwelling there a State within a State; and as individuals free to attain to any height or glory our respective ambitions may desire or our merits command.

The Cherokees of the Indian Territory, are near kinsmen of ours, as shown by our languages. Our hearts are sad at the thought of their present predicament, for we know very well that part of their present trouble was brought about by their want of foresight. For years they have been giving away their lands to those who were only too anxious to come in and join them on their vast domain, by offering tracts of it as a marriage dower, to those who would come in and marry their daughters, settle down, and be adopted into the Tribe. The result is not extinction of the race, but a change of landed ownership, and a perceptible juggling of land values, which can only bring the misery, desolation, crimes and heartaches apparent in the modern civilized world. The Indian race motto is, "Let the Nation own the Land." As we have not yet reached that degree of industrial development which permts of the introduction of Trusts, my friend Mr. Wilshire's favorite motto, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," is scarcely applicable to our ancient community.

We are preparing to hold a celebration of some description in four years time, to mark the 100th anniversary of the death of our late celebrated Loyalist, Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, of Revolutionary fame. Our prosperity and progress are proof that common ownership of the land is the best means of securing to the largest number that happiness which is consistent with real freedom, unaccompanied by flags or brass bands. From time immemorial the American Indians have held their land in common. It matters not whether the land be only the paltry fifty-three thousand acres of our reservation here, or the thirty million acres of the Indian Territory, the principle remains the same.

To further emphasize our ideal position, let it be understood that we follow in the footsteps of our ancestors in the matter of government. The women of our confederacy are the real owners of the land, and they are also in the position of electors of our hereditary Council, based on *gens* or clans. Here the women rule, inasmuch as they choose the Chiefs, or members of the Council, and can have them removed if they are not satisfactory. There is no desire among us to change the order of things, and if a change was made it is doubtful if the results would justify the change.

The Indian Territory, being originally a part of the Louisiana purchase, it will have the natural advantage of being represented at the approaching St. Louis Fair.

It will be seen that these "Five Civilized Tribes of the Indian Territory," though acting without central authority, are practically so many independent states. Each tribe enacts and executes its own laws, which must be in accord

with the general laws of Congress, the Secretary of the Interior Department having official jurisdiction over each nation.

The Cherokee legislature consists of a senate of eighteen members and a council of forty members, presided over by a principal and an assistant chief, respectively. Its principal source of revenue is the sale of lands and invested funds in Government bonds, the interest of which reaches nearly $200,000 per annum. The dwellings are modern, and no wigwams of any kind are to be seen. Nearly $100,000 per annum is spent for education. The nation is well supplied with railway facilities, Tahlequah being the capital.

The Chickasaw nation occupies a tract of land which is rich with productive coal mines. The national affairs are conducted in very much the same manner as the Cherokees, ranking its equal in importance. Tishomingo is the capital.

The Choctaw nation possess nearly all that the other two possess in the form of government and general aspect of the people, but they do not appear to be so well advanced. The negro element is very marked. Atoka is the capital.

The Creek nation conducts its national affairs through its council, consisting of a House of Kings and a House of Warriors, with forty-eight and ninety-eight members respectively. They have churches and educational institutions. Unlike the other nations, they look upon the question of intermarriage in rather an unfavorable light. The capital is Okmulgee, easily reached by rail.

The Seminole nation is the smallest and least advanced in the ways of civilization. Like the Choctaws they are very much mixed with the negroes, and very little with the whites. The Principal Chief and the Treasurer are empowered by a council of fourteen clan chiefs to do nearly all the business of the nation. Wewoka is the capital.

The dawn of a new "Century of Dishonor" is staring the American people in the face. The scene opens simultaneously with the stepping down from office of that noble man who fought the Indian in the open, and gave to American civilization territory and resources more vast than can be reckoned by monetary standards—yes, by Jove, for he has won the admiration of the Indians—I mean General Nelson A. Miles. It is all very well to talk about the efforts that are today being made for the better education of the Indians; but do the results of the enormous amount of energy put forth to "make better Indians" justify the burden imposed upon the masses of the Americans who have in the end to pay for it? Apparently to better the Indian is a moral obligation, but to the thoughtful man the problem always presents itself: "Are we going the right way about it? Are our actions toward the Indians consistent with our professions?" It is infinitely more honorable to any powerful nation to crush by war a people, whose only crime appears to be that they are the aborigines of the soil, than to allow a handful of men who have been appointed as their guardian, to go on, generation after generation, defrauding their charges and heaping odium upon the nation by frauds unparalleled in the history of civillzation.

Is America still so young that it cannot profit by its experiences? Does its national conscience extend only to the horrors of Turkish atrocities, unmindful of those within its own borders? Will it always stretch forth its beneficial

arm of protection, with gun-boats and missionaries to other lands, and never think of clearing its own atmosphere of national dishonor and fraud? The Great White Father has a mighty task before him. The American Christian Civilization, of which he is the official head, probably causes him as much uneasiness, as the subjects of the Sultan of Turkey cause that monarch, to the tuneless medley of the Concert of the Powers. It may be heretical to say, that it is a great pity in matters of Heaven or Hell the Monroe Doctrine does not seem to apply.

However, I am very sanguine that though the Indian will continue to be lawful prey for the white man for a few more generations, the time will come when the American people will possibly reach their national ideal, and mould themselves into what they most desire to be. Certainly the future aristocracy of the land will not be people whose bank accounts are their only passport into decent society. The day of retribution is bound to come. National progress must eventually overcome that wild, insane desire to accumulate, which leads to acts abhorrent to our highest human instincts. Surely no kind of civilization can last, which will allow its fellows to thrive upon the unfortunate weaknesses of others. No better foundation for national strength and prosperity can be found than the system of common ownership of the land which prevailed among the Six Nations, past and present, and held whole forest populations in one solid band of brotherhood. Modern civilization is not the civilization of the heart. To it cheating Indians is not a crime, provided you are not caught. A civilization should be so true to itself, to its own ideals, that it lives and develops the soul within to a condition as nearly perfect as human conception makes it possible.

THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

WHAT strikes me especially in all the Alpine country of Europe is the high standard of comfort in living of the peasantry. The farm houses are invariably large and well kept and of course built in good taste. One would imagine that he was going through a part of America where some of our rich city men had settled for their summer homes, so fine are the houses. We never look for our farmers to have handsome houses. The ordinary American farm house is unkempt and unpainted, and shows a poverty of the owner quite absent in the Tyrol.

It is true that these Alpine farms are small and there is a great lack of modern agricultural machinery, and the women and girls work in the fields with the men and boys. Nevertheless, the pastoral scenes one sees here are far more suggestive of peace, comfort, and plenty than any I have ever seen prevailing in the farming country of America.

The Tyroleans may raise a smaller crop per acre than we do, but they get a so much larger proportion of what

they raise that the balance is in their favor. As to the women working in the fields, I may say right here and now that if it came to my choosing between seeing my daughter or wife working by my side raking hay in the delightful bracing summer days of the Tyrol, or shutting herself up in the fetid, linty air of a New England cotton mill, I don't think I would be long in deciding what my choice would be.

There has been a lot of fol de rol and rubbish written by American tourists about the dreadful foreigners who allow their women folk to work in the fields. As a matter of fact, no woman but a fool would by choice work in a cotton mill, or roll cigars in a factory, or make shirts in a sweater's den rather than rake hay under the blue vault of heaven.

A Tyrol Boy.

It is strange how we can see the mote in the European's eye but overlook the beam in our own. I am not by any means saying that the life of the Tyrolese peasant could not be improved upon, or that in many ways our American farmer or even his wife has not advantages over him.

I have no hesitancy in declaring that as far as health and the joy of living go the American farmer is simply not in it with the Tyrolean nor many others of the peasantry of Europe.

Why is it that the percentage of insanity among our American farmer's wives is so enormous, if their lives are so beautiful as we like to picture them? Is it that too much happiness drives them mad?

It is largely because of the solitary, unhealthy, overworked lives they are forced to lead. Often alone all day long in the farm house, with an unending round of preparing meals and washing and mending clothes while the men and boys are doing the outdoor work. They do not long enjoy their daughters' company, for the young girls soon leave the farm for the city when their schooling is finished, to work in the mills and factories or perhaps at best to teach school or perhaps be typewriters if very lucky.

Can any fair minded man say that the Tyrolean woman doing a certain amount of housework, helped by her daughters, and then joining her husband

and sons in the hay field, is not better off even though she does work in the field, than our American farmer's wife wearing her life, her mind, and soul away over her cook stove, wash-board and sewing-machine?

I am not suggesting that our American women should do field work. What with our baking hot American summer weather, and the use of machinery on the farm quite unsuitable for a woman to handle, there would be no sense in it. Nor is there the least necessity for it.

If the American farmer got anywhere near so great a percentage of his product as the European farmer gets he would be in luxury and there would be no reason for his poverty, forcing his wife to wear out her body and lose her mind with her ceaseless round of work.

The American farmer produces enough. The trouble is he doesn't get his product. He is robbed first by the railway companies, and then by the monopolistic manufacturers who sell him his agricultural machinery, his coal, his lumber, his kerosene, his sugar, and his other general farm supplies. The Tyrolean is not poor because he is robbed, but largely because he doesn't and cannot produce very much on his mountain farm. The American can very easily change his condition from poverty to luxury simply by changing the industrial system under which he lives from a competitive one to a co-operative one, from capitalism to socialism. I say the American farmer can change this, for he has enough votes to do about as he pleases. The workingman of the city is already ready for socialism. When the farmer joins hands with the workingman, and unitedly they vote for socialism, then we may see man at last commence to live on this earth as a man *should* live, rather than somewhat worse than a wild animal *must*.—H.G.W.

Innsbruck, Austrian Tyrol.
August, 1903.

THE EFFICACY OF THE INJUNCTION

SEYMOUR STEDMAN

JUDGE WESCOTT, in his article "The Minotola Strike," vividly and graphically describes the tyranny and brutality of George Jonas and his corporation; also the degrading poverty, suffering and subserviency of the men, women and children employed by this glass manufacturing corporation of New Jersey.

It is common knowledge to the student of sociology that men, and especially children, are employed in these industries under conditions which sap the vitality and life out of them.

Before the Illinois Legislature recently there was pending a bill prohibiting child labor. The passage of the bill was considered especially obnoxious

to the glass manufacturers, so a representative of that interest appeared before a committee of the House, and when asked when these infants would find time for an education replied that "They don't need an education to blow glass." This conception of the value of childhood and utter disregard for the future life of the children is sufficiently expressive without comment. It is not, however, my purpose to dwell upon the infamous conditions which resulted in the disturbance and strike at Minotola, nor to call attention to the similar conditions prevailing in many places throughout this "free country,"—space will not permit.

Judge Wescott, after a general survey of the field, and commenting upon the organization of workingmen and employers respectively, says: "Trade Unionism as far as it goes is socialism in hard, efficient practice." This error is so frequent that it should not pass without comment. The Trade Union is no more Socialistic than is movable type, mowing machines, a library or Turner Society.

From the remotest times workingmen have combined to protect their gods, kill their masters, break their jails, increase their pay, escape from their burdens and obtain their liberty.

The ancient labor wars are one continual record of the struggles of disfranchised and dispossessed, *organized* artisans and tillers of the soil.

Drimakos, the Chean slave, led a strike on the Isle of Scio over two thousand years ago, and there are many instances where the ancient workers left the mines, fields and estates of their masters, fleeing to the mountains and hills. These conflicts took place throughout Greece; and Rome was constantly the theatre of struggling and protesting workingmen. Numas Pompilius was not only the religious lawgiver of Rome, but extended his activity so far as to authorize nine unions, mostly metal-workers, which were incorporated into communities.

It must be clear to the reader that no one would seriously contend that the unions of that age were socialistic, notwithstanding they fought for substantially the same end as those of today, although under different economic conditions.

The ancient associated workingmen had, in common with modern trades unions, the object of securing for *themselves* better remuneration and a higher standard of life, but without the object of securing the public ownership of the means of production and distribution and thus benefiting all classes.

Neither ancient nor modern associated workingmen contemplated the destruction of the property class distinction. It should be borne in mind always that Socialism is a product of the 19th century industrial development, and that it became possible through the improved machine method of production, coupled with the private ownership of these machines and tools of creation.

While these means of production are owned privately they are used and operated collectively, and although the trade union recognizes this fact it does not demand the social ownership of these tools, which is Socialism. Not only does the trade union fail to demand the socialization of capital, but the social ownership of the means of production and distribution would greatly injure if not wholly destroy the trades union in its present form, which is possible only where there is a reserve army of unemployed.

The social ownership and democratic administration of industries, *i.e.*, Socialism, would give a full and free opportunity to all persons willing, able and desirous of working, and compensate each by giving him (or her) his socially due share of the wealth collectively created. As trades unions can not secure more than this, nor indeed nearly as much, they would therefore have no purpose or reason for existing.

If the Trades Unions comprised within their ranks all workers, under present conditions, they would become impotent and sterile from the necessity of supporting their unemployed members.

That Trades Unions have been and will continue to be a great and grand institution, benefiting the workingmen, I willingly, gladly concede; but this negative weapon, the strike, is secured through organizing a percentage of the workers, a percentage essential to capitalists, and by this means many concessions beneficial to its members and incidentally to the unorganized working class are secured.

The proof of the above contention is plainly seen by observing the effects of industrial depressions. Unions thrive in "good times"; depressions cripple and destroy them. Men must work or starve and the union does not, generally speaking, create jobs nor employ workers for productive purposes.

The Trades Union strives for the best possible conditions under capitalism. It does not demand the abolition of capitalism or the profit system. Socialism does. The Trades Union could live forever within capitalist society, while that which has a "socialist tendency" will ultimately destroy capitalism, or suffer destruction itself, for between the two it is a life and death grapple.

If the foregoing is in the main correct, there is no permanent value to injunctions secured by Trades Unions.

At the present time throughout the United States it is well settled that employers may appeal to the courts for aid, and the nature of the relief granted has been pretty well fixed and defined. A Writ of Injunction will issue during a strike to prohibit violence, threats, forceful intimidation and peaceful picketing, where picketing is brought about through concert of action or combination of those on a strike (which is the only way possible), for the reason that a "scab" has a right to work free from interference or even being accosted without his consent. See Northern Pacific R. R. vs. Rueff, 120 Fed. Rep.

In the Minotola strike a novel feature has been presented—the right of a union to secure an injunction. The actual relief prayed for by the union is not set forth with sufficient detail to give a fair and very comprehensive grasp of the aim sought. It seems the union employs its members and holds them subject to its discretion, furnishing them to employers who conform to union conditions and regulations.

There can be no doubt that a union could secure an injunction restraining an employer from violence, persecution, intimidation, etc. But to do this it must become incorporated, which unions are ordinarily averse to. But why should we quibble? The employer has his larder filled and coal in his basement. The employee has an empty larder and no coal or credit.

In 99 cases out of 100 the employer can win if the unions refrain from violence, picketing and the boycott. If they incorporate they will be mulcted in damages for either offence. If they

take a purely negative position, simply refraining from work—the ranks of the unemployed close in upon them, fill their positions and defeat their strike. The only alternative left is that the union must enroll all workingmen, and maintain them when out of work. The evident impossibility of this makes the suggestion an absurdity.

Many labor leaders, the pure and simplers, so-called, have viewed the recent influx to Trade Unionism with misgiving, knowing it to be a spasm of present industrial activity, and that a depression will smash the new unions and bring upon the strongest and best disciplined organizations great hardship in the general break-down.

The injunction is an effective capitalist weapon. The capitalist holds the sword, the workingmen the sheath. Unions improve the conditions of the workers, but Socialism will set them free.

ABOUT SOCIALISM ABROAD

GERMANY

Berlin "Vorwaerts" of July 14, contains the following additional statistics of the German parliamentary elections held June 16th and 25th: "At the main election in the year 1903 there were in all 12,490,660 persons entitled to vote; in 1898 there were 11,441,094. The valid votes cast in 1903 amounted to 9,495,952, in 1898 there were 7,752,693.

"The number of persons entitled to vote has increased by 1,049,566; the number of votes cast has increased by 1,743,259. The 'Party of Non-voters' has sunk from 3,688,401 to 2,994,708. The Socialists with their more than three million votes have surpassed even the hitherto strongest party—that of the non-voters. The Socialists are not only stronger than all middle class parties, but have also defeated the lazy mass of the indifferent. The civilizing power of Socialism further reveals itself in having saved the German people this time, from the shame which has hitherto existed, that their largest party was composed of non-voters. The Socialists now form almost a third of the active voters and almost a fourth of those entitled to vote."

The German papers deny that Emperor Wilhelm has said: "The Socialist band must be destroyed with fire and sword," etc. It is denounced as a sensational fabrication without a word of truth.

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Berlin "Vorwaerts" of July 25, says that it will be several months before the final official returns of the parliamentary elections are published. Meanwhile, the Socialists smile to see how their vote increases with each new report. According to the latest report of the "Reichs-Anzeiger" (The Government Messenger), on June 16, 3,011,114 votes were cast for the

Socialist candidates, 81 of whom were elected.

* * *

Many of the Socialist Journals of Germany report that during the elections their subscriptions have largely increased. The Central Socialist Daily Journal, Berlin Vorwaerts, with about 75,000 subscribers, now has the largest circulation of all the political newspapers of Berlin.

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At the end of each quarter, Berlin Vorwaerts publishes the addresses of all the Socialist and labor press in Germany. Vorwaerts of July 11 gives such a list, from which it is seen that there are now 53 Socialist dailies, 9 papers published three times a week, 3 twice a week, 9 weekly, 4 twice a month, and 2 monthly, making 80 Socialist periodicals in all.

The German labor press consists of 31 weekly papers, 1 issued three times a week, 2 three times a month, 22 once in 14 days, and 10 monthly, making 86 in all. The German Socialist and labor press together consist of 166 periodicals.

* * *

The "Hamburger Echo," which is one of the most important of the 53 Socialist daily journals of Germany, now has a circulation of 37,400 copies. The illustrated Socialist paper "Die Neue Welt" (The New World), devoted to entertaining literature, mostly fiction, which is published weekly at the same office, Fehlandstr, 11 Hamburg, has a circulation of 27,800 copies.

* * *

The Altenburg state government has had a bill drawn up to introduce a high, special taxation of consumers' co-operative societies. The working people and the poor try to escape the evils of buying expensively in small quantities, and establish co-operatives to obtain the advantage of wholesale prices—then the government puts difficulties in the way of the co-operatives by burdening them with special taxation, as has been done in Saxony. Such legislation will still more embitter the working people against the government.

FRANCE

The French Revolutionary Socialists' weekly central organ, "Le Socialiste," of Paris, has had a financial surplus for the last nine months. Formerly it had to depend partly on gifts.

"Le Socialiste," of July 12, gives the addresses of the twenty-two periodicals belonging to the party; nineteen of them are published weekly, one daily and two monthly. "Le Socialiste" is published weekly at 7 Rue Rodier, Paris. It is in its 19th year. It is a four-page paper and is not illustrated. The subscription in France is $1.20 a year; in foreign countries $1.60.

In Croisy, June 21, the Socialists won a victory in the municipal elections. Six Socialists were elected with a strong majority.

The mayor of Saint-Bonnet-Troncais, who has furiously tried to drive Socialism off the earth, is seriously disappointed at the results of the elections held July 5. Three common councilmen were to be elected and there were two tickets. The three Socialist candidates, Gozard, Pailleret, and Magnant, Secretary of the Sociali Educational Union, were elected with 151, 130 and 125 votes. Their radical opportunist opponents had 107, 80 and 69 votes.

RUSSIA

Describing the terrible conditions under which Socialist propaganda is

carried on in Russia, E. Levin says in a letter to "Justice," London, that there "the average 'life' of a Socialist is from ten months to a year; the rest passes in prisons, Siberia or exile. One arrest very often leads to the collapse of a whole organization, and it takes years to build it up again."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Irish Trade Union convention, held in Nowry the first week of June, unanimously passed resolutions favoring Socialism and urging the unions to affiliate with the Labor Representation Committee. The Social Democratic Federation is not affiliated with the latter body.

H. M. Hyndman, the great Socialist economist, is candidate for Parliament in a special election in the Burnley division, and Harry Quelch, editor of "Justice," is running in Dewsbury, both representing the Social Democratic Federation.

SPAIN

The Socialist Party of Spain won no parliamentary seat in the recent elections, but it has gained several thousand votes since 1901. The increase of Socialist votes in country districts is encouraging; in 1901 only about 2,000 votes of agricultural laborers were cast for the Socialists, but this time that number was more than doubled. In the parliamentary elections, the Socialists received 5,000 votes in 1891; 5,000 in 1893; 14,000 in 1896; 20,000 in 1898; 23,000 in 1899; 25,400 in 1901; and 29,000 in 1903.

SERVIA

The Servian Socialist's Committee in Geneva has published in "Le Peuple de Geneva" a declaration condemning, as they do all acts of violence, the assassinations in Belgrade. They expect from the change in government no improvement of political and social conditions; on the contrary, they fear that militarism, by recent events, has won a great influence harmful to the people. The Constitution of 1888, which King Peter will restore, is less objectionable than the later one, but the Servian Socialists cannot join in the praise it is receiving. If the new king intends to carry out what he has promised, and take Switzerland as a model, then he must first of all introduce universal equal suffrage. Only when the king's powers are limited by a new constitution and the right of suffrage is given, can the bloody deeds in Belgrade form the beginning of a new epoch of healthy development for the Servian people.

For the first time in the history of the Servian people, the Socialists intend to bring forward candidates at the coming general elections.

JAPAN

The iron-workers in the ship-yards of Nagasaki have struck. The employer has the custom of sending the workers home whenever he pleases, paying no wages for such days. As he dismissed them one day 800 iron-workers struck. All the Japanese police are on the side of the employers; strike meetings cannot be held and the leaders have been arrested.

The progress of Socialism in Japan is shown by the increasing literature on Socialist subjects. Among the recent publications is a book on "Municipal Socialism," by Katayama, editor of the Japanese organ "The Socialist," and a book entitled "The Oppression of Wealth," by another editor of the same paper. A series of translations from German Socialist literature has appeared. Prof. Matvuzaki has published a book on "The History of German Socialism." "The Socialist" reports that all the larger daily journals and scientific reviews are publishing series of articles on Socialism.

LABOR AS A FACTOR IN 1904

OUR political prophets have begun to consider the possible effect which the prevailing labor troubles, combined with the steady agitation of the Socialists, are likely to have upon the outcome of the next presidential campaign. A recent leading editorial in Leslie's Weekly says:

The distinct advance of Socialism in this country—contemporaneous with its advance everywhere else—marked by an increase of the Socialistic vote, not only in the West, but also in New York State, and in some New England cities, may carry with it a grave portent for the approaching presidential election. While we are accustomed to divide the voters into two great camps, political managers find their plans sadly interfered with at irregular intervals by the appearance of new parties. General manhood suffrage has cultivated the spirit of political independence, and the independent voter must be given consideration in election forecasts.

* * *

The Socialistic vote, which has gradually been increasing, has not been considered a factor in presidential elections, because of the sweeping majorities of McKinley. This vote will be of greater moment next year, because it has disclosed its strength by the election of labor mayors in several New England cities, and because its vote in New York State last fall was far greater than Governor Odell's plurality. It was greater than the Prohibition vote, and even greater than Roosevelt's plurality when he carried the State in 1898.

The combined vote of the Social-Labor and Social-Democratic candidates for Governor in this State last year was over 39,000. What this means in a close, and perhaps the pivotal State of the Union in the next presidential election may be imagined. The Socialist vote had something to do with turning Rhode Island over to the Democracy at the last gubernatorial election. In Pennsylvania, where another coal strike in the anthracite regions is one of the possibilities, the labor vote may become a factor next year, for it is given out by the labor leaders that unless the conciliation board settles the differences of the United Mine Workers more promptly and satisfactorily, a general strike will be declared during the presidential year, when a certain victory for the miners' union is anticipated.

Nor can we overlook conditions in some of the Western and Pacific States. The Arizona branch of the Western Federation of Miners has changed its by-laws with a view of entering actively in politics. The Socialistic vote in California is developing great strength. In Colorado an extraordinary situation invites attention. At Idaho Springs a number of labor leaders, who were charged with violence, were driven from the community by a citizens' committee, and in Denver the Citizens' Alliance recently held a mass meeting in the Chamber of Commerce to devise a drastic measure of dealing with certain agitators conspicuous in recent labor troubles. The unions of Colorado are resenting these attacks and threatening to carry their differences to the polls.

Labor troubles in New York City, in Chicago, and in Pittsburg, offer special opportunities for socialistic-political agitators to make converts in the next general election. If amid such conditions we should be obliged to meet business depression next year, with consequent reductions in wages, strikes and shutdowns, the danger of the rising tide of Socialism in 1904 will become serious and alarming. How thoughtless and indifferent to his own interests the voter can be when stirred by passion or prejudice was shown in the last two presidential contests by the enormous vote cast for a candidate who represented a platform distinctly Socialistic in its tendencies, a candidate nominated twice in opposition to one of the most popular men in public life.

These are things to think of, and the Republican party cannot begin to think of them too soon nor too seriously.

This writer might have gone on to add that in Wisconsin the Socialists were strong enough to sweep the city of Sheboygan last April, electing the mayor, treasurer, city attorney, assessor, five aldermen, and seven minor officials, and to repeat the achievement in Anaconda, Montana, making a total of forty-six Socialists holding elective offices in the United States.

He might also have added that in a review of the political situation in Massachusetts, preliminary to the approaching state election, the Boston Herald, the leading Democratic paper of New England, practically concedes the election of a Socialist representative from Rockland, the district which returned the late Frederic O. MacCartney for four terms. The Herald also admits the possibility of the Socialists carrying other districts in addition to the three they now hold. In old Plymouth county, it says the Democratic Party seems to be a smaller factor in politics this year than ever, the Socialists seeming to have taken the position formerly occupied by them.

However, our politicans are sufficiently alive to the situation to realize that something must be done, and have, among other things, organized an association called the National Economic League, to give battle to political Socialism. In regard to the formation of this association, a writer in the Mail and Express, over the initials "E. C. H." says:

Is socialism to be a factor in the Presidential campaign of 1904, to whose danger the sound sense of the American people must be awakened, as it has twice been shaken to the perils of Bryanism, in 1896 and 1900?

These are pertinent questions. These are questions to which careful students of politics are seeking an answer. They are attracting the earnest attention of statesmen and publicists. The very fact that their answer is uncertain is enough to indicate the existence of a real peril, whose possibilities are the more interesting because there is a paucity of data by which to measure them. But such facts as are available are so portentous that an organization has been formed for the specific purpose of meeting Socialism upon its own ground and of fighting it with the truth. Into the next national campaign there will enter a body of patriotic men whose purpose is to oppose by every proper method, the educational method being chiefly employed, the highly organized conspiracy to develop class hatred in the United States.

* * *

The association that has been formed to give battle to political socialism is named the National Economic League. Its purposes are nonpartisan, educational and patriotic. Its aims and methods of work promise to become of importance to the public at large during the next twelvemonth, as they have already enlisted the support and approval of a large number of thoughtful, earnest citizens.

In 1900 there were Social Democrat and Social Labor candidates for President. In the popular vote the one polled 87,814, and the other 39,739. Their combined strength of about 127,000 votes was insignificant. They claimed to have drawn their votes equally from both the great parties, but it is believed that most of their scanty support, out of a total popular vote of 13,959,653, was drawn from the Democratic, rather than from the Republican party. There is nothing alarming in these figures. But since 1900 the organization that then called itself the Social-Democratic party has changed its name to the Socialist party. Its headquarters are in Omaha and it has extended its organization into many States where it had no foothold in the last Presidential campaign. It plans to plant its organization in every State of the Union before next winter.

* * *

Massachusetts affords an impressive example of the potential growth of Socialism. In 1901 the Socialist candidate for Governor polled 10,671 votes. In 1902 the Socialist vote for Governor was 33,629. This was an increase in the Socialist percentage of the total vote for Governor from 3.29 to 8.43. Returns from other State elections show that the total Socialist vote in the country in 1902 had increased to more than 300,000, of which Massachusetts cast about 11 per cent. This rapid increase involved the election of Socialist Mayors in Brockton and Haverhill, and marks the beginning of the extension of socialism in such great textile manufacturing cities as Fall River, Lowell, Lawrence and New Bedford. In the manufacturing cities of Rhode Island and Connecticut the seed of Socialism has been planted.

* * *

It is not alone in New England that the propaganda of discontent and revolt is disseminated. There are now published in the United States more than 200 weekly papers, all devoted to the cause.

* * *

The advocates of social order and harmonious co-operation between labor and capital, propose, therefore, to counteract with their wholesome literature the influence upon organized labor of socialistic cartoons and pamphlets. The headquarters of the National Economic League, at 13 Astor place, New York, are deluged with applications from wage earners all over the country for its publications. Its officers and organizers make a list of men distinguished in all branches of activity and industry, business, commercial, manufacturing, educational, clerical and journalistic. Its plans and scope will become prominent ere long in national affairs.

Clearly Socialism in this country has passed the stage where it could be ignored with safety to the dominant political parties. It is now a factor that has to be reckoned with, even in national politics, and all the indications go to show that in 1904 it will be no inconsiderable factor. M. H.

GENERAL GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

A FAMOUS LOG CABIN

ONE bright Autumn morning, just fifty years ago, friendly neighbors gathered together in old Missouri, after the manner of pioneer days, to help Captain Grant erect a plain little four-square log cabin, which was to serve as a residence for himself and his family. The friendly neighbors held Captain Grant in high respect, for was he not a veteran of the Mexican war, and had he not formerly been an officer in the regular army? And moreover, he could put in a hard day's work as well as the best of them, and commanded their admiration by his strong and manly qualities. So they all turned to, with a will, and worked all the long day, heaving the hewn logs into their places, Captain Grant standing at one corner and lifting with the best of them.

By evening the logs were all in place. The Captain laid the floors of the cabin

himself, did the greater part of the shingling, helped the carpenter fit the window frames, and himself built the stairway that leads to the two big rooms under the gable roof.

When the cabin was completed, Captain Grant moved his family into it. His father-in-law's big white house, a mansion in those days, bore a name of its own; and the Grant cabin must needs be dignified with a distinctive and appropriate name. With grim humor, the sturdy Captain christened it "Hardscrabble."

Life, for the Grants, for the next few years, justified the name. The Captain worked early and late, tirelessly. He plowed and harrowed and planted; he sowed and mowed and reaped. He cleared land and brought it under cultivation. Some of his neighbors who were doing likewise, piled up the fallen trees in the clearing and burnt them. Not so the Captain. He cut his trees into cord-wood and hauled it by the wagon load into St. Louis and sold it. Some of it he cut into props for the lead mines in the vicinity, hauled it to the mines and sold it.

After six or seven years of this kind of active, vigorous life at Hardscrabble, Captain Grant was called to a different but not less vigorous field of activity. The friendly neighbors who had assisted at the "raising," thrilled with a peculiarly personal exultation, when they heard that the man who had stood at the left-hand front corner of the log cabin, heaving logs with the best of them, had passed Shiloh and Donelson and Vicksburg, was wearing the double star of a major-general, and was known to applauding millions as General Grant.

The little cabin of General Grant's hard-scrabble years is to be preserved in Forest Park, as a relic of American history, having recently been bought by C. F. Blanke, of St. Louis, to preserve it from destruction.

HYNDMAN ON TRUSTS

THE following letter from Hyndman, the great English Socialist leader, appeared recently in the London Morning Post, the principal Conservative paper of England. It is interesting not only as again showing how well Hyndman understands the American economic position, although unfortunately he is one of the very few who do, but also as showing the fairness of the English press in giving publicity to Socialist views:—

To the Editor of the Morning Post:

SIR,—I also have made a special study of the development of Trusts in America since 1874, and in 1880 I predicted pretty much what is now coming to pass in the industries of the United States. I cannot, nevertheless, agree with Mr. Maurice Low that the financial upset which is now taking place is anything unusual, or that it will interfere with the economic growth of Trusts. That growth is not dependent on sound or unsound finance, so far as the flotation of shares on the public is

concerned. It is due to a distinct economic advance in the organization of production and distribution, which no amount of bladder-blown financing can check. This has been proved conclusively by the history of "trustification" in America during the past thirty years. Excessive capitalization, crisis, liquidation, reconstruction has been the rule throughout. But the end has been always the same—a more complete concentration of industries in fewer and fewer hands. Precisely the same result will be attained now. The stockholders who bought in time of "boom" will be neatly squeezed out in the period of depression. The big men—the Rockefellers, Havemeyers, Vanderbilts, etc.—will get bigger and bigger, as an incident on the one side, the smaller investors will disappear on the other.

But the Trusts as Trusts will maintain and confirm their position. "Sharks eat big fish, big fish eat little fish, little fish eat mud." The sharks, however, in this case connote not merely strength and voracity but, awkward as the situation is in many ways, a distinct social progress. Trusts have come to stay, and they will get more and more powerful until they become absolutely dominant in the United States and elsewhere. Then they will be nationalized and socialized in the interest of the whole people and a new era of human development will have begun. Capitalism is ceasing to be competitive and is becoming monopolistic, as Fourier foresaw it inevitably must in 1825. No amount of theoretical antagonism, no amount of machine-made laws can head back an obvious economic saving of labor and a wiping out of what the French call *faux frais*. Neither will all the blundering and covetousness of promoters have any permanent effect, except in the direction of hastening on the inevitable change. What do I read in the same number of the Morning Post which contains the comments on the financial collapse of the Trust shares? There is a cable from your correspondent in New York to the effect that the Beef Trust has raised prices throughout the country by a halfpenny a pound—the monopolistic Caesar has declared that all the world shall be taxed—and your correspondent aptly remarks, and I am glad to draw attention again to his perfectly correct statement: "This increase, coming a few months after the legal decision declaring the combination to be guilty of breaking the Anti-Trust Laws, is indicative of the hopelessness of successful Trust prosecutions under present conditions." Just so. The United States Courts are very powerful indeed against trades unions; they are absolutely powerless against Trusts. And if the shares of the Beef Trust were selling at a cent on the dollar that would not limit the monopoly or lessen the profits of the men in the Trust. No wonder that the cry of, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," so vigorously raised and repeated by my friend Wilshire, is beginning to resound from one end of the United States to the other.

But do not let us suppose we ourselves are not in the Trust period, though our home trustifiers are clever enough to "lie low and say nuffen." To all intents and purposes our railways are a Trust, our banks are a Trust, our coal industry is all but a Trust, our shipping is largely a Trust, our iron and steel trade is fast developing into a Trust, our cotton-thread manufacture is a Trust, and an international Trust too, and so on and so forth. The list is already large and is rapidly increasing. Nor on this side of the Atlantic either do laws or defective financing check the Trusts. Would it not be well, therefore, that the people of all nationalities should begin to study these irresistible economic and social monopolies from the point of view of the general interest; and ought not our orthodox professors of political economy at the universities to wake up from their sleep of the past two or three generations and learn a little about where we are?

Yours, etc.,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A HOUSTON, TEXAS, EDITOR DREAMS

It is very kind of the Houston Chronicle to give me the following flattering notice in its editorial columns, but I would feel still more flattered if I could have recognized in the matter of the editorial that the editor of the Chronicle had read what I said.

THE NEW SOCIALISM.

Free silver originally came out of the West. The West was the home of populism. Socialism, a name which some of its advocates yet fight shy of, on account of its associations, is also Western in origin in the United States, although it was originally hatched in Europe, and in nearly every European country it has attracted to its political and industrial creed men of intellect, of culture and of standing which it is beginning to do in this country. H. Gaylord Wilshire, the editor of the ablest Socialist magazine in this country, is a millionaire, originally from California. In nearly every Western state, and in the East and South, too, the new Socialism, as it is called, has adherents who, by birth, breeding, education and property, are by no means anarchists.

Government and municipal ownership of so-called "natural monopolies" is advocated. Many of the Western cities own their own waterworks, some own their own gas and electric light plants, and municipal ownership of street railways, which has been tried in Great Britain in some cities, is gaining ground. Some of the reformers are single taxers, disciples of Henry George, who believe in a land tax mainly, but who are approximating more and more toward a straight out demand for Socialism, or nationalism, or ultra-paternalism in government.

The theory is that the government should own all property and industry and we should all be government employes. The government is to be constituted like a huge family, regulated in every detail so that each citizen shall do what he is directed to do, of course being directed to do that for which he is most fit.

It is a beautiful theory. Its commendation is not ironically intended. The prospect, if possible, of abolishing poverty, of increasing the country's productiveness by a perfect organization, of distributing the products of labor with exact justice, so that each man would get his fair share, instead of the present system of scrambling for dollars, as children scramble for pennies, is indeed alluring.

But Socialism is not practicable. In the language of the man in the street, it won't work.

Why?

In the first place, because a perfectly organized, completely paternal government can not be organized. Who is to fix the amounts of the salaries if we are all to be office-holders? Even if we were all to draw the same pay, which would be unjust, the thrifty would save money and the improvident would spend it, and money would be lent him who lacks by him who has, even at usury, and riches would still be heaped up. In ten years, if Pierpont Morgan were put on a clerk's salary in a gigantic government counting house, he would have discounted the paper of a million of his fellow employes, and he would practically own as many men as he does now.

In the second place, the great incentive to effort of our present system, that necessity which is the mother not only of invention but of work, would be lacking. If a man were sure that he and his family would be taken care of if he only did a fair amount of work, the average man would do not a jot more than necessary to save him from whatever punitory statutes and rules might be devised. Laziness and sloth would flourish over a nation of sluggards, which, with the advent of Socialism, would begin to be decadent and go into a decline unprecedented in history.

He says: "The Government is to be constituted like a huge family, regulated in every detail so that each citizen shall do what he is directed to do." I am quite certain there has never been anything in Wilshire's Magazine which would lead anyone to think that this is

the future I have in mind. I am continually trying to show that society is developing in a certain direction and that it is doing this irresistibly and inenvitably, whereas the editor of the Chronicle would try to make out that I am building up a Utopia upon a certain preconceived plan. I am not taking a year-old baby and trying to make him into a man in a day; I am simply pointing out that the baby will inevitably grow to be a man; and it is as absurd for the editor to tell me that the present system will not grow into socialism as it would be for him to tell me that the baby will never grow into a man.

He says that if we had Socialism, in ten years Pierpont Morgan would own as many men as he does now. The way Pierpont Morgan and other people own men today is not by having them in debt to them, but by owning the public utilities of the country. If the people own the public utilities, neither Morgan nor Rockefeller, nor any of the other great capitalists of this country can have any ownership of the people.

The Houston editor is afraid that because under Socialism a man will get a livelihood by doing a fair amount of work, he will, as a consequence, become lazy. Then why does he not advise breaking up all our labor-saving machinery, because labor-saving machinery is simply a method of allowing men to produce plenty with little work. The only trouble today is that the people do not own the labor-saving machinery, but allow Messrs. Morgan and Company to own it. The Houston editor does not advocate the destruction of this machinery, but the continued sequestration of it in the hands of Mr. Morgan. As far as the people are concerned it doesn't make much difference to them whether it is in existence at all as long as they do not get the benefits of it. Let the Nation Own the Trusts and we would all be rich.

FOXES HAVE HOLES AND KNICKERBOCKERS HAVE FLATS.

One of the standard objections to Socialism is that we would have to conform to a certain standard set by the State in our method of living. As a matter of fact, as things are today, not only do the very poor have to conform because their wages do not allow them to vary from the standard of other workingmen, but even the rich have very little chance for any great choice. A rich man today, wishing to live in New York, is now finding it simpler to buy even a house ready-made than it is to build one to order. Today in New York city there are being built over a hundred residences for rich people, the average cost of same being about a hundred thousand dollars. These houses are being built by speculators, with the expectation of selling to a rich man, for of course no other individual could think of buying such houses. The remarkable thing is that such expensive houses should be built by speculators with the expectation of selling to clients. One would naturally think that such houses would be built by the owners themselves. But this is not the case. The rich man finds that the demand in the way of houses is so standardized that he can be about as well suited in a new house as in a new pair of shoes, so well are the builders meeting modern conditions.

Mr. Crowley, in the Architectural Record, has some very striking figures showing the increasing cost of private residences in the city of New York.

Only ten years ago the average residence cost $35,000. In 1901 it was $59,000, and today $66,000. The increased cost of dwellings of course is reflected in the diminished number. From 1891 to 1892 there were filed plans for about 700 private dwellings at an average cost of $15,000 to $17,000. From 1892 to 1899 the number diminished about 50 per cent., the estimated cost of each dwelling being at least $24,000, which would mean, says Mr. Crowley, that the typical residence would sell for $35,000. In 1900 there came a change; the number of plans for residences fell off from 759 to 338 in 1899, and to 112 in 1900 and in 1901 to 99; and in these days of tremendous prosperity for all the people the first nine months of the year show only 117. Mr. Crowley continues that residences are being erected in Manhattan for rich men and for them only. Of course, all this is directly in the line of our Socialist philosophy, and is simply additional evidence that the poor man has no right to live, much less to have a house.

PETTY STATESMANSHIP.

INTERNATIONAL STEEL COMBINE FORMING.

London. — The Brussels correspondent of the Telegraph says he learns that secret negotiations are proceeding between the United States Steel Corporation and the most important European steel works for the establishment of a common combine in order to increase prices—N.Y. Herald.

What petty statesmen the Chamberlains and Roosevelts are when every day's paper has such items showing how the capitalists are inevitably destined to wipe off the earth's map all the tariff walls now being built by politicians.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH THE EARTH?

A meditative trader said: "The Rockefellers are going into everything. They are making so much money that they are finding difficulty in investing it to advantage. First they were in oil, then railroads, and later new industrials. In my opinion $400,000,000 of Rockefeller money has gone into industrials within the last five years. They secured control of the Linseed combine, have millions in the United States Steel Corporation, and now they have secured practical control of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. These are only a few of the industrial companies with which they have become identified within the last few years. In my opinion Mr. Rockefeller is worth close to $1,000,000,000, based on the market value of the securities he holds."—N. Y. Commercial.

Yes, this is all true enough; but it is no answer to the question that I am always reiterating. When Rockefeller owns the earth, how will we keep our job?

We are kept busy now helping him to get richer. When he gets all there is to get, what will there be for us to do?

I have a letter from F. Cambensy, of Chicago, complaining that I agreed with Rockefeller that there is no unemployed problem at present. My statement was a plain matter of fact. There are unemployed men at present, certainly; but not enough of them to constitute a problem. As long as the unemployed can be taken care of in some way—by begging, borrowing, stealing or committing suicide—there is no problem. It may be an individual problem for a great number of men, but it is not a social problem of today, not one of which society is forced to take cognizance, and do something to remedy. The unemployed problem that I am predicting will find great numbers of men out of work with no prospect of their being employed, because the capitalists have no more work for them to do.

It is impossible to define the present situation as being one with an unemployed problem. Every day you read accounts of strikes over the question of wages. If there were an unemployed problem we would not hear of strikes for higher wages — there would be strikes because wages were being reduced, or more likely, a clamor because there were no wages at all. The whole cry from the employing class today is that the workers are demanding more and more wages. They certainly would not be demanding more wages if there were any considerable number of unemployed. This does not by any means imply that there are not thousands of men at the present time who would like to work but cannot get it. This is a condition that always exists, but it does not constitute an "unemployed problem." England has an unemployed problem today and so has Germany, evidenced by the great commercial depression in both countries, and by the mobs of men marching up and down the streets demanding bread.

When the unemployed problem which results from the completion of the machinery of production, comes upon us, there will be no question as to whether we have the disease or not. It will be so much in evidence that we will not have to debate as to whether we have it or not, more than we would question whether the sun is shining at noon on a clear day.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

Sacramento, Cal., 1021 10th Street.
June 8, '03.

Your letter of the 15th of May was not received until yesterday, having been forwarded to San Francisco and later to my present address. The watch, however, was received on the 2nd of June, and no words can convey my feelings at first sight of it. I felt that I had not earned it because I had done so well—earned such a good salary while engaged at canvassing your paper. There were some days, when I worked all day, that I got as high as twenty-five subscribers. When I first took up your paper I was told that San Jose and Santa Clara were the hardest places in California to canvass Socialist literature, because the people were so "dead set" against such ideas as Socialism conveyed. "All right," I answered, "it is because they do not understand it; but when I present the Wilshire scholarly and logical style and treatment of the subject, I am sure they will give it careful attention and fair treatment." And they did. I was successful from start to finish in spite of many unforeseen drawbacks, not the least of which was a long rainy season, and a cold one, too, but I managed to put in an hour or two every day, never dreaming that I had the shadow of a chance of winning a prize. And the people—God bless them!—there are no better, or more intelligent, or more kindly disposed in all the world than the people of the Garden City and Santa Clara. I do not believe I met with a dozen blunt refusals, and yet my visits were made only to the distinguished and prominent professional and business men and women. The mayor, a staunch Republican, looked severe when I presented my book, but after looking through it subscribed without a word. Mr. Hayes, proprietor of the biggest and most influential Republican paper on the Coast, thanked me after signing and hoped he should soon receive his first copy. Mr. Hayes, and his brother whom the people of Santa Clara want for Governor, not only for his fair-minded views on most subjects, but because he is a true type of Christian manhood, are the wealthiest men, I am told, in the county. They are my subscribers, and it speaks well for your magazine. Then there was State Senator O'Neal, who conceived the unique idea of removing the State House from Sacramento to San Jose and making the latter city

the Capital, said that "the views of such men as wrote for WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE were worthy of consideration." He is one of the most brilliant lawyers and cleverest politicians in California, and, oh, my! handsome as Apollo—or is it Adonis? Lawyer Ed. Rae, destined to be United States Senator when he is a few years older, "has the qualities of a Lincoln and a McKinley combined," say the people of San Jose. He paid a dollar for a year's subscription and said it was cheap even at that price. And it would take a volume to tell you all that the other *lights* said about the merits of the magazine. The pretty, scholarly girl, who is head of the Public Library, after looking it carefully through, said: "It is very good and very cheap for this style of literature . . . " and immediately signed. I not only had it placed in the library of the "University of the Pacific," but the president, Dr. McGlish, and Miss Mayne, teacher of literature and mathematics, took special copies for home reading.

What's the matter with Socialism? WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is destined to be *the authority* on Socialistic views of happenings.

Thanking you once again for my beautiful present, I am, yours truly, MARY GORMAN.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 6, 1903.

Your magazine is growing more popular and is beginning to be highly appreciated.

The "time" is speeding. H. G. CHISHOLM.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 4th, 1903.

I am just sending in a year's subscription postal for your magazine. I think your publication one of the best there is, of its class, and do not want to be without it.

ERNEST F. BROOK.

Neosho, Mo., Sept. 18, '03.

Your August number is a "Jim Dandy." There is no mistake. The Trusts are making Socialists faster than all our publications combined, and Wilshire's holds them. It is our Bible. Ricker, of Appeal, lacks the "rollicking good humor" with which you tap lightly on the shoulder of the great "in the public eye."

P. E. EDWARD.

Anaconda, Mont., April 19, 1903.

Please enclosed find money order for $2.00 and list of subs. I am very sorry they are coming in so slowly; but our Unions are distributing so much Socialist literature that it is almost impossible to sell any to individuals. We have been very successful in our municipal election, as we succeeded in electing our candidates to the following offices: Mayor, City Treasurer, Police Magistrate, and three Aldermen, losing three Aldermen, one to the Republicans and two to the Democrats. We also elected a Socialist School Board, a few days previous to the municipal election. The City and County offices are nearly all filled with good, sincere Socialists, and the best of our success is, that there is no clamoring for spoils. Please accept our heartfelt thanks for the noble work your magazine has done here.

With very best wishes for your future success, I remain, JAMES T. BRENNAN.

Decatur, Ill., Sept. 22, 1903.

I have been reading your magazine for a year, and I write to say that I never want to do without it while I live.

Owing to a multiplicity of professional and other cares, I am not able to get subscriptions for your most able and excellent magazine, but I hereby subscribe for it, wanting it without fail to come to my home every issue. I will forward money for it when I shall be informed of the amount.

I believe your magazine for great usefulness, correct thought and worth in American homes, is without any equal in the world today.

Wishing that I could be of some service to you in what is now acknowledged to be the best and most important work for the race in all the ages, and expecting to see "Wilshire's Magazine" every month for the rest of my life, I am, dear Sir, with best wishes,

R. C. BAYLY.

Goshen, Ky., Aug. 17, 1903.

Though personally a stranger to you, I want to express my warm admiration and approval of the fine and effectual work you are doing in our common battle for human freedom. Such writers as you and Simons and Hawthorne are surely destined to be remembered in the history of this great struggle. The lucidity, learning, and kindliness of your work pleases me more than I can say.

I send under separate cover a copy of a recent booklet of satires which has won me the kind consideration and friendship of many leading Comrades. I was educated for the Presbyterian ministry but, as I say in the sonnet to Father McGrady, I

"Left the Christ of theologic lore
To serve the Christ of all humanity."

I am wholly devoted to the work—writing and speaking chiefly on its ethical and moral aspects, as I am not confident of myself in the economic discussion of it as yet.

Wishing you all success in your work, I am,

Fraternally yours,

LUCIEN V. RULE.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 31, 1903.

I have recently changed my address, and as I cannot be without "Wilshire's," I wish you to send it to me here. My former address was Reading, O.

With best wishes to "Wilshire's," I remain,

GEO. T. LEHRTER.

Largo, Cal., Sept. 26th, 1903.

Please change my address from St. Helena, Napa Co., to Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal. I don't know if we are here permanently, but I can't do without my Wilshire's.

MRS. MATTIE J. BAKER.

Sheboygan Falls, Wis., Sept. 14, 1903.

I want to thank you for furnishing the Cause with such a power for making converts. I enclose two dollars for cards. I desire to add to the circulation of this wonderful magazine of Socialism. JULIUS BAASNEUER.

Mt. Olive, Ill., Sept. 24th, 1903.

Enclosed please find $1.00, for which send me Wilshire's Magazine. I will explain to you how I came to know this magazine. I picked it up on the railroad track one evening, when I was coming home from work, and was so well pleased with it that I would like to get it every month.

Have you an agent in this town? If not I would like to take the agency for same.

HANS HANSEN.

Billings, Montana, Aug. 30, 1903.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire:

Dear Sir—Perhaps you may consider the following contribution worthy of publication in your famous magazine.

Your magazine is thought a great deal of out here and is making converts. I first became conscious of the fact that I was a Socialist by studying Wilshire's Magazine, and by loaning it out I think I have been instrumental in making converts and also subscribers for the magazine. I am sorry that my time is so limited, otherwise I believe I could do good work for Wilshire's, but I am one of the pilgrims who have to put in twelve hours a day every day in the month. Hasten the day that we have Socialism, and success to such valuable aids as Wilshire's Magazine.

ADAM F. SKIRVING.

Carnegie to Rockefeller.

(With due apology to the memory of Burns.)

John Rockefeller O, John
When we were first acquent
Your pockets baith were empty, John
And I had ne'er a cent;
Now we ha' stacks o' gold, John,
Ay, mon, we hae the "dough,"
But ye hae maist the biggest share,
John Rockefeller O.

John Rockefeller O, John
We e'en got rich thegither,
An' soon into the de'il's haun's
We'll gang wi' ain anither.
Ay, we are getting auld, John,
We twa ha' soon to go;
We mauna bide for a' oor wulth,
John Rockefeller O.

ADAM F. SKIRVING, Billings, Mont.

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 10, 1903.

I hereby acknowledge receipt of the fountain pen you sent me, and for which I thank you. In getting subscriptions for your magazine I had no thought of reward, nor did I intend to be a contestant. But, I knew a good thing when I saw it, and wished to push it along, to the end that the nation own the trusts.

With wishes for the increasing success of the cause, and your magazine as a means of promoting it, I remain, WM. G. NICOL.

Campaign of the Minnesota State Lecture Van.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, New York.

Dear Comrade,—The Socialist State Lecture Van, in charge of Comrades Guy E. Etherton and Geo. I. Martin, has been doing valiant service for the cause in Minnesota during the summer season.

Leaving Minneapolis May 23rd, it proceeded along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad as far as Brainard; was at Little Falls for three days during State Convention of the American Federation of Labor, where the delegates had an opportunity to hear the economic truths so necessary to their clear understanding of the Labor Problem.

Following the Northern Pacific Railroad across the state to Norman and Polk Counties, thence north nearly to the Canadian line. They staid a considerable time in Norman County, where the Socialist Party has a County Organization, and eight active locals.

The return trip will be along the line of the Great Northern Railroad to Minneapolis, where they will arrive about October 1st, and after a week or more of agitation in Minneapolis and St. Paul, a very successful season of propaganda and organization will have ended.

The season has been unusually favorable for the open air campaign.

In three and a half months that the van has already been out, only two evenings have meetings been prevented by inclement weather. The campaign will have covered over 1000 miles drive, and have included over 100 of the largest cities and villages in the state. About 125 speeches will have been made by each of the Comrades.

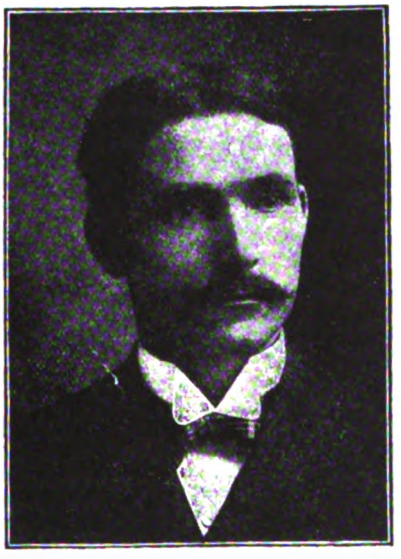
The van has worked at many places where there are party organizations, but the campaign has been for the most part pioneer agitation. In the greater number of places visited the people have heard a Socialist speech for the first time. Substantial results of the van work are already manifest in applications for charter, and enquiries about speakers and organization. Quantities of literature have been distributed and sold. Collections for the state fund have averaged about $8.00 per week.

Most of this work of agitation outside of the few industrial centers has been in farming communities. As there has been much controversy as to the place that the farmer should occupy in the Socialist movement, it may be of interest to quote from a letter from Comrade Etherton on this point.

"We have had a good hearing," writes Comrade Etherton, "all along the line. Frequently an intensity of interest is manifested in the way the audience hangs upon the words of the speakers. But without exception the

attention of the people has been considerate and thoughtful. . In a few instances there have been conspiracies of a few capitalistic flunkies and political crooks to break up our meetings by counter-street-attractions; but such attempts have invariably turned to our own advantage, and the advertisement of the movement."

"Judging from such contact as we have had with the farming communities, I believe there is no place in the country where Socialism is making a more rapid growth than among the Minnesota farmers of this north-west. This



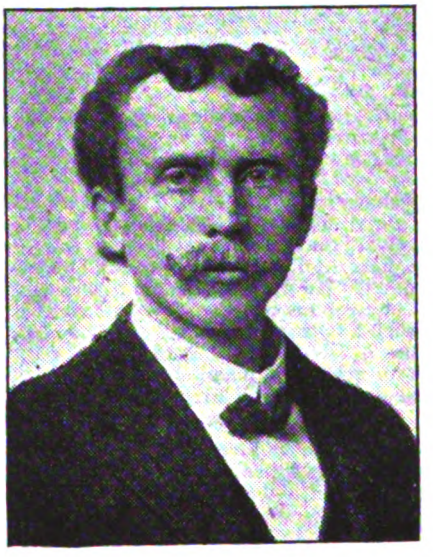
G. E. ETHERTON.

growth is most quickly manifest where the populistic revolt was strongest. Since the farmers as a class have practically the same economic basis for class-conscious development as the workers everywhere, it is certain that the identity of their interests with the interests of all other producers in the inauguration of the Socialist system will soon make of them Socialists of the most thorough integrity. Recognizing the very real and fatal limitations of the industrial revolt of the agricultural class, we should not fail any the less to recognize that in so far as it was a revolt directed along political lines, it was by far the most intelligent of any movement yet made against capitalism, outside of the organized Socialist movement. For this very reason they more quickly grasp the political genius of the Socialist proposition than those classes of workers who have been taught to avoid political action, and confine themselves to rude and outgrown methods of industrial warfare. The power of intimidation by capitalistic masters is not so direct for the farmer. They will be of us, a great and aggressive host in the army gathering the world around against organized capitalism."

Many letters of commendation have been received from various points, praising highly the work of Comrades Etherton and Martin, and the State Organization takes this opportunity to express their appreciation of the effective and lasting good that has certainly been accomplished by these Comrades.

We wish also to recommend this method of agitation to all the State Organizations, as the most economical, effective and permanent means of bringing the principles of Socialism before the people.

Our van is very neat and attractive in appearance; built especially for this purpose; with phonograph outfit, gasoline lights, rear platform for speaking, etc. It is painted in black enamel, highly polished, with appropriate mottoes in gold letters; side black-boards for announcing place and time of meeting, and a gong to call the attention of the people to the advertisement. It has a substantial cover, with leather side, front and rear curtains, affording a complete shelter when necessary. The upholstered side seats are large and commodious, making very comfortable beds. It has conveniences for light house-keeping. It is a vehicle that no Socialist



GEORGE I. MARTIN.

need be ashamed of, and cannot fail to leave the impression with the audience that such an outfit must have a strong organization behind it. Everywhere a meeting is announced a large audience is sure to be on hand before the meeting is opened, making the work much easier for the speakers.

Any further information relative to this work will be cheerfully furnished by the undersigned.

Yours fraternally,

S. M. HOLMAN, State Sec'y,

11 Oak St., S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

His Chum.

A newsboy sat on the curbstone crying, when a pedestrian halted and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"What's wrong, sonny?"

'I ain't your sonny."

"Well, what's wrong, my boy?"

'Ain't your boy, either."

"Lost five cents in the gutter?"

"Naw, I ain't—ah, oh, oh! Me chum's dead."

"Oh! that's another thing. How did he happen to die?"

"Runned over."

"Cheer up. You can find another chum."

"You wouldn't talk that way if you'd knowed Dick. He was the best friend I ever had. There warn't nothing Dick wouldn't a done for me. An' now he's d-d-dead. I'm a wishin' I was, too."

"Look here," said the man, "go and sell your papers and take some poor little ragged boy and be a chum to him. It'll help you and do him good."

"Pshaw, mister, Where's there a boy wot'd go around nights with me an' be cold an' hungry an' outen doors, an' sleep on the groun' like Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bite till I'd had enuff. He were a Christian, Dick were."

"Then you can feel that he's all right if he was such a faithful friend and good boy."

"Boy? Dick a boy? Lord! Dick warn't a good-for-nothing human boy, mister—Dick were a dog."—Detroit Free Press.

For a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that she knows it; and to be free, it is sufficient that she wills it.—Lafayette.

Preparing for a Rainy Day.

Though the Emperor William has allowed it to become known, according to the Paris "Temps," that he considers the recent Socialist victories in Germany "a phenomenon of which the development can be awaited with patience," he is apparently of opinion also that the patient waiting might as well be done in safety. At any rate "Vorwaerts" has discovered that he is building a castle on a secluded island "for habitation in times of political disquiet." The official papers retort with comments on Socialist impudence, but admit the building of the castle. Can it be that the Kaiser is preparing for revolution?—The Clarion.

Life passes, but our work will stand,
The tender heart, the kindly hand,
Like buildings proof against the blast,
The builder dead, the buildings last.
—John Douglas.

His Way Out of It.

Bobby—"When I grow up I'm going to be a night telegraph operator or a night editor or a night watchman."

Mamma—"I should think you would rather work days, as papa does, and be at home nights."

Bobby—"Well, I wouldn't! Do you s'pose I want to have to get up and heat the bottle for the baby?"—August Lippincott's.

Lord Kelvin in a note to the Editor of the London Times referring to remarks made by himself said in part:

"I desired to point out that, while 'fortuitous concourse of atoms' is not an inappropriate description of the formation of a crystal, it is utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative power.

"Every action of human free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science."

It is related of Richard Henry Stoddard, the veteran poet, lately deceased, that attempting one evening, after Mrs. Stoddard and the servants had retired, to prepare an impromptu luncheon for a number of friends, he came upon a box of sardines. His somewhat vigorous remarks, inspired by a sardine can's objections to the "open sesame" of a dull jack-knife, attracted the attention of Mrs. Stoddard on the floor above. "What are you doing?" she called down.

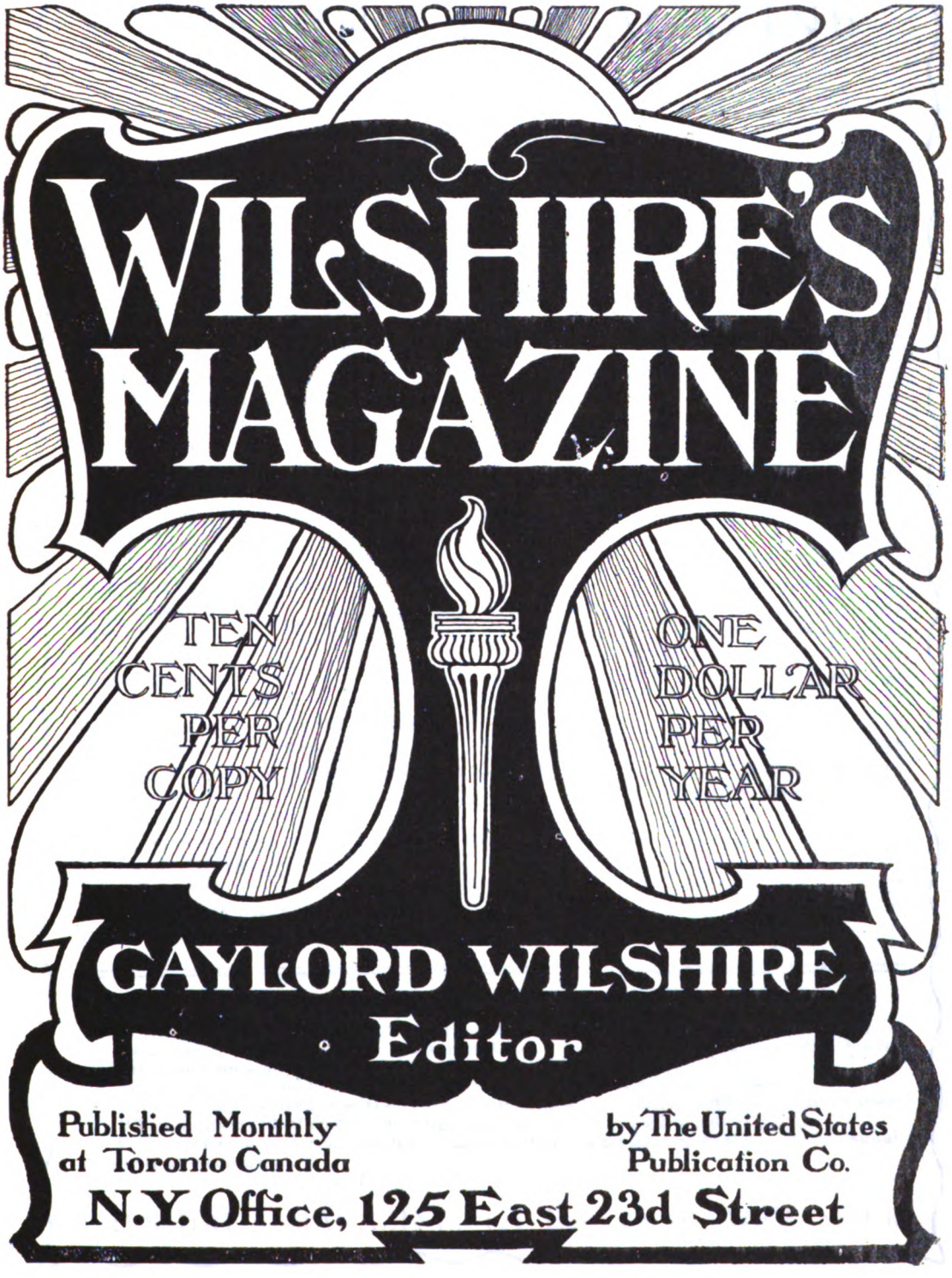
"Opening a can of sardines."

"With what?"

"A dashed old jack-knife," replied the exasperated poet. "What did you think I was opening it with?"

"Well, dear," she said dryly, "I didn't exactly think you were opening it with prayer."
—Clipped]

NOVEMBER, 1903



WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

November, 1903

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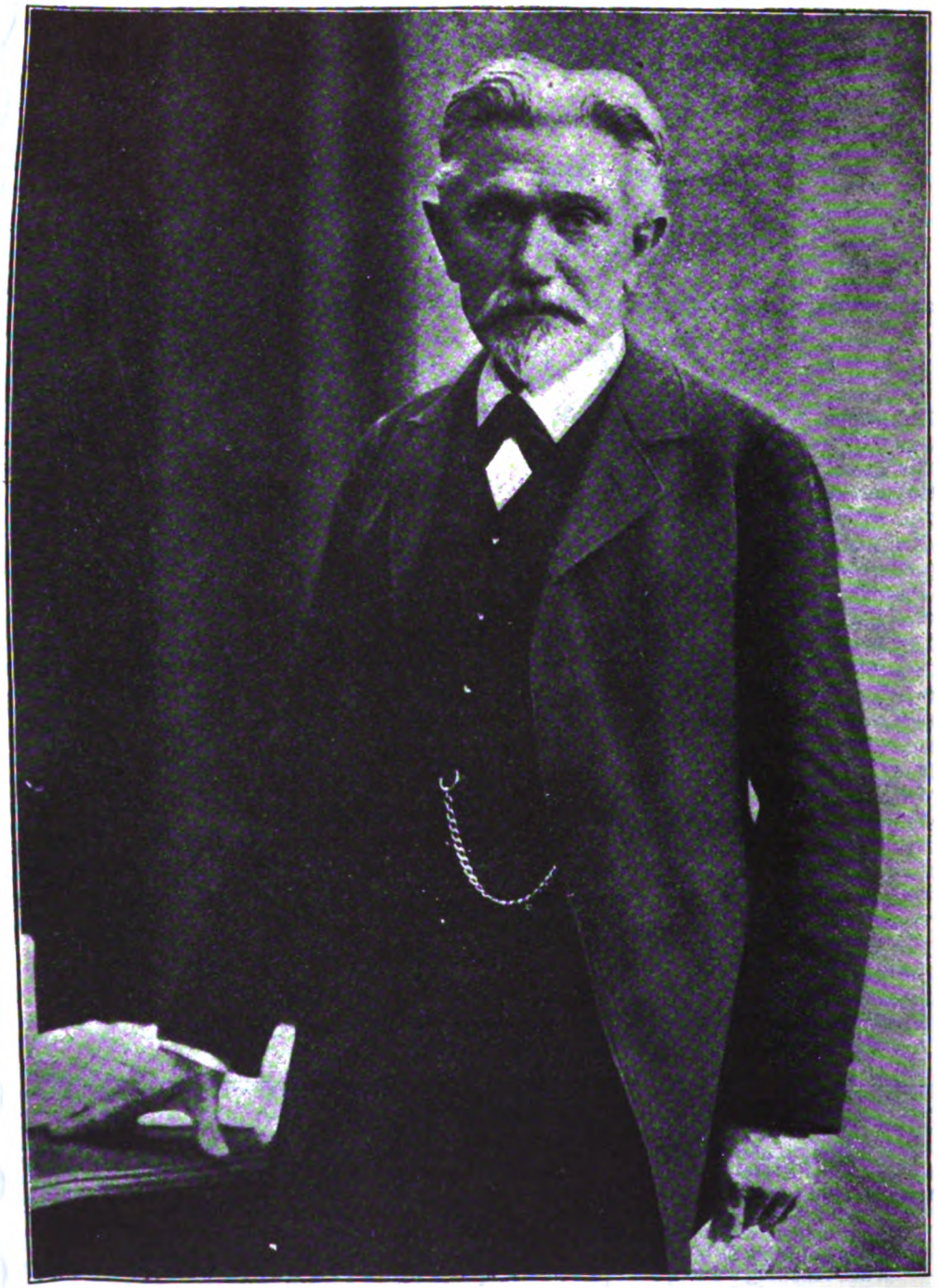


AUGUST BEBEL

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 64 TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1903 $1 Per Year

THE SEQUEL TO A MODERN ROMANCE

HOTEL BRISTOL, VIENNA,
August 29, 1903.

COMING from Venice to Vienna, after a few days in the Austrian Tyrol, I had two delightful days in Munich with Mr. and Mrs. Serge von Shevitch.

Fourteen years ago, and for the ten preceding years, Shevitch, although a Russian by birth, was the leader of, and the greatest man in, the American Socialist movement, and thereby hangs our tale.

1877 was the first year that saw him in the United States, a Russian nobleman, a tall, handsome young fellow of twenty-nine. With him was his bride, the world-famous beauty, Princess Racowitz, the widow of the Roumanian Prince Racowitz, the woman with whom the great Ferdinand Lasalle had been so passionately in love and on whose account he lost his life in the historic duel.

I will not go over in detail the story of that bit of romance in the development of Socialism. It has already been too fully exploited to bear tedious repetition. Shortly, I may narrate, for the benefit of the few who may be unfamiliar with the tale, that some thirty years ago a young German, Ferdinand Lasalle, the most gifted man of his time, as philosopher, orator and politician, organized a great working-class party in Germany, the progenitor of the existing powerful German Socialist Party.

Lasalle's influence became such that even the great Bismarck, then at the height of his power, became terrified and made him all sorts of most tempting offers of alliance.

In the period of his political activity, Lasalle met and at sight fell violently in love with the brilliant and beautiful daughter of Count Von Donniges, a distinguished member of the old German nobility, and Secretary of State for Bavaria. His love was returned, with nothing lost in wear and tear by the transfer. It looked as if the world's dream of the union of her greatest man to her most beautiful woman, was at

last, at the end of the ages, to be realized. The lady's practical and aristocratic father, however, dreamed differently and less romantically. A title and wealth were in his dream, and he saw them in material shape realized in the person of Prince Racowitz, who had long been a persistent, but hitherto unsuccessful, suitor for his fair daughter's heart and hand. The father would not listen to the idea of having a mere Socialist agitator for a son-in-law, when a Prince could be had for the word.

In 1870 a father's power over a daughter in Europe, and especially in Germany, was greater than nowadays. His answer to Lasalle's demands and his daughter's lamentations was the practical incarceration of the obdurate maiden in the old ancestral castle.

SERGE VON SHEVITCH.

One night, after many days of durance vile, she eluded the guard and escaped. Lasalle was in Switzerland.

She flew to him and proposed immediate marriage, but Lasalle's pride had been wounded by the attitude taken by her father, and he said, "No, go back to the castle. I will not take you by stealth. I will force him to give you to me regularly and conventionally as a matter of justice and right." Of course, this was all false pride, and consciously or unconsciously must have dampened the lady's ardor.

A man doesn't improve his position with his lady-love by bringing in the question of his pride. When the lady had braved all and fled to him, it was a cruel bit of weakness and conceit for Lasalle to cast her back to her father's hands on the chance that he could force his consent.

MME. SHEVITCH.

This episode naturally enraged the old father more than ever. The second incarceration of his daughter was much

more rigid than the first. His remarks regarding Lasalle were so insulting that when they were carried to Lasalle's ears a challenge to a duel was the reply.

Then the Prince Racowitz steps to the front of the stage. The father is too old and feeble to fight. Lasalle is renowned as the best shot and best swordsman in Germany. He, the Prince, the father's choice for a son-in-law, is a natural substitute, and will accept the challenge. Lasalle consents to the change. As the challenger, he must allow the Prince to select the weapons. The Prince says pistols. Swords would have been certain suicide for him.

Pistols were bad enough with such a shot as Lasalle, but there was a chance in a thousand. The duel came off and the great Lasalle fell mortally wounded at the first exchange of shots. The Prince was untouched.

Then after many bitter days with her old father, the lady's spirit was conquered and she consented to marry the Prince. After another two years the Prince died and she was a widow.

And this is where all the other narrators of this "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" have laid down their pens.

I will now give the Twentieth Century Sequel.

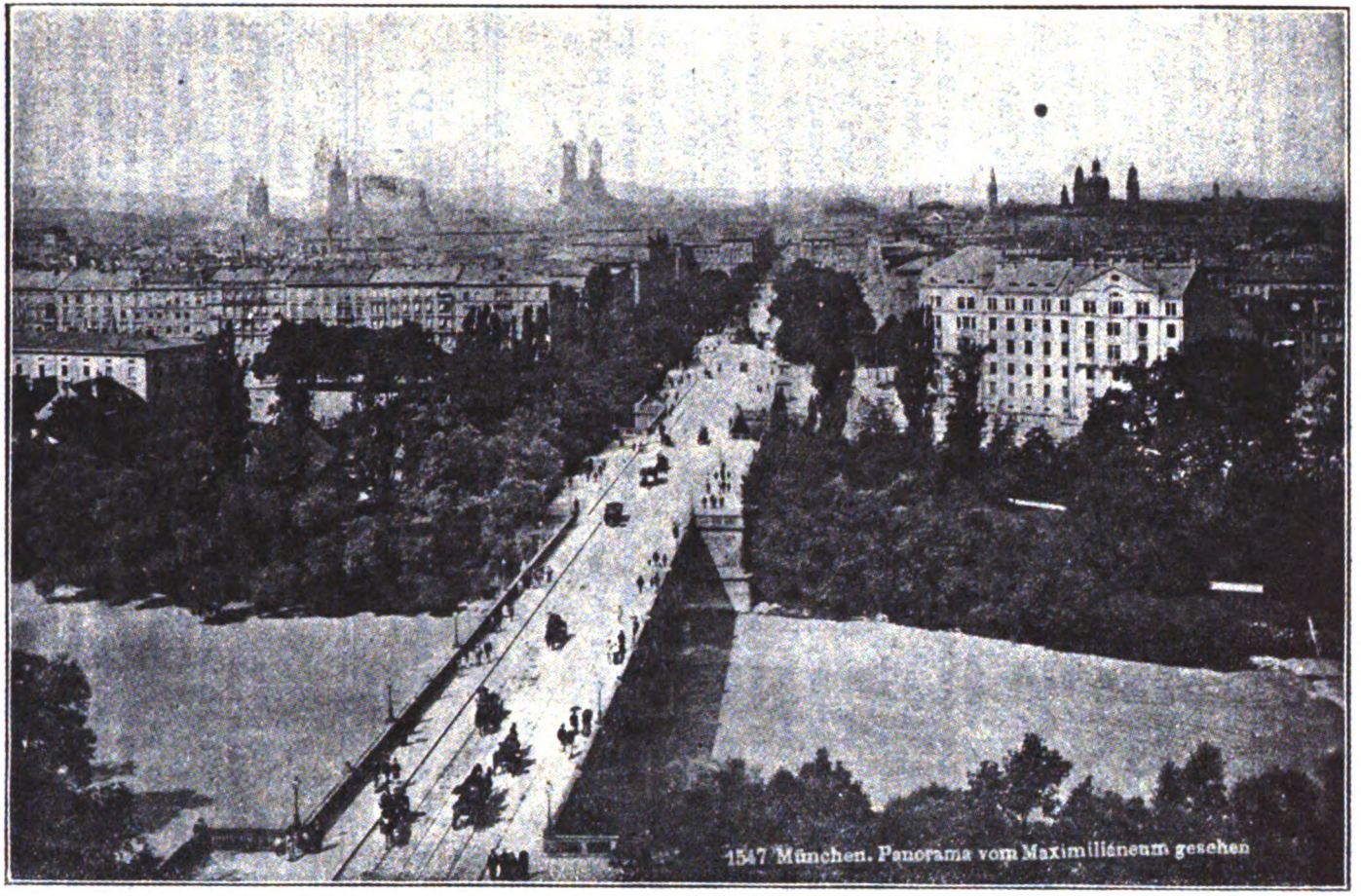
Some years after her husband's death the Princess went to Paris, where she soon became a center of attraction owing to her beauty, grace and accomplishments, and above all, to her romantic history, which all the Parisian world so well knew.

Serge von Shevitch, a rich young Russian nobleman, was then a new arrival in Paris, the handsomest and most brilliant one of all the *jeunesse doree*. A few years from the university in Russia, where he and Stepniak, already a revolutionist, afterwards well known as a Nihilist and who recently was killed by a locomotive in England, had been classmates. Shevitch was a Socialist, and this at once put him on a good footing with the old sweetheart of Lasalle. The courtship was fast and furious. The United States was their dream of Utopia. Marriage ensued, and New York became the home of the young couple.

The Socialist Party of America was then in its infancy. The Volkszeitung, the German Socialist daily of New York, had only just been launched, and was struggling in a very stormy sea. An editor was badly needed. The appearance in New York of Shevitch seemed to the Socialists as a gift sent by the gods. He soon became not only the life of the paper, but the whole Socialist movement in New York, and New York spelled America for Socialism thirty years ago.

A brilliant writer and eloquent orator, of commanding personal appearance, equally at home in the German and English languages, Shevitch was indeed a gift of the gods. From 1879 to 1890 he was editor of the Volkszeitung. Possibly the best remembered event, of which he was the hero, was the memorable debate in Cooper Union, when he so completely crushed the late Henry George, the great single taxer. Mrs. Shevitch, like her husband, became a figure in New York and is still remembered by the many American friends she gathered about her.

In 1890 the Shevitches left New York and returned to Russia, much to the consternation and sorrow of the New York Socialists. However, the change



MUNICH. GENERAL VIEW

was imperative. Shevitch had inherited large estates, and the Russian law provides that if an owner remains absent from Russia over a certain fixed period of time, the estate becomes forfeited to the crown. After living quietly a few years in Russia on his estate, just sufficient to allow him to dispose to advantage of his lands, Shevitch and his wife removed to Munich, where they have been living ever since, and where I had the pleasure of visiting them the other day. Shevitch is still as vigorous and handsome as ever. He is now fifty-five, and Madam Shevitch possesses all the old charm which rendered her so irresistible in years gone by. They live delightfully in Munich—their dinners are quite the best I have had in Europe—but I am in hopes of some some day seeing them back again in America—if not permanently, at least for a long visit.

Shevitch is taking little or no part in the active movement at present. The German government does not allow aliens to participate in German politics, and as they have at the same time also refused him naturalization papers, he is quite cut off from active participation in German Socialist politics.

Shevitch looks forward to the granting of a constitution in Russia within such a limited number of years that he himself will be able to return to his native land and take an active part in the rapidly growing movement for Socialism, now gaining such headway in Russia.

He says that practically all the educated men in Russia, outside of the bureaucracy, are in favor of a constitution, and that the pressure is becoming too great for the autocracy to much longer successfully resist.

He has promised to write up for WILSHIRE'S a general review of the Socialist position both in Germany and Russia, which, I am sure, our readers will look forward to with the greatest delight and interest. H G.W.

CAN CAPITALISM BE PROLONGED?

Covington, Ky

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

I think your theory that certain economic forces are at work which will inevitably bring about the overthrow of the capitalist system and the substitution of a system of public ownership, in a more or less catastrophic manner, is unassailable, although the word inevitable is very indefinite as to time, and may mean five years or five hundred years hence. But I think such theory is of little practical use as a means of propaganda among the working class, and if made too prominent, might do harm, because men who have not had the advantage of good mental training will take the Calvinistic view that as democratic Socialism will come because of certain economic forces that will compel the people to adopt it, there will be no need for them to take any thought for the morrow.

Men, as a class, are moved by their immediate material interests, the manner of the moving, however, being

determined by the degree of intelligence of their class. For this reason Parry is more intelligent than Hanna. Parry is strictly class-conscious, while Hanna is a "capitalist scab." Organized labor is more intelligent than scab labor because the trades unionist realizes that in working for the interest of his class, thereby making a temporary personal sacrifice, he is really working for the best interest of himself. The scab is so ignorantly selfish that when he takes the striker's place to benefit himself for the time being, he does not realize that he is weakening the forces that would free him, and strengthening the forces that would rivet the shackles of slavery more firmly about him. He sells his birthright for a mess of pottage, and every man's hand is justly against him.

The unions are fighting as best they can the forces of organized capital with antiquated weapons, but they are training the working class for the decisive battle against capitalism by making them class-conscious—the first lesson a people must learn who desire freedom. It is the duty of the Socialist party to aid the unions in their efforts to make the working class thoroughly and radically class-conscious, and, at the same time, get the working class to realize that they must organize on the political as well as the industrial field, and fight capitalism with that most formidable weapon of modern civilization—the ballot in the hands of the intelligent voter.

Let us admit, for the sake of argument, your contention that within the next few years the class of Rockefeller, Morgan & Co. can no longer find a remunerative field of investment for their ever-increasing surplus capital; that, as a consequence, they can no longer feed the people by giving them employment, and that we shall be compelled to face a great unemployed problem. But suppose that before the working class (trained for centuries to distrust their class and to rely on the class above them, pulled hither and thither at such a crisis by sentimentalists, demagogues and fanatics) make up their minds to inaugurate a scientific system of the public collective ownership of *all* the means of production and distribution democratically managed, the alarmed, but conservative, capitalist class should institute a system of public ownership of the *principal* means of production and distribution, autocratically managed.

I think you rely too much on the extreme probability of all of society becoming so "socially conscious of the desirability as well as the inevitability of the change," that the capitalist class will make no resistance to the taking over by the nation of all industries and running them in a purely democratic manner. Taking the materialist conception of history as a guide, it is evident that the capitalist class will be moved at such a time by the immediate material interests of their class, and not by their remote material interests. Which, then, will be the most desirable to the great body of the class-conscious propertied classes—public ownership based on class distinctions in society, or public collective ownership based on the abolition of all classes? Will the propertied classes yield to Socialism if they can induce the working class to put up with autocratic State Capitalism, or what some ignorantly denominate State Socialism?

I believe all the economic forces of society are fast making for some form of public ownership. Whether it shall be forced from below or shall come from above—whether it shall be Socialism or State Capitalism — depends entirely on the education and solidarity of the working class.

I differ from you as to the class of men that will bring about the public ownership, which you and I and all other Socialists desire, when capitalism is hoisted by its own petard. Certain economic forces will undoubtedly *move* the people, but the *direction* in which they will move will depend entirely on the degree of the enlightened selfishness of the working class.

Russia is fast making for autocratic State Capitalism. The government of Russia will soon own, manage and

operate all the principal industries of that vast empire, but the Czar and the upper class, and not the people of Russia, will be the government.

I see no reason why State Capitalism might not successfully stave off Socialism for a hundred years or longer. A government monopoly of the principal means of production and distribution would prevent the ruinous waste of competition now going on, thus lessening the cost of production as the Trusts are now doing. The government could take over the great industries of the country by issuing bonds. The bondholders would be the government, paying themselves munificent salaries as administrators, as well as drawing a low rate of interest on their bonds. The great body of the people could be kept satisfied with shorter hours and better conditions of labor, and with government employment at wages sufficient to enable them to live comfortably and at the same time maintain the ruling class in even greater splendor than our Rockefellers and Morgans now live. There would be "hard times" occasionally, but they would not be severe, because the government, having a monopoly of production, would regulate production as nearly as possible to the needs and requirements of the people—the working class as well as the governing class and their retainers. Under the changed conditions labor would not be exploited to increase capital—to keep it growing—but to sustain it in its "old age" period. Its death would necessarily be a matter of time, but the length of its life would depend on its vitality and its environment. In other words, the entire working class would be allowed to have "living wages" all the time. There being practically no competition in business, there would be no production of commodities in the haphazard manner now going on under competition. There would, therefore, be no great over-production. The working class would be slaves with gilded collars, the more servile and proficient being rewarded according to their fidelity and ability by the ruling class who would necessarily have about them a vast army of *clientes*. The governing class would select certain of their creatures for legislators and judges, by reason of their control of the economic power, which creatures the people would then elect as they do now, being "free" government wage slaves. On purely local matters the people would be permitted to make their own rules and regulations concerning the management and operation of industries, over which the governing class would exercise a watchful and paternal care. A standing army would be ready at all times to overawe the more restless and discontented.

I see no reason why such a form of State Capitalism might not be sustained until society would gradually evolve to the point where Socialism—the real thing—would be imperatively necessary by the logic of events, when the people would throw off the gilded yoke of the governing class by a peaceful revolution. State Capitalism would be tyranny, of course, but it would be tyranny with a "full dinner pail." The great mass of the people are self-conscious, not class-conscious, and can, with proper handling, be kept satisfied as long as they are well fed.

I think, therefore, that the presentation of your ingenious theory (which, no doubt, appeals strongly to middle class men with philosophical minds) as a part of Socialist tactics is unwise, because if such a belief is popularized, the common people (not Bryan's common people, but the working class) may be lulled into fancied security while the logic of events is weaving about them the web of despotic State Capitalism. The latter is the bogie-man which the ignorant and selfish capitalist class have conjured up to frighten the working class from Socialism. And yet when the capitalist system of private profit has come to its inevitable end, this same capitalist class, true to their class interests, will, if not prevented by the wide-awake and highly class-conscious working class, gladly set up their bogie-man, State Capitalism, on the tottering throne of capitalism in order

to save their class and prevent the abolition of all class distinctions in society, which will be the necessary consequence of the founding of the democratic Co-operative Commonwealth.

A. A. LEWIS.

I give Mr. Lewis's letter with pleasure because he expresses very clearly the theory of a great many as to the inadvisability of preaching the inevitability of Socialism, although he himself admits that it is inevitable. For instance, he says in his letter: "I see no reason why such a form of State Capitalism might not be sustained until society should gradually evolve to the point where Socialism would be imperatively necessary by the logic of events."

Now this is exactly what I say, "Socialism is going to become absolutely necessary owing to the logic of events." We are agreed upon this point, and there is no necessity for us discussing anything except the question of whether we have about arrived at the point where Socialism has actually and finally become a necessity. Now, he does not say *what* makes Socialism necessary, although he allows that it will be necessary. He refers to the "logic of events." What does he mean by the "logic of events?" I mean by this phrase, and I say it very decidedly, an "insoluble unemployed problem." If Mr. Lewis means this, then he and I are agreed.

Now, the only way we can have an insoluble unemployed problem is through a condition of affairs where the capitalist cannot give the laborer employment because there is no means of employing him profitably My position is that the Trust is an indication that we are approaching very near that stage, and that the day when this will be apparent to the whole United States is not very far distant.

Certainly, as he says, the inevitability may mean five years or it may mean five hundred years, although there is something in the context which determines the time of the inevitability. I base my theory upon the fact that industrial conditions are such that you cannot show that the capitalists can give employment for ten years more. There is no theory about this. It is simply a question of how the capitalists are today employing their money. It is only a question of how long it will take them to complete the industrial structure which they are now engaged in building. It is useless to say that this structure is not approaching completion when you hear upon all all sides of the formation of railroad mergers to prevent the construction of more railroads, and industrial Trusts to prevent the formation of more industrial machinery, and steamship Trusts to prevent the construction of more steamships. Today the papers have an account of a great combine of cotton mills of the South in order to prevent over-production of cotton mills.

This is no mere theory of what is going to happen; it is a statement of a fact that has already happened; and if Mr. Lewis and other critics would come out of the clouds and read the newspapers and find out what is going on, and then criticize me instead of simply stating their points as if they had not read anything that happened in the world since the discovery of America by Columbus, there would be more point to their criticisms.

My opinion is that the statement of the truth of economic evolution cannot be made too frequently and too emphatically. The more a man is

convinced of the economic inevitability of Socialism the more sure he is to work for Socialism, and I have yet to see the man who recognized the inevitability of the end of the competitive system who did not desire to see the competitive system ended.

I quite agree that the fight the trades unions are now having against organized capital is teaching the workingmen that their ultimate weapon is to be the ballot, that victory is to be gained in the political field rather than in the industrial field, and that the ballot rather than the strike is to be the weapon which will lead to this victory.

Mr. Lewis seems to think that the public ownership of the *principal* means of production, democratically managed and inaugurated by the capitalist class, might stave off this unemployed problem. I have repeatedly tried to show in my articles that the coming unemployed problem will be the natural outcome of carrying the competitive wage system to its logical conclusion. Even if the capitalists should see the coming of the unemployed problem, still they would have no means of meeting it except by the abolition of the competitive system, by instituting public ownership of all the means of production.

Of course I agree fully that if any partial public ownership could be instituted which would allow the capitalist system to survive, the capitalists would try to inaugurate such a reform, but economically I cannot see that any such reform would solve the question at all, therefore I don't fear it. I myself have dwelt repeatedly upon the development of State Socialism in Russia, and have shown that the state ownership of utilities there has not been inaugurated in order to solve an unemployed problem, but in order to help further the growth of industry. The railroads, which are managed by De Witte, late Russian Minister of Finance, are used as a method of building up Russia's industrial power, and as long as this building-up process can continue there will be no danger of an unemployed problem in Russia. In this country no such program could be inaugurated because we are so much more developed than Russia. There is no movement among the capitalists in this country so far as I can see, toward public ownership. It is true that Andrew Carnegie has lately delivered an opinion that public ownership of railroads is a matter of the future, and he has also come to the conclusion that the Trust is a natural development of industry. A few years ago Carnegie was insisting that the Trust was an iniquitous combination of capitalists which would certainly prove to be ephemeral, inasmuch as it was based upon no sound economic foundation. That was at the time when he was owner of the Carnegie Steel Works and before he had sold out to the United States Steel Trust. He was the champion of competition because he himself had made a success in that method of industrial warfare.

Carnegie is one of the men who has been convinced by the logic of events as to the inevitability of certain social changes, but when he talks about the public ownership of railroads he does not propose it as a remedy for an unemployed problem because he is not looking forward to any such problem. He has the same view of the future as Mr. Rockefeller who said to me recently that there was no prospect of an unemployed problem because prosperity was never so much in evidence as it is today.

Mr. Lewis seems to think that a government monopoly, by preventing the

ruinous waste of competition, would tend to avert an unemployed problem, whereas, as a matter of fact, it would make it all the worse. The only reason the present system continues to live at all is owing to the wastes of the system. The sooner you can stop up all the leaks in the capitalistic tub, the sooner it will flow over the top. When we have this overflow of capital palpably going to waste we will have our unemployed problem.

Mr. Lewis seems to think I am lulling the working class into fancied security by telling them they are coming fast upon a time when they are going to starve to death from lack of employment. His idea of "lulling" seems to be strikingly original.

However, if Mr. Lewis is right in thinking he can convince the people that Socialism is a good thing and get them to work for it all the harder by telling them that it is a remote possibility which may occur some time in the far distant future, I have no objection to that method of propaganda, because after all the main thing is to get people to adopt Socialism, and the means we use to make them determine that they want it is not so important as is the end of having them determine they want it.

THE PLACE OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

Tiffin, O., Sept. 10, 1903.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

I have taken great interest in your magazine and the grand work you are doing for the uplifting and business-educating of mankind.

Here in Tiffin it is rather uphill work to convince the average citizen that municipal ownership is a good thing, for the reason that some time ago, when the city owned her own gas system, the trustees made a fizzle of it. The City Council were offered a good price if they would sell it, but instead refused, and afterwards sold to other parties at a sacrifice, consequently when anyone talks municipal ownership, he is referred to the gas plant fizzle, and that ends it.

Thinking the matter over, and learning from the papers and magazines what other cities are doing, and the great benefits they are deriving by publicly owning their own gas plants, waterworks, electric light plants, etc., the thought struck me that it would be a good idea not only to educate the people through magazines, papers, etc., but that it would be a grand idea for the Socialists to establish a school or college at some point in the United States, where the latest scientific ideas on Socialism could be learned, and when a town wished to own its own waterworks, etc., etc., a practical man could be sent for who had been educated at the Socialist school. Thus towns could not only rely upon getting a man who thoroughly understood the mode of starting such a system into good running order, but would be thoroughly honest and competent to take charge of it after it had been started.

Wilshire's Magazine is a literary treat to me, and I am doing all I can to increase its circulation in Tiffin.

Yours respectfully,

E. S. BERRY.

Sept. 15, 1903.

DEAR MR. BERRY:

I think we are agreed in looking upon municipal ownership not as an ideal in itself but simply as a means to the ideal, and that it is not at all necessary, in our program, that we even use it as a means. We may or we may not. In other words, we may approach the Co-operative Commonwealth by the conscious, step-by-step method of gradually municipalizing and nationalizing public utilities, or we may reach it suddenly as a result of a crisis in our industrial affairs brought about through the appearance of a condition of over-production followed by a great and insoluble unemployed problem. I myself have always been impressed with the conviction that the latter will be the method by which we will arrive at the determination that Socialism is necessary, though I am always ready to admit that the step-by-step process may be used. Even though it should not be used, a great many people are attracted to such a method, and will listen to our arguments more sympathetically than if we declined to consider that possibility. Such people are more easily impressed by the practicability of Socialism when we can show them the feasibility of public ownership as demonstrated by the success of municipal ownership in this and other countries.

However, inasmuch as municipal ownership at present means giving over to the politicians the management of industrial affairs, it is not surprising that these politicians have often managed to run things very badly, and have left a decided impression among many honest-minded people that public ownership is a bad thing in itself. This should be explained by reflecting that there is only a small part of the capital owned by the public, most of it being owned by private capitalists who make it their business to corrupt city councilmen and legislators, so that the small part of publicly-owned and managed capital which may be placed under municipal management is handled in the very worst manner that could be devised. For instance, in Cincinnati, the electric light and gas works, telephone and street car service, are all owned by private capitalists, and they see to it that the city council is made up of their tools. The waterworks are owned by the city and run by these tools, and the wonder is not that they are run badly, but rather that they are run as well as they are. And this, I have no doubt, applies in Tiffin. The capitalists in your town simply corrupted the legislature or councilmen, and you didn't have good management probably when they did run the works, and you lost them through their disregard of the public good afterward. When all capital is publicly owned and there are no private capitalists to corrupt, with their enormous wealth, our legislators, then the danger of public ownership will completely disappear. As it is today, I am extremely doubtful whether public ownership will be the great success that some people predict in this country. Undoubtedly there is a great sentiment flowing toward public ownership, and undoubtedly this is going to reflect itself in considerable transfer of private property to the municipalities, but whether this is going to be a good thing or a bad thing is a matter of great doubt in my mind. But if the experiment should prove lacking in much that is claimed for it, it will prove nothing against the ultimate need of Socialism. Municipal ownership at

the best merely means that you get cheaper and better gas, water and electric light service. It does not mean that the community is any better off economically; because, whatever is gained in the lower price of the facilities furnished is offset by the rise in rents. In other words, that part of the community which gains economically by municipal ownership is comprised within the landlord class. Those who are engaged in competitive businesses and those who are of the working class, derive no benefit other than that of getting a better and purer article when supplied by the city than when supplied by private ownership. For instance, the city will possibly give you purer water, inasmuch as it is furnishing water not in order to make money out of its citizens, but in order to give them something wholesome to drink.

Municipal ownership presents no ideal. Glasgow has more municipal ownership than any city I know of; yet in no place is poverty more palpable than in Glasgow. There are also a number of statistics at hand to show that municipal ownership has been anything but a complete success from the financial side in England, notwithstanding that there they have a great advantage over us in having more efficient and public-spirited men in the municipal and legislative bodies.

It is also unphilosophical to believe that the capitalists who control our politics will voluntarily abdicate their position by allowing their property to be voted out of their hands. I can understand a certain amount of this being done, but I cannot conceive of any great movement for public ownership taking place in this country which would not result in the social revolution. However, I do not wish it to be understood from the foregoing that I am taking a position against municipal or government ownership. I approve of all efforts which will lead in that direction; but I do insist that we must not allow ourselves to forget the end in our devotion to the means, and that we must always beware of those people who think that great things are going to be inaugurated when the city owns its gas works. The soul of our Socialist movement is the ideal presented to the American people of a Co-operative Commonwealth, and we must never forget that our strength lies in presenting this ideal, and that we are apt to weaken it if we make the ultimate too far away or the pathway too difficult.

Faithfully yours,

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

MUNICH—A PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE

I CAN quite understand how cosmopolites like the Shevitches, speaking all languages and at home in any intellectual and artistic centre, should have settled upon Munich as the most delightful city in the world wherein to pitch their tent. It is the most uniformly beautiful city in Europe. There may be slums, but they are not in evidence to the stranger

The streets are wide and better laid out, the distribution of the public buildings and parks is more convenient and effectual, and the architecture of the buildings, both public and private, in better taste in Munich than any other city in Europe.

The sad thing of it all, too, is the reflection that one must admit that nearly all of this beauty and convenience is the result of the method in the madness of the late King Ludwig, who recently committed suicide while in an insane fit.

A city can only be beautiful by becoming socially conscious and letting this social consciousness externalize itself, so to speak. Today the European cities owe nearly all their superiority in beauty over our American cities to the fact that this social consciousness was able to translate itself into action through the medium of an autocrat, such, for instance, as Ludwig was here in Munich, and as Napoleon the Third was in Paris.

It is almost impossible for what we call "democracy" to make a city beautiful.

In the first place it is not democracy that we have in our American cities anyway. It is the rule of the private corporations through the medium of a corrupt political machine. The aim of the private corporations is to make as much money in as short a time as possible, and the best argument to get them to allow the city to have parks or other municipal improvements, is to urge that by making the city more attractive you will draw outside capital and people to the city. More people will make their town lots and their gas and street car stock more valuable, and this is a final argument if anything at all will convince.

King Ludwig made Munich beautiful, not because he was looking for a raise in his kingly salary, or because he wished to increase the value of his royal palace, but because he had a love for beauty as an end in itself. He patronized Richard Wagner not because he had figured out that he was going to get his money back from the American tourists who now flock to Munich for the Wagner operas, but because he loved beautiful music.

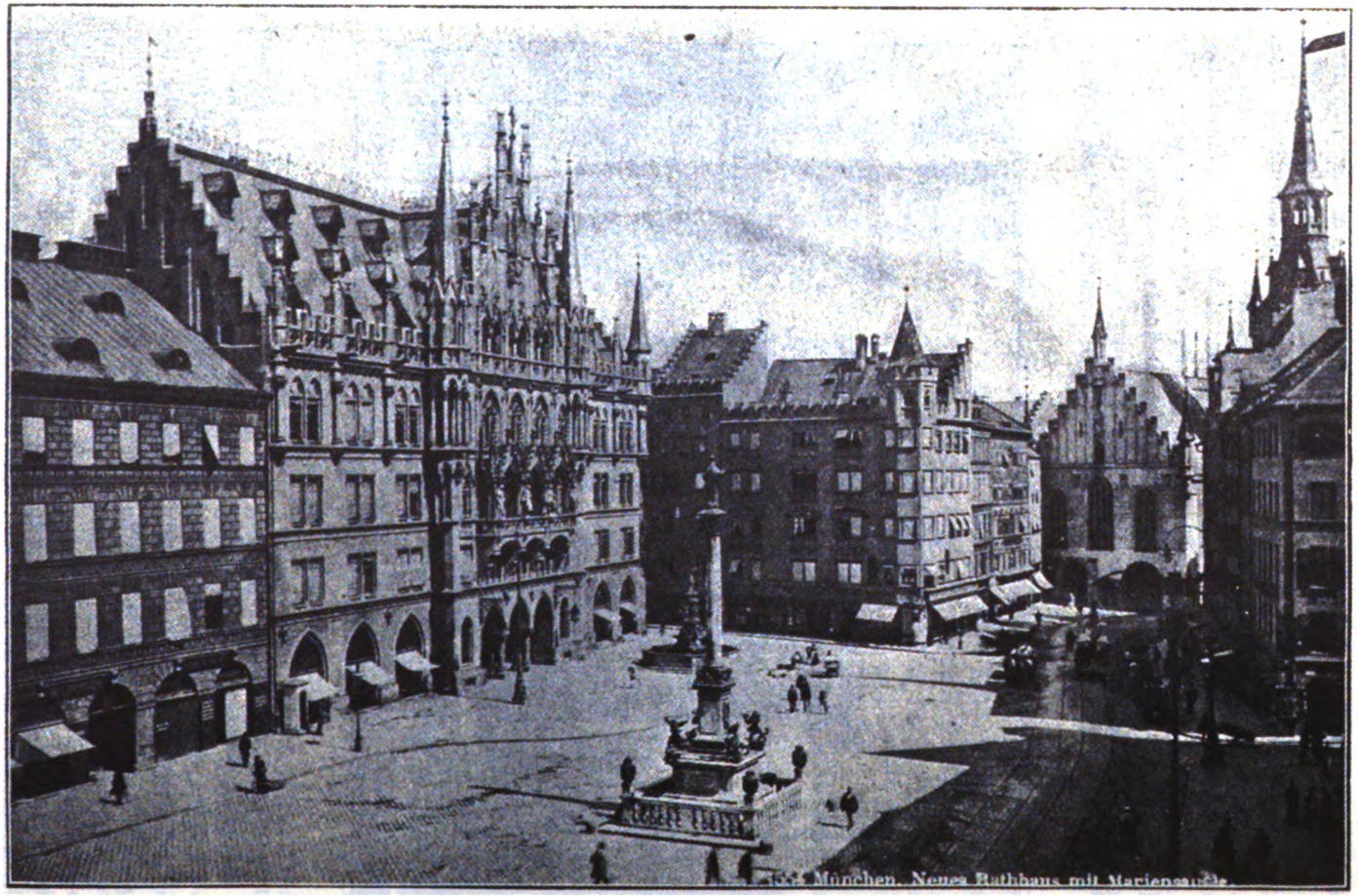
Let us be fair and give the man his due, even though he be a king and mad.

In addition to what Ludwig did for Munich, God himself also did one or two things. It has a delightful summer climate, very like New York in early May. It is true, the winters are cold, but the cold is not the raw, biting cold of New York.

THE GATE OF VICTORY, MUNICH.

The magnificent river Isar springs from its mountain gorge, fed by eternal glaciers, only five miles from the city, and with its rushing current flowing through, gives perfect drainage and unlimited possibilities of power and water to Munich.

I doubt if any city in the world of its size (500,000) has the water power within its walls that Munich possesses. However, with the exception of furnishing power for the electric cars and light, it is not as yet much utilized. Munich is not much of a manufacturing center yet, but with its cheap water power and its cheap labor power, for wages are low in Munich, manufacturing should develop there rapidly. The common, ordinary, everyday laborer gets from 50 to 75 cents a day. I asked Shevitch the question that always bothers me: "How does the European laborer getting such low wages and at the same time paying such high prices for food, still keep himself and his family in as good, if not better, physical condition than the American, and quite as well dressed, who, with twice or three times the wages, has practically no margin for saving." Shevitch quite agreed with me as to the superior appearance, as to health, of the



CITY HALL, MUNICH.

European laborer generally, and said the mystery as to how he managed it all was as insoluble to him as to me. Rents are lower in Europe and that goes to explain where part of the American's wages are absorbed.

A CHARACTERISTIC SQUARE, MUNICH.

The street car system of Munich is about to be taken over by the municipality. At present the conductors get about $25 a month wages for a ten-hour day, and then by a peculiar and universal system of tips from passengers, they get about $20 a month in addition to their wages, but one quarter of this is by custom handed over to the motorman.

There is a very general impression held by Americans who have not lived abroad, that living for the average middle-class family is much cheaper in Europe than in the United States This is all a mistake. For a man expending, say $1,500 to $2,500 a year on his

PICTURE OF LITTLE GIRL, MUNICH SALON, 1903. FRITZ KAULBACH.

family and taking the main comforts, it is practically the same thing, Europe and America. The American who saves money by living in Europe does so by living in worse style than he would live at home. One may save a little in rent, servant hire and clothing, but food is higher in Europe, and there are other items of increased expense to balance the gain.

IN MUNICH GALLERY—BEGGAR BOYS GAMBLING, BY MURILLO.

The Wagner Operas were being given in Munich while I was there. The Opera House, completed in 1900, is quite the best building for the purpose in a way that I have ever seen, not excepting the Grand Opera House of Paris. The orchestra is below the level of the floor and is quite hidden by an overhanging screen. There are no boxes or loges, nor any division of seats in

any way, no balcony or gallery. The seats are sold at a uniform price of five dollars each, first come first served. Now I will admit that I have never seen opera so well staged—the scenery was wonderful—nor ever heard such a perfect orchestra, nor better voices. The *tout ensemble* of the opera was as nearly perfect as can be imagined, but with it all five dollars a seat is not in consonance with the American idea of opera being so cheap in Germany that one may go with all his family every night. The Germans take their opera in heroic doses. It was "Das Rheingold." The performance began at 5 and went straight through without intermission to the end, the curtain falling at 7.50. I must say that while I am an admirer of Wagnerian music, still this was too large a dose for me.

The next night at the theatre we saw Maeterlinck's new drama, "Monna Vanna," translated from the French into German. It was given extremely well, and seems to me to be a play that will take well when brought out in America. Here, too, the seats were not given away for a song, as American travellers so often would have us believe. All the good seats were two dollars each. The acting, as in all German companies that I have seen, was on a decidedly higher average plane than in our American companies, with their one star performer supported by a lot of sticks.

Munich supports a daily Socialist paper, and both of its members to the Reichstag are Socialists.

It seems absurd that a city of 500,000, like Munich, should be allowed but two members, when, if there were an equitable division of seats, it would have nearly twenty. A redistribution of seats in the Reichstag will not be made because it would inure immensely to the advantage of the Socialists, who are relatively much stronger in the German cities than in the country districts.

Society in Munich is upon a very democratic basis. Its doors are open to anyone of education and refinement. There is little of that nonsense about birth which is growing so rapidly in America, and none at all regarding money.

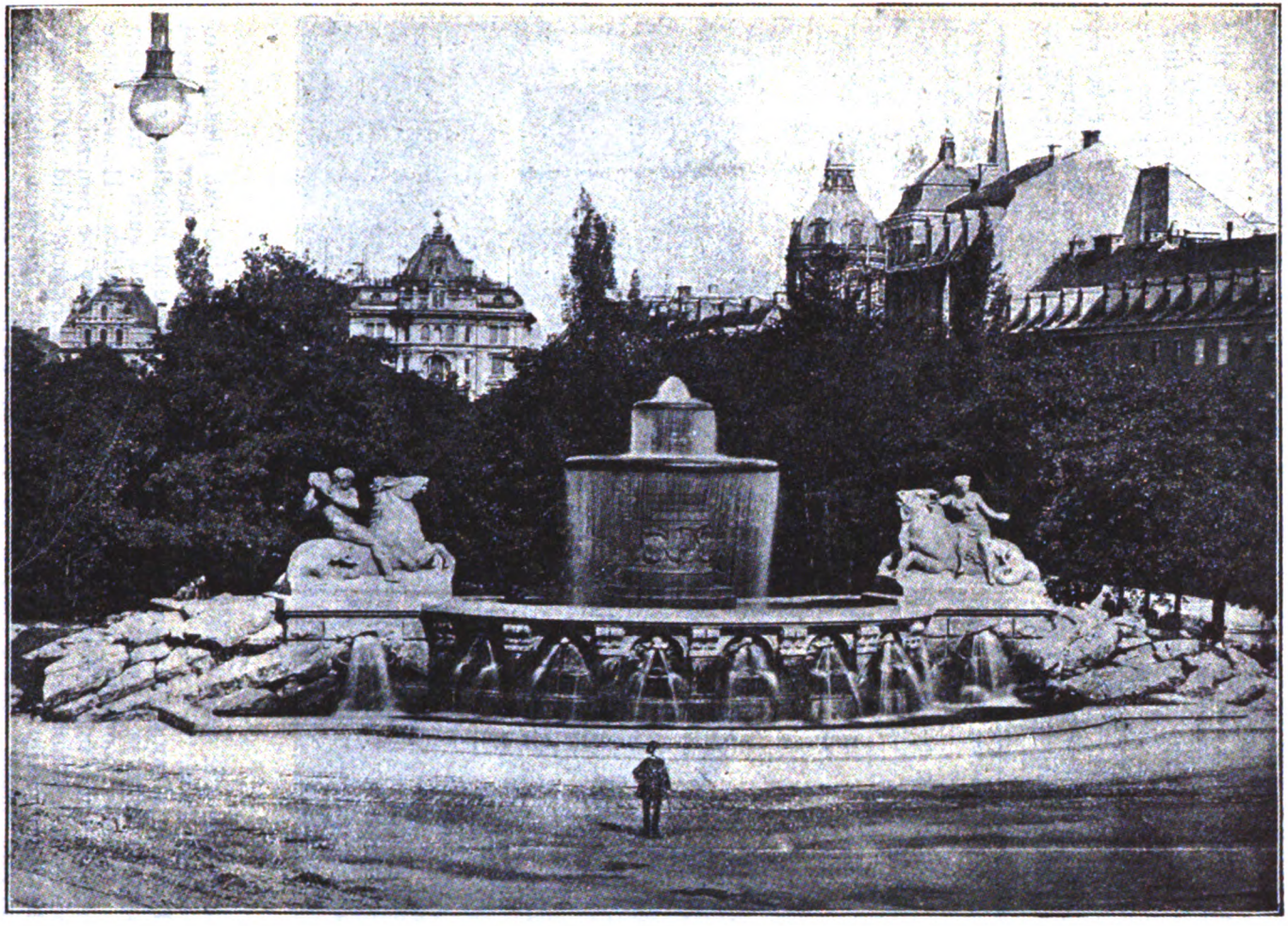
It has a fine university—3,500 students—and magnificent art galleries, the collection of pictures by Rubens being especially good. There are also a few Murillos. I was especially struck with the picture of a young girl by Fritz Kaulbach exibited in this year's salon and of which a half tone is given on another page.

From Munich I took the train direct to Vienna, a ten hours' journey. I only wish our American farmers, everyone of them, could have the country intervening put under their eye as it has been before mine.

The next election time, when the Republican city politician would come out to them and ask for a return of the Republican Party to power on account of what Republicanism had done for the farmer in America, their happy position compared with the German and Austrian farmer, he would get a jolt from his audience that would shock him.

As I have said in another article, I have never seen the external evidence of comfort in farm dwellings in America that I have seen here. The houses are all, as far as appearance goes, suitable for summer villas for those of our American city men who farm for pastime rather than profit. Where the farm laborers live in houses separate from the farmer's family, which is apparently very seldom, as the farms are too small to require much help outside the family, the standard of comfort for him is on exactly the same plan as for his employer. The buildings used by many of our American farmers in the west, and particularly those furnished for the hired men, would simply not be tolerated in any part of Europe.

Another thing that strikes one is the comfortable houses afforded by the railway companies to their employees along the line. At the smallest stations where



WITTEL'S FOUNTAIN, MAXIMILIAN PLATZ.

the train stops, there is always a large two or three story handsome stone structure. The lower part is used for a ticket office, etc., and the upper rooms for the ticket agent and his family.

There is always a nice garden plot about the house, and the windows look very home-like with their flower-boxes and lace curtains. At every little cross-road there is also a nice comfortable stone house with garden for the man who lowers the bar when the train crosses the road.

There is many a free and mighty American citizen in the west who thinks the railway company exceedingly generous when they allow him one room in the station for his bedroom. If he has a family then he must rent a private house. Sometimes, if he is lucky, he may get the company to allow him an old freight car to be lifted from its trucks and set alongside the track to be modeled into a castle suitable to him as an American voting king.

It might be remarked in passing that the railway companies in Germany and Austria that furnish these fine, comfortable houses for their employees are state railways.

We Americans are all right, but we are not exactly "it" on everything.

Vienna I reserve for another letter.

GARTNER THEATRE, MUNICH.

I have already had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Lorenz here, the great expert in so-called bloodless surgery, who recently had such a triumphant tour through America. He went there originally, it may be remembered, to treat the little Armour child, of Chicago, for congenital hip joint dislocation. He tells me the operation on the child has been a great and complete success. His rooms here comprise a large outside flat in the centre of town, having

forty outside windows, giving light such as one rarely gets in an American city, as he reminded me.

He has a number of rooms fitted with apparatus for carrying out exercises for his patients taking his special line of treatment. He showed me one little girl of twelve that he had operated upon about six months ago for congenital hip joint dislocation, and who was rapidly progressing, but, of course, she will never be as well as she would have been if the operation had been done at a much younger age. In this case there was no excuse except the timidity of the child's parents. They had known personally Lorenz and his method for ten years, ever since the child was two years old, and yet they had hesitated from year to year, and now, when the child is twelve, they bring her in when the chances of success are so little that the doctor as a rule would have refused the case. In America Dr. Lorenz gave free treatment to hundreds of poor children at the public clinics, but in those cases he made it a practice not to take on any child who was over seven years of age, as the chances of success were so remote and the difficulty of the operation at ages over seven so greatly enhanced.

Tomorrow is to be a great day for Vienna. The King of England is to arrive here and be the guest of the Emperor of Austria. H.G.W.

Vienna, Austria, Aug., 1903.

THE MOTHER.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

She sends her wild and noisy swarm
  Of children out of sight to play,
Careless, it seems, of any harm,
  That might befall them on their way.

But she has weaker lives to rear—
  Babes at her breast and at her knee—
And toiling on, unmoved by fear,
  She lets her children wander free.

Untended in the rain and sun,
  They fight and play and dream and roam,
Till, tired and listless, one by one
  With lagging feet they make for home.

And there, forgetting grief and mirth,
  Into their mother's arms they creep;
And on the cool soft breast of Earth
  Her weary children fall asleep.

—In the London Speaker.

AS A FLOWER OF THE FIELD

THOMAS C. WISWELL

"As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth."

NOT till Charles Darwin published his "Origin of Species," in 1859, did the world begin to comprehend the profound truth in these words of the ancient poet.

When we look upon the beauty and variety of the flowers all about us in field and garden, we are not likely to remember that all these varied forms and all this beauty have been made possible by two methods only.

The wild flowers have been brought to their present varied forms through a long process of natural selection. Those seeds and plants which, because of inherent qualities and an environment best adapted for their growth, were fittest to survive and propagate their kind have moved forward and upward in the evolutionary path, while those that were weaker and for any reason unsupported by a helpful environment, have been either destroyed altogether or forced backward along the evolutionary scale. The little flower may be partially or wholly starved, frozen, or blighted; and a long series of these catastrophies will result either in some degenerate form or in death.

And all this takes place absolutely without design. There is here no designer seeking to produce a certain variety of flower as an end. All is left to chance and to the irrevocable laws of Nature.

But *all* flowers and fruits are not produced in this way. With the dawning of Intelligence a new and most wonderful method begins to appear. Now we have a process of artificial selection, with design. Intelligence introduces design

It is true, that under domestication the flower may be starved, frozen, or blighted. But this can occur only where Intelligence is absent, or inefficient.

Intelligence has taken the little wild rose and produced the many varieties which now give pleasure to man. Intelligence has taken the little bitter apple and produced from the original the many varieties which now help to sustain man's life. Intelligence has taken the wild and useless potato, and the crude cabbage plant, and produced from these our many varieties of potatoes and cabbages without which almost whole races of men today could scarcely exist.

But it is important to notice here that *Intelligence always designs for its own ends.* All has been done for the satisfaction of the designer, and not necessarily for the good of the flower or plant upon which Intelligence acts. The orange may become sterile through

the process of cultivation, but the designer does not care for that; in fact, he delights in producing a seedless fruit, for this will better satisfy the consumer. The tree may through cultivation bring about its complete destruction, unaided by man's care, to prop up its branches. But it is man's delight to get the largest possible crop.

Remove the action of Intelligence from these highly cultivated plants and trees, and reversion begins immediately to take place. Not reversion to the earlier primitive form necessarily, but reversion to some lower undesigned form, or even to death.

Now, what has all this to do with Man and the Class Struggle? Wait a moment, and we shall see.

As a flower of the field, so man flourishes Man lives in the midst of and is acted upon by the same laws that act upon and modify the flower, the plant, and the tree.

In the first place man evolved from lower forms to primitive manhood through a long process of natural selection. In his case, as in the case of the flowers and trees, it was a hard struggle for existence in which the fittest survived Those forms that were strongest and best adapted to their environment, propagated their kind; the strongest increasing in strength and adaptability, the weakest being destroyed or side-tracked as a branch of the evolutionary tree. Thousands upon thousands were starved frozen, or blighted.

As Intelligence began to dawn in the stronger first, these immediately received to themselves a tremendous advantage. Whereas the earlier struggle had been a hard, unconscious struggle without design, with dawning intelligence, design begins to appear.

First, in a very simple way, Intelligence but increased man's power of adaptation to his environment and control over it. If he was cold, he made clothes of skins, he built a fire, or he moved to a warmer country. He protected himself from danger and procured food by the use of weapons. He conquered the water with his canoe.

But with Intelligence came artificial selection, which increased as Intelligence increased Man now began to cultivate vegetables and fruit and lower animals for food and for many other uses. And he did not stop there. He began to use members of other and weaker tribes of men for his own ends. The stronger became the rulers of the weaker: the more intelligent and crafty of the less intelligent and less crafty. Brain, through the invention of powers of defense and aggression, became the ruler of mere brute strength. The stronger did not ask in his application of design, "What is best for the flower, for the tree, or for the other fellow?" but, "What is best for me?" The Patagonians wanted men and women for food, and made selections and brought forces to bear upon these persons to that end. The Greeks wanted slaves to serve them, and hence their purpose was to produce through selection and environment the best *slaves* rather than the best manhood and womanhood. The King, or Chief, wished to protect his own interests and increase his own power, hence sought to produce strong and loyal warriors. In no instance does the designer ask, "What is best for the individual slave, or subject, or warrior?" but, "What is best for me, the designer?" and this end, whatever it may be, he seeks to accomplish whatever the consequences may be to the individuals acted upon.

Some of the results of this power of the stronger over the weaker are quite evident in every country in the world. The Russian peasants in their ignorance and superstition are not in a condition that is best for themselves or their children, but are in a condition which is best suited to the rule of an absolute monarch. In fact, that rule is only possible so long as the great body of the people can be kept in this condition of servitude. A corrupt church can only exist so long as it may be able by its early training to keep the religious prejudices of the people stronger than their power to reason. The factory owner in every country requires first of all cheap labor to manipulate his machinery; hence he seeks to adjust the lives of the men, women and children to his machines in a manner which will enable him to make the most profit out of those lives, and with little or no consideration for the welfare of the individuals. Especially must these employees and all laborers be kept in ignorance of the economic laws which would bring about their emancipation from wage slavery.

These, then, are the facts which are of the most profound significance to the whole human race.

In the lower orders of Nature, so far as the individual forms are concerned, there is no design.

Design appears only under artificial selection and with the dawning of Intelligence.

Intelligence has always sought primarily to produce results that will increase its own power and happiness, that is, results suited to its own desires.

The only alternative for this ruling class would be to produce results that would be beneficial to the race as a whole. But such a step would be simply the destruction of the very source of the power by which the ruling class exists.

Nevertheless, it is true that the altruistic instinct in man has forced him to make some concession to the growing intelligence and power of the subject class, now so rapidly awakening to the intellectual self-consciousness.

As the intelligence of the subject class increases, there comes a time when this class also attempts to carry out a process of artificial selection in its own interest. It follows the same instinct which found earlier expression in the stronger class. But the struggle of this subject class must necessarily be different in some respects from the earlier struggle. With the subject as with the ruling class, the struggle will be primarily a struggle for the largest and best life for each member in its own class. Manhood will be placed above Money, God above Gold (Mammon). The subject class will use the ruling class to its own ends when its strength has sufficiently increased. In other words, the exploiters will be exploited. But the result of this exploitation will be quite different from the result of the previous struggle. Whereas in the earlier struggle the subject class, the many, were forced to become subjects, slaves, or even food for the ruling class; in the conquering struggle of the subject class now achieving its emancipation from these evils, the vanquished ruling class will not be degraded to the condition in which it placed its own antagonists, *but will be elevated from a condition of parasitism to become Workers and producers of wealth.* The struggle between classes will then cease, for classes will have disappeared. There will be no longer any subjects All will be masters. Co-operation in industry will be not

only necessary, but best for all. Brotherhood, as taught by Jesus so long ago, will for the first time begin to be realized.

We are today in the midst of this conscious class struggle. It can only be explained as the direct result of the increasing intelligence of the subject class. Intelligence is overcoming ignorance and prejudice. This struggle must continue and continue to increase in intensity until either the ruling class completely subjects the working class, or until the working class completely absorbs the capitalist class. There is no middle ground possible. But the re-subjection of the working class is out of the question. Intelligence has gone too far to be ever crushed. Hence the only possible outcome of the struggle is victory for the working class and the absorption by that class of all other classes or groups. When the workers of the world unite, the *regime* of capitalist domination will disappear forever, and the era of industrial peace will begin.

JUDGE NOT.

ALLAN BRANT

In dreams his life passed by him in review.
He looked and saw, there, cold condition's thrall.
Although the world said he had failed, he knew
That he was, somehow, helpless in it all.
He felt how one's environments do bind,
And, sometimes, thoughts like these passed through his mind:

Not what he does, but what he strives to do
Should be the rule by which to judge the man;
Give credit for his effort, brave and true—
Full praise and rank for doing all he can.
Not what he reaches, not what he can do—
The thing he reaches for, feeds his heart too.

Don't blame him if, perchance, he soon should fall,
Struck down by circumstances' deadly hand.
If climbing up the heights o'ertopping all,
In face of odds that no one can command,
A rock o'erhanging falls and crushes him,
Say not he would not climb who died to climb.

Blame not the builder of the fated ship,
Should helmsman let her run upon the rock;
The house may not be wrong, though timbers slip
And tremble at the earthquake's awful shock.
We cannot judge the works of Man or God.
Each man treads paths no other man e'er trod.

A REBELLIOUS LITTLE SLAVE

PHILIP VOHDIN, a boy, was sentenced to spend one year on Blackwell's Island yesterday.

He had tried to kill himself.

He had worked in a machine shop—a big room where one had to be careful threading one's way among the big wheels and the moving straps. There had been boys who had lost a foot or an arm.

The clamor of the anvils made his head ache and the flint-laden dust got into his lungs and made him cough hard. This made his narrow chest hurt until the pain sometimes brought tears to his eyes.

He got $3 a week.

There were big-boned boys who did did not seem to mind working in the machine shop. There were other frail boys llke himself who suffered, but who took it as a matter of course that they should suffer—these boys never thought about life at all.

All they knew was that a boy should get a job and keep it and take his money home on Saturday night and, once in a while, maybe, have a chance to play a game of baseball or go to a theatre.

Philip Vohdin had sometimes essayed to talk to the boys about the unfairness of things, especially the unfairness of making boys work in a big machine shop that gave them a headache and hurt their lungs. But the boys had looked at him stupidly.

One little red-haired boy had grinned and said: "Well, ask the boss for his job. Maybe he'll give it to you."

A strange feeling came into the boy's heart whenever he thought of the boss —the man who sat in the big easy chair and had diamonds on his fingers, whose hands were always white and clean, and who only now and then hurriedly passed through the dirty, clamorous machine shop.

Once the boss's two boys came down to the factory. They were stout and rosy-cheeked, and bought, each of them, a whole big bottle of soda water at the store of the old woman who sold tiny penny glasses of it to the factory boys.

What religion Philip knew did not seem to explain why he should be so thin and pallid and tired and poor, and these other boys so rosy-cheeked, so healthy and laughing, so gifted with all the good things.

There were some men in the factory who, in the noon hour, often discussed this very inequality of things, and Philip, with a great bush of black, tangled hair above his white face and thoughtful, keen little black eyes, sat listening to all they said. One of the

men lent him a book by Tolstoi; another lent him the bitter stories of Gorky and the lays of Maeterlinck. These the remarkable boy devoured and the pessimism of the life pictures of Gorky found confirmation in his own childish experience.

There was no one he could go to at home and tell of the despair that was weighing on him. His aunt, Mrs. Scholer, with whom he lived at One-Hundred and Seventy-ninth street and Southern Boulevard, was kind to him in her way. She had cared for him since he was a little boy, when his father and mother died.

It would not do to tell her he revolted at the hard, grinding work of the machine shop, that he wanted some of the world's brightness in his shadowy little life. She might not understand. She might simply think him lazy.

To this little boy the world was cruel and wrong in its way, and he was hopelessly its victim. This thought he bore with him for weeks.

"If you fellows want to come over and see me kill myself," he said to a crowd of boys last Wednesday evening on the way home from the factory, "why, come ahead. I am going to do it. I can't bear being a slave. The only way out of it is to kill myself, and I'm going to do it."

From under his shirt he brought a coil of rope. The boys, laughing, followed to a clump of trees. They knew Philip for a queer boy. They jeered at him a little as he threw the rope over a stout limb. He tied one end of the rope to the trunk of the tree.

Then he climbed out on the branch, sat there, fastened the other end of the rope into a noose, slipped it around his neck and let himself down from the branch. The noose tightened. His face blackened. The other boys ran, shrieking. Policeman Duffy heard their cries and cut the boy down just in time to save the wretched life the little fellow wanted to give up.

In the Morrisania court the boy's keen black eyes fixed themselves on the Magistrate, who said:

"You're sorry now, aren't you, that you tried to kill yourself?"

"No," said the lad. "I'm sorry I did not die. Why should I slave to make fun for those who hire me?

"I know that the other boys think that I am kind of crazy. But it is they who are crazy. They do not see what miserable lives they are living—working like animals for others to be able to enjoy themselves."

And then upon the boy was placed the sentence of one year—a year for a tired, melancholy boy among the weak and the vile on Blackwell's Island.—N. Y. American.

WHAT WE ARE AFTER

SOCIALISTS desire that the land and all the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange shall be the property of the whole people, and shall be used by the people, and for the people.

This means:

1. That the land, and all the machines, tools, and buildings used in making needful things, together with all the canals, rivers, roads, railways, ships, and trains used in moving and distributing needful things, and all the shops, markets, scales and weights used in distributing needful things, shall belong to the whole people (the nation).

2. That the land, tools, machines, trains, rivers, shops, scales, and all the other things belonging to the people that are worked, managed, distributed, and used by the whole people in such way as the greater number of the whole people deem best.

Socialism may be summed up in five words as really meaning: The Country for the People.

Today the nation owns *some* of these things; under Socialism the nation would own ***all*** of them.

Today the nation owns the ships of the navy, the forts, arsenals, public buildings, Government factories, and some other things.

Today the Government, *for the people*, manages the Post Office and telegraphs, makes some of the clothes and food and arms for the army and navy, builds some of the warships, and oversees the Church, the prisons, and the schools.

Socialists want the people to own *all* the buildings, factories, lands, rivers, ships, schools, machines, and goods, and to manage *all* their business and work; and to buy and sell and make and use *all* goods for themselves.

Today some cities make gas, and supply gas and water to the citizens. Some cities let their citizens buy their gas and water from gas and water companies.

Socialists want all the gas and water to be supplied to the people by their own officials, as in Glasgow and Manchester.

Under Socialism we should find that some kind of work were best done locally—that is, by each town or county; and that some were best done nationally—that is, by a body of officials acting for the nation.

For instance, tramways would be local, and railways national; gas and water would be local, and colleries national; police would be local, and the army and navy national.

Thus, Socialism is really an extension of the *principles*, or ideas, of local government, and of the various corporation and civil services.

There is nothing in Socialism to destroy religion, and there is nothing in it to destroy the home, and there is nothing in it to foster vice.

But there *is* something in it to kill ignorance and to destroy vice. There is something in it to shut up the gaols, to do away with prostitution, to reduce crime and drunkenness, and wipe out for ever the sweater and the slums, the beggars and the idle fops, the useless fine ladies and lazy lords, and to make it possible for sober and willing workers to live healthy and happy and honorable lives.—The Clarion.

THE PRICE OF COAL

ALFRED HICKS

"CAVILLING DAY" is one of the institutions that loom large in the work conditions of the north of England coal miner. By its means the god of chance deals fair play among the men who are to toil in the "near workings" and the "far workings."

In most of the coal mines there are many "levels," and on each level there are many "cross-cuts"; and it is evident that the men working in a four-foot seam, on an upper level, and perhaps in a cross-cut near the main shaft, have much advantage in their work over the men in a lower level with perhaps only a three-foot seam, and working on a "face" nearly a mile from the main shaft.

So it came that cavilling day was established. Once a month all the men working at the "face" cavil (draw lots) for position, and it is a point in pitmen's ethics to take the post that fate has drawn for them.

In the grim black of a coal pit, the light of day does not count, so the day is twenty-fours long, and is divided between two shifts of "hewers" and one shift of "stone men." The "fore shift" of hewers working from 2 till 9 a.m., and the "back shift" from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m.; the two hewers at each "heading" taking turns to work fore shift one week and back shift the next.

Joe Renton was hewing in one of the far workings of No. 6 level, and this week was on the fore shift, so came to surface, or "pit bank," while the glorious June morning was in its full beauty. Joe was a keen lover of Nature beauty, but today neither the perfume from the clouds of hawthorn blossom in the hedge-row, nor the fleecy white cloudlets that cast chasing shadows on the rich green meadows could catch his attention. In utter weariness he dragged one leaden foot after the other along the field path, chin sunk on breast and eyes and face showing only too plainly the effect of that bane of miners—the poisonous fire-damp (to pit folk just "damp"). The pit was

notoriously a "fiery" one, and No. 6 the worst seam of all.

Today the heading he had been working in was so full of "damp" that he now had to make up his mind whether he would lay off or whether he would take the risk he knew he was under.

For some days he had heard the timbers "working," and each day the damp had been worse than before. Both Joe and his mate had spoken of it to the overman. "Aw, lads, doant tha lat a bit damp feart tha; tha's no chicken-plucked lads; cavillin' day's coomen."

He was anxious to earn every penny he could, and to be thought a coward was bad enough, but above all he wanted a good record, for in a week he was to marry the bonny daughter of the overman, and hoped to soon take a job as overman himself.

On the other side, he knew that the heading he was working in was really very dangerous. All day long the timbers had been creaking and groaning. At almost every fall of coal the damp had burned round his davy-lamp with the warning blue flame—and only too well he knew what such signs meant.

Each stroke of the pick was gambling with death. Many a one he could name had been killed or maimed by a rock-fall with just the same warning. But other men were running the same risk day after day; and perhaps thinking of his Annie had made him too anxious about the timbers shifting—after all he could not afford to have his mates and the overman call him a coward.

So it came that in the early morning starlight, Joe strode along the field path to the pit, enjoying the sweet soft air, and telling himself that "Yon big star shines joost lak Annie's e'en." "After a' it's only a chaunce, and a man maun tak his chaunces if he wad airn his price."

At eight o'clock, when all things were bright and gay in the sunshine, and the skylarks showering down their miraculous cascade of song from above the clouds, word came to the pit mouth that there had been "A fa' in the far workin's, and one puir fellow was pinned in."

All that day without ceasing, a band of unnamed heroes faced grim death, striving to the limit of human endurance for the bare chance of saving a man's life.

At sunset a crushed and mangled form was brought to bank. The grey haired old father looked at his son, "Oh hert o' me, my son, my son!"

"Puir lad! Puir lad! He couldna ha' soofered ony pain; he niver felt what killed un!" said the overman.

"Ah, me! He waur sic a likely lad!" moaned a weeping girl.

. "Fire-damp explosions, killed 13, injured 75. Falls of ground (rock-falls), killed 216, injured 1,058."—(Six months' report casualties in mines, Government Labor Gazette.)

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER XIX.—THE PRECARIOUSNESS OF LIFE.

I was talking with a very vindictive man. In his opinion, his wife had wronged him and the law had wronged him. The merits and morals of the case are immaterial. The meat of the matter is that she had obtained a separation, and he was compelled to pay ten shillings each week for the support of her and the five children. "But look you," he said to me, "wot'll 'appen to 'er if I don't py up the ten shillings? S'posin', now, just s'posin' a accident 'appens to me, so I cawn't work. S'posin' I get a rupture, or the rheumatics, or the colera. Wot's she goin' to do, eh? Wot's she goin' to do?"

He shook his head sadly. "No 'ope for 'er The best she cawn do is the work'ouse, an' that's 'ell. An' if she don't go to the work'ouse it'll be worse 'ell. Come along 'ith me an' I'll show you women sleepin' in passages, dozens of 'em. An' I'll show you worse, wot she'll come to if anything 'appens to me and the ten shillings."

The certitude of this man's forecast is worthy of consideration. He knew conditions sufficiently to know the precariousness of his wife's grasp on food and shelter. For her the game was up when his working capacity was impaired or destroyed. And when this state of affairs is looked at in its larger aspect, the same will be found true of hundreds of thousands and even millions of men and women living amicably together and co-operating in the pursuit of food and shelter.

The figures are appalling; 1,800,000 people in London live on the poverty line and below it, and another 1,000,000 live with one week's wages between them and pauperism. In all England and Wales, eighteen per cent. of the whole population are driven to the parish for relief, and in London, according to the statistics of the London County Council, twenty-one per cent. of the whole population are driven to the parish for relief. Between being driven to the parish for relief and being an out-and-out pauper there is a great difference, yet London supports 123,000 paupers, quite a city of folk in themselves. One in every four in London dies on public charity, while 939 out of every 1,000 in the United Kingdom die in poverty; 8,000,000 simply struggle on the ragged edge of starvation, and 20,000,000 more are not comfortable in the simple and clean sense of the word.

It is interesting to go more into detail concerning the London people who die on charity. In 1886, and up to 1893, the percentage of pauperism to population was less in London than in all England; but since 1893, and for every succeeding year, the percentage of pauperism to population has been greater in London than in all England. Yet, from the Registrar General's Report for 1886, the following figures are taken:

Out of 81,951 deaths in London (1884)—	
In workhouses	9,909
In hospitals	6,559
In lunatic asylums	278
Total in public refuges	16,746

Commenting on these figures, a Fabian writer says: "Considering that comparatively few of these are children, it is probable that one in every three London adults will be driven into one of these refuges to die, and the proportion in the case of the manual labor class must of course be still larger."

WHAT SHE MIGHT COME TO.

These figures serve somewhat to indicate the proximity of the average worker to pauperism. Various things make pauperism. An advertisement, for instance, such as this, appearing in yesterday morning's paper: "Clerk wanted, with knowledge of shorthand, typewriting and invoicing; wages ten shillings ($2.50) a week. Apply by letter," etc. And in today's paper I read of a clerk, thirty-five years of age and an inmate of a London workhouse, brought before a magistrate for non-performance of task. He claimed that he had done his various tasks since he had been an inmate; but when the master set him to breaking stones, his hands blistered, and he could not finish the task. He had never been used to an instrument heavier than a pen, he said. The magistrate sentenced him and his blistered hands to seven days' hard labor.

Old age, of course, makes pauperism. And then there is the accident, the thing happening, the death or disablement of the husband, father, and breadwinner. Here is a man, with a wife

and three children, living on the ticklish security of twenty shillings ($5.00) per week—and there are hundreds of thousands of such families in London. Perforce to even half exist, they must live up to the last penny of it, so that a week's wages, $5.00, is all that stands between this family and pauperism or starvation. The thing happens, the father is struck down, and what then? A mother with three children can do little or nothing. Either she must hand her children over to society as juvenile paupers, in order to be free to do something adequate for herself, or she must go to the sweat-shops for work which she can perform in the vile den possible to her reduced income. But with the sweat-shops, married women who eke out their husband's earnings, and single women who have themselves miserably to support, determine the scale of wages. And this scale of wages, so determined, is so low that the mother and her three children can live only in positive beastliness and semi-starvation till decay and death end their suffering.

To show that this mother, with her three children to support, cannot compete in the sweating industries, I instance from the current newspapers the two following cases. A father indignantly writes that his daughter and a girl companion receive 17 cents per gross for making boxes. They made each day four gross. Their expenses were 16 cents for carfare, 4 cents for stamps, 5 cents for glue, and 2 cents for string, so that all they earned between them was 42 cents, or a daily wage each of 21 cents. In the second case, before the Luton Guardians a few days ago, an old woman of seventy-two appeared, asking for relief. "She was a straw hat maker, but had been compelled to give up the work owing to the price she obtained for them—namely, 4½ cents each. For that price she had to provide plait trimmings and make and finish the hats."

Yet this mother and her three children we are considering have done no wrong that they should be so punished. They have not sinned. The thing happened, that is all; the husband, father and bread-winner, was struck down. There is no guarding against it. It is fortuitous. A family stands so many chances of escaping the bottom of the Abyss, and so many chances of falling plump down to it. The chance is reducible to cold, pitiless figures, and a few of these figures will not be out of place.

Sir A. Forwood calculates that—

1 of every 1,400 workmen is killed annually.
1 of every 2,500 workmen is totally disabled.
1 of every 300 workmen is permanently partially disabled.
1 of every 8 workmen is temporarily disabled 3 or 4 weeks.

But these are only the accidents of industry. The high mortality of the people who live in the Ghetto plays a terrible part. The average age at death among the people of the West End is fifty-five years; the average age at death among the people of the East End is thirty years. That is to say, the person in the West End has twice the chance for life that the person has in the East End. Talk of war! The mortality in South Africa and the Philippines fades away to insignificance. Here, in the heart of peace, is where the blood is being shed; and here not even the civilized rules of warfare obtain, for the women and children and babes in the arms are killed just as ferociously as the men are killed. War! In England, every year, 500,000 men, women, and children, engaged in the various industries, are killed and disabled, or are injured to disablement by disease.

In the West End eighteen per cent. of the children die before five years of age; in the East End fifty-five per cent. of the children die before five years of age. And there are streets in London where, out of every one hundred children born in a year, fifty die during the next year; and of the fifty that remain, twenty-five die before they are five years old. Slaughter! Herod did not do quite so badly—his was a mere fifty per cent. bagatelle mortality.

That industry causes greater havoc with human life than battle does, no better substantiation can be given than

the following extract from a recent report of the Liverpool Medical Officer, which is not applicable to Liverpool alone :—

In many instances little if any sunlight could get to the courts, and the atmosphere within the dwellings was always foul, owing largely to the saturated condition of the walls and ceilings, which for so many years had absorbed the exhalations of the occupants into their porous material. Singular testimony to the absence of sunlight in these courts was furnished by the action of the Parks and Gardens Committee, who desired to brighten the homes of the poorest class by gifts of growing flowers and window-boxes; but these gifts could not be made in courts such as these, *as flowers and plants were susceptible to the unwholesome surroundings, and would not live.*

Mr. George Haw has compiled the following table on the three St. George's parishes (London parishes) :—

	Percentage of Population Overcrowded	Death rate per 1,000
St. George's West	10	13.2
St. George's South.....	35	23.7
St. George's East.....	40	26.4

Then there are the "dangerous trades," in which countless workers are employed. Their hold on life is indeed precarious—far, far more precarious than the hold of the twentieth century soldier on life. In the linen trade, in the preparation of the flax, wet feet and wet clothes cause an unusual amount of bronchitis, pneumonia, and severe rheumatism; while in the carding and spinning departments the fine dust produces lung disease in the majority of cases, and the woman who starts carding at seventeen or eighteen begins to break up and go to pieces at thirty. The chemical laborers, picked from the strongest and most splendidly-built men to be found, live, on an average, less than forty-eight years.

Says Dr. Arlidge, of the potter's trade: "Potter's dust does not kill suddenly, but settles, year after year, a little more firmly into the lungs, until at length a case of plaster is formed. Breathing becomes more and more difficult and depressed, and finally ceases."

Steel dust, stone dust, clay dust, alkali dust, fluff dust—all these things kill, and they are more deadly than machine guns and pom-poms. Worst of all is the lead dust in the white lead trades. Here is a description of the typical dissolution of a young, healthy, well-developed girl who goes to work in a white lead factory :—

Here, after a varying degree of exposure, she becomes anæmic. It may be that her gums show a very faint blue line, or perchance her teeth and gums are perfectly sound, and no blue line is discernible. Coincidently with the anæmia she has been getting thinner, but so gradually as scarcely to impress itself upon her or her friends. Sickness, however, ensues, and headaches, growing in intensity, are developed. These are frequently attended by obscuration of vision or temporary blindness. Such a girl passes into what appears to her friends and medical advisor as ordinary hysteria. This gradually deepens without warning, until she is suddenly seized with a convulsion, beginning in one half of the face, then involving the arm, next the leg of the same side of the body, until the convulsion, violent and purely epileptic form in character, becomes universal. This is attended by loss of consciousness, out of which she passes into a series of convulsions, gradually increasing in severity, in one of which she dies —or consciousness, partial or perfect, is regained, either, it may be, for a few minutes, a few hours, or days, during which violent headache is complained of, or she is delirious and excited, as in acute mania, or dull and sullen as in melancholia, and requires to be roused, when she is found wandering, and her speech is somewhat imperfect. Without further warning, save that the pulse, which has become soft, with nearly the normal number of beats, all at once becomes low and hard; she is suddenly seized with another convulsion, in which she dies, or passes into a state of coma from which she never rallies. In another case the convulsions will gradually subside, the headache disappears and the patient recovers, only to find that she has completely lost her eyesight, a loss that may be temporary or permanent.

And here are a few specific cases of white lead poisoning :—

Charlotte Rafferty, a fine, well-grown young woman with a splendid constitution—who had never had a day's illness in her life—became a white lead worker. Convulsions seized her at the foot of the ladder in the works. Dr. Oliver examined her, found the blue line along the gums, which shows that the system is under the influence of the lead. He knew that the convulsions would shortly return. They did so, and she died.

Mary Ann Toler—a girl of seventeen, who had never had a fit in her life—three times became ill and had to leave off work in the factory. Before she was nineteen she showed symptoms of lead poisoning—had fits, frothed at the mouth, and died.

Mary A., an unusually vigorous woman, was able to work in the lead factory for *twenty years*, having colic once only during that time. Her eight children all died in early infancy from convulsions. One morning, whilst brushing her hair, this woman suddenly lost all power in both her wrists.

Eliza H., aged twenty-five, *after five months* at lead works, was seized with colic. She entered another factory (after being refused by the first one), and worked on uninterruptedly for two years. Then the former symptoms returned, she was seized with convulsions, and died in two days of acute lead poisoning.

encountered. Her father and brother were both out of employment. She concealed her illness, walked six miles a day to and from work, earned her seven or eight shillings per week, and died at seventeen.

Depression in trade also plays an important part in hurling the workers into the Abyss. With a week's wages between a family and pauperism, a month's enforced idleness means hardship and

MARKETING.

Mr. Vaughan Nash, speaking of the unborn generation, says: "The children of the white lead worker enter the world, as a rule, only to die from the convulsions of lead poisoning—they are either born prematurely, or die within the first year."

And, finally, let me instance the case of Harriet A. Walker, a young girl of seventeen, killed while leading a forlorn hope on the industrial battlefield. She was employed as an enamelled ware brusher, wherein lead poisoning is misery almost undescribable, and from the ravages of which the victims do not always recover when work is to be had again. Just now the daily papers contain the report of a meeting of the Carlisle Branch of the Docker's Union, wherein it is stated that many of the men, for months past, have not averaged a weekly income of more than $1.00 to $1.25. The stagnated state of the shipping industry in the port of London is held accountable for this condition of affairs.

To the young working-man or working-woman, or married couple, there is no assurance of happy or healthy middle life, nor of solvent old age. Work as they will, they cannot make their future secure. It is all a matter of chance. Everything depends upon the thing happening, the thing with which they have nothing to do. Precaution cannot fend it off, nor can wiles evade it. If they remain on the industrial battlefield they must face it and take their chance against heavy odds. Of course, if they are favorably made and are not tied by kinship duties, they can run away from the industrial battlefield. In which event, the safest thing the man can do is to join the army; and for the woman, possibly, to become a Red Cross nurse or go into a nunnery. In either case they must forego home and children and all that makes life worth living and old age other than a nightmare.

CHAPTER XX.—SUICIDE.

With life so precarious, and opportunity for the happiness of life so remote, it is inevitable that life shall be cheap and suicide common. So common is it, that one cannot pick up a daily paper without coming across it; while an attempt-at-suicide case in a police court excites no more interest than an ordinary "drunk," and is handled with the same rapidity and unconcern.

I remember such a case in the Thames Police Court. I pride myself that I have good eyes and ears, and a fair working knowledge of men and things; but I confess, as I stood in that courtroom, that I was half-bewildered by the amazing despatch with which drunks, disorderlies, vagrants, brawlers, wife-beaters, thieves, fences, gamblers, and women of the street went through the machine of justice. The dock stood in the centre of the court (where the light is best), and into it and out again stepped men, women and children, in a stream as steady as the stream of sentences which fell from the magistrate's lips.

I was still pondering over a consumptive "fence" who had pleaded inability to work and necessity for supporting wife and children, and who had received a year at hard labor, when a young boy of about twenty appeared in the dock. "Alfred Freeman," I caught his name but failed to catch the charge. A stout and motherly-looking woman bobbed up in the witness-box and began her testimony. Wife of the Britannia lock-keeper, I learned she was. Time, night; a splash; she ran to the lock and found the prisoner in the water.

I flashed my gaze from her to him. So that was the charge, self-murder. He stood there dazed and unheeding, his bonny brown hair rumpled down his forehead, his face haggard and care-worn and boyish still.

"Yes, sir," the lock-keeper's wife was saying. "As fast as I pulled to get 'im out, 'e crawled back. Then I called for 'elp, and some workmen 'appened along, and we got 'im out and turned 'im over to the constable."

The magistrate complimented the woman on her muscular powers, and the courtroom laughed; but all I could see was a boy on the threshold of life, passionately crawling to muddy death, and there was no laughter in it.

A man was now in the witness-box, testifying to the boy's good character and giving extenuating evidence. He was the boy's foreman, or had been. Alfred was a good boy, but he had had lots of trouble at home, money matters. And then his mother was sick. He was given to worrying, and he worried over it till he laid himself out and wasn't fit for work. He (the foreman), for the sake of his own reputation, the boy's work being bad, had been forced to asked him to resign.

"Anything to say?" the magistrate demanded abruptly.

The boy in the dock mumbled something indistinctly. He was still dazed.

"What does he say, constable?" the magistrate asked, impatiently.

The stalwart man in blue bent his ear to the prisoner's lips, and then replied loudly, "He says he's very sorry, your Worship."

"Remanded," said his Worship; and the next case was under way, the first

witness already engaged in taking the oath. The boy, dazed and unheeding, passed out with the jailor. That was all, five minutes from start to finish; and two hulking brutes in the dock were trying strenuously to shift the responsibility of the possession of a stolen fishing-pole, worth probably ten cents.

The chief trouble with these poor folk is that they do not know how to commit suicide, and usually have to make two or three attempts before they succeed. This, very naturally, is a horrid nuisance to the constables and magistrates, and gives them no end of trouble. Sometimes, however, the magistrates are frankly outspoken about the matter, and censure the prisoners for the slackness of their attempts. For instance, Mr. R. Sykes, chairman of the Stalybridge magistrates, in the case the other day of Ann Wood, who tried to make away with herself in the canal: "If you wanted to do it, why didn't you do it and get it done with?" demanded the indignant Mr. Sykes. "Why did you not get under the water and make an end of it, instead of giving us all this trouble and bother?"

Poverty, misery, and fear of the workhouse, are the principal causes of suicide among the working classes. "I'll drown myself before I go into the workhouse," said Ellen Hughes Hunt, aged fifty-two. Last Wednesday they held an inquest on her body at Shoreditch. Her husband came from the Islington Workhouse to testify. He had been a cheesemonger, but failure in business and poverty had driven him into the workhouse, whither his wife had refused to accompany him.

She was last seen at one in the morning. Three hours later her hat and jacket were found on the towing path by the Regent's Canal, and later her body was fished from the water. *Verdict: Suicide during temporary insanity.*

Such verdicts are crimes against truth. The law is a lie, and through it men lie most shamelessly. For instance, a disgraced woman, forsaken and spat upon by kith and kin, doses herself and her baby with laudanum. The baby dies; but she pulls through after a few weeks in the hospital, is charged with murder, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Recovering, the Law holds her responsible for her actions; yet, had she died, the same Law would have rendered a verdict of temporary insanity.

Now, considering the case of Ellen Hughes Hunt, it is as fair and logical to say that her husband was suffering from temporary insanity when he went into the Islington Workhouse, as it is to say that she was suffering from temporary insanity when she went into the Regent's Canal. As to which is the preferable sojourning place is a matter of opinion, of intellectual judgment. I, for one, from what I know of canals and workhouses, should choose the canal were I in a similar position. And I make bold to contend that I am no more insane than Ellen Hughes Hunt, her husband, and the rest of the human herd.

Man no longer follows instinct with the old natural fidelity. He has developed into a reasoning creature, and can intellectually cling to life or discard life just as life happens to promise great pleasure or pain. I dare to assert that Ellen Hughes, defrauded and bilked of all the joys of life which fifty-two years' service in the world had earned, with nothing but the horrors of the workhouse before her, was very rational and level headed when she elected to jump into the canal. And I dare to assert, further, that the jury had done a wiser thing to bring in a verdict charging society with temporary insanity for allowing Ellen Hughes Hunt to be defrauded and bilked of all the joys of life which fifty-two years' service in the world had earned.

Temporary insanity! Oh, these cursed phrases, these lies of language, under which people with meat in their bellies and whole shirts on their backs shelter themselves, and evade the responsibility of their brothers and sisters, empty of belly and without whole shirts to their backs.

From one issue of the *Observer*, an East End paper, I quote the following commonplace events:—

ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

A ship's fireman, named Johnny King, was charged with attempting to commit suicide. On Wednesday defendant went to Bow Police Station and stated that he had swallowed a quantity of phosphor paste, as he was hard up and unable to obtain work. King was taken inside and an emetic administered, when he vomited up a quantity of the poison. Defendant now said he was very sorry. Although he had sixteen years' good character, he was unable to obtain work of any kind. Mr. Dickinson had defendant put back for the court missionary to see him.

Timothy Warner, thirty-two, was remanded for a similar offence. He jumped off Limehouse Pier, and when rescued, said, "I intended to do it."

A decent-looking young woman, named Ellen Gray, was remanded on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. About half-past eight on Sunday morning Constable 834 K found defendant lying in a doorway in Benworth Street, and she was in a very drowsy condition. She was holding an empty bottle in one hand, and stated that some two or three hours previously she had swallowed a quantity of laudanum. As she was evidently very ill, the divisional surgeon was sent for, and having administered some coffee, ordered that she was to be kept awake. When defendant was charged, she stated that the reason why she attempted to take her life was she had neither home nor friends.

I do not say that all people who commit suicide are sane, no more than I say that all people who do not commit suicide are sane. Insecurity of food and shelter, by the way, is a great cause of insanity among the living. Costermongers, hawkers, and pedlars, a class of people who live from hand to mouth more than those of any other class, form the highest percentage of those in the lunatic asylums. Among the males each year, 26.9 per 10,000 go insane, and among the women 36.9. On the other hand, of soldiers, who are at least sure of food and shelter, 13 per 10,000 go insane; and of farmers and graziers, only 5.1. So a coster is twice as likely to lose his reason as a soldier, and five times as likely as a farmer.

Misfortune and misery are very potent in turning people's heads and drive one person to the lunatic asylum, and another to the morgue or gallows. When the thing happens, and the father and husband, for all of his love for wife and children and his willingness to work, can get no work to do, it is a simple matter for his reason to totter and the light within his brain to go out. And it is especially simple when it is taken into consideration that his body is ravaged by innutrition and disease, in addition to his soul being torn by the sight of his suffering wife and little ones.

"He is a good-looking man, with a mass of black hair, dark, expressive eyes, delicately chiselled nose and chin, and wavy, fair moustache." This is the reporter's description of Frank Cavilla as he stood in court, this dreary month of September, "dressed in a much worn gray suit, and wearing no collar."

Frank Cavilla lived and worked as a house decorator in London. He is described as a good workman, a steady fellow, and not given to drink, while all his neighbors unite in testifying that he was a gentle and affectionate husband and father.

His wife, Hannah Cavilla, was a big, handsome, light-hearted woman. She saw to it that his children were sent neat and clean (the neighbors all remarked the fact), to the Childeric Road Board School. And so, with such a man, so blessed, working steadily and living temperately, all went well, and the goose hung high.

Then the thing happened. He worked for a Mr. Beck, builder, and lived in one of his master's houses in Trundley Road. Mr. Beck was thrown from his trap and killed. The thing was an unruly horse, and, as I say, it happened. Cavilla had to seek fresh employment and find another house.

This occurred eighteen months ago. For eighteen months he fought the big fight. He got rooms in a little house on Batavia Road, but could not make both ends meet. Steady work could not be obtained. He struggled manfully at casual employment of all sorts, his wife and four children starving before his eyes. He starved himself, and grew weak, and fell ill. This was three months ago, and then there was absolutely no food at all. They made no complaint, spoke no word; but poor folk know. The housewives of Batavia

Road sent them food, but so respectable were the Cavillas that the food was sent anonymously, mysteriously, so as not to hurt their pride.

The thing had happened. He had fought, and starved, and suffered for eighteen months. He got up one September morning, early. He opened his pocket-knife. He cut the throat of his wife, Hannah Cavilla, aged thirty-three. He cut the throat of his first-born, Frank, aged twelve. He cut the throat of his son, Walter, aged eight. He cut the throat of his daughter, Nellie, aged four. He cut the throat of his youngest-born, Ernest, aged sixteen months. Then he watched beside the dead all day until the evening, when the police came, and he told them to put a penny in the slot of the gas-meter in order that they might have light to see.

Frank Cavilla stood in court, dressed in a much worn gray suit, and wearing no collar. He was a good-looking man, with a mass of black hair, dark, expressive eyes, delicately chiselled nose and chin, and wavy, fair moustache.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE WOMAN'S WORK

THAT phase of the work of the American Federation of Labor accomplished under the direction of Mrs. J. D. Pierce, the wife of National Organizer J. D. Pierce, who was in Cincinnati, is one of the most appealing of any performed by the great organization which now numbers its millions. Her work does not lie particularly among women, for her ability is such that she has assisted in many a struggle for better conditions in which few or no women at all were affected. At the same time both her sex and her sympathies draw her to the women's side of the movement of organized labor for its own betterment, and to thousands of women throughout the country Mrs. Pierce is known as "Mother" Pierce. It is easy to understand why women call her such after one has known her. There is a light of kindness in the brown eyes, a strength in the lines of the face, and a gentleness in the tones of the voice that irresistibly draw one to her, while in the splendid humanity and fine common sense that fall from her lips as she talks to one, there is every reason for understanding why she has been so useful to thousands of women in the trades movement as to have won their undying affection. But Mrs. Pierce is a fighter as well as a "sweet and reasonable" worker among her own sex in the great labor movement of the day. She was with her husband during the greatest labor struggle of the decade, or of the present period of organized labor in America for that matter, when nearly 50,000 men were out on strike in answer to the effort of the tyrannical Employers' Association of San Francisco to "crush the life out of union labor." She handled vast sums of money during the struggle, and herself took part in more than one notable trial of strength between the two giants, Capital and

Labor, during those memorable weeks. And yet, withal, Mrs. Pierce is first and foremost a wife and mother.

"I have been married twenty-two years," she said to the reporter, "and married life has been ideal for me, as it ought to be, and as I wish it were for all women. This marriage matter is one of the serious problems that occupy me as a worker for not only organized labor, but for humanity. I consider my work not only trades union work, but humanitarianism, and this question of marriage is one of the greatest that confronts the wage-workers of the country. It is my effort and aim to help people not only to get better wages and to secure shorter hours, but also to learn how to live. They don't know what kind of food to buy for their needs, and when they have it they don't know how to prepare it as it should be prepared to secure its greatest benefits. I reach thousands of women in my work every year, and I try to help them to realize that cleanliness, intelligence in household affairs, self-helpfulness and the general graces of life are not luxuries, but necessities. And yet the men are to blame for most of it. Did you know that?" and she regarded the writer quizzically, with a smile. The young man to whom the remark was made being unmarried and having no intentions of committing matrimony, pleaded entire innocence of the whole charge. "I mean," said the lady, relieving the reporter immensely, "that boys or young men marry girls right out of school, and expect from them all the wisdom of a mature housewife. Why, I went right out of school when I was 17 and married Mr. Pierce. Sometimes it takes my breath away when I think of it. But we bore with and helped each other, and today I'm as happy a woman as lives, the mother of a married daughter and two boys, one of them only fifteen, engaged in a work that cheers me with the thought of its human usefulness even when it is hardest, and still in love with my husband!"

The work in which Mrs. Pierce is engaged brings her into contact with some phases of life that reveal the worst features of the barbarous state of society we have been calling civilization, merely as a matter of courtesy to each other largely. "You could never conceive the depths of degradation to which necessity drives some of the frightfully underpaid women and girls who have to toil for their living," said Mrs. Pierce. "It is enough to wring one's heart and break one down, even when the demand is greatest for strength and wisdom to meet the situation," said she. "When I was on the coast at one time, a young woman came to me and said, 'Are you "Mother" Pierce of whom I have heard?' I told her I was, and then she told me she was married, divorced, and the mother of two children, for whom she was working in a factory at $3 a week, while she rented two rooms in which to make a home for them. During the day the children were cared for by a woman to whom she paid a small sum. 'Can you imagine,' she asked me, 'how I manage to live and keep the children?' I told her I could. That startled her, and she asked me how I knew. "I can see it in your face, my girl," I answered her; "you can't conceal a thing like that." With that she broke down completely, and begged me, for God's sake, to come and organize the shirt factory she was at work in, where she and dozens of other girls were at work with wages so low and with fines for so

many things, not to speak of the necessity for buying new parts of the second-hand machinery her employer bought for them to work with, that many of them had to sell themselves to keep body and soul alive. 'Ah,' she said to me, 'I go home at night and give the children their suppers, hear them say their prayers and put them to bed, and then lock the door of their room and go out on the street and —' She never finished the sentence, but I could imagine, as anyone can who knows the horrors of the brutalities of a big city, all that she meant. But, thank God, we did organize that factory and that particular girl got an advance, along with others, that put her above the necessity of selling herself, body and soul, to the male brutes that were not only willing but eager to buy her. And I kept track of her long enough to be assured that she had lived her life from necessity, not from choice, for she never went back to it.

"And so, you see, I am working in trades unionism in a way that very few people know about. It is educational work, and while it does not make much of a show on the platform, it makes a big show in the homes of many trades unionists. It seems incredible, but many a wife objects to her husband entering the very movement that brings her more bread and butter, or at least better bread and better butter; and again and again I go to see such women and educate them as to what we are trying to do, and then, from being either indifferent or inimical, more often than not they become the most earnest workers in the cause. Many a time, too, in working with Mr. Pierce in some big strike, if we find that some striker takes his strike benefits and squanders them, I see that the money goes to the wife; and many a time, when I have found her unfit to make any intelligent use of the money, I have bought the family supplies myself. It is not easy work for a woman who weighs nearly 190 pounds, but I always keep healthy and wise, if not wealthy, by eating one meal a day, eating meat never, taking a warm bath at night and a cold one in the morning, and always refusing to see the dark side of anything. I never have a headache, and don't know that I have a stomach, and I am very glad, indeed, that I am alive"—and she looked it, as few women, or, for that matter, few men, ever do! The presence and effort of such women in the great movement of organized labor known as the American Federation of Labor is one of the greatest possible proofs of its vitality, strength and usefulness, and at the same time one of the greatest earnests of its future, for it makes the movement not merely a utilitarian one, but a humanitarian in its widest scope and intent.—H. D. Robbins, in the Times-Star.

THE GOD OF GOLD

W. E. P. FRENCH, Captain U. S. Army

A bird of prey, and a woman's bust,
And the lying legend, "In God we Trust."

Hard and yellow, heavy and cold,
Defiled by vices manifold
That have used it for lure and snare and price;
Won with marked cards and with loaded dice;
Stained with lewdness and women's shame;
Sordid bribe for a man's fair name;
Blurred with blood and with children's tears;
Fouled with sweat through the toil-wrung years;
Blackened with dust from the coal-pit's mouth;
Cankered with wrong—east, west, north, south;
Tainted with shackle of serf and slave;
Fetid with mould from the drunkard's grave;
Accomplice of murder, and crime's best tool;
Joy of the miser, and pride of the fool;
Foe of truth, and the lie's ally;
Pay of traitor and thrice-damned spy;
Dole of the spoiler to Charity—
Theft's insult of alms to humanity.
Wage of the harlot; loot of the thief;
Promoter of crimes that pass belief;
Hire of slanderer, forger, cheat;
Spoil of a stab in the midnight street;
Fee for the unjust law's decree;
Guerdon of fraud and hypocrisy;
Salvage of wrecks on a sea of wrong—
The loss of the weak, the gain of the strong.
Base suborner of perjury;
Prop of false pride and luxury;
Maker of envy, spite and spleen;
Creator of book and play obscene;
Breeder of every breach of trust;
Pander to war and to fierce blood-lust,
To the lust of the eye and the lust of gold
That hardens men's hearts and turns them cold;
Despoiler of labor, menace of life,
Gold-God of cruelty, hatred, strife.

* * * *

Bow, O Fool, as thou passest by!
This is the God we have set on high

"Beneath the dome of the Union sky;"
This is the Thing to which we pray,
This is our Golden Calf to-day,
This the Deity we obey.
Down on thy knees to the Dollar-God!
He owns the water, the trees, the sod,
The food, the clothing, the oil, the coal—
Owns *thee*, body, estate and soul;
Holds existence in deed of fee—
Controller of life and destiny.
Genuflex, Fool, to the Gold of Pelf,
Lord God of the Great I Am—of Self!

* * * *

His heaven, wealth; financial loss, his hell;
His litany a stock that's watered well;
His incense, interest; his book of prayer,
Bond, mortgage, scrip, certificate and share;
His temple the exchange; his altar-stones,
Discount, collateral, secured call-loans;
His priests are usurers; his creed, "Combine;"
His sacred symbol is the dollar-sign;
His bible, business; and his only son
Is Profit—out of work by others done.
His one commandment, "Do, and do thy worst,
Lest, by ill chance, thy neighbor do thee first.
Prey without ceasing. Honor, love, forget,
But take thy lawful pound of flesh for lawful debt.
Steer close and shrewdly clear of prison gate,
And put an S in front of peculate.
By trust and franchise mulct—let none go free—
And worship thou none other god save me."

* * * *

PROPHECY.

Hard and yellow, heavy and cold,
Defiled by vices manifold,
A fallen idol lies on the sod,
And a freed race strides o'er its former god;—
Onward and upward: no glance to fling
Down at the base and pitiful thing
That once had been bane and bar and ban,
Barring man's heart to his fellow-man;—
God of oppression, of greed, of pelf,
Lord God of The Great I Am—of Self.

* * * *

For,--Listen!—till money be dead and dumb,
The race shall ne'er to its birthright come;
The rule of gold shall control man's fate,
And the golden rule be violate;
Might shall be crowned; Brawn prey of Brain;
And Wrong, triumphant, rivet mankind's chain.
The rich and poor, alike, shall bear gold's curse;—
Robber and robbed from out the common purse;—

The law of talons be the Nation's lot,
Justice forgetting, and by Love forgot.

* * * *

But onward and upward the race shall go,
Over its false, foul god laid low;
Onward and upward toward the goal,
Equal rights for each human soul.
Onward to plenty and joy and peace,
Rejoicing in poverty's surcease;
Upward where kindness and duty call—
Each for the other and all for all—
To the shining peaks of the highest good,
To the love and splendor of brotherhood,
In glorious friendship and amity,
Hand in hand to equality.

Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

REST

W. WINSLOW HALL, M.D.

ALL living things must rest if they would work. Even the heart, that familiar symbol of the ceaseless toiler, is so careful of its rest that it reposes after every beat, taking good heed that each recurrent pause is actually longer than the throb which it succeeds. Yet, when we consider the matter, we see that no such miracle as absolute rest is possible to living things; nor, indeed, to lifeless matter either, if molecular hypotheses be true. What we call rest is only change of work. The heart, when at pause, has every fibre flushed with blood and busied in nutrition: the man, when asleep, is one throbbing, heaving mass of physiological activities.

Yet, relative term though it be, we cannot over-estimate the practical value of that variation in our work which we call Rest. So necessary is it, that it should exceed in time our proper toil; and the best worker is commonly the man who most thoroughly can rest. This is apt to be forgotten in these days of showiness and hurry. It is well worth while to ponder quietly—how the power of resting may be cultured and matured.

Just as variety in labor tends to magnify the working output, so does variety in rest conduce to depth and value of repose. The wisest rester must be he who recognizes this, and who, by utilizing all the diverse rests that life can offer, buoys himself in ceaseless energy and keen potential tone. In all work there are inevitable gaps from time to time; and he who would be strenuous must wont himself to profit to the full from such brief, casual bits of rest. Relaxation of tired muscles by a change

of posture is in common automatic, requires not to be preached. But relaxation of the mind is to most adults far less instinctive, and must needs be sedulously practised: invaluable to the worker is ability to shunt the train of thought, at instant notice, to some diverse rail and there let it run freely till re-signalled for upon the working line. Three such recreative rails are eminently fit. The first is Humour. No one with a sense of humour can have failed to feel what an inestimable boon it is; what a sweetener of drudgery, what a quickener of work, what a ready delver to those precious veins of feeling that give impetus, and strength, and unity to life. Therefore, let possessors of this motley sense exalt and foster it. Laughter, so that it be reverent and kind, is puissant as a tonic. The second recreative rail is Beauty. While so much of our environment remains both hideous and sordid, no least chance should be let slip of steeping mind and sense in what is lovely. And, happily, to those who know it, Beauty never is obscured: glints of sky, or leaf, or comeliness; of valour, love, or soul; are possible in even the most squalid towns: more, Beauty, when directly unattainable, is yet accessible through memory; for contemplation of the noblest poetry, or picturing, or music, always bides the beck of every lover of those arts, wherever he be placed. Yet there are some who lack affinity for Beauty. For such, and for all, a haven of refuge, a well of refreshment, a tower of defence, exists for ever in the thought of God. To no man, in any place, is communion with Him impracticable. It is possible in the briefest snatch of time; and, be it short or long, it constitutes the best and sanest rest. A branch line, this? More properly the great main line: the longed-for express track for every driving wit; the permanent way, to build up which all tentative routes of life contribute; the terminal trunk on which all systemed truths converge.

Distinct from such uncertain wayside spells of rest, are the meal-time intervals allowed to every worker. Here the processes of personal preparement, and the mere slacked sitting at the board, are useful in themselves; then the mirth, and courtesy, and liking that should sauce the meal, not only soothe but stimulate; last, the half-hour quiet that digestion claims should cap and consummate this wholesome animal pause. And now, perhaps, most fitly can be praised the recreation that may flow from fiction in its varied forms, as novel, poetry, or drama. Few charms can easier wile us from our own small cares than the reading of a vital tale: and, in so lifting us out of ourselves, fiction cannot fail to deepen our sympathies, and broaden our views of life, and reinforce our impulses for good. It is thus educative as well as recreative; but, that it may be so in the highest degree, there must be moderation in its use and selection of those works alone which hold a sane, ennobling outlook upon life. For books are as medicinal as air or drugs; some are narcotic, some are emetic, some are tonic. Those of tonic virtue are, of course, the works to be preferred. Wherein the tonic influence lies 'twere difficult to say: beyond the precept, incident and style, there can be felt some subtle, soulful emanation, which the noble writer puts into his work, albeit unawares.

Then, when the day's delightful toils are over, comes the shadowy rest of sleep. Strange and awesome seems this dark surrender of identity, this

periodic counterfeit of death, this transient foretaste of eternity, this universal, unwilled, childlike act of faith in Power and Love and Law. Yet, though awful, it is needful: wretched is the man who cannot adequately sleep. Some simple rules may help him in his dole. First, of course, healthful bed conditions must be secured; then an unvarying bedtime, be it late or early, must be kept; during at least two hours beforehand no food should be taken, and for half an hour beforehand no brain-work should be indulged in; light should be shut out by plain, dark blinds; some position apt to lax the thews should be assumed (and this for some folk is recumbence on the right); then, throwing all in spirit upon God, one should view again the day's events in strictest sequence, and as lightened by His eyes. After such methods, happy, wholesome sleep can commonly be gained. If waking should occur before the rising hour, the body should seek ease in total change of posture, and the mind should grasp and follow up the thread of interrupted dream. This fixation of attention is one main secret of successful sleep: any wandering of thought incites unconquerable wakefulness. The length of sleep advisable for each must vary with the case. Children often sleep a round of the clock with benefit: some fine workers need no more than four short hours; seven hours may be mentioned as a wholesome average. But here, as with regard to food and clothing, efficiency for work must be in every case the sole and final test.

In its way, just as important as the nightly rest of sleep, is the weekly rest of the Sabbath. This ought to be universal. It is impracticable, of course, that all our toilers should abstain from work on one fixed day, but it is practicable, and it ought to be statutory, that each should have one workless day in seven for his own free use. And the best use he can make of this holy day is to render it as unlike his working day as possible. There should be marked alteration in his hours, in his dress, in his food, and in his doings. With regard to these last, seeing that most people work with their muscles or their minds, the Sabbath ought to be a day of muscular and mental quietude, subserving activeness of heart and soul. It ought, indeed, to be the festival of heart, the proper time for all the tender dues of home, the fit occasion for some generous rites of friendship. But more emphatically still, the Sabbath ought to be the festival of soul; that man is wisest who most carefully cuts down his bodily and mental joys, and who, while meeting to the full all claims of heart, concentrates his attention on the spiritual quest. In this the lonely plenitudes of Nature may avail him much. Great, and far too little used in these loud days, is the recuperative power of silence; but always in our silence we must guard against that lazy, vague day-dreaming, so slow-perilous to mind, wherein all faculties are alike in abeyance, attention is annulled, and the whole being drifts at the mercy of an aimless, fruitless, loose-connected pomp of visionary whims. Far other is the state of silent adoration. Here, though body, heart and mind be calmed to passiveness, poised repose, yet all the while attention is alert, and every spiritual power is eager and attuned. Such tingling strain, indeed, is rarely possible for long; and he who would follow up the spiritual quest is forced through langour of his mortal mould, to have recourse to fellowed human aids.

Again, just as one requires a weekly day of rest, so, too, does one require a workless month in twelve, that one may long endure both strenuous and fit. This annual four weeks' rest should be by law assured to all; indeed, the lower-pitched the grade of work, the more essential does this modicum of rest become. Here, also, studied thoroughness of change should be the note of those who would make holiday aright; change not alone of air and scenery and house, but change of dress and food and occupations too. The countryman, on the one hand, will betake him to a town, and there, in the gaiety and whirl, amid the restless lights and breathless bustle, he will soon be goaded out of that bovine stolidity which oftentimes is apt to drowse him when at home; yet after all he will return to fields or mountains with profound relief, and an abiding thankfulness that he for one, is not confined in that exuberant insane asylum which moderns call a city. The townsman, on the other hand, will just as gladly seize the chance of tasting for the nonce a simpler and a saner life. He seeks for recreation in the basal joys, the joys of Nature, Family, and God. He tries such new and plainer modes of living as perchance may prove adoptable in working life. He furbishes activities that are ignored in daily toil. He renovates his muscle by the joy of climbing, cycling, rowing, swimming, or (more gallant still) by pushing a perambulator. He whets his mind on mysteries of Nature: the stars, the rocks, the flowers, the ways of lower beasts, the whims and works of man in unfamiliar nooks; and withal he purifies his being by an ardent cult of Beauty, wheresoever it be found. Then, more important still, he softens and unbars his heart; for self-neglectful tenderness is far more feasible in leisured ease than in the hurry of his working stress. And in the family he finds the fit and fecund field for such devotion. At no time is evolvement of the weans more easy or more fruitful, and at no time more delightful; for in fostering and marking their exultant growth the parent may, in joyousness, renew his youth. But most of all, the holiday should be a season for the ripening of soul. Then, surely, where basks undeafened, in familiar touch with beauty, system, majesty, and peace, the soul can press more closely to the Highest, and can feel more often and more lastingly that blending bliss for which it craves as its chief good.

And, rounding all, beyond the varied rests of day and night and week and year, there comes the dwining rest of calm old age, a mellowed evening glory to be looked for, and prepared for, all one's days. For then, when freed from brute desire and business fag and family care, the higher powers beam forth triumphant, clouded not at all, though body may perchance be greyed and darkened and infirm. The mind, unmoored from fretting cables of responsibility, may now go voyaging afar, exploring all the joys of long-prepared-for travel; or, disengaged at last from whirring mechanisms of trade, it may, in green retirement, tend its long-loved hobbies peacefully and well. The heart, again, lies open more than ever to the love of kin, and quick to sympathize with all mankind; and, often, even primal joys of family are granted it once more, in hug of children's children, and more glowing and more dear because untainted now by any shade of anxious, lonely dread. But, chiefly are the joys of soul made pure and easy in

a sweet old age. For now the lifelong training in religion bears its ripest fruit; the soul has seen and known that all things work out well; and so, assured and thankful for the past, it rests assured and hopeful for the future; yea, rapt at times like Moses on the mount, it has its glimpses of the promised land; but oftener, like Moses in the tabernacle tent, it bows itself in adoration, and attains thereby, in ever fullness, bliss of intimate communion with its All, for the Lord doth speak unto it face to face, as man speaketh unto his friend.

MAXIM GORKY

L. H. DYER

WALKING sometimes carelessly along obscure paths in the country, amid surroundings that promise nothing uncommon, we suddenly stand upon a vantage ground that enables us to see grandeurs unsurpassed. The wistful faced violet, always dainty and beautiful, peers forth from its nestling place neighbored by rocks, dead wood and ancient moss. Nature affords us perpetual surprises.

From a thatch-roofed peasant's cottage, Burns appears. He was born to sing, and the skylark tutored him. Keats, one of the most inspired of singers, came forth from poverty—his father was a groom in a London stable.

Tolstoy tells us of a little peasant boy who wrote a story for him entitled "A Soldier's Wife," which is one of the most beautiful things in the Russian language. The lesson to be drawn from these facts is, don't rely too much on the artificial. Pedants cannot teach one to think deeply or write vitally. No professor of rhetoric ever wrote anything that is immortal. They are largely prosy men who love mechanical exactitude. Follow the prompting of your own heart, think for yourself, swim in the stream of your own nature.

Vast Russia, that country whose government is founded on injustice and absurdity, has lately had the great honor of being the place where an inspired man first saw the light. This man is Maxim Gorky, whose real name is Maximovitch Peshkov. In a rural district bordering the Volga, on March 14, 1869, Gorky was born. His parents were very poor, and when he was five years of age his father died; in a brief time after, his mother passed away.

Having lost his parents, he went to live with a grandfather, who was cruel to him. By the use of a prayer book, his grandfather taught him to read. While yet a small boy, he was bound out as an apprentice to a shoemaker; he ran away and went to work for a

maker of holy pictures (a manufacturer of images for worship). He went from the latter employment to work for a baker; the work here was very hard, and he received for his toil the meagre sum of $1.50 per month.

Gorky says when he was about fifteen years old he had a most profound hatred for all printed paper, and his first desire for learning was awakened in a vessel, where he was employed as a cook's helper. The cook gave him the use of the small library which he possessed, and thus was kindled his desire for knowledge.

Leaving the ship, he went to Kazan where he expected that learning was to be had gratis, but he soon found otherwise, and while there he earned his living by peddling apples, sawing wood and doing much heavy labor.

Having been in Kazan a brief time, he was summoned to his native place on the Volga to do military duty, but was not required to serve, as "tramps" were not wanted.

Sharp toothed chance has punished Gorky much. His early years were occupied in wandering. After his years of tramping he returned to the scenes of his youth, and began his first literary efforts, writing short sketches for the local papers. He had written but a few months when the leading critics of Russia proclaimed him one of the greatest writers of fiction. The younger spirits of the Empire hailed him with delight, and saw in him the successor of the great Tolstoy. The social environment from which Tolstoy sprang is the very antithesis of that from which Gorky came. The former came from a long lineage of aristocracy, the latter belongs to the sturdy peasant stock whose life is one of work and want.

"Foma Gordyeeff," Gorky's first long story, is a powerful narrative of the merchant class. With a realism at once vivid and poetical, he portrays the points of view of the rich tradesmen and lays bare their very thoughts. No better exposition of the power of environment to mould men can be found than in this novel.

Foma, the chief character of the story, is the son of a merchant prince—a man whose views of life are adjusted inflexibly to the standard of thrift. Most assiduously does he teach his son the methods that are effectual in gaining wealth. In the atmosphere of speculation, *finesse* and d i s h o n e s t y Foma's soul perished, literally starved, and thus with a dead soul he wandered miserable, dejected, aimless.

Gorky paints with the hand of true genius a life wrecked and wasted, not through vice, but through virtue. Warm impulses and a tender heart unfit one for business. Foma's life was offered up as sacrifice to the god of Commercialism.

The story has a charm of style that easily holds the reader under its spell. The pages are not overloaded with superfluous details. There are many passages of unsurpassed description, such as are possible alone to a man of poetic temperament. Gorky never becomes didactic, he never moralizes, but he portrays things in their true light, and the conclusions which are formed in the reader's mind come inevitably. The Englishmen and Americans of our day speak from the general culture of which they partake. Their individuality is overlaid and submerged in the cult to which they belong.

When a writer exhales the sentiments of the class to which he belongs,

his personality is lost and it is the sentiment of society at large that speaks. From this spirit no genius has ever spoken.

Gorky is exceptionally strong here. From his heart, and his heart alone, he speaks.

The warm, tender, brooding mind is his, and in this spirit he thinks.

In our time, when the social conscience is awakened to a degree never before known, when the master spirits of the age are concerned in bettering man's condition, and making brotherhood something more than mere sentiment which is unrelated to life, Gorky is gladly received. The peasant class of Russia have produced many men of rare genius, among whom are Menshikoff, the statesman, and Lomonosoff, the litterateur.

Gorky does not fill his pages with the extraneous; the vital and the essential are duly observed. He has histrionic gifts in an exceptional degree. The dramatic incidents move smoothly and with logical sequence. Regarding directness of plot and incident, I think he has no equal. All the bitter experiences of his eventful life are given forth in this wonderful narrative of "Foma Gordyeeff."

If I were asked to name a novel in which sound ethics were married to art in a degree as high as the latter novel, I should name "Resurrection."

WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT

REGINALD FENTON

WE who call ourselves 'Socialists' and understand something about the matter, say—and the facts all round us prove—that in the natural order of eternal evolution, the current environment of politics and economics which arbitrarily governs the distribution of the good things and necessaries of everyone's daily life, has become rotten all through and grossly unfair to the large majority.

We say that the deepest intuitions of mankind in all past ages—intuitions which concreted themselves into systems of religion—have led the human mind to expect the evolution of a system of practical arrangements of mutual-relationships, which will be just and fair to all alike and will bring happiness and plenty to the great majority.

We say that the modern Socialistic concept is just such a system of just and practical arrangements of social order. We say that this—the Socialistic System—a system of orderly, law-sanctioned politico-economics, ought

to supercede the existing wrong and illogical state of things; and, therefore, our undisguised object, for which we urge the propaganda of "Socialism," is to destroy the present wrong, though "legalized" system, root and branch, and to establish as the positive civil law of the nation, the politics and economics of the Socialistic Concept.

What then is the Socialistic Concept?

It is a scheme of political, economic and moral order, for the prescription and regulation of the inter-relationships of the nations, the families, and the individuals which make up the comity which we call Civilized Society on this planet.

This scheme of organized co-relationship of each man with his fellow-men, is founded upon, and to every detail permeated by, the Divine Principle of the collective ownership and the co-ordinate operation for the production of things *to be used*, of *all* the *means* for the production, perfection, and distribution of all things healthfully necessary and sanely enjoyable for human comfort and to human happiness. This Divine Principle is perfectly codified and its specific mode of action is defined in the "perfect law of liberty," the law of Christ: "Love one another"—How?—"As I have loved you."

The Constitutional Prescript of Divine Order, its dominating Principle Societary Solidarity, is, when the ground has been cleared of the obstructing rubbish, to be detailed and particularized in organized Codes of Civil Law with their necessary executive institutions; each such code specifically adapted to the genius of the given racial part of the human family who will use it, but all such codes "generically" of the same intent and force.

But the work of the moment before our hands is the Propagation of the Gospel of the Social Concept—which is the real and true "Gospel of Christ." The immediately-to-be-obtained first-fruit of the knowledge of that gospel to be cultivated, is the manifestly logical and necessarily prior revolution to be effected, viz., the entire abolition from the arena of human action of the constitutional principles, the statutory civil sanctions, and the executive institutions of the existing moribund and corrupt political and economic "free-fight," so foolishly believed in by so many as a "system of society," to be made the best of. Therefore, although Socialism is, in the very highest and best sense, a "religious" movement, it is and must necessarily be in the fullest sense of the word a plain practical economico-political revolutionary "party," until the obstructing Capitalistic-Competitive politics and economics imposed upon society by the political "parties" whose members profit, or what is nearer the truth, insanely fancy that they profit, by our existing crazy and corrupt system of mutual legalized plunder.

Under these actually present and patently existent conditions which confront us, the lower functions of the Socialistic Concept must be diligently exercised before its higher powers can come into action. The "woman" must "sweep diligently the house" and find the "lost piece of silver," before she tries to establish the condition of joyful universal harmony of the Co-operative Commonwealth in action. The Socialist Party must bend all its energies of both "propagation" of knowledge to others and of self-conviction and rational understanding of the hope that is in him on the part of each would-be Socialist, in order to win, and rightly to exercise, *political control of the governmental machinery of these United States of America*, in order that the present crazy system of our political and economic law may be utterly abolished from the earth and the sane and righteous system of the Socialistic Concept may be established and administered.

GROWTH OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

MUNICIPAL Ownership is not Socialism, nor is it necessarily a fair sample of it. It is not even necessarily a benefit to the citizens as a whole, so long as other public utilities and the land and industries continue to be privately owned. Whatever benefit may accrue to the people in the way of reduced fares and better service is promptly absorbed by the landlords and capitalists in increased rents and prices. So that in cities where many of the public utilities are publicly owned, it is easily possible that the public employees may have better conditions, while the rest of the working class may be worse off than before.

Nevertheless every public service that is taken out of the hands of private individuals and run by the people collectively, is a step in the direction of perfecting the machinery for Socialism, a move toward the time when the land and the railroads and all the industries shall be operated at cost for the benefit of the whole people. It is, therefore, gratifying to see the spread of the public ownership idea, and the number of cities, both here and in Europe, that are putting it in practice.

While European cities, such as Glasgow, Berlin, Paris, Manchester and London, have led the way in Municipal Ownership, the United States is now rapidly falling into line.

The League of American Municipalities held a convention the 7th, 8th and 9th of last month at Baltimore, which was a very interesting one from a Socialist point of view. This League is an exceedingly public-spirited and progressive body; and while its general policy is to refrain from taking a decided stand for or against Municipal Ownership, its leaning is clearly shown by the program discussed at the aforesaid convention, as given in the Municipal Journal and Engineer:

"The advantages of Municipal Construction Over the Contract System" will be presented by Hon. James M. Head, Mayor of Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Head, since his advent as Mayor of Nashville, has accomplished wonders for that municipality. He has settled the gas controversy upon an extremely favorable basis, the rates being fixed at $1.00 per thousand feet, five per cent. of the gross receipts being paid to the city. The complicated street railway controversy has, by his efforts, resulted in a settlement fully protecting the city's interests. Largely by his efforts, also, a municipal light plant has been installed, which has resulted in a material reduction in the price for electric light to private consumers, as well as a large saving in the cost of street lighting.

Hon. James A. Reed, Mayor of Kansas City, Mo., will discuss the general question of "Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities." Mayor Reed is a vigorous speaker, and is fully competent

to present this subject in a manner that will be extremely interesting. Largely through his efforts, the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of Kansas City, has recently made liberal concessions to the city, paying eight per cent. of its gross receipts in lieu of all other taxes. Kansas City has also recently secured a favorable rate for electric street lights. Under the terms of the settlement, hereafter, two thousand candle-power electric lamps, burning all and every night, will cost $65.00 per annum. The price previously paid was $110.00.

Hon. John Arbuthnot, Mayor of Winnipeg, Canada, will give a description of "The Operation of a Municipal Asphalt Plant," which was installed in his city largely through his efforts. Several municipalities in the United States repair asphalt paving independent of the contractor, and many municipalities are seriously contemplating the question of doing all such work directly by the municipality.

The discussion of "The Initiative and Referendum" will be led by Mr. George Shibley, Chairman National Federation for Majority Rule, Washington, D.C. The question of the referendum has come to be considered more than a mere theoretical reform. Its practical operation in San Francisco and Seattle, and its direct connection with the recent measure passed by the Illinois Legislature, providing for municipal ownership of Chicago's street railways, makes it a question of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Shibley has studied this question from the practical standpoint.

"The Labor Mayor" of Hartford, Conn., Hon. Ignatius A Sullivan, will lead in the discussion of the question, "Organized Labor and the Municipality." The election of Mayor Sullivan a little more than a year ago on an independent ticket, by the members of the union labor organizations of Hartford, attracted considerable attention. Mr. Sullivan is a bright speaker, and will handle this very pertinent question in an intelligent and interesting way.

Prof. Edward W. Bemis, who is so favorably known to the members of the League, has consented to present a paper on "Water Waste." Prof. Bemis is a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to the conduct of public utility plants, but since he has filled the important position of Superintendent of Water Works in Cleveland, O., for the past two years, under the administration of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, he will be enabled to give the experience of the practical man as well as the theorist.

There is no monopoly more objectionable to American municipalities than the Bell Telephone Company. While the formation of independent companies throughout the country has accomplished much to mitigate the evil, there is a growing belief that it will not be wholly overcome without the co-operation of all municipalities. For this reason the subject assigned to Mr. J. F. Hemenway, Secretary and Treasurer of the Ericsson Telephone Company—"Municipal Telephone Exchanges"—will be of more than usual interest to members of the League. Mr. Hemenway is well posted upon the subject and will give facts relative to municipal ownership of telephones in Europe and Great Britain and the progress in this direction in America."

* * *

Evansville, Ind., is to have a telephone service installed by the city, as the only effective and permanent way of breaking the grip of the present telephone monopoly. It is proposed to issue stock to the value of $390,000, of which the Department of Public Works of the city is to take and hold a majority, and provision is made that the controlling interest shall at no time in the future pass out of the hands of the municipality. Telephone service will be furnished, with long distance instrument, to business houses, at not more than four dollars per month, and

two dollars per month for residence service.

* * *

In London, Eng., the work of municipalizing telephones has been going on rapidly since 1899, previous to which time the National Telephone Company had had everything its own way. The municipalizing process, however, which resulted in concessions on the part of the National Teiephone Company, and now, on exclusive lines, a subscriber can obtain unlimited service at $85.00 a year, and for each additional line only $70.00 additional is charged. In New York unlimited service is not to be had for love or money. A stipulated number of calls is paid for, and every additional number is charged for extra. Yet the area of London is six hundred and ninety three square miles, while that of New York is three hundred and eight.

London is also to have municipal electric tramways, under the direction of the London County Council. This places London on a footing with the other large cities of England and the continent, in regard to its street railway service. While but a portion of the proposed traction scheme has been completed, it will be the entering wedge that will no doubt result in municipalizing all London railways. It is to be an underground system almost entirely, though in some sections the overhead trolley will be used with the permission of the borough councils.

* * *

The city of Nashville has just completed the first six months of its experience with municipal lighting and the superintendent reports that electric current has cost the city at the rate of 2.64 cents per kilowatt. Every expense, including interest, with the exception of the unestimated amount for depreciation, was reckoned in the cost. At the end of the next twelve months it will be possible to make even a better showing, as it is always conceded that the cost of operation of a plant for the first six months is greater than for subsequent periods. It is simply another instance to prove the practicability of a city's operating its own electric light plant. Before the plant was installed, however, the city began to profit from the undertaking, as the private company which had been previously serving the city was obliged, as in the case of the National Telephone Company of London, to cut its rates for street lighting and for incandescent lighting furnished to private consumers, as well as for power purposes. It is now selling current at the rate of five cents per kilowatt hour. Those cities which are paying from ten to twenty cents per kilowatt hour can have the same rate by following the example of Nashville.

* * *

In this connection the following in regard to Swiss government-owned railroads from Frank G. Carpenter, is of interest:

"I do not know that the railroads of Switzerland could be acquired by a trust, but they are certainly profitable. In 1900 they paid a net profit of over $11,000,000, and their travel is increasing every year. Only four years ago the Government decided to buy them, and the transfer of the lines from private parties to the state is now under way. The roads, including the tramways, have a length of about 2,500 miles.

"One of the nicest things of the Government railway system is its general season ticket or passes, which include all Switzerland. The railroad companies will sell you a ticket for two weeks, a month, a quarter, or a year,

which you can use for that time on all the railroads and steamboats in Switzerland. These tickets are sold at fixed prices, and they have to be ordered at least two hours before leaving time. You must furnish an unmounted photograph of yourself, which is pasted on the ticket.

"A two weeks' ticket over all the Swiss roads costs, according to class, from $7.50 to $11, and a monthly ticket from $10 to $20. If you travel third class the price is $10; second class, $14; or first class, $20. For three months the rates are $24, $34, and $48, and for the year, $60, $84, and $120. This means that for $120 you could start in on January 1 and keep travelling day and night on Swiss trains and steamboats, with the very best accomodations, until December 31, without extra charge. Such tickets are sold to anyone who asks for them."

M. H.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RESIGNATION

London, Sept. 18.

Joseph Chamberlain is the most astute politician in the short game in England, and I have no doubt but that his resignation from the Cabinet, which is announced in today's papers, is a carefully considered move, calculated to place himself ultimately at the head of the dominant political party. Strange to say, he made the mistake of over-rating the discontent in England. He thought the people were so disgusted with things as they are that he had only to unfurl the banner of protection when lo! all England would rush to his support.

He made the mistake a good many of our Socialists made. We saw that conditions were bad, and thought all we had to do was to point out a plan of relief in order to get every oppressed one to follow our lead. Both grievously mistaken. We Socialists not only were unable to get the people to follow our lead, but we even had great difficulty in making them admit that there was any necessity for change anyway.

So it is now with Chamberlain. Things are bad in England, it is true, but not especially bad, looking at them comparatively. As a matter of fact, times in England are comparatively very good—although the best nowadays in England is pretty bad.

But, anyway, times are not so bad that the English people are going to give up an old cherished fiscal policy—that of "free trade"—for any new-fangled "protection" without a very long time to think over it. However, times are not always going to be good. In fact, right now, the falling off of the domestic market for iron in the United States means that American iron is about to be thrown on the European market. The "dumping" process, as Mr. Chamberlain calls it, is about to begin.

Now this "dumping" of American surplus products upon the European market is bound to make times hard

here. The first and most natural effort will be to remove the apparent cause of distress, "the dumping," by the erection of tariff walls to prevent it. Chamberlain is a true prophet. He is a little ahead of his time. However, while undoubtedly there will be a sentiment aroused for protection by the flood of exports from the United States, yet it will soon be seen that a tariff will be utterly inadequate to meet the situation. A tariff will do England about as much good as an umbrella would in keeping a man dry under Niagara. The Niagara of exports from the United States will sweep irresistibly over any tariff wall that may be raised against it. We now export four hundred million dollars of manufactured goods. Our increased product of manufactured goods in the United States in the last twenty years is ten thousand million dollars. When times become dull in America, and they will be dull enough within the next two years, then we will be ready to increase our export of manufactured goods from the paltry four hundred million, which is now startling Europe as an "AMERICAN INVASION," to 4,000 millions. We can do this very easily, too. Twenty years ago our production of manufactured goods was 5,000 millions; today it is 15,000 millions. Of the increase of 10,000 millions, all of which is now used at home except the aforesaid 400 millions, we can easily get along with 6,000 millions when times are slack, as this would leave 11,000 millions, and yet have the other 4,000 millions for export. In other words, we will be ready and able to multiply our export of manufactured goods by ten. Where we today export 400 millions we may then be exporting 4,400 million dollars of manufactured goods. If any such event occurs on these lines or even approximating thereto, then Chamberlain's fear of a "dump" from America will be more than realized.

Chamberlain predicts a snowstorm—he will see an avalanche. The first sprinkling of the approaching storm may make people in England think him a true prophet. They may hail his protectionist proposals and return him to power with immense majorities, but it is unlikely that there will be trial enough for this, once it gets well started, and the inch-a-month of the slow glacier becomes the mile-a-minute of the rushing avalanche. The enormous exports from the United States, coincident with the cessation of importations of English goods, will cause an unemployed crisis of unheard-of proportions in England. It is not at all impossible that instead of Chamberlain riding to victory on his hobby-horse of protection, we may instead see Hyndman, the great English Socialist leader, come into the Premier's chair by a Niagara-like flood of Socialism.

Socialism must come in England as an answer to the crisis created by the immense exportation of goods from America cutting off not only England's home markets, but her foreign ones as well.

With no markets, England cannot employ her workmen. The only way she can possibly meet such a crisis is by adopting Socialism—by the assumption of the control of the machinery of production by the nation, and the distribution of the products under the co-operative plan to the English people.

Socialism is the logical and inevitable reply of England to the Dumping of America.

P. S.—New York, Oct. 9—Since the above was written, the news comes to

hand of the Duke of Devonshire's resignation from Mr. Balfour's Cabinet.

That the Duke, who has been a consistent free-trader all his life, did not resign at the same time the other free-trade Cabinet members resigned simultaneously with Mr. Chamberlain, was the talk of London when I left there a couple of weeks ago. That he did stay on then, and that he now resigns after everyone, including Mr. Balfour, had come to the conclusion that he had settled with his conscience, is a very extraordinary exhibition of the man who doesn't know his own mind. The sarcastic letter of Mr. Balfour in reply to the Duke is one of the best bits that have appeared in the literature of politics. It is difficult to see what is to be the outcome of all this mixed up state of affairs in England. There seems to be no possibility of getting a cabinet that will hold together.

It is a great opportunity for the Socialists, but it is unlikely that they will be in position to make much out of it.—H.G.W.

Professor Clark and Compulsory Arbitration

J. W. SUMMERS

PROF. J. B. CLARK, of the chair of Political Economy in Columbia University, appears in the December number, 1902, of the Political Science Quarterly, as the champion of "authoritative arbitration" as the remedy for the constantly recurrent strifes between capitalists and laborers. The professor claims to be the founder of a new school of economic thought, which is expounded in his ponderous volume, "The Distribution of Wealth." Needless to say, he is the latter-day prophet and apologist of the present capitalist industrial system.

I can only mention in passing his unconscious but terrible condemnation of that system. Throughout his article he constantly brands the present *wagery* because of its "quarrels, disputes and savage combats" between laborers and their employers; its strikes, producing "anarchy in production," suffering among the workers and to the "public;" scarcity of necessary articles, intolerable conditions of brutality, boycotts, brickbats and cudgels, "if not bombs and rifles;" interference with the rights of others, defiance of the authorities, causing "internal wars which rend society" and involving "an appalling amount of harm and danger;" a condition which the government can not 'tolerate', yet sees no way to stop, but continues to pursue "a wretched, compromising course, winking at the strikers," while trying to protect the

"scabs," but not to the extent of "making completely safe life and limb, family and property;" the winking and the non-protection thus tending to produce an "aristocracy of a part of the laborers" and a genuine, hopeless proletariat, living on the brink of starvation;" all these things causing "waste in production," and "positive danger and serious menace" to government "by the people"—such is the system under which you exist, ye free-born Americans!

This is not my indictment, nor have I any desire to darken the picture, if I could. Neither shall I deny the justness of it. No candid, open-minded man can. But abolish such "an intolerable condition" pervading the whole industrial and social system? No sir, just patch it! says the professor. Authoritative arbitration is just the thing!

And the professor is bound to say this because he holds that the present system is permanent and final—in fact, according to him the capitalist system has always existed and always will exist. So, then, no wonder that he wants to patch it only, no matter how threadbare the old garment may be. So, too, though it is practically intolerable, still it is not totally bad, but may be improved, if not made perfect, by the formation of "an arbitration court composed of laborers and employers," with jurisdiction to hear and decide all disputes between employed and employers. No matter how hopeless, however, we may think it is, the present system is inevitable and final, for "Nature and the cosmic forces assign to labor a general rate of pay." Furthermore, this rate so assigned is a "fair rate of wages and practically "hovers" around the present rate actually received by the laborers. Why do we need arbitration, then?

But after thus hitching us to the eternal stars and founding the present system of wagery on the "cosmic forces," he proceeds to justify his great patent remedy. "The people have a right to continuous service. In enforcing this right they must see that justice is done between employers and employed. They must not order employers to pay whatever the men demand, but they must see whether the men's demands are or are not just; and if the former proves true, the people's demand for continuous services becomes just also . . . When conciliation fails, arbitration alone can protect the people on the one hand and the contestants on the other. A resort to it should be required." He then contends that such a court would be honest and would decide fairly between the contestants, doing neither a "wrong to the employers nor to the employed." If, however, the laborers should think otherwise and will not abide by the decision, then this bouquet is thrown to them: "If the strikers demand more than is fair, announce a fair rate and let them have the option of taking it. If they reject this, open the field to any one who will come into it and work. Give to the incoming men the fullest protection that *police power backed at need by military power can give.*" Then there "will be no feeling that strikers should be allowed to claim what is unjust and still drive off their competitors!"

There is not a bit of doubt about that! But a professor ought not to use language without defining it, for what is the use of a professor else? What is this "public" he is so solicitous about? Obviously the "public" he means can

be no other than that comparatively small class in the large cities who use anthracite coal, when he speaks of the "public" demanding that the mines be run. And it will be found that in every instance in which he uses the word "public" he is referring only to a part of the great population that makes up the United States.

But Prof. Clark knows that this is not the real public. That was indicated quite clearly in his indictment of the present system. He showed us that the people of this country, as of every similar industrial nation, are broadly but sharply divided into two great classes, themselves divisible into various minor classes. On the one side is the working class, or proletariat, some of whom are in unions and are the advance guard of the struggle for better conditions and some of whom form that army of the unemployed or half-employed, who compose his proletariat always "living on the brink of starvation." On the other side stands the capitalist employing class, comparatively few in numbers, but strongly intrenched in power by superior knowledge and organization. This class is also made up of diverse elements, not always at peace, such as great capitalists, living entirely off the exploitation of labor, the small capitalists, living partly off small exploitation and partly off great capitalists for services rendered, and that large class of unproductive laborers, whose function it is to defend and apologize for the present system, and living off both the others.

Now, Prof. Clark also knows that the interests of these two great classes are absolutely antagonistic. This is latent in and tacitly admitted throughout the article, but Prof. Clark does not see that it plays the mischief with his remedy of "authoritative arbitration." Here are the laborers demanding more and more wages; there the owners of the machinery of production demanding more and more profits. And both wages and profits must come out of the products! So, in this grab-all game, how can you expect parties with such diverse interests to become reconciled? The fact itself is enough to show the futility of palliatives, such as profit-sharing, co-operatives, or voluntary or involuntary arbitration. The struggle between the two classes is chronic, as their interests are chronically antagonistic. Arbitration may work a truce in the "continuous warfare" and "savage combat" for a while, as in New Zealand; but the antagonism remains and will remain. The New Zealand experiment is fast proving its worthlessness, and both sides are tired of the arbitration method of solving their eternal dispute. Industrial development is fast reaching the stage it has in this country, and when it does, arbitration will be obsolete.

For we have passed the arbitration stage already without ever trying it, except sporadically. We have here the highest developed capitalist class, with "nothing to arbitrate" on one hand, and the workers, on the other, becoming more class-conscious every day and demanding with louder insistence the full product of their labor. This irrepressible conflict will not down. Prof. Clark's bromide of potash remedy will not cure this social headache, for the seat of the disease is deeper—the whole body is infected with the deadly virus of capitalism.

If then, the real public is what I have shown it to be, two classes with irreconable interests, neither side will be satisfied with arbitration, and they will not demand such a measure. It is only

Prof. Clark's "public" that is demanding arbitration, and this public is not a party to the contest at all. All it wants, for instance, is coal. The pitiable condition of the miners had existed for years, but the "public" cared nothing about that; it wanted coal. And when the men struck and coal got scarce, then the "public" raised a howl, in most instances demanding that the miners be compelled to mine coal, and if they would not, and would not let others do so, then "shoot them down" and argue afterwards. This was the demand of the small middle class of the capitalists. But its day is over, and only a university professor could be guilty of thrusting it forward and representing it as the public.

But I must hasten on to the gist of the professor's article, the pivotal argument on which rests his plea for "authoritative arbitration." And this rests on his theory of wages—the most curious and bizarre theory that it has been my misfortune to light on. If this theory is correct, he says, then arbitration is feasible, for then there is a right principle to guide the arbitration court. "There is a rule which affirms that, as compensation for labor, so much is right and more than this is wrong." "We may accept the fact that in the adjusting of wages Nature, in the main, has its way, and that cosmic forces assign to labor a general rate of pay. This rate depends on the productive contribution which labor makes to the income of society."

We may remark in passing that "cosmic forces" is a new name for the arbitrary will and political force of the employing class. But that aside, if Nature and these forces "assign" to labor a rate of pay equal to its contribution to the income of society, what more do we want? Labor's contribution is the whole product and if labor is to get that by the action of "cosmic forces," we can say nothing more.

And yet Prof. Clark disclaims this meaning. "The men in a mill do *not* get what they and the *mill* together produce, but under normal conditions (free competition!) they tend to get something approximating the part of that *joint* product which they may *fairly* regard as solely the fruit of their own labor. Actual wages vary now more and now less from this ideal standard, but *deep acting influences* cause them to *hover* about it. It is possible to show that if tribunals are rightly constituted, they will take account of the *natural laws of distribution* and that there is little danger that the rates of pay which they assign will vary more widely from the normal ones than do the *rates established* under present methods."

In the name of common sense, if Nature assigns the rate and if that rate is just about what present methods of "distribution" have established, why have an arbitration tribunal at all? The only explanation I can give for such profound reasoning is that it is a professor who is talking and a professor who is seeking a reason for safe-guarding the present capitalist system from which he derives his sustenance.

But to proceed. "The basis of the claim that a workman makes is the fact that his presence in the mill causes a certain increase in the output of it. If he were to leave the mill and the employer were to go on without him, there would be fewer goods made in a year. The work could go on with the original amount of capital and with one man less; but the product would be

less than it formerly was, and the reduction would be due entirely to the withdrawal of the labor. The amount of this reduction measures the productive power of one man's work. Restore this labor, and you add a like amount to the product, and in this case the addition to the product measures the amount that can be attributed to the restored labor alone. . . . . The productive power of a unit of labor determines the pay of a unit. That is the rule, and the conditions of the market are a rude means of testing and enforcing it."

But why quote further? The reader sees the doctrine of the professor. The quotations given represent the whole theory boiled down as it appears in his ponderous volume heretofore mentioned. The argument looks formidable, and this formidability has struck so many of his admirers that they have declared his position impregnable. Already what I am in the habit of calling the "sanctity of the fact" has consecrated the doctrine, and the capitalist class feels secure. But as a layman I venture to lay my profane hands on this sacred theory just to test its soundness.

The professor takes the following positions:

1. There is a natural law of wages, regulated by the "cosmic forces" and giving rise to an "ideal standard." Now *wages* is only another word for the *pay* received by the laborer for his labor. If "cosmic forces" regulate this pay, then is the wage-system a permanent finality in industrial economy. But this all looks to me like our old friend, "The-Poor-Ye-Have-Always-With-You," with a new face. They used to lay present day industrial misery on God; Prof. Clark puts it on "cosmic forces." Aside from the fact that all history contradicts the assumption of such finality, no matter what the forces behind it, the whole assertion amounts to this: Given the present industrial system with its private ownership of means of production, then cosmic forces, not the system itself, give an ideal standard of pay for labor, though present rates "hover" about that standard! That is, the ideal rate is just about the actual rate, which proves that the rate and the industrial system are regulated by the "cosmic forces!"

But passing on, if we know anything, it is that through the long travail of man there have been various industrial systems, which have had their day and have been succeeded by others. Cannibalism gave way to slavery, slavery to feudalism, and the latter to present day *wagery*. Each has declined and given place to its successor by reason of changes in the productive process, itself due to human experience under persistent spur of the anthropic forces of preservation manifested in hunger and love. Each phase was followed by its successor because of the greater *profitableness* of the latter. The slave and the serf had claims on their owners; the wagesman has none. He receives his wages and that is the end of the relationship. Thus it is to *profits* we must attribute the present system of production—just plain, everyday greed for more profits by the owners of the means of production. True, this is a cosmic force, but this is not what the professor means; but it is this force and no other that assigns the pay of the modern wagesman. But however assigned, since cosmic forces are becoming more and more subject to the will of man, the laborer feels sure

that wagery will pass away like its predecessors and give place to a system that will at least be different.

2. This ideal rate is determined by the productive power of labor alone and is equal to it, so that the actual rate "hovers" about the ideal. That is, the laborer not only deserves all that his labor produces, but actually in the main gets it! He would get it all the time, says the professor, but for certain "interferences and obstructions." I grant this with all my heart; but the hardihood of the assertion is only equaled by the lameness of the argument. No doubt, when industry was practically individual, without "interference," this rule would prevail. But there was "interference," due to the rapacity of men who wanted something for nothing and found it in the greater profit of robbing in preference to laboring. This "interference" gives the true origin of the four periods of industrial development from cannibalism to wagery.

But meantime division of labor and invention of machinery made production social, in one sense, and it became and still becomes increasingly difficult, if not impossible, to tell what part of the product is due to the productive power of any particular laborer; so that now we are compelled by the "consciousness of logical necessity" to say that the entire industrial product belongs to all the laborers. This is the logical and natural law of distribution or apportionment. And this would be the common practice today but for certain "interferences and obstructions." These consist in the fact that certain men come forward under what they call legal right and lay claim to the land and machinery as their own private property, and so demand tribute from the laborers, who must have access to these instruments of production. Deprived of this access, and being greater in number than the "interferers" need, there is keen competition among the laborers for jobs. Hence, too, their wages seem to be regulated by their competition, which may be called another cosmic force.

And as to his assertion that the actual rate of pay "hovers" close about the ideal, an appeal to experience and fact must be made. And the last census—bulletin 150—completely disproves it. For, if each laborer, as that bulletin says, produces an average of $2451 of wealth annually, and if each laborer receives only $437 of that product, then either Prof. Clark's assertion is not true, or capital is entitled to the lion's share indeed. If he has the hardihood to say that the remaining $2,014 are due to the "productive power of capital," which is the other asserted factor in production, which he must do if labor in fact gets practically all that it produces as wages today, then it will certainly take something more than an arbitration court to convince the laborers of the world of its truth. For the laborer knows that with all the capital in the world not a cent's worth of wealth could or would be produced without human labor. No amount of subtle argumentation can convince him otherwise.

3. And here we meet Prof. Clark on what he conceives to be his strongest ground. This is his assertion that the whole product is not due to labor alone, but partly to capital. I have shown the basic law of apportionment to be "the full product to its producer," whether individual or social. Prof. Clark says, "Very well, but labor does not produce it all; a very great part

is due to the productive power of capital."

This means that capital actually produces wealth. If that be so, then according to census bulletin 150 its productive power creates four-fifths of the total product. Now we know there has been an immense growth of capital (means of production) from the time when man had scarcely anything but his bare hands to the present wonderful accumulation. On the professor's principle the savage was certainly entitled to the whole product, because, then without capital, his labor produced it all. Today, with our great accumulation of capital and great production annually of $2,451 for each laborer, the laborer only gets one-fifth, because he only produces that much! Capital does the rest!

Granting this, it is conceivable—and every man would hail it with delight—that machinery of production (the real capital) will become so perfect that a few minutes, or at most an hour, will be all the actual labor required to produce even more than we are producing now. If only an hour were required, then on a basis of ten hours as a day's work, the laborer would be entitled to only one-tenth of what he gets now, if the product remained the same; that is, only $43.70! Capital would get the other part, or $2407.30! And if labor should ever come to the point of having no more to do in production than I have in winding my watch, which is at least conceivable, then labor would be entitled to nothing, capital to all! A theory that leads to such a logical absurdity is a "most lame and impotent conclusion" indeed!

Again, here is a savage who wants fish. Sticks and stones have proved insufficient to satisfy his hunger for fish. Even the hook and line, rude as they are, which he has invented after so long a time, fail him. But under the spur of necessity he finally learns to make and use a dug-out, with which he catches an abundance of fish. Suppose he averages three fishes a day. Prof. Clark would say that they were not produced by the man's labor alone, but partly by the boat; say, two fishes by the labor and one by the boat. But, singular to say, the man takes all three fishes and thinks no more about it. The professor, however, objects, "Your labor did not produce all those fishes, your capital—the boat—produced some." The savage could only reply, "You're crazy, I caught the fish and they're mine; I made the boat to help me catch them." If the professor persisted that this admission showed that the man's labor alone did not produce all the fish, and so only that part produced by his labor rightfully belonged to the savage, then the latter would be compelled to reply, if he followed the professor's logic, "Very well, the boat shall have one!" Let the professor rest satisfied.

And this brings us to the heart of the matter. Productivity of labor and capital (meaning by capital instruments of production) undoubtedly limits and fixes the *amount of the product*, but the two absurdities above show that it has nothing to do with the amount of wages, or of the product, which the laborers receive under the capitalist system. The professor's whole article contradicts his theory, since, if there is an ideal standard of wages which is approximately reached by wages now paid, and if this standard is the entire product due to labor, then the working class is asking more than it is entitled to, and so strikes ought not to be

arbitrated but suppressed, and the incoming men should have the "fullest protection that police power, backed at need by military power, can give." At least a plea for "authorative arbitration" becomes absurd under such circumstances.

For we are not dealing with abstract capital and labor, but with living capitalists and laborers. Hence if, after I have caught three fishes, you claim one, you have changed your argument. You have said that capital produced as much as one fish—I might be willing to leave one in the boat, but how do you lay claim to that fish? If you made the boat by your labor, use it and fish and take the product. If you did not, then do not claim any of my catch. I might concede you something, if, in fact, you have had a hand in making the boat, but as my labor was the real factor in catching the fish, you are certainly modest in demanding one-third. But you had nothing to do with making this boat, and you have done no labor in catching these fishes; therefore you shall have none. And even if you did have a hand in making the boat, I fail to see the justice of your demand for part of the catch, when you did not help, unless, indeed, you are incapacitated by youth, age or sickness.

Now, expanding the single fisherman into the modern working class, and the boat into the great mass of modern capital, the same argument is legitimate, only it is stronger. That class may well say to the capitalists: "You take four-fifths of the product made today under the pretence that that much is due to the productive power of capital used, which you claim as your own private property. But did you make all this capital by your labor? We have pretty long memories, and we do not remember ever seeing you strike a lick in actual productive labor. We are not talking about the superintendents and bosses; we are talking about you as capitalists; and we have never seen you doing anything but living like lords. Do you say you bought all these machines, these buildings, these railroads, these factories and coal mines? Where did you get the money to buy them with? Money is only the representative of labor products, which have been sold. Where did you get the products? You never work the machines you claim as your property—how did they become your property? If you say it represents your profits, what are profits? Don't you see you are begging the question by that answer? For you know, though your apologists, like the professor, pretend to deny it, that profits is only another name for unpaid labor. For according to you and your apologists, profits are not the result of labor, but are due the productivity of capital; the result of labor is wages. You do not labor, therefore you get no wages. But you do get profits? Why? Because you own the instruments which labor must use to create products? Then we are back where we started. Our labor made every product, and you know that all machinery in the world without our labor would not produce one single penny's worth. Nay, our very labor keeps the machinery itself alive, for we attend to it and keep it in good order, well oiled and cleaned and ready for use. Then it is by the mere legal fact that you own these machines that you take four-fifths of what we produce. You will have to prove your title by a better process than law before we can concede your right to your profits; for the law is, of all things that

exist, the one thing you have yourselves made. This is where your most strenuous labor has been exerted. But we fail to see the logic of your demand on us for the greater part of the product of our labor because of laws of property made entirely by yourselves.

"But if you should have the hardihood to say that you did by your labor aid in producing all this machinery of production, then come and take your share like the rest of us, when you have used it with us in carrying on production. We are willing that, in so far as any man has contributed by his labor, physical or mental, or both, or does now contribute to the production of the instruments of production, or of the product itself, he shall share with us according to the amount of labor which he has contributed, or shall contribute, in the consumption of the products of our mutual labor. Knowing that no man, or small class of men, did actually or could make the instruments of modern production, but that they are the result of the mutual labor of hundreds of laborers, past and present, we can not concede that any man has a right to draw more than he produces by his labor. Much less can we concede that he or his class shall demand the entire ownership of the means of production themselves, with the consequent right to deny us acess to them except on his own terms. Such claims produce an irreconcilable antagonism of interests and result in *wagery*, which is but another form of slavery. No; no man could produce by his own labor the one-thousandth of capital in a hundred life-times. Hence, we as the real producers will no longer concede this claim, but, instead, we will proceed to take to ourselves our own. You and your class shall no longer say when and how we shall labor with our own, nor shall you dictate to us how much of the product of our labor we shall have."

And with this, we must take leave of Prof. Clark. His apology will not do for the system he has so clearly shown up. His theory is lacking in logical consistency, his plea for arbitration is but a prayer for a little longer continuation of the system of industrial usurpation now in vogue. The time is not far distant when we shall dispense with the system of wagery and its capitalistic parasites; with its all work and one-fifth pay, with lucubrations by professors on patch-work remedies, and with idle prating about settling strikes on a basis of a "fair rate of wages."

Davidson, N. C.

TOMORROW'S SONG

A. HICKMOTT

Now let the music of the dream, the radiance of the morning star,
Bring strength and gladness unto those whose labor's greed and blindness mar;
The quickened seed a sapling grows,
The fluid thought resistless flows!

The new age triumphs through revolt against tradition sapless—sere,
Old time-worn fetters break and fall, as Science grows from year to year;
Held down no more by sophistry,
Truth rises high on pinions free!

The sun illumes the deepest vale, the fertile lands effulgent lie,
And upward floats the caroled joy unto the kindly stainless sky,
From all the children of the Earth,
Enrapt with life's augmented worth.

Now nature sends her choicest gifts, to bless the wise, far-seeing race,
That learning wisdom, seeking peace, fill Earth with gentle, boundless grace.
Now are all ancient terrors laid,
By ordered effort, mutual aid.

No longer, for a favored class, a stream of burdened life flows on,
The hideous strife, the squalid gloom, the man-made agony is gone;
The creeds of old are fabled song,
Sweet reason rules, and love is strong!

Rejoice! Rejoice! O Earth, at last thy children's eyes are bright as stars!
And puny cheeks no longer strive for murky air through prison bars;
But rosy laughter, void of care,
Chimes true to beauty everywhere.

Who brought the glorious, happy time? Who set man free? Who made him great?
Not they who lived for selfish ends, with mammon dwelt insatiate!
But they who loved, the faithful, they
Who dreamless sleep in common clay.

Not they who sat with folded arms, soft murm'ring to themselves the while
Cant phrases of a lip-worn creed; but they who bade the Wrong defile!
Who, toiling hard with might and main,
Strove godlike with the source of pain!

Rejoice! Rejoice! Your voices raise! Ye happy hearts that know the sun!
Rejoice o'er tyranny dethroned! Rejoice o'er great deeds nobly done!
The fulness of the Ages thine;
Glad rapture of long life divine!

Sevenoaks, Kent.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

ITALY

From Venice, the former residence of the new Pope, comes a report which shows the attitude of Pius X. to the labor movement. Some time ago, the women workers in the tobacco factory of Venice started a movement for an increase of their miserable wages. They formed a league and appealed to the trade unions in Milan, Turin and Florence for their co-operation. The managers heard of it. One fine day the Patriarch Sarto (the present Pope), surrounded by all the chief managers of the factory, appeared in the main work hall and gave a long sermon against the poison of Socialism and against the bold uprising of the discontented in opposition to the authority appointed by God. As the church prince finished his discourse, the managers wished to make a trial of the effect and ordered all the women who would not join the league to raise a hand. And then a wonder came to pass: not even a single hand was raised, and very quietly the honorable visitors retreated from the factory hall.

The People's New Free Stage Society of Berlin gave its first concert for this season, Sept. 13. Among the songs was one by the Italian Socialist poetess, Ada Negri.

HOLLAND

So many teachers in Holland have become Socialists that they have their own organization called "The Socialist Teachers' Union," and held their thirteenth annual convention at the close of last year. The Socialist teachers are now protesting against the discharge of one of their number. One of the leading Dutch comrades, S. Lindeman, a teacher in the Goverment Agricultural School in Wageningen, was discharged, Aug. 8, because he had worked as a speaker for the committee to oppose the compulsory laws.

DENMARK

The Socialists of Denmark have won municipal election victories in Aarhus, Randers, Silkeborg, Odense, Ryborg, Stakskow, Hobro, Horsens, and other cities. The officers elected are principally tax-commissioners, poor fund trustees, and city councilmen. In most places the Socialists had strictly party candidates and formed no alliance with the Liberals.

RUSSIA

The political prisoners in Russia complain of more severe treatment. The time for walks is shortened, conversation with relations is forbidden, and they are not allowed to write to the authorities. The Petrikau prison is so crowded that the Socialists are locked up with thieves. Sixteen and twenty persons are placed in cells large enough for only eight. The Jewish Socialists suffer the worst treatment.

GERMANY

As a drowning man grasps at a straw, so the small traders, threatened by large capital, try to save themselves by opposing the most modest reform in trade. Years of investigation of the 15, 16 and 17 hours' day in the retail

shops resulted in the introduction, on Oct. 1, 1900, of the 9 o'clock, p.m., closing of the shops.

At that time the small traders did their best to prevent the passage of that law, which is weakened by all kinds of exceptions and is often broken. The employees are now trying to obtain a shorter working day by an 8 o'clock, p.m., closing of the shops. Again, a part of the small traders who were glad when thousands of persons had their occupation taken away from them by a law limiting and forbidding street traffic, began to storm against the employees' efforts. A Federation of Shop-keepers was founded for the sole purpose of opposing the 8 o'clock closing of the shops. Those gentlemen can always speak in the employees' meetings, but in their meetings they arrogantly forbid the employees to speak, or exclude them.

The number of families in the German Empire is decreasing in comparison with the number of persons who do not marrry. The families decreased from 93.5 per cent. in 1871 (the foundation of the empire) to 93.4 per cent. in 1875, and went down to 92 per cent. in the year 1900. The number of unmarried persons increased during the same time from 6.1 per cent. in 1871 to 7.1 per cent. in 1900. This shows that it constantly becomes harder for the German people to earn enough to support families.

Paul Singer is receiving many Socialist congratulations on the conservatists' repeated declarations that they don't want him elected vice-president of Parliament.

NORWAY

Norwegian Socialists have elected five representatives in Parliament. Three of them are from the Tromsoe district in the far North, where most of the people are fishermen.

ENGLAND

The lack of American cotton is causing great want in Lancashire, the centre of the English textile industry. Many operatives are unemployed, and some are working only half days. Benefit societies are distributing food among the unemployed. In the schools children have fainted from hunger. The Lancashire workers are among the best organized and best paid in the world, but a few weeks' depression suffices to throw them into want.

The United Tinplate Manufacturers of South Wales, controlling four-fifths of the firms of that trade, locked out from 20,000 to 30,000 workers who wanted more wages. The workers have given up the struggle and accepted the old terms.

Mr. Frank Curzon, the controller of a number of London theatres, has arrived in New York to confer with Mr. Charles Frohman on the possibilities of an international theatre trust.

FRANCE

L'Action publishes an article showing how it has been possible for the big employer and capitalist, M. Viellard Migeon, who completely owns the villages of Grandvillars and Morvillars, to make for himself a despotism by means of which he can keep his employees in the most absolute state of subjection, mental as well as bodily, and even recently put him in the position to defy the Government. Everything is owned by him and he supplies all the needs, spiritual as well as bodily, of his workers, who must be good Catholics, etc., on pain of expulsion from house and home—which to workers who have been kept in ignorance is naturally more than ever terrible. It is satisfactory to note, however, that M. Viellard has now been suspended from his office as mayor. That does not, however, go far; the economic power remains.

THE POLITICAL SIDE OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA

One of the main reasons for the success of the Socialists in Germany is the splendid organization of their working forces, which they have been enlarging and perfecting for the last fifty years. So perfect is their organization that they are in a position to utilize every public occurrence that may point a moral in their favor, and meet every situation and turn it to the advantage of their movement. They form and guide and direct public sentiment.

In this country, on the contrary, the growth of socialist sentiment has been so phenomenal during the last few years that it has almost outrun the organization. There is more demand for organizers and lecturers in new fields than the national committee is at present prepared to meet. This is particularly noticeable in the South, a territory which up to the present time has been very little worked, and which, with little expenditure of effort, yields a bountiful return. Of the eight national organizers now in the field, working in new territory, four are in the South, and arrangements are being made to send out three more immediately.

In addition to these national organizers there are of course the state organizers in every state where the movement is strong enough to support them. Thirty states are already organized, some of them thoroughly and effectively; notably Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, California and Minnesota. This rapid increase of socialist sentiment is shown by the growth of the socialist vote from 97,730 in 1900 to 229,762 in 1902, and by the fact that in 1897 the first socialist official in this country was elected, while today there are over a hundred, including five mayors of cities and three representatives to the legislature.

The fall campaign is being waged with vigor in every part of the country.

Ohio keeps four speakers busy every night in the week and half a dozen others three or four nights a week. Father Hagerty, who is one of the strongest platform speakers in the movement, spoke four nights in succession to crowded houses in Dayton.

In Colorado six new locals were organized during the month. Ben Hanford, of New York, is to make a lecture tour of the state in November.

Massachusetts, the banner state for socialism, so far, is running John C. Chase, "the first Socialist Mayor in America," for governor, and Dr. John Quincy Adams, of Amesbury, for lieutenant-governor. It is fully expected that a socialist will be elected from the district which the late,

deeply-lamented Frederick O. MacCartney represented for four years. In many parts of the state the Democratic Party has been forced to take third place.

New Jersey is concentrating its energies on the industrial centres, on the principle that if they have a strong nucleus in these centres the movement will radiate naturally to all parts. The result is gratifying; one can literally see the movement grow.

Louisiana has a state ticket in the field for the first time.

In Kansas the farmers are in a receptive frame of mind. Wheat crops are impaired by rain, and corn late and hurt by frosts; and the price of cattle and hogs has fallen off 35 per cent. in the last six months. The wage laborers on farms and in mines and factories were never so alive to their condition as now. The small merchant is appalled by the inroads made upon his trade by the department store and the mail order house. And all are ready to listen to what the Socialists have to say, which is all that is necessary.

The State Convention of the American Federation of Labor, held at Worcester the first week in October, elected Patrick Mahoney, president of the Cigarmakers Union, who headed the Socialist ticket in the municipal elections in Boston last year, as delegate to the National Convention of the A.F. of L. which meets in Boston in November. Mahoney was elected by a large majority over his opponent, Frank K. Foster, the well-known anti-socialist, who represented the Gompers element in the State Federation. A significant fact is, that out of 140 delegates to this convention, sixty wore Socialist buttons.

EDITORIAL NOTES

CHAMBERLAIN FORESEES AN INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

GLASGOW, Oct. 7.—"I warn you that within two or three years you will have dumped here ten million tons of American iron and thousands of British workmen will lose employment, for the sole benefit of American manufacturers and American workmen.

"Agriculture in Great Britain is practically destroyed; the sugar trade has gone; the silk trade has gone; the iron and wool industries are threatened, and the same fate will come to the cotton trade."

The above are extracts from the most stirring portion of Mr. Chamberlain's second speech in his fiscal campaign, which he delivered tonight to a meeting of 4,000 persons in the town hall of Greenock, a seaport on the Clyde, twenty-two miles from this city.—Cable to the New York *Times*.

In the above, Mr. Chamberlain is distinctly within the realms of the concrete in stating precisely what is going to be dumped into England from America, and to what extent. His prediction is exactly in line with what this magazine has been predicting ever since it started, viz., that the surplus product of labor of the United States is accumulating so rapidly that it cannot be used here, and

must be thrown upon foreign nations, particularly England. Mr. Chamberlain is perfectly correct in his forecast, but his remedy, protection, is absurdly inadequate. A protective tariff can only prevent our surplus from going into England at the expense of England's export trade. If England cannot buy our machinery and iron as cheap as she does at present, it will militate against her so effectually in her export trade that she will find the remedy of protection worse than the disease of free trade.

It is significant that Chamberlain, the greatest statesman in England today, while so clearly foreseeing the inevitable consequence of overproduction in the United States and its effect upon England, is proposing a change in the fiscal policy of England so revolutionary that it is attracting world-wide attention; and yet, upon analysis, it will be seen that this most radical change is after all entirely inadequate to meet the situation.

The basis of overproduction lies in the competitive wage system, and, inasmuch as this system prevails in Europe as in America, a surplus of products is accumulating in both continents. It is impossible to conceive of any artificial barriers, in the way of local protective tariffs, being of any avail against the universal flood that is approaching.

THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF.

It's all well enough to have your mouth full when you know you can swallow your food. Uncle Sam may have a smile that will rub off very quickly as soon as he finds the day has come when he no longer can dispose of his surplus to Europe.

THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF.
—Driscoll in the Detroit Tribune.

That day is not so far off either and it is not because of any Joseph Chamberlain or his tariff policy that the event will occur. The cessation of domestic demand will create a surplus so great that Europe will be swamped and bankrupted by it.

JOY OF LIVING IN AMERICA.

The increase of suicide, indicated by recent statistics, is supposed to result from the habit of insurance. St. Louis heads the list. In fifty American cities last year 2,500 took their own lives. In ten years the rate has gone up from twelve per thousand to seventeen. In New York City since the Civil War the rate has risen from ten to twenty.

140 MILES AN HOUR PROMISED.

In October an electric train was run on one of the German Government railways at the rate of 125 4-5 miles per hour and 140 is promised shortly.

We have been hearing about how unenterprising we must all become when we give up private ownership, and

now some of our wiseacres are being put to it to explain how it is that slow old Germany with her state railways can beat up-to-date America with her private ownership of railways.

The New York World is very frank in the matter.

It is because our railways are not owned by the state and speed does not pay. This is the whole story. Private ownership means that railways are run not for service but for profit. When the people own the railways they run them primarily for transportation and quite secondarily for profit.

All over Europe I was struck with the superiority of the electric street car service over that in the United States. It is largely because of municipal ownership prevailing in Europe. The cars start without a jerk, are all clean and attractive looking, and are never overcrowded for no one is allowed to stand up inside. They do not work their roads there upon the Yerkes maxim that the "money is in the straps."

THE WALL STREET SLUMP.

The great slump in prices of stocks on Wall Street has this unique feature —it is the result of foreboding as to what may affect earnings in the future rather than a knowledge of anything that has already happened.

Our speculators are growing wise, probably from reading WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. Once they jumped only when they felt the club; now they jump when they see its shadow.

The club they fear is decreased earnings, and decreased earnings can only be the result of decreased demand. It is true that already there are evidences of a decrease in demand, but even such items as these which are taken from today's (Oct. 10) N. Y. Commercial, are insufficient to account for the famine among the speculators, were it not that they foreshadowed a general state of over-production now rapidly falling upon us.

Youngstown, Ohio, Oct. 9.—Acting under instructions from superior officers, the plant of the American Sheet Steel Co. at Struthers has been closed indefinitely, and the employes paid in full. The only statement made is that the volume of business is not sufficient.

However, the iron situation is already pretty well understood as being in a very critical state. Very little attention has been given to one of our greatest products—sugar—and the following becomes very pertinent.

Not only does it show that overproduction is menacing the sugar industry, but it also indicates the absolute necessity of the Trust taking in the Arbuckles and the "Beet Sugar" men, and effecting a complete monopoly of the production of sugar. Competition spells bankruptcy to the sugar refiner.

The sugar war of a year ago, when rival refineries were cutting each other's prices openly and privately in order to get rid of their excess production at the dull season of the year, is now being duplicated.

Three weeks ago Arbuckle Brothers made a cut of 5 points in the selling price of refined sugar. This cut was met by the American Sugar Refining Company, the National Sugar Refining Company, and other refineries. The Arbuckles then made another cut of 5 points, which also was met, and successive cuts, with the Arbuckles taking the initiative, brought the price down 20 points to 4.60, less 1 per cent. This is the lowest price at which refined sugar has sold since April.

The margin between raw and refined sugars now is only 70 cents a hundred pounds, or barely more than enough to pay for the cost of refining. The refiner's profit, therefore, is proportionately small. Under normal conditions this is the dull season of the year. Attracted by the unusually low price of sugar the grocers during the past two or three days have been buying heavily, and a great volume of buying orders came in yesterday from all parts of the country. All the refiners are now selling on the same basis. The Arbuckles followed the other refiners in extending the time of delivery to thirty days.

Prominent sugar interests agree that the situation is due to an excess production, a dull market, and the scramble of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans refiners to get what business there is. In addition to the rivalry between the Arbuckles, on the one hand, and the American and National Companies, on the other, the refiners as a whole are obliged to compete for business against the beet-sugar interests, who are now becoming very active and whose prices are 10 points below those of the other refiners.

While agreeing as to the cause of the present situation, sugar men disagree as to its effects and results. James H. Post, President of the National Sugar Refining Company, in which the Mollenhauers and Howells are interested, and which works on an understanding with the so-called sugar trust, is not confident that the unsettled situation will improve.

"Refiners cannot pay dividends," he said, "on the present margin between raw and refined, which is now about 67 cents net. We are getting a great amount of business, it is true, but we don't want it on that basis. Today, for instance, we are having too much business. There is too much production. I don't think that the prices of refined will go up soon, as everybody is expecting that the prices of raw sugar will go lower."

But it is not only the manufacturers that are feeling the effect of over-production and the consequent slump in price. Here is an item for Mr. W. J. Bryan and other Nebraska farmers to ponder over:

Lincoln, Oct. 9.—Four and a half million dollars is the sum estimated by the state agricultural statistician as the loss sustained by farmers of Nebraska during the past four days by the slump in the price of hogs.

Beef has already had its slump, and when wheat comes along with its little slump, we may then look for the American farmer to vote for Socialism.

A REPUBLICAN PAPER ON MR. PAYNE.

Mr. Payne has the courage of his folly. He would probably make a brave prizefighter, if he were strong enough. He was a successful lobbyist, and doubtless a bold and faithful one. Unhappily for him, he is in the wrong place. He treats the American conscience with a scorn which would be "intolerable in God Almighty to a black beetle." But, as the coiner of that phrase remarked, "we are vetebrate animals, we are mammalia!" Really, we can not stand the tone of Mr. Payne. He explains the removal of a postmistress on the ground that she is "personally and politically obnoxious to United States Senator Allee." Mr. Allee is the tool of the notorious Addicks of Delaware. Mr. Payne really ought to be embalmed and sent down to posterity to repose in a museum by the side of Governor Pennypacker, a much superior man afflicted with the same genius for imbecile speech. Mr. Payne is also quoted in an interview: "That's all there was to it. It was done in strict accordance with the agreement made between the factions in Delaware that one was to have the control of the patronage in one part of the State, and the other faction in another. That is all I have to say." That is enough to say. If Mr. Payne holds his place as moral clown in the Roosevelt circus, the President must be tightly bound by some agreement not confided to the public. Was he a party to the factional bargain referred to so blithely by Mr. Payne? If so, he doubtless preferred to keep it secret, and the Postmaster-General's usefulness as an electioneering agent must be past. —*Harper's Weekly.*

BOOK REVIEWS

JOHN COUNSELLOR'S EVOLUTION.—Published by the John Counsellor Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. $2.00.

John Counsellor's Evolution conveys, in the form of a romance of the Civil War, a strong indictment of the existing social system, together with a striking illustration of the benefits which could be derived from direct legislation. Aside from its political bearing, the story has many points of great dramatic power, and will be of interest to students of history as well as to lovers of romance, as it is founded upon facts. The author is very evidently conversant with the life which he depicts.

The book is also a strongly-worded appeal to those who look to the Christian religion as the means of the regeneration of mankind.—H.G.W.

LIFE AND LABOR OF THE PEOPLE IN LONDON.—By Charles Booth. Final Volume: Notes on Social Influences and Conclusion. London: Macmillan & Co. 1903.

We recently noticed with care and at length the remarkable series of volumes in which Mr. Charles Booth dealt with Religious Influences in London.

Dealing with the contents of the volume in order, Part I contains comparisons based on the census of 1891 and that of 1901, both of which came during the inquiry. During this decade the population is found to have increased 7.3 per cent., but the number of occupied tenements increased 8.7 per cent., showing that the terrible and manifold evils of overcrowding have been abated. One-room tenements have decreased from 172,502 to 149,524, or 14 per cent., while two-room, three-room, and four-room tenements have increased 16, 18, and 21 per cent. respectively. So, too, the abomination of single rooms containing four or more occupants (up to twelve or more!) has decreased from 27,617 to 17,082. Poverty and crowding do not necessarily co-exist in every locality, but taking the whole metropolis, they are remarkably parallel, 30.7 living in poverty and 69.3 in comfort, while 31.5 are crowded and 68.5 not crowded. When districts North and South of the Thames that are very similar in social and industrial conditions are compared, a law seems to emerge that crowding is a Northern and poverty a Southern characteristic. Further thought is evoked by the difference between the environment and the consequent possibilities of full life suggested by the comparison of Shoreditch with 57 per cent. of crowding and 48 of poverty, and Southwark with 54 of crowding and 52 of poverty against the 7 per cent. of crowding and 16 per cent. of poverty in Streatham, or even 16 of crowding and 14 of poverty in Hampstead.

The next statistical revelation is that both birth-rate and death-rate are high in proportion to the degree of poverty and crowding. Thus what is practically Southwark (though by the Registrar-General's nomenclature of districts called Waterloo and St. Saviour's) is first in order of poverty, second in order of death-rate, and third as to overcrowding and as to birth-rate of the fifty divisions, while, at the other end of the table, Brompton is 50th (*i.e.*, lowest) in poverty, in birth-rate and in death-rate, and only 46th in crowding. The table of districts arranged in order of social condition throws a light on the popular idea that poverty and evil conditions exist mainly in the East-end. Taking the 25 worst districts, according to Mr. Booth's tests, seven of them are in East London and eight in South London.

The amazing fluctuation of birth-rate, from 43.3 to 13.5 per 1,000, is strictly a matter of class; and the lower the class the earlier the marriage, and the larger the family, is a canon that makes not for national prosperity, although it is balanced by the fact that in the same class infantile mortality is highest, and highly preventible mortality is the balance-weight which approximately levels the natural rate of increase over the bulk of the population. That increased sanitation will diminish the death-rate, especially among the poor, is as certain as that it has already done so; but whether it will also diminish the birth-rate (as Mr. Booth thinks) and thereby work against an undue increase of the poorest classes is a doubtful matter. Comparisons, to be fully useful, must be between the present and the past, and each decennial census affords an opportunity; but it must also be between locality and locality. And here comes in the value of Mr. Rowntree's researches into the social condition of York, with his most disquieting conclusion that not only a large proportion of the population are ill-nourished to the point of being inefficient, but also that for very many of these nothing else is possible while the pay of the unskilled and the cost of food remain what they are.

Part II gives remarks on some habits of the people—marriage, recreation, betting, drinking, clubs, and so forth. Marriage is still the rule, but non-legalized cohabitation has become more common in maturer years. Girls are not what they were because mothers are not what they were. Immoral relations before marriage are common, and in many districts usual, though generally issuing in marriage, and being often the excuse for extremely premature weddings. —London Church Times.

ANNE CARMEL.—By Gwendolen Overton. MacMillan & Co., N.Y. $1.50.

Miss Overton presents in this a tale of French-Canadian life somewhat after the style of Sir Gilbert Parker. If one is to judge of her estimate of human nature by the characters she portrays it must be a very low one, for not one is without serious blemish.

THE QUATRAINS OF ABU'L-ALA. Selected and Translated by Ameen F. Rehani. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

The quatrains are culled from the two Divans that Abu'l-Ala has left to a world that has wilfully ignored him for nine hundred years—wilfully, because, according to Ameen F. Rehani, his first translator, he was neglected by Mohammedan writers for being "a liberal thinker, a trenchant writer, a free, candid and honest man." In his own time, however, he was honored and famous, called Abu'l-Ala, which means the Father of the Sublime, and held in the light of a Lucretius and Diogenes.

The quatrains belong to that school of didactic poetry which masquerades in the lyric form. With Abu'l-Ala the masquerade is not too successful. He is to Persian literature not a Shelley such as Omar Kahyyam was, but rather an aphoristic Pope.

The quatrains are metrical expositions of the ideas of birth and death and deity. Whatever more they may be is lost in the translation. "It happened that during the past years I have composed these poems," says Abu'l-Ala, "and in them I have abided strictly by the true and the real," and it may be added that he approached the true and the real as a sectarian rather than as a poet. Pessimism was his creed; and skepticism of what was taught by monk, sheik and rabbi his unwavering attitude:

The warp and woof of life are woe and gloom;
The cup is bitter, endless pain the doom;
Strange then that he should weave, that he should drink,
Who knows well how to smash both cup and loom!

And again with great poetic charm, and of another matter:

The door of Certainty we can't unlock,
But we can knock and guess, and guess and knock;
Night quickly carries us upon its Sail,
Ship-like, but where, O Night-Ship, is thy dock?

The Father of the Sublime questioned the gods about life, and was importunate. He, too would "remould the world nearer the heart's desire." He too, wept that "time is on the wing:"

Farewell, my day! Thy light will never dawn
Upon this sightless face, once thou art gone.

How well the sturdier philosophy of Robert Louis Stevenson tutors these critics of life: "Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall" he says in Aes Triplex, "a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium where we wait our turn, and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit or pule in little atheistic poetry-books about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible—that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind."

But we must not hold the translator responsible for Abu'l-Ala's philosophy. Rather let us congratulate him on his choice of subject, as well as the merit of his work.

ANNA STRUNSKY.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find cheque in payment for the magazine you have been sending me. It certainly is too good to get for nothing.

I. K. FRIEDMAN.

Although there are not many neighbors in this locality, I will do my best to push your magazine. I may possibly get some subscribers in the "Old Country." F. J. KENNEDY.

Snohomish, Wash., Sept 17, 1903.

Your magazine is the best one published in the cause of Socialism in the United States today, even if Madden did drive you out of the country to Canada. Why does not our strenuous President investigate the charges you have made in your magazine in regard to the rulings of the post-office department in excluding it from the mails? JOHN W. MILLER.

Why?—H. G. W.

The Fairbanks Fairy Calendar, one of the most beautiful of the annual artistic creations, is more beautiful than ever this season. The 1904 calendar is now ready and offered free by the N. K. Fairbanks Co., Dept. 138, Chicago, Ill., on receipt of ten oval box fronts from Fairy Soap or for twenty-five cents in stamps. The calendar consists of seven sheets, size 10x12¾, without advertising matter; each sheet composed of a beautiful female head, framed in imitation burnt leather. The pictures are in twelve colors, fitted with a muslin hanger. We have seen calendars not nearly so artistic offered at retail for $1.00 to $1.50.

Hiteman, Ia., Aug. 11, 1903.

I have failed to receive my magazine for August, and as the other subscribers have received theirs, I think you must have made an error. Please send it at once, because I want it as bad as I want my supper. JNO. N. SMITH.

Uplands, Ont., Canada, Sept. 26, 1903.

Have decided that I cannot get along without Wilshire's Magazine. It certainly teaches the true religion of the day.

Kindly let me know your terms of subscription, and any special rates, etc.

J. E. BIRDSALL.

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 15, 1903.

I have eight subscribers for Wilshire's Magazine. I am a little girl and thought I would help the cause along and aid you in getting your two hundred thousand subscribers.

INEZ BALDRIDGE.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 12, 1903.

Am a subscriber to your very excellent magazine, but did not receive copy of the July number, so borrowed one from my neighbor.

Can't get along without it, so please see that I get the August number, sent to the following address, and oblige. EDWIN H. MERRILL.

Bay City, Mich., Sept. 13, 1903.

Find enclosed money order for five dollars, for which send me ten subscription cards. I am going to stir up the old sleepy heads, and Wilshire's is the thing that can do it.

R. J. EGER.

Flint, Ala., Sept. 29, 1903.

I have changed my address from Box 93, New Decatur, Ala., to Flint, Ala. I missed last month's issue, and it makes me feel like a fish out of water when the magazine fails to come. FRED. A. GENATY.

Ontario, Calif., Sept. 10, 1903.

Find P. O. money order for $1.00 enclosed in renewal of my subscription for the ensuing year, beginning with October number, and for new subscription for Ralph J. Cornelius, Ontario, Cal. We look forward with anticipation for arrival each month of "Wilshire's."

CHAS. W. GRABER.

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347 Spruce St., Reading, Pa.,
Sept. 12, 1903.

Enclosed please find two subscription cards for renewals. Can't get along without Wilshire's, and notice that my sub. expires with the present issue, which I received yesterday. Don't want to miss any, so send in time. Your magazine is certainly high-grade, and worthy of a large circulation.

Wishing you success in your efforts to hasten the spread of knowledge of the real civilization, and assuring you of my esteem, I am, sincerely,

ROBERT B. RIBGLER.

[Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 25, 1903.

I consider Wilshire's Magazine the most scholarly Socialist periodical published. It is free from that appeal to passion and sensational rot that is so prevalent among some of the papers. I am a Socialist and an editor. There is more or less rot in everything. I am in favor of cutting out the rotten in all literature. It is sure to breed its kind. Success to Wilshire's Magazine. It is a magazine that one need not be ashamed to offer to a friend, and its arguments are not disgusting to the man who is a beginner in reading Socialist literature.

M. A. CROMWELL, Ed. Commonwealth.

We call the attention of readers to the attractive articles advertised in this issue. In purchasing for holidays or other purposes, good goods and satisfactory treatment may be depended upon when dealing with our advertisers. The success of our work rests largely upon the patronage of advertisers, and for the good of the cause we trust that readers will look over the advertising pages carefully, dealing with our advertisers when requiring the goods offered, not failing to mention when communicating with them the fact that the advertisement was seen in WILSHIRE'S. There is a large array of useful articles, aids to domestic economy and comfort, including such articles as The New Era Radiator, manufactured by the Wilmot Castle Co., water stills for the purpose of insuring perfectly wholesome drinking water, ten pins and billiard tables for home amusements; pianos and organs offered on easy terms to our readers; fountain pens and many other satisfactory Christmas gifts, jewelery, toilet articles; most excellent and valuable books, offered upon plans that make it possible for anyone to extend their library and have the benefit of splendid works of reference; also educational institutions offering opportunities for educational improvement at home. We do not publish advertisements of whisky or whisky cures, drug cures, flesh reduced, consumption remedies, cancer remedies, or advertisements that are believed to be other than first class in every particular, notwithstanding the fact that in doing this we refuse several thousand dollars' worth of business every month, much as the money may be desired to help along the great cause we are endeavoring to encourage; to be consistent, what assistance we receive in this respect must be clean money.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

Mrs. Cudahy—They tell me Mike has lost his job, Mrs. Cassidy.

Mrs. Cassidy—Not exactly lost it, Mrs. Cudahy. They'll take him back, I think. He's just sort of mislaid it for the time bein', as y' might say.—Ex.

He who has most of heart
Knows most of sorrow.
—Bailey.

Have you not heard how it has gone with many a cause before now—first, few men heed it; next, most men contemn it; lastly, all men accept it—and the cause is won?—Morris.

Socialism says: The well-being of your enemy is necessary to your own well-being; his downfall must be yours, for the life that is in him is in you, and both belong to the mysterious force moulding matter to an unknown beauty andperfection.—Kenworthy.

Lending a Hand.—Professor: "We will now read a chapter in concord."

Pupil, (whispering to seat-mate): "Tell me quick, is 'Concord' in the Old or New Testament?"—Brooklyn Life.

A Brooklyn female postal employee snapped a rubber band around ten $50 bills, and her pet dog snapped the roll in a trice and swallowed it. Even the dogs around post offices are acquiring the habit.—The Atlanta Constitution.

Missionary.—Our situation was so remote that for a whole year my wife never saw a white face but my own.

Sympathetic Young Woman.—Oh, poor thing!—Ex.

Joaquin Miller's Few Remarks.

It is said that Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras," is a master of picturesque language, even in ordinary conversation. Thereby hangs a story told by Mr. Edward J. Livernash, an American man of letters:

"All the members of our party were fond of coffee, and when one day the strainer was missing, instead of undertaking a twenty-mile trip over ice and snow to the nearest store where a coffee strainer could be bought, I took a new tin cup, and riddled the bottom of it with the point of an awl. This served, or would have served the purpose admirably, but for a seriotragic accident. Our whole supply of liquor was reduced to about a gill of wine. By common consent this was set apart as the poet's, who, as the oldest member of the party and the most renowned, was to have first consideration. Mr. Miller appreciated the honor, but determined that so precious a draught should not be quaffed until a fitting occasion warranted it.

"One evening—it chanced to be the same day that I had, unknown to my comrades, improvised the coffee strainer—there rode up to our door a young and strikingly handsome woman mounted on a good horse. She afterwards gained fame and fortune as a mining woman, but at this time was a comparative stranger to us. The poet was visibly impressed. The background of ice and snow, the setting sun, the lone and radiant horsewoman, flushed by her ride, all stimulated his chivalry and his love of the beautiful and unique. 'This is the time, if ever, for the drinking of that last drop of wine,' said he; 'here, in the ends of the earth, with the sun leaving us to the darkness of an illimitable desolation, a woman appears to remind us that there is hope, life and beauty in the world.' 'Madam,' continued the poet, with vast dignity, holding in one hand the luckless tin cup that I had punctured and in the other the bottle with its final contents, 'I pour a libation, and I drink to your health and happiness.'

"So saying, he upturned the bottle, looking away from the horsewoman just long enough to make certain that there was no slip between the bottle and the cup. Then, as the wine began to flow, he turned his eyes again to the young lady, and, while the precious beverage trickled through the punctured tin cup to the porous tundra, the 'poet of the Sierras,' all unconscious of his loss, gave utterance to an eloquent apostrophe, which included in its picturesque rhetoric the charms of woman, the glories of Nature, and the potency of wine. At the climax he raised the cup to his lips, and tipped back his head. The strainer was, of course, absolutely empty. The poet gazed at the perforated bottom, and then, as the truth of the catastrophe flashed upon him, he forgot all about the feminine charms and natural scenery, and broke forth into a volume of objurgation startling even to men accustomed to the strenuous vocabulary of the frontier. It was not profanity, but rather a poem of passion. As it was not recorded, a masterpiece of invective was lost to the world. At the first volley of the poet's ricochetting adjectives the young woman fled."

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Christmas,

THE TOY

—AND—

THE MAN

By Upton Sinclair

1903

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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

Wilshire's Magazine

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

December, 1903

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MORELLI'S MADONNA

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 65 TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1903 50 Cents a Year

WHITE COLLARS AND A YELLOW PRESS

TO those not behind the scenes the editorial course of the Hearst papers seems absolutely without reason. One day they favor one thing and the next day the opposite. One day they advocate the destruction of the Trusts, and the next day the national ownership of the Trusts. All of which is very confusing. But when one remembers that in order to make a great paper successful it is necessary to have the backing of one of the great political parties, a light is thrown upon the mystery. Mr. Hearst is shrewd enough to know that the current of public opinion in this country is rapidly setting toward public ownership not only of municipal utilities but also of railways and Trusts. He also knows that there are millions of people in this country who favor this, without realizing that it is socialistic, or that it tends toward socialism. He would catch this class of ignorant readers for his newspapers, and he would have them believe that he is the chief and only exponent of such views. If he should let them know that the platform he stands on, in this particular, is practically the same as that of the socialists, he fears not only the connection of his name with socialism, but also that he would not get full credit for originating the views presented in his editorial columns.

The Socialist Party is a comparatively small one, and obscure as yet, and for Hearst to wind up his socialist editorials with the advice that his readers should vote the socialist ticket would undoubtedly alienate from him the support of a great many Democratic followers and would certainly be entirely inconsistent with his program of being the next Democratic nominee for president. It is, therefore, clear that Hearst is perfectly logical in his apparently illogical course of glorifying theoretical socialism but damning socialists, who propose to put it in practice.

The following editorial taken from the New York Journal of September 18, is a striking corroboration of the foregoing:

The Social Democratic Party in Germany is a powerful and splendid proof of German courage and independence.

In the face of government oppression, in the face of military oppression, in the

face of aristocratic pretentions and snubs and sneers, in the face of clerical oppression—the Social Democrats of Germany have built themselves into the greatest political party in the land, three millions of earnest, unselfish, thinking men. This great body of the actual common people can be looked upon only with respect and reverence here in America, where all our sympathies must be with the class that fights imperialism.

The leading Social Democrats of Germany are great men and educated men. Herr Bebel, Herr von Wollman and the other leaders are men of unselfish devotion, and at the same time of earnest thought and thorough education.

The future of Germany is in their hands. They will solve the military and all other German questions. In the meantime the army, pride of the Emperor's heart, is manufacturing social democrats every day, catching the peasant boy, awkward and ungainly, in his country village, kicking him and cuffing him simultaneously into a trained soldier and a social democrat who hates the laws that cuffed him.

We wish today to speak of the statement made by an American socialist at the Germans' socialistic congress at Dresden.

This individual, alleged to represent the United States socialists, declared that a socialistic crisis would come first in America, that *the development of the trusts would bring about socialism in this country.*

We cannot express for the American Socialist Party the same admiration as we feel for the Social Democrats of Germany.

The German Social Democrat is a serious, earnest man, protesting against imperialism, militarism, special privileges for the noble, special oppressions for the people.

What he asks for, any decent American citizen would ask for, if he lived in Germany.

The American Socialist is, with honorable exceptions, not to be classed with the Social Democrat of Germany.

He is a man who often expresses a social dissatisfaction based upon personal failure. He is very apt to be loud rather than profound. He is as a rule not an educated man, and his demands and urgings are based too often on ignorance.

The statement that the trusts in the United States will bring about socialism in the United States is ignorant; it shows a lack of understanding of today's problems.

Socialism properly understood ought to mean the betterment of social conditions.

If socialism be defined as the improvement of social conditions then, of course, every good citizen is a socialist. For every good citizen knows that social conditions ought to be better.

Admitting such a definition of socialism, it may truthfully be said that the trusts will bring about socialism; that is to say, better social conditions.

We believe that industry among human beings is destined to pass through three phases—the phases of competition, of organization, of emulation.

Civilization has spent thousands of years in the competitive system. Out of a hundred business men ninety-nine have failed—one hundred business enterprises have landed ninety-nine men with broken hearts, broken hopes, and one man with money in his pocket and a broken digestion.

Competition encouraged the merchant to sell adulterated goods, bogus goods, worthless goods. It encouraged him to pay his employes as little as he could in order to compete with others who hired employes, and to charge his customers as much as he could.

The competitive system is now dying a slow death.

Already the system of organization has arrived, and the trusts represent this system.

It is crude and selfish, it takes for a few big organized pirates the enormous sums that used to be distributed among a great many little competitive pirates.

But organization, even under trust management, is a step in the right direction.

The trust that is combining the nation's industries into a few companies paves the way certainly and surely for national ownership.

When one man, or half a dozen men, shall own all the railroads of the United States there will be an interference by the people sooner or later. When one man, or a few men, shall own all the steel mills, all the coal mines and all the oil wells, all the street car lines—there will be interference by the people sooner or later.

When it is clearly proved that one man, or a few men, can run the business of a nation, that the much vaunted competition is not the life of trade but an indication of savagery, then the people will say to the one man, or the few men, "We, the people, will own the business of the people, and not you, an individual."

In pursuance of his policy of not mentioning the names of socialists any more than is absolutely necessary, it will be noticed in the first place that Hearst alludes to the editor of this paper, who happened to be the American delegate at the convention referred to, as "this individual." In the cablegram from Germany, upon which the editorial was based, published in another column of the same issue, however, he was forced to allow the name Wilshire to appear.

He says that the American socialists are not good enough to be classed with the socialists of Germany. Whatever Mr. Hearst may say, it is certain that the German socialists themselves accept us American socialists as equals, as brothers, and are only too glad to seat us at their conventions and extend to us all the courtesies customary between members of the same Party.

Pursuing his general policy of misrepresentation, Hearst naturally meets with the difficulty encountered by all imaginative writers, of making his stories agree at every point. It will be seen that the editorial starts out by saying "the statement that the Trusts in the United States will bring about Socialism in the United States is ignorant, and shows lack of understanding of today's problems." This is followed, a little later on, by a statement of his own that "the Trust that is combining the nation's industries into a few companies, is paving the way certainly and surely for national ownership . . . . When one man or a few men shall own all the steel mills, all the coal mines, all the oil wells and all the street car lines, there will be interference by the people sooner or later. When it is clearly proved that one man, or a few men can run the business of the nation . . . then the people will say to the one man, or the few men, "We, the People, will own the business of the people, and not you, an individual."

The distinction, in Mr. Hearst's mind, between the two statements seems to be that one is made by a member of the Socialist Party and the other is not. When "this individual" says that the Trusts are paving the way for Socialism it is "ignorant," but when he makes the statement himself it is the quintessence of wisdom. For complete public ownership is simply socialism.

Again, he says that the Socialists are men who have failed in life, and who neglect to wash their hands or wear clean collars. Granting this to be true it would not invalidate the arguments of the socialists. A great many men in the world's history, who have not been noted for clean collars, have given to the world the profoundest truths. We do not judge of Truth by the source from which it comes. Truth speaks for herself. Mr. Hearst may congratulate himself that we have passed the stage where the truth of a man's statement is determined either by the whiteness of his collar or the yellowness of his journal.

THE SIPPERS OF CARLSBAD

Carlsbad, Austria, Sept. 3.

Too much eating and too little exercise does not fall to the lot of everyone in Austria. The standard of wages is not conducive to the laying up of too much adipose tissue on the bones of the ordinary laborer, nor has he such short hours of work that he fails to get enough daily exercise. However true all this may be, there are, out of the forty million population of the Austrian Empire, a good many thousands of people who are unlucky enough not to belong to the wage-earning class; consequently many of them are forced to seek an alternative to hard work and plain living in taking "die Kur" at Carlsbad.

There are about fifty thousand visitors to the springs annually. While all the world contributes, the great bulk of the visitors—four-fifths—are German and Austrians. There are about one thousand Englishmen and a little over two thousand Americans. The season opens in May, is at its height about the twentieth of July, when 12,000 are here, and closes in October. The water is just as good in winter and quite as hot, for the Sprudel spring has a constant temperature of 163 degrees Fahrenheit, but man does not live by bread alone and neither is he cured by Carlsbad water alone.

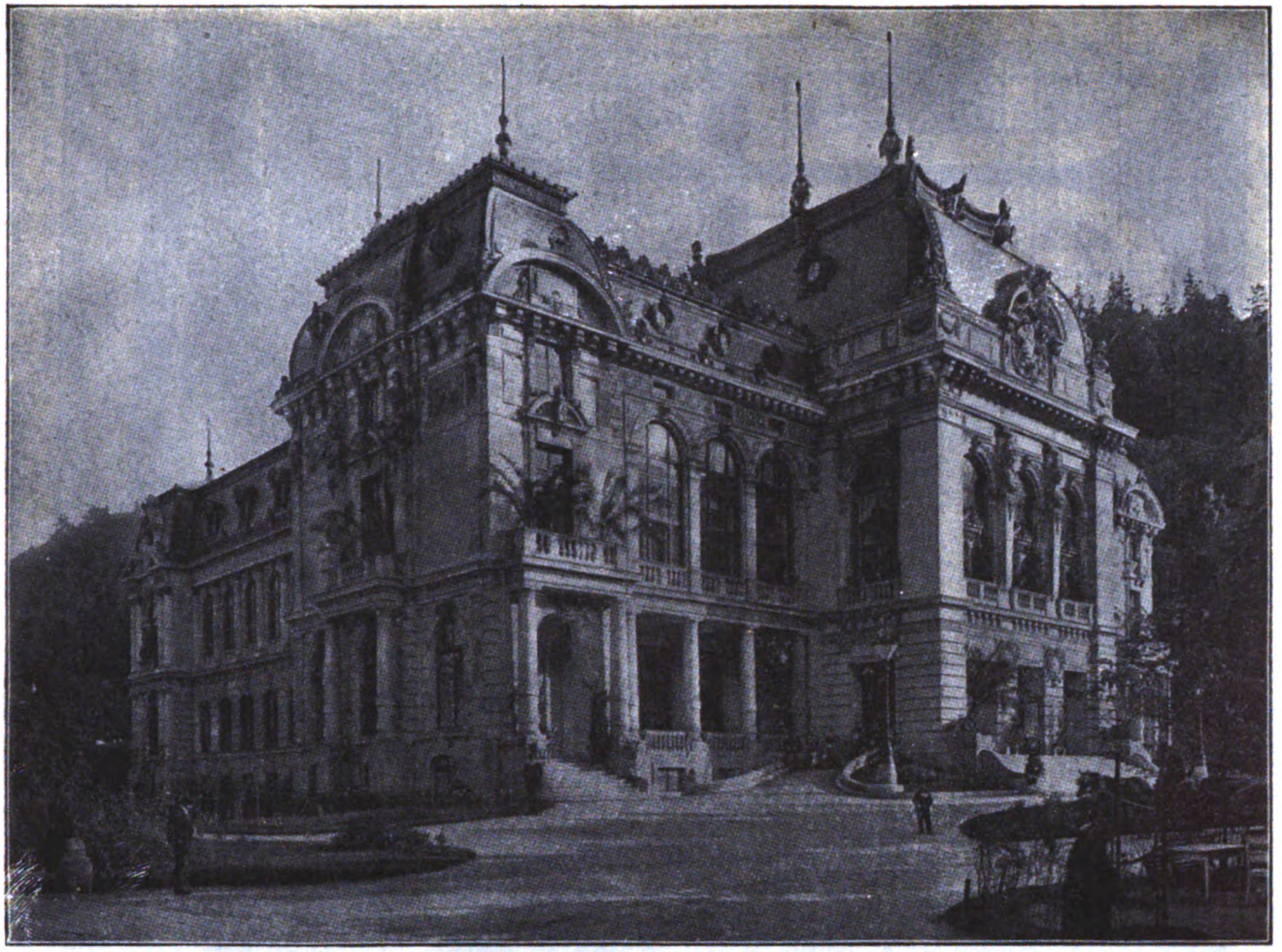
How much of the cure comes from the water and how much from the regimen will ever remain a vexed question.

Shortly, the cure consists in getting up at six in the morning, walking down to one of the various springs, where the water gushes out, dipping up a cup of water, and slowly drinking it by sips, until four or five cups are swallowed. This should take say half an hour, during which you are parading up and down a fine covered colonnade, with thousands of other drinkers, each holding his cup in hand, and taking an occasional sip. Meanwhile, the City of Carlsbad Band plays most delightful music every morning for you and the other peripatetic sippers.

When the water is all down you take a walk for one hour and then have a light breakfast, no sweets and no coffee. At two you dine, then take another walk and at seven you sup lightly, and after another walk you go to bed. The water is only taken once a day, in the morning.

The cure takes at least four weeks and preferably six.

Carlsbad is in itself a delightful resort, beautiful shady walks and excellent hotels, with accommodations suited to all kinds of purses. For while the rich are much in evidence, it would be unfair not to state that at least half, if not more, are invalids who are far from rich. In fact, it is quite probable that poor food and over-work have driven just as many to Carlsbad as have rich food and no-work. Indeed, the trouble with modern life is



THE IMPERIAL BATH HOUSE, CARLSBAD

A Carlsbad Spring

that it is all extremes and no middle. A man is ill either from too much work or from too little work.

Carlsbad is a good example of the possibilities of municipal socialism. The city owns the springs, the gas and electric lights, the magnificent bath house, and one of the most beautiful and best arranged theatres in the world.

But the wages paid employees by the city are no better nor are the hours any shorter than with private employers.

Going through Belgium, I asked the guard upon the Belgium National Railway about his wages, etc. He said he was now getting $216 a year, that he had started in at $180 a year; that at the end of forty years service he would be getting $510 a year, and then he could retire upon a pension of $360 a year.

He paid $12 for his uniform, which lasted two years. Board and lodging cost him $11 per month.

He was liable to 13 hours work a day, 7 days in the week, but said that the actual hours of work did not average over 10 a day.

He was quite an intelligent young fellow of twenty-three, and seemed quite content; so much so that he was not a socialist and took no interest in the subject.—H. G. W.

ROOSEVELT'S DEFEAT PREDICTED

IT is not so many years ago that all diseases were explained as visitations of God. Pasteur and his school, with their researches in bacteriology, have in recent years so brought the causes of disease within the range of scientific knowledge that God is escaping much blame that formerly fell to him. But the belief still lingers in backward countries that an epidemic is merely an expression of God's wrath. There are many people in this very forward country of ours who look upon our social and financial troubles as indications of God's displeasure and quite unavoidable. If the researches and theories of the Socialists were as well known to them as are those of Pasteur to the physicians, they would not remain long in such mental and religious darkness.

But it is not to the wrath of God exactly that the benighted ones look as an explanation of the great slump in the stock market, but rather to that of his Wall Street counterpart—Mr. Rockefeller. They have unbounded confidence in the divine power of Rockefeller to do what he pleases with stocks; and inasmuch as it is undeniable that Rockefeller wishes to get as much stock as he can and naturally at as low a price as he can, they have reason for assuming that Rockefeller must be at the bottom of the existing great depression in prices of stocks.

As it was much easier in the olden days to throw up your hands when your child fell ill with diptheria and say, "It is the will of God," than it was to make laborious researches into the develop-

ment of bacteria and find out how to destroy them, so today it is much easier to shift the blame from yourself and attribute everything bad to Rockefeller than it is to carefully examine our industrial and social structure and discover the real cause of our social disease —poverty.

It is pointed out by many newspapers today that the railroads and industrial trusts are still earning large profits, that crops are abundant and prices good, and that therefore, if in the face of all this prosperity, a great slump in Wall Street occurs, it must be the result of the machinations of some great force working against what should normally result, viz.: a continuation of the previous high prices. This view of the situation might be plausible provided there were any individual powerful enough to manipuiate the market as Mr. Rockefeller is alleged to be doing today, and provided no other cause could be found that would be an offset to industrial prosperity and explain why prices have fallen. However, while Rockefeller's enormous financial strength is undoubted it is very questionable whether even he is in a position to force millionaires to sell out their interests in industrial trusts if they do not wish to do so. A man who is out of debt and owns stock today is invulnerable to any attacks Mr. Rockefeller might make. If he were a borrower of money from the National City Bank, then certainly Mr. Rockefeller could force him to sell his stocks by calling on him to pay up. It is indeed alleged that a great deal of liquidation of stocks has been forced already by such action of Rockefeller's Bank. But against a man who owes nothing this plan of campaign would be quite ineffective. The only way Rockefeller could induce him to sell his stocks would be by showing him that he could not expect the continuation of present dividends, and unless Rockefeller gives him very palpable facts and figures it is unreasonable to suppose that he would be such a fool as to be influenced.

The slump to-day is admittedly the result of "a rich man's panic." By this is meant that the stocks and securities now being thrown overboard in such a lively manner are sold by people who are not *forced* to sell. They are selling because they fear that if they do not sell today prices will be lower tomorrow.

It cannot be denied that such disclosures as those made in the Dresser suit regarding the Shipbuilding Trust had a very disquieting effect upon many investors, and that such items as the following, taken from a daily paper, are anything but encouraging:

The Busted Trusts.

The trusts went up like rockets. They are coming down like rocket sticks. The latest one to hit the ground is the Salt Trust, which started out with an alleged capital of $12,000,000, and has landed on the earth with $37,500. There are more in the air headed the same way. It is stated that since Jan. 1 of this year fourty-four New Jersey trusts have been placed in the hands of receivers whose aggregate "authorized" capital was $80,340,000, which managed to get trusted by somebody to the extent of $17,272,-333.51, for the payment of which they are "estimated" to have assets of $1,564,684.28. That is just about enough to pay the receivers and lawyers for laying out the corpses and burying them decently. Incidentally, New Jersey's trust boom has collapsed with the trusts which it promoted, the filing fees are rapidly dwindling, and the inhabitants of that thrifty State are confronted with the prospect of being once more their own State government.

Notwithstanding all that can be said as to the machinations of Rockefeller and the disclosures regarding certain very rotten trusts, a deeper cause than any of these might be sought to account for the tremendous depression in Wall Street. The stock valuation of the Steel Trust has diminished 552 million dollars in the last few months, notwith-

standing that the earnings are at the rate of over a hundred million dollars a year. Carnegie used to say that steel is either a prince or a pauper, and his words seem to have been taken well to heart by our investing public. Just now steel is a prince, in fact, has been a very royal one for several years; but it would appear from the way people are chucking over their steel stock, that the time when it is to be a pauper is generally believed to be close at hand.

The well-grounded fear of approaching over-production of steel and other industrial products, it seems to me, is a much more likely cause of the selling movement in Wall Street than the machinations of any Rockefeller. We are now at the apogee of our industrial activity. There has been in the last few years an enormous demand for products, originally stimulated into activity by the Spanish-American war and by the British-South African war, and continued and reinforced up to the present time by the resultant enormous expenditures of the railroads in re-constructing their systems to meet the increased traffic caused by said wars. The moment the two wars began to create a demand for products, the railroads found that their equipment was not sufficient to handle the business. Therefore they started in to put down new and heavier rails, rebuild their bridges and extend their terminal facilities. This activity of the railroads started up the steel works, and the steel works started up the collateral industries, and these quickened general industry all over the United States, and in fact all over the world. Where a few years ago we were exporting a million tons of iron per year, demand was quickened to such a tremendous extent that we not only ceased to export and actually imported a million tons last year. German industry, which was at the very lowest point of depression, was stimulated into life again by the demand of America for her iron and other goods. This was a most unexpected relief to Germany, as she was anticipating increased exports from America to Germany rather than this right-about-face.

All of this tremendous industrial activity in America was finally reflected in Wall Street. Great enterprises were consolidated and their stocks launched upon the market and the ever gullible public bought stocks at ridiculously inflated values. At the time of the Northern Pacific panic in 1891 it looked as if there would simply be no stop to the inflation. It was fortunate for the country, however, that that panic took place when it did. It checked in time the insane speculation then rampant. Ever since that time there has been considerable more caution displayed by the investing public, and when today it is becoming evident to the blindest that the present industrial activity is drawing to a close, they naturally wish to sell the stocks purchased upon a price based upon the anticipated continuation of such activity.

Railroads are already looking into the future, cancelling their orders for millions of tons of steel rail and discharging their hands by the thousands. All this can have but one result, viz.: a cessation of demand for products in other directions, and the resultant discharge of still more men. The discharge of men means no wage and hence the curtailment of the purchasing power of the working class, and each thousand of men so discharged means a reason for the discharge of still another thousand who have been working to supply the first thousand with the necessities of life. It would be unreasonable to suppose that

the general investing public have much of any accurate knowledge about what is to happen, but certainly a selected and wise few have, and it is these few who started the selling movement of stocks and caused the slump in prices. Then when stocks began to fall many were compelled to sell not only by the fear of a cutting of dividends but also by the feeling that all stocks were sure to go down and it was better to sell at today's price than to wait until tomorrow when the price would be still lower.

This, then, is the most reasonable explanation of the great slump in the stock market. It is not denied that it is possible, in fact it is very probable, that Rockefeller has assisted in the downward movement. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the whole movement has been quite independent of Rockefeller and that he has had absolutely nothing to do with the depression. As far as the public generally is concerned, the working class, the merchants and farmers, and the people who are not speculating in Wall Street, it is a matter of absolute indifference whether stocks are up or down. In fact, the lower stocks are, the more money is set free for the banks to lend for commercial use. So, to an extent, it is to the advantage of the country to have low prices for stocks.

From the socialist point of view this Wall Street slump is of peculiar interest. It is a direct forerunner and sure portent of all that he has been predicting as to the final collapse of the capitalist system. We are now approaching a period of great unemployment, and it may be that it will be so severe that no solution except Socialism can be found.

Most people have been saying that President Roosevelt is sure of re-election, provided no great industrial depression take place previous to the next presidential election, and it has always been added, until within the last few months, that there is no sign of any such depression coming before that time. However, the last month or two have developed signs of an approaching industrial storm which will, it seems, be certain to arrive before the next presidential election.

It is to be kept in mind that a *financial* depression is a very different thing from an *industrial* depression. Whether the demand for stocks is strong or not is of no direct importance to the working man or business man, but it is of great importance to the working man whether the demand for products is strong or not. He doesn't make stock but he does make products. The fall of the price in Steel Trust stock may be or may not be indicative of a fall in the demand for steel, but it is not necessarily so. It might be that the demand for steel was growing while the demand for Steel Trust stock was decreasing; so that it is only as an *indication* of the industrial condition that the prices on Wall Street are of value. But the storm signals flying in Wall Street are, as said, more than justified by the industrial outlook.

While this magazine has never hesitated to make industrial predictions it has been cautious in making political ones. That President Roosevelt is going to have a very serious time in obtaining his re-election to the presidency is now predicted very confidently by the editor of this journal. That he would be defeated would seem to be certain if there were any opposition worthy of the name. The Democratic party is in such a moribund and decrepid condition, that it is almost absurd to look for the people of the United States deciding to elect King Log instead of King Stork. That is about what the election of a Democratic

president would mean. The Democratic party has no programme. Still, as an evidence of protest and as a revolt against an unbearable industrial situation Democratic success may be looked upon as a much more likely politicai possibility than would have seemed credible a few months ago. It is too soon today to predict with confidence any intelligent action of the people in the direction of Socialism, but things are moving fast and nobody can say what a year may bring about.

The next campaign will probably be fought out upon the issue of "What shall we do to be relieved from an unemployed problem?" Mr. Roosevelt will declare that all we need is to restore confidence, although he will give no plans for doing so. The Democrat will raise his old cry of "Turn the rascals out," although he will not show how even the most honest of men in office could remedy the condition of affairs which arises from a fundamentally dishonest industrial system. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have a thought of proposing a change of system.

The next campaign will certainly afford the Socialist an extraordinary chance of presenting his solution of the dilemma to an expectant nation. The people will demand why it is that we are here in a land rich to over-production and yet are forced to go hungry and naked. To answer that it is because we have developed our machinery to such an extent that wealth can be produced too easily should insult our intelligence.

Will we be satisfied to be told by Hanna & Company that we must starve to death because we have produced too much food?

Will we not demand a change of system that will allow us to distribute to ourselves what we can and do produce in such abundance?

To meet the demand we must abandon our competitive system and substitute the co-operative system.

As a necessary preliminary to this we must "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

HANNA'S LAST TRUMP

Mark Hanna carries Ohio by 125,000 and over, and the country is saved again, all of which means that Mark thinks we are now sure of having four years more of the full dinner pail.

Just before election Marcus was a bit frightened at Tom Johnson's bluster, and he gave it out that if Ohio's Republican majority fell off there would be such a panic among monied men that hard times would come about and workingmen would find themselves unemployed.

I am glad in the midst of my sorrow for Tom's defeat to have Marcus on record that the voters have done nothing to scare away prosperity so that if we have hard times this winter Marcus will have only himself and the Republican Party to blame. If the Democrats had carried Ohio, or even if they had made large gains, then Hanna would have had someone to blame other than himself, as it is he is going to find himself in a most ticklish situation, and that too in a

very few months, or I shall be very much mistaken.

We are now approaching very fast to the great industrial crisis that I have been predicting for three years, and which is now giving such evident and tangible signs of becoming a fact.

About a year ago, it may be remembered, I had a talk with Mr. Hanna in Cleveland, and when I warned him that we were nearing an unemployed problem, he scoffed at the idea. He said that he would like to see where any unemployed men were, as he was looking for workmen and could not find any disengaged. It was in vain that I tried to say that my argument was not necessarily without point simply because that right then and there it happened there were few unemployed. Mr. Hanna took the stand that inasmuch as there were not bad times then there was no use worrying about the future, particularly as we had the future in our own hands. We simply had to keep the Republican Party in power. As long as we did that public confidence would be so great that prosperity could not possibly desert us. Now, no one is readier to admit that when a wild cat proposition is sprung upon the country like, say, the free silver idea, industrial prosperity can be frightened away simply by the capitalists fearing a change of political parties. But the point I wish now to emphasize is that granting the capitalists any political policy they may demand, and the Rebublican Party will always do this, that even so, prosperity is a bird that will insist upon taking flight when the season comes anyway. The season for flight is at hand. Hanna in this last Ohio election called upon the Ohio voters to rally once more around the G. O. P. if they wished a guarantee of prosperity. They did so nobly, as is evidenced by the tremendous Republican majority. If we now have a period of depression and unemployment, notwithstanding all this standing by the G. O. P., what then will Mr. Hanna say? Of course, he will be compelled to find some new excuse, but the question is will the voters swallow it? I don't think the people of Ohio will be fools forever. And by saying this I don't mean to indicate that they would have done any better if they had voted for Tom Johnson. In fact, I am inclined to agree with Uncle Mark and say that if they had voted for Tom we would have seen prosperity leave us at once. Tom has no policy that would answer the coming unemployed problem, not any more than has Mark. His single tax theory is ludicrously inadequate to meet present day problems, and as for equalizing taxation, that is all right as far as it goes, but it does not pretend to solve the unemployed problem, and that is the problem of problems that is coming up for solution this winter.

Tom's ideas undoubtedly do frighten the capitalists; more or less without reason, it is true, but frightened they are at Tom, reason or no reason, and if Tom had won they would have been in a semi-panic, and there is no question but that a number of mills would have shut down as the result of his success. But even so, this would be simply anticipating, by a short six months or less, what they are going to do under Hanna.

The iron market has gone to pot. Pig iron is already selling at less than cost, and the steel trust is placing steel in Europe at prices that would mean bankruptcy to it if they were to give the same prices to the American consumer.. Iron is the thermometer of the industrial organism. It indicates a falling temperature, and when the fall is sufficient it means death.

It's a terrible thing to think that this

great rich country of ours is sinking down into an abyss of industrial ruin, where thousands of our people are bound to starve to death through unemployment, simply because the people to whom we have given the power to lead us out of such quicksands have no conception of the danger we are approaching; or, if they did see it, have not the brains to prevent our falling into it.

Sometimes when I hear of the efforts of men to get the frightened horses out of a burning building, and when they do get them out the poor animals rush back again into their stalls of death, I feel that after all we Americans have little more brains that those poor horses.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

Raphael with his Sistine Madonna reached the pinacle of pictorial art. It is a miracle. When I first saw it in the Dresden gallery I did not at first appreciate its wonder. I had been through so many galleries and seen so many masterpieces that my mind was possibly in such a state of saturation that it was incapable of taking in more.

As a matter of duty more than a pleasure I went back several times to the gallery to see the picture. But it was not until I visited Dresden for the second time, when I attended the late national convention of the German socialists and then saw it again, did its incomparable beauty reveal itself to me. There is nothing like it in all the world. No other of the Raphael Madonna's, with the exception of the Della Sedia in Florence, can approach it. The Raphael Madonna in the British Gallery is nothing to it. It simply has a value from its being by Raphael and not owing to its own worth and yet the British nation paid the Duke of Hamilton $350,000 for it.

Hanging next to the Hamilton Madonna is the Madonna owned by Pierpont Morgan, who has lent it to the National Gallery until he can find a place for it in this country. It is even inferior to the Hamilton Raphael, and I am sure that when it is brought over, those who have been expecting any great pleasure from seeing it will be intensely disappointed.

But the Sistine Madonna is indeed a marvel. Here is a face made in a few hours with a few ounces of color and lead on a bit of cloth by a man some four hundred years ago, and yet nothing before or since affects men's souls as does it. It's indescribable. The beauty and spirituality of the face are beyond the human. It was the result of an ecstacy in which Raphael was no longer a mere individual, but was transformed into a god and became one with all the universe; when, indeed, the hand of Raphael was the hand of God. The photographs and copies of it all fail to convey the real divinity of the original and those people who rave over such, and who have never seen the original, are simply pretenders. It is strange that such a picture could ever have been painted before humanity had become conscious of itself, before it had related itself harmoniously to the universe. Before we have socialism.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

A tree cannot produce good fruit unless it is in good soil, and grows in a good climate. Now, an individual man is simply the fruit of the tree of humanity and that there should be any divine fruit from our very corrupt and crooked human society is inexplicable other than by assuming that we are given such men as Raphael to reveal to us to what heights all might rise were conditions favorable. Man is so dependent upon his human environment to accomplish anything. Without society at all be becomes a beast, and with such a society as that, for instance, which Jack London depicts in his People of the Abyss, it would seem that he must become worse than a beast. And, in fact, he does. No animals have the degraded instincts that one finds among men in the slums of our great cities, and yet even in these infernos there are always some who show their divinity by rising superior to their environment.

If a few men can be divine in our present society then all men should be divine when society becomes a joy and a help to all, and all men love each other.

Morelli is the painter of the other Madonna which we give upon our frontispiece. He was born in Naples, and early showed his artistic instinct by getting mixed up in the revolution of 1848 and suffering a period of exile.

The true artist is always a protestant against the present inharmony of things, and is necessarily found with the revolutionary party. How can we have a beautiful life unless we have a beautiful environment? If we go to live in a dirty house we feel that before sleeping or eating in it we must clean it up. We must use the broom. In a larger way it is this feeling that moves us socialists to use the broom on the whole world and get it in order before we feel content to rest in it.

Morelli then was acting quite on the irresistible instinct of the artist when he became a revolutionist. He died a few months ago at an advanced age. I have never seen the original painting of his Madonna, of which the photograph is given, but from the display of the photographs in the shops throughout Europe I should say it was the most popular of modern pictures.

I saw little of the artists when abroad, only my old friend, Walter Crane, with whom I had the pleasure of passing an afternoon in the National Gallery. Crane has done more work for socialism from the artistic side than any man living or dead. I do not except William Morris.

His reputation as an artist is steadily growing. There has recently been published a magnificently gotten up book by a well-known art critic, entitled "The Art of Walter Crane," devoted entirely to his work. The author says that there is a strong consensus of opinion among foreign art critics that Crane has had more influence upon the development of British art than any other man.

Crane was recently invited to Hungary to deliver a series of lectures upon art. His visit there was the signal of a national demonstration such as would have been fitting to royalty. But you cannot spoil Crane. He is still the same dear, daring spirit.

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK.

HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Morris Hillquit. Funk and Wagnalls, New York. 371 pages. $1.50.

A book long needed for those who wish a concise and comprehensive history of American socialism.

Mr. Hillquit is peculiarly fitted to make a success of such an undertaking having been for years closely identified with the socialist movement and a man who is generally and rightly considered one of the greatest intellectual forces in the Socialist Party.

The book takes up the beginnings of socialist thought in this country as exemplified by the many communities which were organized along in the fifties and before. The Oneida Community and Brook Farm receive due attention. The rise and fall of the Knights of Labor is told about and likewise the rise and fall of the old Socialist Labor Party.

Mr. Hillquit closes with a brief history of the new Socialist Party.

THE DRESDEN CONGRESS

Dresden, Sept. 14, 1903.

Last night was the preliminary meeting for the annual convention of the German Socialist Party. After an address by the temporary chairman, a local Dresden socialist, Herr August Bebel made a stirring speech in presenting Herr Paul Singer as the permanent chairman of the convention.

Bebel has the reputation of being the greatest orator in Germany, and last night's speech quite justified the reputation. He is sixty-three years of age, but very youthful and active of manner; is of rather slight build and medium height. Hair, iron grey, and beard, quite white.

Singer is about the same age, but is a much bigger and heavier man. He is a good speaker, but without the fire and life of Bebel.

Herr Auer is quite an old man and somewhat deaf. I did not hear him speak.

Karl Kautsky, the greatest of the German socialists in the theory of socialism and its economics, was also a delegate to the convention. He is an Austrian by birth, and as the German government refuses to naturalize him on account of his socialism, he is forced into being rather subdued in his political activity. Being too much in evidence would certainly lead to his being escorted to the frontier, as foreigners are not allowed by law to take part in German politics. Kautsky is fifty-five, is in vigorous health, although of a rather slight physique. He is not an orator and seldom speaks in public.

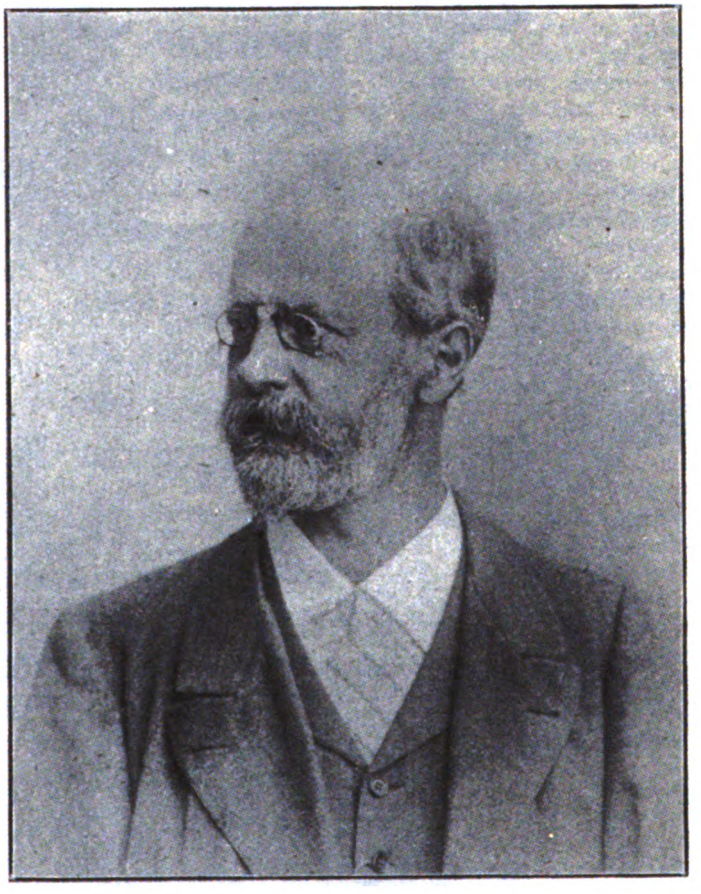
Edward Bernstein, notwithstanding the divergence of his views upon certain points of the Marxian theory of economics from the vast majority of the German socialists, was a delegate to the convention. He is also a member of the Reichstag. The differences are a matter of no practical importance. The principal point upon which he would differ from Kautsky, and myself too, for that matter, is as to whether socialism must finally become inevitable through the over-production of capital. Bernstein thinks that what with the increase in number of the capitalists, and the increase in their individual expenditure upon luxuries, together with an always increasing consumption of new capital in buildind up new industries, the chances of any serious problem of over-production are too remote for the socialist to count upon as any great factor in forcing us into the adoption of socialism.

I can understand how Bernstein, taking Europe as a field for his vision, might justify his theory. At any rate it would be a matter open for discussion. With us in America, of course, the problem of over-production is certain to be so prominent in a few years, that it will be a fact and not a theory we must face.

One of the best informed men that I met at the convention was Doctor Lindeman of Stuttgardt. He is giving particular attention, and in a very scientific manner, to the question of municipal socialism. He is a comparatively young man, having graduated from his university about five years ago.

Austria was represented by Doctor Victor Adler and Clara Zetkin, both of whom are well known to the socialist world. Holland also was represented.

Mr. Jones and myself both gave short addresses to the convention in English, a free translation being made immediately thereafter by Herr Ledebour.



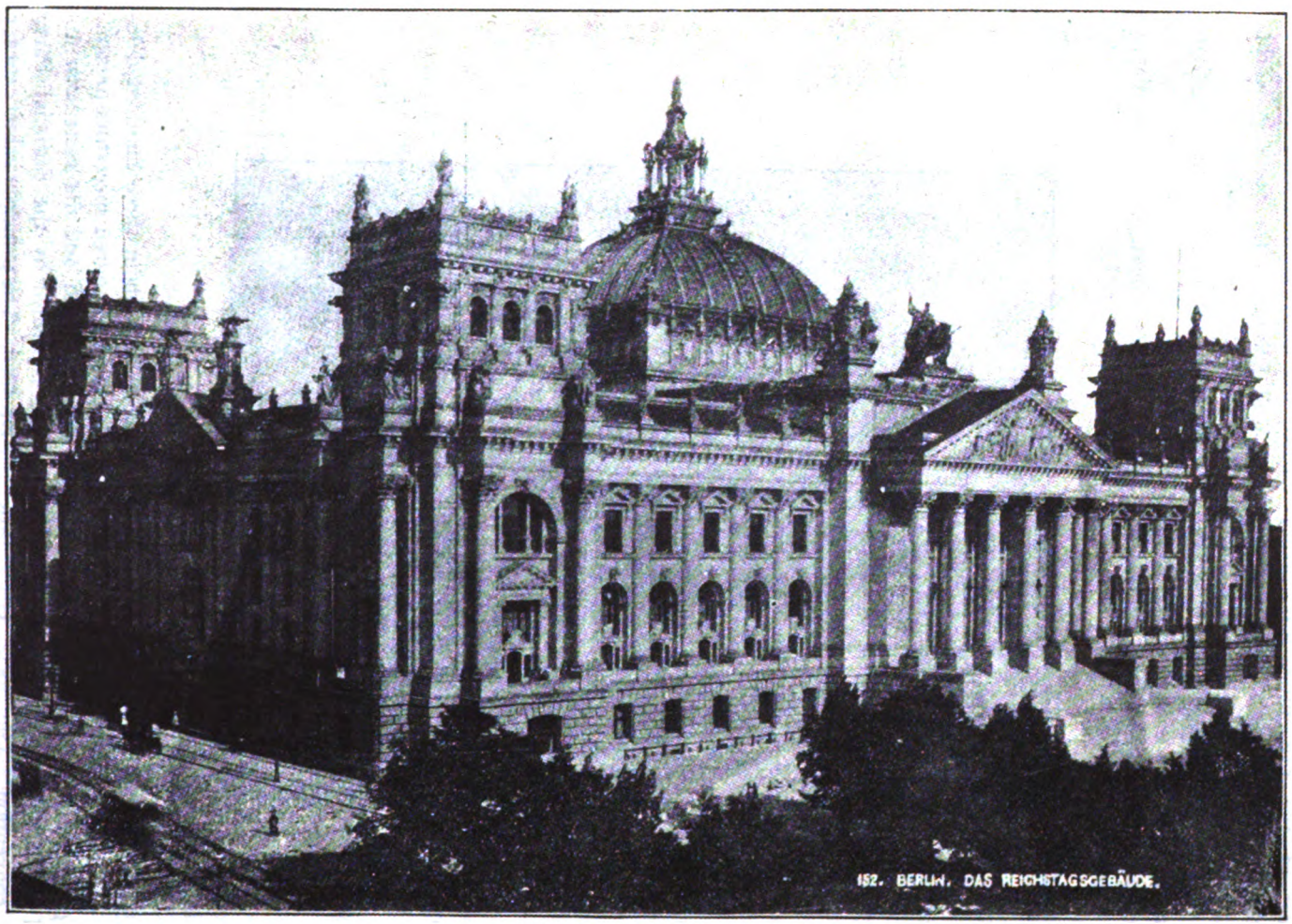
KARL KAUTSKY

Lindeman, Bernstein and Kautsky are all perfectly familiar with the English language.

I was not the only foreign delegate at the convention. The Social Democratic Convention of Great Britain sent F. G. Jones, a very able and effective speaker.

There were about three hundred delegates and six hundred spectators present.

The hall itself and the restaurant attached is owned by the Socialist Party of Dresden. The principle subject up for discussion before the convention is as to whether the Party shall assume its right,



THE REICHSTAG, BERLIN

by virtue of its numerical strength, in the Reichstag, to the choice of the vice-presidency. The custom is for the strongest party numerically to nominate the president and the next strongest, the first vice-president; while the next after them nominates the second vice-president, etc., etc.

The president and the various vice-presidents are required by law to present themselves at the palace for an official audience with the emperor twice a year, and go through a series of kow-tows and then retire. They are not to speak unless spoken to. The whole thing is purely a matter of form and the possession of the vice-presidency has little, if any, tangible value. While on the other hand, for the Socialist Party to voluntarily select one of its members to unnecessarily "kow-tow" before a king might have a very bad effect upon their record as consistent democrats. Bernstein and Von Vollmar and a few others, however, are in favor of the acceptance of the vice-presidency, taking the ground that the office itself has a possible value in the fact that during the absence of the president the vice-president takes the chair; and they also think that the conformity to the custom will gain them votes from some who are now standing aloof, fearing that the socialists are too "wild and wooly" a lot for ordinary men to associate with.

However, Bebel, Kautsky, Lindeman and the vast majority of the delegates hold that the present policy which has given them over three million votes has proven itself a good enough one to stick to, and that there is no good argument to be given that would justify a departure from the traditional irreconcilable revolutionary attitude of the party.

The whole matter of this vice-presidency is not of very commanding importance, but there is a question looming up in Germany that may be of the very utmost importance, viz.: the restriction of the franchise. At present Germans have universal suffrage, but the great growth in the socialist vote, steadily increasing at every election, renders it absolutely certain that unless the suffrage is restricted it is only a question of time when the socialists will have a clear majority in the Reichstag. When this occurs it must mean socialism, and socialism is not to the liking of the present majority in the Reichstag. The simplest way to prevent all this is to restrict the franchise, and the time to restrict is right now, when the conservatives still have the power to do it by virtue of their majority in the Reichstag. It would be too late to do it after an adverse popular vote had placed them in a minority and this is an event likely to occur at the very next election. It seems very likely that some step in this direction is very shortly to be taken.

What reply will the socialists make to such a move? It is hard to say. Physical force is out of the question as long as the army remains loyal to the crown; and it is loyal as yet, although socialism is making rapid headway in its ranks.

It is less than five years ago when, upon the socialists showing too much strength to suit the conservatives in Saxony, the suffrage was restricted there and the socialists had nothing to do but to quietly submit to a superior force. Instead of the old system of one man one vote and one vote one value, the voters were divided into three classes: the first class consisting of the very rich, the second class of the well-to-do, and the third class of workingmen; each class to send one-third of the delegates to the Saxon Reichstag. Hence, no matter how strong the socialists might be, they might hold the whole of the working class vote, nine-tenths of the whole population, and yet would be unable to control but one-third of the Reichstag. It seems to me extremely probable that this plan of restricting the suffrage which has proven so successful in Saxony will be applied sooner or later to the German Empire as a whole.

However, even if this be done, while it will restrict the number of socialist deputies in the Reichstag, it will only serve to increase the strength of the socialists outside of that body. Nothing can prevent the growth of socialism itself.—H. G. W.

PROGRESS ABROAD

GERMANY

In Brannannweig, Oct. 9, an election was held to fill the place of a deceased member of the city council. Fritz Dunge, Socialist, was elected with 765 votes; his opponent, who had the support of the allied reactionary parties, got 619 votes. The Socialists now have 11 of the 12 seats of the third-class in that city council.

Reports say that in Altlussheim, Baden, in the common council elections, the Socialists won the whole third-class and also five seats of the second class. As soon as three more Socialists are elected, half of the councilmen will be Socialists.

FRANCE.

The various Socialist parties of France have united again.

BELGIUM.

A despatch from Brussels says that on the night of Oct. 16 the Hon. Pepin, a Socialist member of the Belgium Parliament, was stabbed in Mons while walking on the street with friends. It is feared that he will die. The assassin struck him from behind and escaped.

MACEDONIA.

Amilcare Cipriani, the well-known Italian Socialist, who is now living in Paris, and is a member of the Revolutionary Socialist Party of France, has an instructive article on "In the Balkans," in "Justice" of Sept. 26. He says: "The Latin races are threatened by the Slavs, for after the Russification of Finland, of Manchuria, of Armenia, of the Caucasus, and the Balkan provinces, if Russia gets hold of Constantinople, it will be our turn soon, unless a social revolution makes these slave owner's plans fail.

"If Bulgaria declares war against Turkey, Russia will be at her back, and this will be the beginning of a pan-slavonic war, which will enable Nicholas II.—that false apostle of peace—to intervene.

"The aim is to get rid of the Turkish yoke. So that the Macedonian insurrection is, and will be, the spark which may set fire to the Balkan provinces. A Bulgarian-Russio-Turkish war may ensue, dragging Europe into its bloody whirlwind."

RUSSIA.

In a conflict between Jews and Christians in Hommel, 700 houses were destroyed. Very many persons were wounded; nine Jews and seven Christians were killed. The Jews who acted in self defense will be tried by court martial.

"Iskra" is of the opinion that the revolutionists are responsible for Minister von Plehve's railway accident. They wished to punish him for his cruelty to many persons during the labor disturbances in Ufa. The Minister of the Interior was seriously bruised. Several passengers and nearly all the trainmen were injured.

ENGLAND.

The London Socialists will have four speakers' classes this winter, in different parts of the city, where the party branches have rooms or halls. J. A. Cross has charge of forming the classes, as he announces in London "Justice."

PROGRESS IN AMERICA

The elections are over, and have everywhere given evidence of the increasing strength of the socialists. In Massachusetts it required the united efforts of both Democratic and Republican parties, with their regular press and a weekly paper, established for the express purpose, together with the assistance of half a dozen renegade socialists, to defeat Carey for re-election from the fifth Essex district, and reduce by about 8,000 the abnormal vote of last year, polled under the influence of the great coal strike, leaving a solid vote of 25,000. This, in the face of so much determined opposition, and in an off-year in politics, is a decided victory. Rockland, too, shows the strength of the socialists. It was claimed that the personality of the late F. O. MacCartney and not his principles elected him for the last four years to the legislature, but this was disproved by the fact that the socialist candidate succeeding him in his district this year was defeated by only 51 votes. Ramsden, socialist, was re-elected from Brockton.

The gain in New York State is between eight and ten thousand. Definite returns from other states reach us too late for this issue.

Meanwhile the work of organizing for the presidential campaign of 1904 is proceeding apace. Only three states in the Union remain unorganized, and these are in the South. The national organizers are at work on them however, and it will not be many weeks before every state in the Union will be regularly organized, with a state committee to carry on its local work.

In our cosmopolitan population organizers of every nationality are required. The latest addition to the force is Silvio Origo, of Massachussetts, who will work among the Italians.

There are undoubtedly many socialists living in places where there are no local organizations who would like to have a speaker visit their localities, but are unable to assume the financial responsibility attached to the undertaking. If every such Socialist reading these lines will send his name and address to the National Secretary, Socialist Party, Omaha, Neb., and state what he or she can do in the way of entertainment, arranging and advertising a meeting, guarantee toward the expenses of speaker, how much notice of speaker coming would be needed, etc., the names will be filed and attention given to the application as soon as possible. Of course, it is understood that the national office does not guarantee a speaker immediately for every locality, but the best efforts will be made to satisfy the demand.

In Ohio new members are being admitted to the Socialist Party faster than ever before. The growth of the party organization is gratifying, and it will be in good shape for business in 1904. The "Van" method is being used for pioneer work with good effect in places which could not otherwise be reached at the present time.

Minnesota is coming to the front rapidly. The splendid street meetings held in Minneapolis and St. Paul all summer are bearing fruit. Socialism is the topic on all sides.

Nicholas Klein, one of the best organizers in the country, has been engaged for the State, and is meeting with marked

success. New locals have been formed at La Crescent, Forestville and Ostrander. Klein will go into the western part of Wisconsin for three weeks, and then return to Minnesota, where he will keep busy till spring. The State Convention will be held Feb. 21 and 22, to nominate candidates for presidential electors, state offices, delegates to National Socialist Convention, and also a State Executive Committee and secretary.

Michigan is in a most promising condition, thanks largely to the unusual organizing ability of C. J. Lamb of Dryden. It was he who outlined the plan of the successful summer campaign which closed in September. Throughout the summer they kept 25 speakers in the field, visited 250 towns, in 175 of which regular "stations" were established, and delivered over a thousand lectures on socialism. Considering the extensive territory covered and the results accomplished the expense was merely nominal. Michigan had no state election this fall, but its socialist vote last spring was 7,000. These ardent Michigan workers are not satisfied, by any means. They are now sending out an appeal to the "sympathizers" in the State, as follows:

An active and competent state organization is absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of these purposes:

1. To handle speakers and organizers economically and effectively.

2. To extend our organization to new towns and new territories, until it embraces the entire state; and to bring the Socialists of all parts of the state into one compact organization for effective work.

3. To co-operate with other states, and, through the national organization, to be in touch with Socialists the world over.

Such an organization would be of service to every Socialist in Michigan, and, in turn, every Michigan Socialist should join such organization, and thus be in position to most effectively assist in the work.

We should now get ready for the great campaign of 1904. In union there is strength.

Louisiana formed a State organization in September, and one is now in process of formation in Indian Territory.

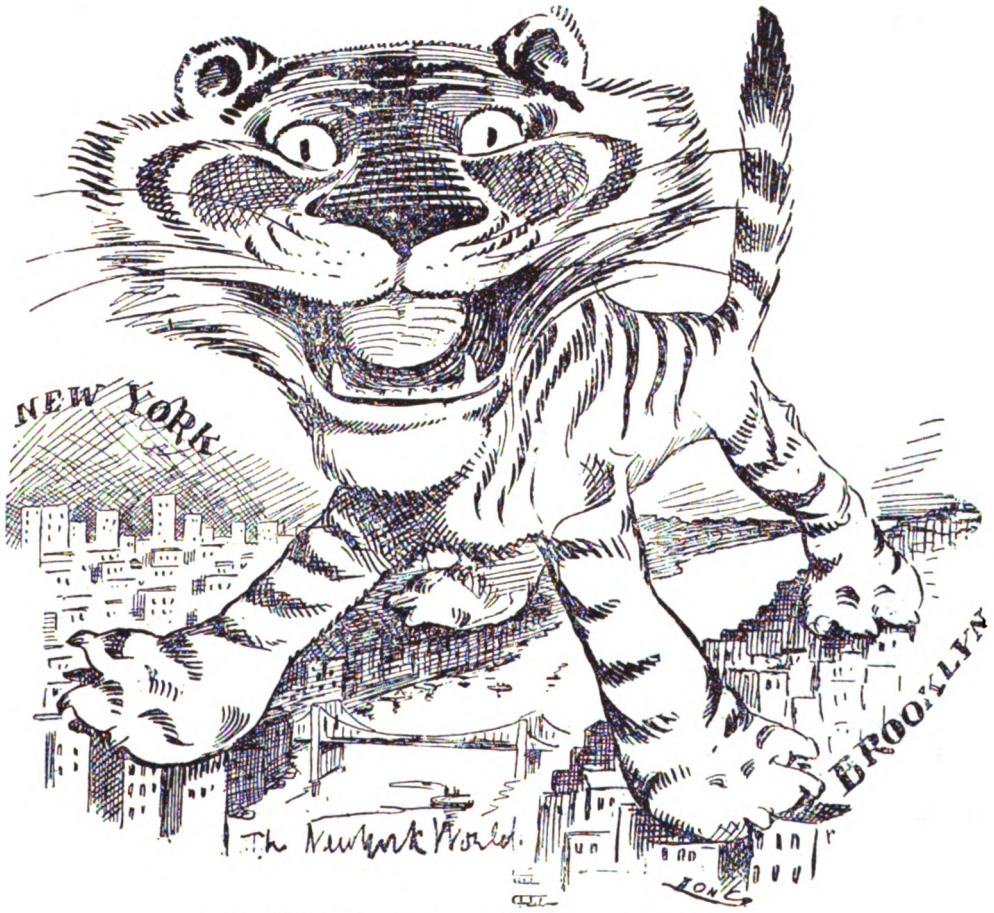
In Montana, since Aug. 15, the following new locals have been organized: Jardine, Red Lodge, Bridger, Forsythe, Basin, East Helena, Marysville, Sand Coulee, Neihart and Monarch. In Red Lodge the Independent Labor Party has dissolved and all its former workers are now enthusiastically working for the success of the Socialist movement. The Judith Basin News, of Lewistown, is now an uncompromising Socialist paper. Corporation influence and money is being used to disintegrate the A. L. U. At the last meeting of the Montana State Federation of Labor, the president and a majority of the Executive Board elected were Socialists.

At the Nashville, Tenn., municipal election held in October, the Socialist Party polled 400 votes in twenty-one wards, casting votes in every ward. The vote in 1900 was 61. The vote polled is over 10 per cent. of the total vote. Secretary Stockell writes: "We are well satisfied with the result. At one time it appeared as if we would elect some of our candidates, but the democrats got scared, got out the best speakers they had, city and congressional. All of the party machinery was set in motion during the last two weeks of the campaign. Something quite unprecedented, as the Democrats always count on a sure thing. The party lash was applied in every way, clerks were kept in the stores, workmen in the shops—everything was done to prevent workingmen from voting. We had a well-disciplined organization. The polls were watched closely, and while we lost a good many votes by not having enough men to watch their workers at the polls, we succeeded in getting our vote counted. We go on with our meetings every Saturday night, just as though the campaign were still on. In this fight we have tested the mettle of the club and have found a lot of fine material. We will work from now on more systematically than ever before."

CURRENT EVENTS

TAMMANY TRIUMPHANT.

NEW York has again deliberately given herself over to Tammany, and naturally there is a great howl from the reform crowd that universal suffrage is a failure. The following letter which appeared in the New York Evening Post a day or two after the election is a fair sample:



DID I CROSS THE BRIDGE? WELL, I GUESS YES!

Sir:—The people of the first city of America have just voted, after full deliberation, to make a gang of public thieves, blackmailers, and panders their rulers, in preference to ad-

ministrators of tried capacity and recognized integrity.

This is the complete demonstration of the principle that no mob is fit to be entrusted with the control of property interests. Nine in ten of the voters of the city have no direct profit in view from good government, owning nothing which is taxed by the city. A very large number look for profit from extravagant and corrupt administration. These, with the forces of vice and crime, and the purchaseable drove, evidently make the majority. Progressive degeneracy in these respects characterizes the voting body as a whole in recent years. No remedy is in sight until some plan can be adopted by which votes shall be weighed, not counted; or until responsible men, with character and property, shall control the ballot-box. Government by universal suffrage no longer has any claim whatever to be government by public opinion.

In the face of facts, will the *Evening Post* continue to hold up the silly phantom of "Home Rule" as if it embodied a principle?

CANDID.

New York, November 4.

The writer says that no "mob" is fit to be entrusted with property interests. Inasmuch as a mob is simply a general term for people who have no *private* property interests, he is quite right. It is logically absurd to give people who have no *private* property interests a right in *public* property interests. If a man has not the right to private property, why should he have the right to public property? It is very unsafe to allow men by universal suffrage, the right of property, on the chance that they will never have sense enough to use their right.

Universal suffrage in a country where the voters are divided into property-owners and non-property owners is in truth an anomaly. In the past it would not have been believed that people without property rights, having the power of voting themselves into property, would have been so stupid as not to exercise this power. Therefore, conservatives were terrified at the idea of any extension of the franchise. However, facts have shown this fear to have been entirely unfounded, inasmuch as the people in the most of Europe and all of America have had the right for years to introduce an equality of property rights, and yet have never sought to exercise that right. The masses are asses.

In New York, the voters two years ago decided that they wished private property to be held as it is, but that the civic administration should be more honest than Tammany had given them, and that the saloons should be closed on Sunday. After two years' trial of this regime they have come to the conclusion that honest officials are of no particular benefit to the mass of the propertyless. In fact, as the leakage through dishonesty is almost entirely at the expense of the property owners, and as this leakage is dispersed more or less over the whole community, the average voter is, to an extent, benefitted more by dishonest officials than by honest ones.

They have also found that closing saloons on Sunday simply means preventing the poor man from drinking in his beer saloon, while it allows the rich man to drink in his club. So, notwithstanding all the corruption of Tammany, they have decided that they are not so badly off under its benevolent corruption as they are under the reform administration of Mr. Low.

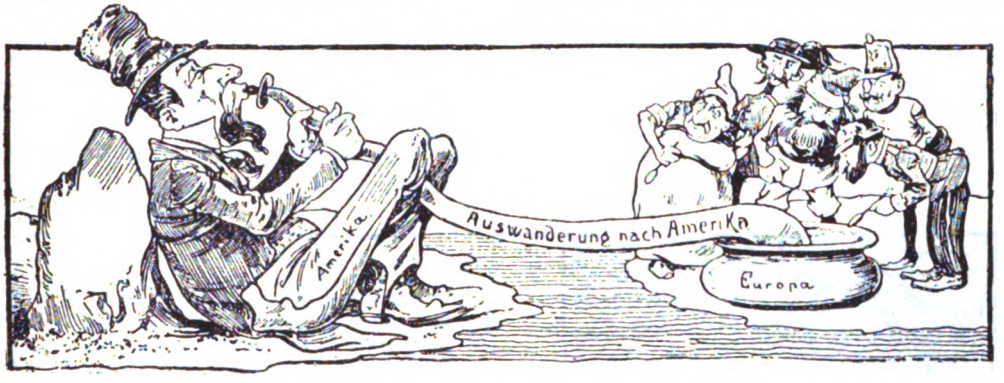
Even Brooklyn, which has always been true to the reform element, has delivered herself over body and soul to Tammany, and the Tiger has crossed the bridge, as is so graphically expressed by The World's cartoon.

THE COLLAPSE OF STEEL.

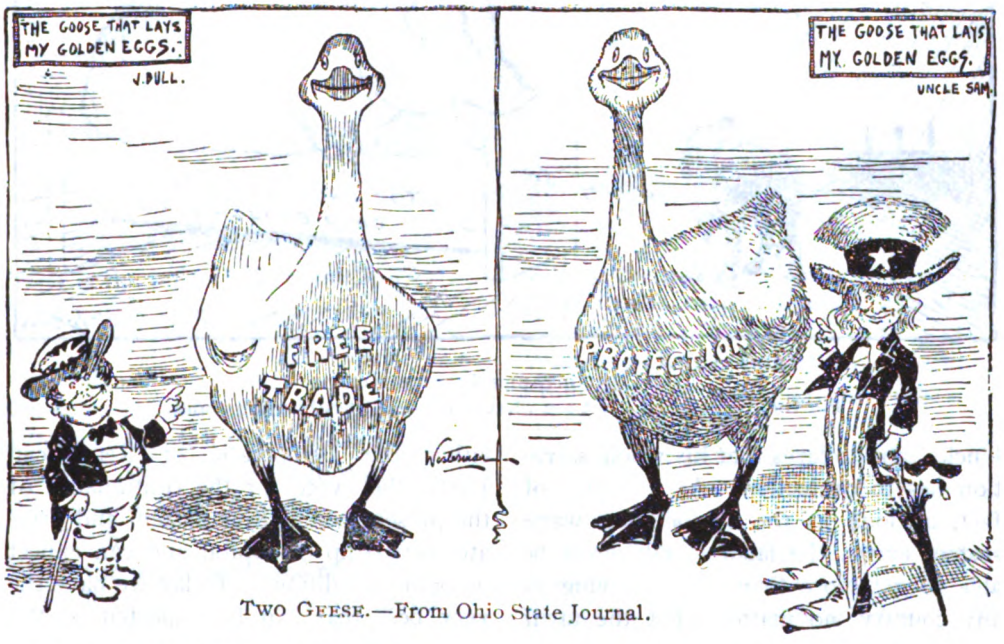
The Steel Trust has already made heavy sales in Europe at a great cut on the American price, and the fear of America dominating European industrial markets is again becoming pronounced, if we can judge by the European press. The cartoon from Wahre Jacob is only

one of many which come to our exchange table. There is no question that the fear is a well-founded one, for the domestic demand for steel is rapidly falling to the zero point, and the product must be sent abroad if it cannot be used at home.

tion fund given it by the corporations. That there is more or less truth in what he says is indicated by the rise in New York Street Railway Company stocks the day after election, the assumption being that with Tammany in office the



AMERICA DRAINING THE STRENGTH OF EUROPE.
Chorus of Powers: "The Rascal is drinking up all our soup."—From Wahre Jacob (Berlin).



TWO GEESE.—From Ohio State Journal.

DON QUIXOTE CUTTING.

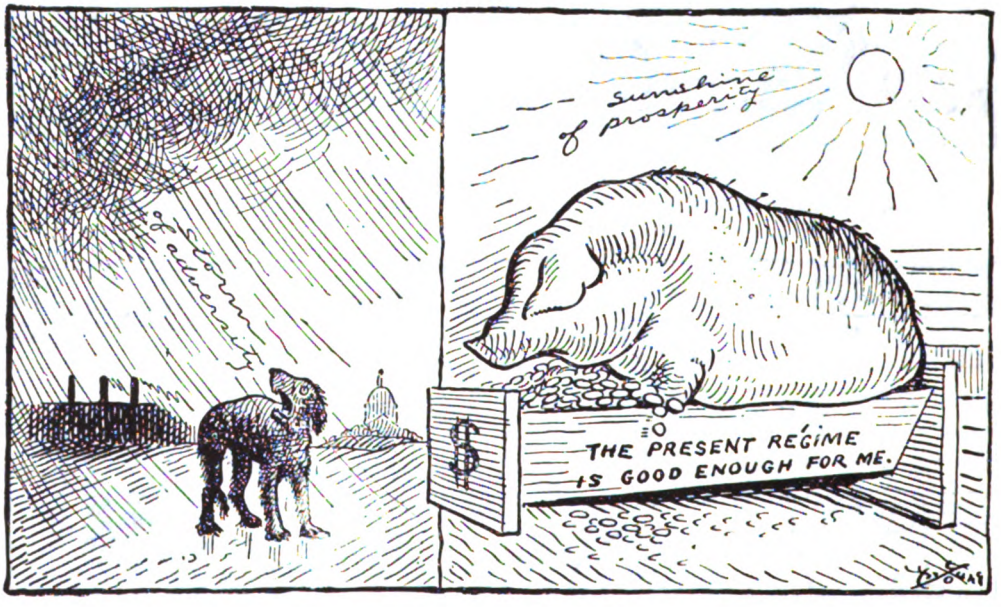
It is rather amusing to see Robert Fulton Cutting, New York's great reformer, charging that Tammany has succeeded through the immense corrup-

street railways can get whatever they want in the way of franchises.

Here, then, we have the corporations backing Democratic Tammany in New York because they can get what they

want out of Tammany in local affairs, and backing Republican Hanna and the Roosevelt administration in national affairs, because they can get what they want out of Republicans in national affairs. Capital has no politics.

This riding of two horses is also exemplified in the cartoon from the Columbus Journal as to the tariff. Here is England clamoring that all it needs is the retention of free trade in order to keep up wages and prosperity, whereas sunshine of prosperity, as depicted in Life's cartoon, whereas the other fellows who pay them tribute for the privilege of living on the earth, are inevitably going to be left out in the storm to whine for protection. If, instead of whining about their poverty, the people of this country who have it in their own hands to abolish poverty, would only do some thinking and voting, they would have less to complain of. As long as they continue to come up every election day and vote for



THE COMFORTABLE INDIVIDUALIST:
"For the life of me, I can't see what that Socialist is howling about."

Uncle Sam declares that his whole salvation lies in protection. As a matter of fact, as long as the competitive wage system exists, the laborer will never be able to get more than a mere living in any country, no matter what the tariff may be.

IT ALL DEPENDS WHICH HOG IS IN THE TROUGH.

As long as we allow a few men to own the earth, these owners will bask in the

either the Democratic or Republican Party, they vote for the continuance of the present competitive system and private ownership of capital and can expect no better conditions. Today we have the very best that can be expected of the competitive system, viz., a fairly good demand for labor and a fairly prosperous time for the smaller capitalist. This is the limit. What the worst can and will be is going to be shown in the next year or two when our period of prosperity

will be ended and a great unemployed problem will be at hand.

That there will be a tendency for the voters to swerve from their allegiance to the Republican Party is unquestioned. The following taken from an editorial in the New York Evening Post is well said:

"The Republicans have claimed the glory for our busy manufactures and our good crops; and they must accordingly shoulder the responsibility when the tide ebbs. We are entering a period of falling prices, of reduced income and enforced economy. Men are discovering that there is a shadow of truth in the old saying that "much money makes a country poor, for its sets a dearer price on everything." Lower wages, smaller profits, less interest on investments, will teach us all the forgotten lesson that no party has a monopoly of the benefits from sunshine, soil, and sagacity, but that even under a Democratic President and Congress the rain will fall, crops will ripen, and industry reap its reward."

The Post assumes that when the people tire of the Republicans they will deliver themselves over to the Democrats. This assumption would be plausible were there no other Party for the people to turn to, but inasmuch as the Socialists are now becoming a factor in politics, with their vote doubling at every election, instead of delivering themselves to the Democrats, who can do nothing to help matters, the people may, as a last resort, turn to the Socialist Party, which promises them freedom from poverty if they abolish the competitive system.

However, when we abolish the competitive system, we must substitute the co-operative system, and to effect this substitution we must have public ownership.

Why, then, should not the next popular cry be, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts"?

THE INFIDEL

SAM WALTER FOSS

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he
Who puts a bound on what may be;
Who fears time's upward slope may end
On some far summit and descend;
Who trembles lest the long-born light,
Far seen, shall lose itself in night;
Who doubts that life shall rise from death
When the old order perisheth,
That all God's spaces may be cross'd
And not a single soul be lost—
Who doubts all this, whoe'er he be,
This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he
Who deems man's thought should not be free,
Who'd veil truth's faintest ray of light
From breaking on the human sight;
'Tis he who purposes to bind
The slightest fetter on the mind,
Who fears, lest wreck and wrong be wrought,
To leave man loose with his own thought;
Who in the clash of brain with brain,
Is fearful lest the truth be slain,
That wrong may win and right may flee—
This is the infidel. 'Tis he.

PEACE ON EARTH

MARGARET HAILE

O'ER how many crimson battlefields throughout the centuries have the Christmas chimes rung out their prophecy of "Peace on Earth, Good Will among Men"; while to the unquiet earth and to the longing men its fulfillment has seemed how infinitely far! But in all the centuries has ever a Christmas morning dawned upon an earth so hostile, on man so sharply arrayed against his brother man, on a time so black with menace for the immediate future, or so fraught, thank God, with promise of a final glorious outcome, as does the Christmas of this year?

The threatened conflict is not to be less dreaded but immeasurably more so because the weapons to be used are not shells and bayonets, but Hunger and Cold and Want. Nor will the carnage be less fearful but immeasurably more so because the combatants are not armed men in uniform, but citizens within their homes and business places —rich and all-powerful capitalists on the one hand, and needy, toil-hardened workers from factory, mine and workshop on the other. Nor will the battle be less fiercely and obstinately fought but immeasurably more so because it is not between nations warring over national rights, but between Capitalism itself, the very order of society, and the Forces of Progress, in deadly struggle for supremacy.

It is not possible to exaggerate the importance of the big events that are taking place around us today. Organized society shakes to its very foundations. For the foundation of any given state of society is the industrial system prevailing within it, and upon which is erected the whole of its political and social superstructure. And these big events are happening because our present industrial system, the capitalist system, is coming to its downfall and death.

The capitalist system is based on profit. Profit is its breath of life, its reason for being. There is no capital without profits. When it reaches the point where it can no longer carry on production at a profit, it will have failed as an industrial system; it will have collapsed.

In the United States it has now reached a stage where to continue its existence it must find a market abroad for its surplus products, which cannot be disposed of at home. Our capitalists have been building up a wonderful industrial equipment, sufficient to produce enormously more than they can sell at home. Not that our people could not consume vastly more than they do. It matters not how many people there are, here or elsewhere; if they have not the wherewithal to buy, they are of no consequence to the capitalist with goods to sell.

Capitalism has passed beyond national boundaries. Competition between capitalists within a nation for the home market is practically eliminated by the Trust system. The competition is now between the groups of capitalists of various nations for a foreign market. The capitalists of other nations have been similarly equipping themselves, and are producing the very same kind of things that ours are, and are seeking this same limited world-market; and with these our capitalists must compete.

Briefly the position is this: Foreign markets are a necessity to the continu-

ance of capitalism. To get the foreign market we must manufacture our goods cheaper than competing nations can. To do this we must get rid of the resistance of the trades unions.

"If the manufacturers, the exporters, of the United States want to keep what foreign trade they have, and, further, to increase our exports, they must solve the labor problem, and that without delay," says C. W. Wellman, general manager of the Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Engineering Co., whose work is in almost every great manufactory in the world which has in its equipment steel works, cranes, charging machines, charging cars and boxes, gas producers, valves, and open hearth and other furnaces. "Let present conditions continue five years," he continues, "and the foreign trade of this country will practically have become a memory. Six years ago the American manufacturer could compete with Germany. Today it is out of the question. Wages paid have doubled in that time. . . . . Before the United States can hope to regain her prestige as a power in foreign trade, wages in this country must be reduced 40 per cent. . . . . In the interest of foreign trade we will welcome a movement for the reduction of wages."

President Kingman, of the National Association of Agricultural Implement and Vehicle Manufacturers, at a recent convention at Cleveland, denounced organized labor as the greatest enemy of foreign trade, and was greeted with a vigorous round of sympathetic applause. "Labor agitations in this country are of such a nature and menace," he went on, "that if continued for another year or two, business will be forced to a standstill. The labor question is destined to grow in interest from month to month."

Mr. J. W. Van Cleave, a leading manufacturer of St. Louis, says: "The employers of the United States have got to meet this union issue and meet it vigorously. Let the employers stand together and not brook the attempted dictation of outsiders as to how a business shall be managed."

And what the president of the National Association of Manufacturers and of the Citizens Industrial Association thinks, he has made manifest by his deeds.

In further corroboration, read this prayer of the mighty Steel Trust to the almighty Railroad Trust, which appeared today in the daily press:

The Executive Committee of the Trunk Line Association will hold a meeting on Tuesday next to consider the application of the United States Steel Corporation and other steel manufacturers for reduced rates on steel products. This application was made in a formal petition, signed by traffic officials of the Carnegie Steel Company, the National Tube Company, Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, the Crucible Steel Company, Republic Iron and Steel Company, American Steel and Wire Company, Loraine Steel Company, Lackawanna Steel Company, Cambria Steel Company, American Bridge Company, American Steel Company, and American Tin Plate Company.

The petition of the steel manufacturers reads in part:

You are doubtless aware of the fact that the iron and steel business of the entire country is in a depressed condition, which has resulted in a large decrease in demand and a consequent closing down of a number of furnaces and mills. This condition naturally affects the interests of the transportation lines proportionately with the interests of shippers, and we believe that the railroad officials will agree that the question of reduced rates of freight should have their serious consideration.

We are hopeful of a better condition prevailing in domestic markets, and meantime we are looking beyond the limits of this country to secure a market for some proportion of our product; but we are met with competition from Great Britain and Germany, whose prices are based upon labor costs much below those prevailing in this country, and it will be necessary for us to make our prices approximately on a basis of our net costs, or a trifle above, and in some instances below net costs.

There are many advantages to the transportation lines growing out of the operation of our plants, and we feel that it is but fair and right that the railroads should join with us in an effort to secure foreign business by a sweeping reduction in the transportation cost from our mills to the seaboard, and we therefore petition you to present this to your association, and we ask that for export traffic, rates shall be established to the seaboard of not over 50 per cent. of the present domestic rates.

One remarkable statement in this prayer is the confession of the Steel

Trust that it is even willing to sell at less than cost to gain entrance to the foreign market.

Chamberlain's prediction of America's dumping its surplus on Europe is fast coming true, but his tariff will never protect England.

And the capitalists are perfectly right from their point of view. They see clearly, but not far. The simple fact is that they cannot afford to make concessions to the workers. They cannot afford to have their plans interfered with by the men, who are merely a more or less necessary part of the machinery for the production of the wealth on which they make profit. All obstructions must be removed, and the track left clear and smooth for the final race.

And this is why the capitalists are mobilizing their forces and taking the field. The Civic Federation has its work to do, but it is not sufficiently militant. The Employers Associations in every branch of industry can cope with the unions of the respective trades; but to make assurance doubly sure, and to see that every employer does his duty and comes in, the Citizens' Industrial Association of America has come into the field. Its object, its sponsors say, is not to fight the unions. It will merely destroy any power they may have acquired through organization. It will bend its energies to rendering fruitless their efforts to get better conditions for themselves and their families.

Organized labor will put up a stubborn fight, but of the final outcome there is no more question than there was in the case of the Boers in the South African war. At the same time, its resistance may be the means of working out higher and broader ends than it intends. The Divinity that shapes our ends may use this struggle between organized capital and organized labor as a means to bring about, not the triumph of either contestant, but the well-being of the whole people. This very conflict may prove to be the handicap which will cause the American capitalists to lose the international race, and give victory to Germany or England. With an industrial civil war raging fiercely, with an enormous surplus on their hands which they cannot sell at home nor yet abroad, and with the consequent cessation of demand for goods and machinery, and the throwing of the home workers out of employment, which will almost ruin and wipe out the domestic market, the capitalist system in America will find it difficult to continue operations.

If, on the other hand, by high-handed measures, our capitalists should conquer the opposition of organized labor and reduce wages, this too would react against them by curtailing the home market, by decreasing the purchasing power of labor and increasing the surplus that must be sold abroad. And even if the capitalists of the United States should win the race for the foreign market, it will be but a temporary relief. In putting their goods on the markets of other countries cheaper than those countries can make them, they put the capitalists of those countries out of business, which means the shutting down of factories and workshops, the unemployment of the workers, and the destruction of the market they have so strenuously tried to secure.

So the end is the same, for whether it wins or whether it loses, Capitalism is doomed.

Production for profit will have worked its own ruin; and to bring order out of the industrial chaos and to supply the needs of the whole nation, on a systematic and rational basis, production for the use of all must be established—Socialism must be introduced.

And with it the unquiet earth and the longing men will see the dawn of the long-promised day of Peace and Good Will, according to the word of the Angel to the watching shepherds on the quiet hills of old Judea, and according to the demand of the inmost Heart of Man in all ages and in every land.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS

JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER XXI.—THE CHILDREN.

Where home is a hovel, and dull we grovel,
Forgetting the world is fair.

There is one beautiful sight in the East End, and only one, and it is the children dancing in the street when the organ-grinder goes his round. It is fascinating to watch them, the new-born, the next generation, swaying and stepping, with pretty little mimicries and graceful inventions all their own, with muscles that move swiftly and easily, and bodies that leap airily, weaving rhythms never taught in dancing school.

I have talked with these children, here, there and everywhere, and they struck me as being bright as other children, and in many ways even brighter. They have most active little imaginations. Their capacity for projecting themselves into the realm of romance and fantasy is remarkable. A joyous life is romping in their blood. They delight in music, and motion, and color, and very often they betray a startling beauty of face and form under their filth and rags.

But there is a Pied Piper of London Town who steals them all away. They disappear. One never sees them again, or anything that suggests them. You may look for them in vain amongst the generation of grown-ups. Here you will find stunted forms, ugly faces, and blunt and stolid minds. Grace, beauty, imagination, all the resiliency of mind and muscle, are gone. Sometimes, however, you may see a woman, not necessarily old, but twisted and deformed out of all womanhood, bloated and drunken, lift her draggled skirts and execute a few grotesque and lumbering steps upon the pavement. It is a hint that she was once one of those children who danced to the organ-grinder. Those grotesque and lumbering steps are all that is left of the promise of childhood. In the befogged recesses of her brain has arisen a fleeting memory that she was once a girl. The crowd closes in. Little girls are dancing beside her, about her, with all the pretty graces she dimly recollects, but can no more than parody with her body. Then she pants for breath, exhausted, and stumbles out through the circle. But the little girls dance on.

The children of the Ghetto possess all the qualities which make for noble manhood and womanhood; but the Ghetto itself, like an infuriated tigress turning on its young, turns upon and destroys all these qualities, blots out the light and laughter, and moulds those it does not kill into sodden and forlorn creatures, uncouth, degraded and wretched below the beasts of the field.

As to the manner in which this is done, I have in previous chapters described at length; here let Professor Huxley describe in brief: "Any one who is acquainted with the state of the population of all great industrial centres, whether in this or other countries, is aware that amidst a large and increasing body of that population there reigns supreme . . . that condition which the French call *la misère*, a word for which I do not think there is any exact English equivalent. It is a condition in which the food, warmth, and clothing which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state cannot be obtained; in which men, women, and children are

forced to crowd into dens wherein decency is abolished, and the most ordinary conditions of healthful existence are impossible of attainment; in which the pleasures within reach are reduced to brutality and drunkenness; in which the pains accumulate at compound interest in the shape of starvation, disease, stunted development, and moral degradation; in which the prospect of even steady and honest industry is a life of unsuccessful battling with hunger, rounded by a pauper's grave."

In such conditions, the outlook for children is hopeless. They die like flies, and those that survive, survive because they possess excessive vitality and a capacity of adaptation to the degradation with which they are surrounded. They have no home life. In the dens and lairs in which they live they are exposed to all that is obscene and indecent. And as their minds are made rotten, so are their bodies made rotten by bad sanitation, overcrowding and underfeeding. When a father and mother live with three or four children in a room where the children take turn about in sitting up to drive the rats away from the sleepers, when those children never have enough to eat and are preyed upon and made miserable and weak by swarming vermin, the sort of men and women the survivors will make can readily be imagined.

> Dull despair and misery
> Lie about them from their birth;
> Ugly curses, uglier mirth,
> Are their earliest lullaby.

A man and a woman marry and set up housekeeping in one room. Their income does not increase with the years, though their family does, and the man is exceedingly lucky if he can keep his health and his job. A baby comes, and then another. This means that more room should be obtained; but these little mouths and bodies mean additional expense and make it absolutely impossible to get more spacious quarters. More babies come. There is not room in which to turn around. The youngsters run the streets, and by the time they are twelve or fourteen the room-issue comes to a head, and out they go to the streets for good. The boy, if he be lucky, can manage to make the common lodging houses, and he may have any one of several ends. But the girl of fourteen or fifteen, forced in this manner to leave the one room called home, and able to earn at the best a paltry five or six shillings per week, can have but one end. And the bitter end of that one end is such as that of the woman whose body the police found this morning in a doorway on Dorset Street, Whitechapel. Homeless, shelterless, sick, with no one with her in her last hour, she had died in the night of exposure. She was sixty-two years old and a match vendor. She died as a wild animal dies.

Fresh in my mind is the picture of a boy in the dock of an East End police court. His head was barely visible above the railing. He was being proved guilty of stealing two shillings from a woman, which he had spent, not for candy and cakes and a good time, but for food.

"Why didn't you ask the woman for food?" the magistrate demanded, in a hurt sort of tone. "She would surely have given you something to eat."

"If I 'ad arsked 'er, I'd got locked up for beggin'," was the boy's reply.

The magistrate knitted his brows and accepted the rebuke. Nobody knew the boy, nor his father or mother. He was without beginning or antecedents, a waif, a stray, a young cub seeking his food in the jungle of empire, preying upon the weak and being preyed upon by the strong.

The people who try to help gather up the Ghetto children and send them away on a day's outing to the country. They believe that not very many children reach the age of ten without having had at least one day there. Of this, a writer says: "The mental change caused by one day so spent must not be undervalued. Whatever the circumstances, the children learn the meaning of fields and woods, so that descriptions of country scenery in the books they read, which before conveyed no impression, become now intelligible."

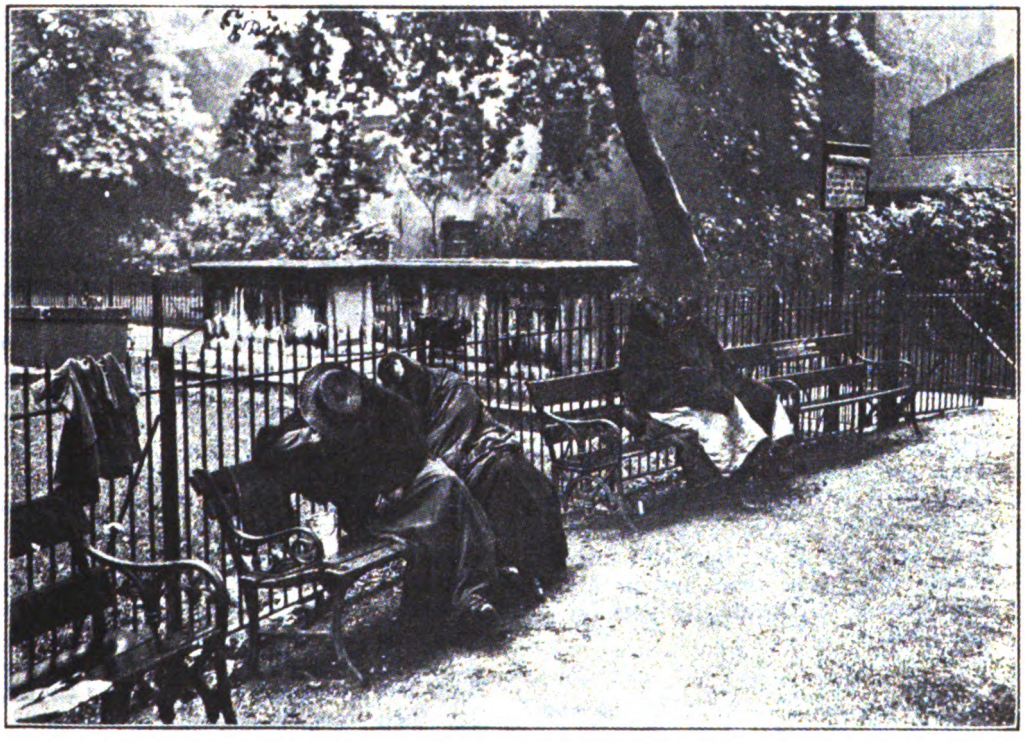
One day in the fields and woods, if they are lucky enough to be picked up by the people who try to help! And they are being born faster every day than they can be carted off to the fields and woods

for the one day in their lives. One day! In all their lives, one day! And for the rest of the days, as the boy told a certain bishop, "At ten we 'ops the wag; at thirteen we nicks things; an' at sixteen we bashes the copper." Which is to say, at ten they play truant, at thirteen steal, and at sixteen are sufficiently developed hooligans to smash the policemen.

The Rev. J. Cartmel Robinson tells of a boy and girl of his parish, who set out to walk to the forest. They walked and walked through the never-ending streets, expecting always to see it by and by; until they sat down at last, faint and despairing, and were rescued by a kind woman who brought them back. Evidently they had been overlooked by the people who try to help.

The same gentleman is authority for the statement that in a street in Hoxton (a district of the vast East End), over seven hundred children, between five and thirteen years, live in eighty small houses. And he adds: "It is because London has largely shut her children in a maze of streets and houses and robbed them of their rightful inheritance in sky and field and brook, that they grow up to be men and women physically unfit."

He tells of a member of his congregation who let a basement room to a married couple. "They said they had two children; when they got possession it turned out that they had four. After a while a fifth appeared, and the landlord gave them notice to quit. They paid no attention to it. Then the sanitary inspector, who has to wink at the law so often, came in and threatened my friend with legal proceedings. He pleaded that he could not get them out. They pleaded that nobody would have them with so many children at a rental within their means, which is one of the commonest complaints of the poor, by the bye. What was to be done? The landlord was between two millstones. Finally he applied



SPITALFIELDS GARDEN.

to the magistrate, who sent up an officer to inquire into the case. Since that time about twenty days have elapsed, and nothing has yet been done. Is this a singular case? By no means; it is quite common."

Last week the police raided a disorderly house. In one room were found two young children. They were arrested and charged with being inmates the same as the women had been. Their father appeared at the trial. He stated that himself and wife and two older children, besides the two in the dock, occupied that room; he stated also that he occupied it because he could get no other room for the half-crown a week he paid for it. The magistrate discharged the two juvenile offenders and warned the father that he was bringing his children up unhealthily.

But there is no need further to multiply instances. In London the slaughter of the innocents goes on on a scale more stupendous than any before in the history of the world. And equally stupendous is the callousness of the people who believe in Christ, acknowledge God, and go to church regularly on Sunday. For the rest of the week they riot about on the rents and profits which come to them from the East End stained with the blood of the children. Also, at times, so peculiarly are they made, they will take half a million of these rents and profits and send it away to educate the black boys of the Soudan.

Chapter XXII.—A Vision of the Night.

All these were years ago little red-colored, pulpy infants, capable of being kneaded, baked, into any social form you chose.—Carlyle.

Late last night I walked along Commercial Street from Spitalfields to Whitechapel, and still continuing south, down Leman Street to the docks. And as I walked I smiled at the East End papers, which, filled with civic pride, boastfully proclaim that there is nothing the matter with the East End as a living place for men and women.

It is rather hard to tell a tithe of what I saw. Much of it is untellable. But in a general way I may say that I saw a nightmare, a fearful slime that quickened the pavement with life, a mess of unmentionable obscenity that put into eclipse the 'nightly horror' of Piccadilly and the Strand. It was a menagerie of garmented bipeds that looked something like humans and more like beasts, and to complete the picture, brass-buttoned keepers kept order among them when they snarled too fiercely.

I was glad the keepers were there, for I did not have on my 'seafaring' clothes, and I was what is called a 'mark' for the creatures of prey that prowled up and down. At times, between keepers, these males looked at me sharply, hungrily, gutterwolves that they were, and I was afraid of their hands, as one may be afraid of the paws of a gorilla. They reminded me of gorillas. Their bodies were small, ill-shaped, and squat. There were no swelling muscles, no abundant thews and wide-spreading shoulders. They exhibited, rather, an elemental economy of nature, such as the cave-men must have exhibited. But there was strength in those meagre bodies, the ferocious, primordial strength to clutch and gripe and tear and rend. When they spring upon their human prey they are known even to bend the victim backward and double its body till the back is broken. They possess neither conscience nor sentiment, and they will kill for a half-sovereign, without fear or favor, if they are given but half a chance. They are a new species, a breed of city savages. The streets and houses, alleys and courts, are their hunting grounds. As valley and mountain are to the natural savage, street and building are valley and mountain to them. The slum is their jungle, and they live and prey in the jungle.

The dear soft people of the golden theatres and wonder-mansions of the West End do not see these creatures, do not dream that they exist. But they are here, alive, very much alive in their jungle. And woe the day, when England is fighting in her last trench, and her able-bodied men are on the firing-line! For on that day they will crawl out of their dens and lairs, and the people of the West End will see them, as the dear soft

aristocrats of Feudal France saw them and asked one another, "Whence came they?" "Are they men?"

But they were not the only beasts that ranged the menagerie. They were only here and there, lurking in dark courts and passing like grey shadows along the walls; but the women from whose rotten loins they spring were everywhere. They whined insolently, and in maudlin tones begged me for pennies, and worse. They held carouse in every boozing ken, slatternly, unkempt, bleary-eyed, and towsled, leering and gibbering, overspilling with foulness and corruption, and, gone in debauch, sprawling across benches and bars, unspeakably repulsive, fearful to look upon.

And there were others, strange, weird faces and forms and twisted monstrosities that shouldered me on every side, inconceivable types of sodden ugliness, the wrecks of society, the perambulating carcasses, the living deaths—women, blasted by disease and drink till their shame brought not tu'pence in the open mart; and men, in fantastic rags, wrenched by hardship and exposure out of all semblance of men, their faces in a perpetual writhe of pain, grinning idiotically, shambling like apes, dying with every step they took and each breath they drew. And there were young girls, of eighteen and twenty, with trim bodies and faces yet untouched with twist and bloat, who had fetched the bottom of the Abyss plump, in one swift fall. And I remember a lad of fourteen, and one of six or seven, white-faced and sickly, homeless, the pair of them, who sat upon the pavement with their backs against a railing and watched it all.

The unfit and the unneeded! Industry does not clamor for them. There are no jobs going begging through lack of men and women. The dockers crowd at the entrance gate, and curse and turn away when the foreman does not give them a call. The engineers who have work pay six shillings a week to their brother engineers who can find nothing to do; 514,000 textile workers oppose a resolution condemning the employment of children under fifteen. Women, and plenty to spare, are found to toil under the sweat-shop masters for tenpence a day of fourteen hours. Alfred Freeman crawls to muddy death becauses he loses his job. Ellen Hughes Hunt prefers Regent's Canal to Islington Workhouse. Frank Cavilla cuts the throats of his wife and children because he cannot find work enough to give them food and shelter.

The unfit and the unneeded! The miserable and despised and forgotten, dying in the social shambles. The progeny of prostitution—of the prostitution of men and women and children, of flesh and blood, and sparkle and spirit; in brief, the prostitution of labor. If this is the best that civilization can do for the human, then give us howling and naked savagery. Far better to be a people of the wilderness and desert, of the cave and the squatting-place, than to be a people of the machine and the Abyss.

Chapter XXIII.—The Hunger Wail.

"My father has more stamina than I, for he is country-born."

The speaker, a bright young East Ender, was lamenting his poor physical development.

"Look at my scrawny arm, will you. He pulled up his sleeve. "Not enough to eat, that's what's the matter with it. Oh, not now. I have what I want to eat these days. But it's too late. It can't make up for what I didn't have to eat when I was a kiddy. Dad came up to London from the Fen Country. Mother died, and there were six of us kiddies and dad living in two small rooms.

"He had hard times, dad did. He might have chucked us, but he didn't. He slaved all day, and at night he came home and cooked and cared for us. He was father and mother, both. He did his best, but we didn't have enough to eat. We rarely saw meat and then of the worst. And it is not good for growing kiddies to sit down to a dinner of bread and a bit of cheese, and not enough of it.

"And what's the result? I am undersized, and I haven't the stamina of my dad. It was starved out of me. In a couple of generations there'll be no more

of me here in London. Yet there's my younger brother; he's bigger and better developed. You see, dad and we children held together, and that accounts for it."

"But I don't see," I objected. "I should think, under such conditions, that the vitality should decrease and the younger children be born weaker and weaker."

"Not when they hold together," he replied. "Whenever you come along in the East End and see a child of

AN EAST END SLAVEY.

from eight to twelve, good-sized, well-developed, and healthy-looking, just you ask, and you will find that it is the youngest in the family, or at least is one of the younger. The way of it is this: the older children starve more than the younger ones. By the time the younger ones come along, the older ones are starting to work, and there is more money coming in, and more food to go around."

He pulled down his sleeve, a concrete instance of where chronic semi-starvation kills not, but stunts. His voice was but one among the myriads that raise the cry of the hunger wail in the greatest empire in the world. On any one day, over 1,000,000 people are in receipt of poor-law relief in the United Kingdom. One in eleven of the whole working class receive poor-law relief in the course of the year; 37,500,000 people receive less than $50 per month, per family; and a constant army of 8,000,000 lives on the border of starvation.

A committee of the London Country school board makes this declaration: "At times, *when there is no special distress*, 55,000 children in a state of hunger, which makes it useless to attempt to teach them, are in the schools of London alone." The italics are mine. "When there is no special distress" means good times in England; for the people of England have come to look upon starvation

and suffering, which they call "distress," as part of the social order. Chronic starvation is looked upon as a matter of course. It is only when acute starvation makes its appearance on a large scale that they think something is unusual.

I shall never forget the bitter wail of a blind man in a little East End shop at the close of a murky day. He had been the eldest of five children, with a mother and no father. Being the eldest, he had starved and worked as a child to put bread into the mouths of his little brothers and sisters. Not once in three months did he ever taste meat. He never knew what it was to have his hunger thoroughly appeased. And he claimed that this chronic starvation of his childhood had robbed him of his sight. To support the claim, he quoted from the report of the Royal Commission on the Blind, "Blindness is most prevalent in poor districts, and poverty accelerates this dreadful affliction."

But he went further, this blind man, and in his voice was the bitterness of an afflicted man to whom society did not give enough to eat. He was one of an army of six million blind in London, and he said that in the blind homes they did not receive half enough to eat. He gave the diet for a day:

Breakfast—¾ pint of skilly and dry bread.
Dinner—3 oz. meat.
1 slice of bread.
½ lb. potatoes.
Supper—¼ pint of skilly and dry bread.

Oscar Wilde, God rest his soul, voices the cry of the prison child, which, in varying degree, is the cry of the prison man and woman: "The second thing from which a child suffers in prison is hunger. The food that is given to it consists of a piece of usually bad-baked prison bread and a tin of water for breakfast at half-past seven. At twelve o'clock it gets dinner, composed of a tin of coarse Indian meal stirabout (skilly), and at half-past five it gets a piece of dry bread and a tin of water for its supper. This diet in the case of a strong grown man is always productive of illness of some kind, chiefly of course diarrhœa, with its attendant weakness. In fact, in a big prison astringent medicines are served out regularly by the warders as a matter of course. In the case of a child, the child is, as a rule, incapable of eating the food at all. Any one who knows anything about children knows how easily a child's digestion is upset by a fit of crying, or trouble and mental disease of any kind. A child who has been crying all day long, and perhaps half the night, in a lonely dim-lit cell, and is preyed upon by terror, simply can not eat food of this coarse, horrible kind. In the case of the little child to whom warden Martin gave the biscuits, the child was crying with hunger on Tuesday morning, and utterly unable to eat the bread and water served to it for its breakfast. Martin went out after the breakfasts had been served and bought the few sweet biscuits for the child rather than see it starving. It was a beautiful action on his part, and was so recognized by the child, who, utterly unconscious of the regulations of the Prison Board, told one of the senior wardens how kind this junior warden had been to him. The result was, of course, a report and a dismissal."

Robert Blatchford compares the workhouse pauper's daily diet with the soldier's, which, when he was a soldier, was not considered liberal enough, and yet is twice as liberal as the pauper's.

PAUPER	DIET	SOLDIER
3¼ oz.	Meat	12 oz.
15½ oz.	Bread	24 oz.
6 oz.	Vegetables	8 oz.

The adult male pauper gets meat (outside of soup) but once a week, and the paupers "have nearly all that pallid, pasty complexion which is the sure mark of starvation."

Here is a table comparing the workhouse pauper's weekly allowance with the workhouse officer's weekly allowance:

OFFICER	DIET	PAUPER
7 lb.	Bread	6¾ lb.
5 lb.	Meat	1 lb. 2 oz.
12 oz.	Bacon	2½ oz.
8 oz.	Cheese	2 oz.
7 lb.	Potatoes	1½ lbs.
6 lb.	Vegetables	none
1 lb.	Flour	none
2 oz.	Lard	none
12 oz.	Butter	7 oz.
none	Rice pudding	1 lb.

And as the same writer remarks: "The officer's diet is still more liberal than the pauper's; but evidently is not considered liberal enough, for a foot-note is added to the officer's table saying that 'a cash payment of two shillings sixpence a week is also made to each resident officer and servant.' If the pauper has ample food, why does the officer have more? And if the officer has not too much, can the pauper be properly fed on less than half the amount?"

But it is not alone the Ghetto-dweller, the prisoner, and the pauper that starve. Hodge, of the country, does not know what it is always to have a full belly. In truth, it is his empty belly which has driven him to the city in such great numbers. Let us investigate the way of living of a laborer from a parish in the Bradfield Poor Law Union, Berks. Supposing him to have two children, steady work, a rent-free cottage, and an average weekly wage of thirteen shillings, which is equivalent to $3.25, then here is his weekly budget:

	s.	d
Bread (5 quarterns)	1	10
Flour (½ gallon)	0	4
Tea (¼ lb)	0	6
Butter (1 lb.)	1	3
Lard (1 lb.)	0	6
Sugar (6 lb.)	1	0
Bacon or other meat (about 4 lb)	2	8
Cheese (1 lb.)	0	8
Milk (half tin condensed)	0	3¼
Oil, candles, blue, soap, salt, pepper, etc.	1	0
Coal	1	6
Beer	none	
Tobacco	none	
Insurance ("Prudential")	0	3
Laborers' Union	0	1
Wood, tools, dispensary, etc.	0	6
Insurance ("Foresters") and margin for clothes	1	1¼
Total	13s.	0d.

The guardians of the workhouse in the above Union pride themselves on their rigid economy. It costs per pauper per week:

	s.	d.
Men	6	1½
Women	5	6½
Children	5	1¼

If the laborer whose budget has been described, should quit his toil and go into the workhouse, he would cost the guardians for

	s.	d.
Himself	6	1½
Wife	5	6½
Two children	10	2½
Total	21s.	10d.

Or, roughly, $5.46.

It would require $5.46 for the workhouse to care for him and his family, which he, somehow, manages to do on $3.25. And in addition, it is an understood fact that it is cheaper to cater for a large number of people—buying, cooking and serving wholesale—than it is to cater for a small number of people, say a family.

Nevertheless, at the time this budget was compiled, there was in that parish another family, not of four, but *eleven* persons, who had to live on an income, not of thirteen shillings, but of twelve shillings per week (eleven shillings in winter), and which had not a rent-free cottage, but a cottage for which it paid three shillings per week.

This must be understood, and understood clearly: *Whatever is true of London in the way of poverty and degradation, is true of all England.* While Paris is not by any means France, the city of London is England. The frightful conditions which mark London an inferno likewise mark the United Kingdom an inferno. The argument that the decentralization of London would ameliorate conditions is a vain thing and false. If the 6,000,000 people of London were separated into one hundred cities each with a population of 60,000, misery would be decentralized but not diminished. The sum of it would remain at large.

In this instance, Mr. B. S. Rowntree, by an exhaustive analysis, has proved for the country town what Mr. Charles Booth has proved for the metropolis, that fully one-fourth of the dwellers are condemned to a poverty which destroys them physically and spiritually; that fully one-forth of the dwellers do not have enough to eat, are inadequately clothed, sheltered and warmed in a rigorous climate, and are doomed to a moral degeneracy which puts them lower than

the savage in cleanliness and decency.

After listening to the wail of an old Irish peasant in Kerry, Robert Blatchford asked him what he wanted. "The old man leaned upon his spade and looked out across the black peat fields at the lowering skies. 'What is it that I'm wantun?' he said; then in a deep plaintive tone he continued, more to himself than to me, 'All our brave bhoys and dear gurrls is away an' over the says, an' the agent has taken the pig off me, an' the wet has spiled the praties, an' I'm an owld man, *an' I want the Day av Judgment.*'"

The Day of Judgment! More than he want it. From all the land rises the hunger wail, from Ghetto and countryside, from prison and casual ward, from asylum and workhouse—the cry of the people who have not enough to eat. Millions of people, men, women, children, little babes, the blind, the deaf, the halt, the sick, vagabonds and toilers, prisoners and paupers, the people of Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, who have not enough to eat. And this, in face of the fact that five men can produce bread for a thousand; that one workman can produce cotton cloth for 250 people, woollens for 300 and boots and shoes for 1000. It would seem that 40,000,000 people are keeping a big house, and that they are keeping it badly. The income is all right, but there is something criminally wrong with the management. And who dares to say that it is not criminally mismanaged, this big house, when five men can produce bread for a thousand, and yet millions have not enough to eat?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POSTAL TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES

G. W. AVERY

A GREAT deal is being said and written along the line of social and political reform; but what are the first steps to be taken to reform or change our political condition?

It seems to me that the first and most important step is public ownership and control of the telegraph system. I say most important because without this one great change it is almost impossible to secure any other reforms.

We can have no free people without a free press. No free press without free and unrestricted transmission of intelligence and news; and no free transmission of news so long as the telegraph is owned and controlled by private persons and soulless corporations. The Western Union Telegraph Company muzzles the press of today by controlling the associated press dispatches and delivering them to aggressive and progressive papers too late for publication, while their rivals who fawn on our corporate system of telegraphs get their dispatches in time.

Public ownership of telegraphs is no new experiment. Nearly every nation on earth has adopted the system. The United States stands almost alone in its private ownership.

When we stop and think of a little insignficant republic like Uruguay having a telegraph and telephone in every post office it would seem that the United States is behind the times.

The constitution of the United States gives the Government the power and makes it its duty to establish post offices and post roads, and the Supreme Court has ruled that it has full legal power to establish the system of postal telegraphs and telephones. Surely the Goverment is derelict in its duty to the people when it neglects and refuses to adopt the latest and most improved methods of transmitting intelligence and news.

The first telegraph line built in this nation was owned and operated by the people, and when the system was turned over to private parties the Government reserved the right to buy the lines at cost after five years. The same reservation exists today on all the lines in the nation, so that there is no legal obstacle in the way of postal telegraphs.

And yet, more than fifty years of effort have failed to secure the postal telegraph. Scores of eminent men, including six Postmasters-General have worked in its favor. More than two million men by vote and petition have asked for it. State legislatures, city councils, boards of trade, farmers' alliances, labor organizations, representing millions of people, have joined in the request.

Eighteen bills have been introduced in Congress, and sixteen of these bills were reported back from the committee to whom they were referred with the recommendation that they pass. But despite all this effort on the part of the people, a powerful lobby with plenty of money derived from dividends on watered stocks has blocked legislation and deprived the people of their rights.

As ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker puts it: "The Western Union Telegraph Company is the only visible opponent." What fools these mortals be, to allow half a dozen men to block legislation and deny to millions the gratification of their expressed wish!

Senator Butler once said on the floor of the United States Senate: "Give me the income of the Western Union Telegraph Company and I will give you a better telegraph system than you now have, will put a telegraph and telephone in every post office in the nation, extend the free delivery to every city and country home and change the annual deficit of the Post Office Department to a surplus."

Great Britain adopted the postal telegraph in 1870. The Government at once extended the telegraph to every section of the country, and reduced the rate to ten cents for twenty words. In 1870, under private ownership, seven million messages were sent by private persons and twenty-two million words of press dispatches were sent annually. Now that the Government operates the telegraph in connection with the post office, at reasonable rates, seventy million individual messages (ten times as many), and six hundred million words of press dispatches are annually sent (thirty times as many). Before the Government added the telegraph to the post office, that department showed an annual deficit, but now shows an annual surplus.

With an average cost in the United States of thirty-one cents per message only eight per cent. of the total are ordinary business and social messages. In Belgium the Government rate is one cent per message and the ordinary social messages are 63 per cent. of the whole.

We frequently hear it said that adding public utilities to the Government functions would so intrench the party in power that it could never be dislodged; but did it ever occur to the people who advance that argument that the corporations who now own the telegraph system are about as thoroughly intrenched as it is possible to make them? The experi-

ence of other nations is that when the telegraph system is made a part of the post office and placed under civil service rules, it has no more influence on party politics than has the army and navy. "It will put the Government in the field of private enterprise," says one. I deny that the post office is private enterprise and claim that the telegraph is a necessary part of an equipment for the transmission of intelligence and news.

If the Government owns and operates the postal telegraph, there is no reason why railroads or others cannot own and operate lines for their own business.

"The secrecy of messages will be violated," says another. Does the person who raises that objection believe that the secrecy of the mails is now violated?

"It will deprive the Western Union Company of their vested rights." says another. Again, I say no. They accepted franchises and built lines with the full knowledge that the Government reserved the right to buy the lines after five years. The five years have passed in most cases and the time is ripe for the Government to buy the lines, not at the listed valuation, which is eighteen parts water to one of actual value, but *at actual value.* "Oh, but," some one says, "the Company should be paid something for the business it has built up." I say they have already been paid enormous profits. Ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker says that "an investment of $1,000 in telegraph stock in 1858 would have netted its owner up to the present time $50,000 in stock dividends and $100,000 in cash dividends. Their annual reports show enormous profits, and instead of paying them any more they should be charged for failure to extend the lines to accommodate the public." They have charged us the highest rates in the world and given us the poorest service.

In England, under private control, the average time taken to transmit a message between two cities was two to three hours, now the average time is nine minutes.

It would be a waste of time to write of the poor wages paid to telegraph operators. Everyone knows that they are about the poorest paid class of workers in the nation.

In regard to telephones, we pay in this city $2.00 per month for a telephone in our residences.

Millions of people all over the nation are without telephones in their homes, simply because they cannot afford to pay the excessive rentals. If the price could be reduced to a reasonable basis the number of telephones would double or treble.

What the people collectively need the people should collectively own. The Government should buy the telephone patents at a fair valuation and put this wonderful invention within the reach of the common people. What if it does cost millions? Are not the people now paying millions a year in excessive rentals?

A public telephone in every post office for the benefit of the people at a reasonable fee would be a great convenience to millions who cannot afford one in their own homes.

Along the line of public utilities we are enduring the poorest kind of service in order that soulless corporations may be able to declare big dividends on watered stocks.

It is no compliment to our intelligence to say that in a nation enjoying a universal franchise a few scheming individuals can control and direct the political destinies of tens of millions.

In every nation save ours these questions have been settled in the interests of the people, but in the land of the free and the home of the brave the people's rights and wishes are not respected.

A JOB FOR MORGAN

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, we want a man like you for President of the United States. We need you, because we need a practical business administration, and a President who is, above all, a business man. We need you because we want to democratize the business interests of the United States, and we want a great commercial organizer who can centralize and nationalize the commercial interests of this country for the good of the people of this country. We want you to organize the commercial interests of the United States on the basis of a national corporation, in which every adult man and every adult woman in this country will be a stockholder; and we want everything in this country to belong to that corporation.

We want you as president of that corporation, because you have demonstrated to us, and to the whole world, your ability to bring together antagonistic interests, by combining and centralizing the individual branches of the different industries which heretofore have been carried on under different and antagonistic heads, fighting and opposing each other, like the savage tribes of a by-gone age. We realize the value of the economic lesson you are now demonstrating to us in such a masterly manner. We want to be sharers in the benefits possible under such a system, and shareholders in such a corporation.

We want you because we have implicit confidence in your ability, and we confidently, though humbly, request you to be our leader, our guide and our National Business Manager. We know your business experience is as practical as it is varied, and that it covers a field as wide in range as the commercial field itself. We therefore have confidence in your administration of our affairs, your administration of our railroad systems as well as our coal fields, our oil fields and our manufacturing industries as well as the production of our food supply. We feel and realize that you are a born general; that you have no equal as a commercial organizer and universal peacemaker; that your one great object and aim in life is to remove friction and opposition and antagonism in all commercial matters, by bringing together all antagonistic interests in the different commercial undertakings in which you have been the moving spirit, and that whenever this has been attempted by you, you have succeeded beyond your own expectations. We realize that you are too great a man to be the representative of such a small portion of our people—a wealthy clique of a few hundreds or possibly thousands. We want you to be the representative of all the people of the United States.

We want you to organize the United States of America upon a business basis as you have organized other wonderful organizations which under your

guiding hand have become the wonder, yea, the envy, of the whole civilized world.

We want you to organize the United States National Bank, to do all the banking business of the United States, with branches in every city, town and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of this land, wherever a bank is needed. We want you to organize the United States Railway Co., and merge into one massive system all the railroads and railroad systems of the country. We want you to take up the Woollen Industries of the country, and organize the United States Woollen Co., and run it on the trust idea, and in the same way the Standard Oil Co. runs the oil business; but we all want to be stockholders and we want no preferred stock.

We want you to take up the Cotton Industries in the same way you have taken up the Iron and Steel Industry, and the Shipping Industry, in the interest of the few; but in these as all other National Industries, we want to be in on it; we want to be shareholders; we want an interest with you.

We want you to take hold of the Post Office Department and extend it, and make it a depository for our small earnings; so that when we save a few dollars, it can be deposited in a place of safety, where we know the United States of America must fail and confess itself a National Bankrupt before it is possible for us to lose one cent from our hard-earned savings. We want to be able to place our small earnings with the United States on interest, and get the money which is now being paid upon United States Bonds. We want the Post Office to be extended to and absorb the Telegraph and the Telephone, so that in the centre of each city, town and hamlet, throughout the length and breadth of this grand and glorious country, the People's Telephone, the People's Telegraph, the People's Savings Bank and the People's Post Office shall fly the Stars and Stripes, and stand out in stately magnificence and grandeur, lasting monuments to you, our great national organizer, and a blessing to the unborn generations of our land.

We want you to take charge of our Department of Agriculture and put it upon a business basis; to organize and raise our farmers up to the present standard of commercial progress, and demonstrate what can be done with the millions of acres of fertile land in this country; how labor can be made more productive in this great branch of National Industry; how the same amount of energy as is now used, can be made many times more productive than at present, if properly utilized upon a community of interest basis.

We want you to turn our enormous sandy deserts into fields and orchards, gardens and parks, adorned with all the beauty and grandeur of a paradise. We want you to cause the earth to spout forth millions and billions of gallons of fresh water, where now our land is parched and dry, and barren of vegetation or beauty; because we know that even here, under your care and guidance we will have wealth undreamed of, when once the magic wand of your practical mind has grasped its needs and its wonderful possibilities.

We want you to organize the United States Real Estate Corporation, which shall own all the improved real estate of the United States. We want you to organize the United States Dry Goods Co., the United States Grocery Co., the United States Tobacco Co., the United States Drug Co., etc., etc., and to take charge of the retail distribution of the food products, the wearing apparel and the luxuries used and needed by

over eighty millions of our people.

We want you to take the great army of unproductive laborers, now lounging by the hundreds and thousands, over the counters of our retail stores, either as clerks or small proprietors, and also from scores of other unproductive, wasteful and unnecessary occupations and place them where they can produce something, where they can come in contact with this God's fact of a world of ours; where they can do something toward developing our rice lands, our wheat and corn and cotton lands, our orange groves, our orchards and our vineyards, and be no longer drones upon society, but workers and producers of something of value, that will help supply the needs and comforts of themselves and their fellow men.

All this and more, Mr. Morgan, we want of you, and we know that you are more than equal to the occasion. We want you for our President because you are a practical man; because you are a conservative man; because you can, and do, inspire confidence in that which of all things in this life is hardest to win and control, the wealthy class of this country.

We do not presume to suggest to you how this or that can be done, because we realize that you are a master, where we are not yet worthy of being called children. You of all men have the faculty of bringing to your aid, experts and specialists in each and every line of industry, and getting at the exact facts and conditions. You of all men will find the proper men for the proper places; the men who above all others, know most about, and are most expert in working out the exact details of each and every branch of our National Industries; and each and every National Commercial interest. Your faculty for detail is so marvellous that not the least minute matter in any field of action will escape your notice, or that of the able lieutenants you may employ.

We, however (presumptive as it may be), make bold to suggest that the United States Corporation, of which we desire you to become President, shall have as many shares of stock as there are men and women in the United States, and that no person shall be entitled to more than one share of stock, and that each share of stock shall be common stock, and that each holder of stock shall be entitled to whatever dividends the United States of America shall be able to earn and declare.

However, we realize that this is trespassing upon your preserves, and an unwarranted infringement upon your rights, because we realize that it is your master mind that we need here; that you have had the necessary experience, and that it is your vast experience in commercial organization that we need and must rely upon, knowing that it will enable you to map out and see future results; therefore, you are the one man of all men in the United States in position to judge as to what will best serve the interests of the United States of America and the individual interests of its eighty million common stockholders.

WALTER WRIGHT,
Secretary, J. Pierpont Morgan 1904,
Presidential Campaign Committee.
New York City.

P.S.—And we want you to give the whole shebang, lock, stock and barrel, over to We, Us & Co., the People of the United States, as soon as everything is in working order.

THE NEW THOUGHT AND SOCIALISM

EUGENE DEL MAR

THE New Thought aims to elevate the individual and through the individual to elevate the nation. Socialism proposes to elevate the nation and, through the nation, to elevate the individual. Each purposes, therefore, to elevate and benefit both individual and nation.

The nation is the aggregate of its individual members, its unit being the individual. The nation is the whole, and the individuals are its parts. The units are fundamental, and the nation is the expression of its combined units. The nation is an artificial social creation, and its qualities are inherent in its constituent parts.

There are rights, duties and privileges of the individual, upon the observance of which the well being of society depends. And man has placed himself, or has inherited a place, in the social organism, where his rights, duties and privileges are defined, prescribed and limited by what is tantamount to a general agreement. In the event of questions arising as to individual relations under this agreement, they are submitted to the established tribunals for arbitration.

Each individual occupies the position where his relations to environment have placed him. He may change that relation in either of two ways, by changing his point of view or by changing his environments

Primarily, the change in the individual is a change from within; a change in thought, in spiritual understanding, in mental activity, in intelligence. Mental conditions are impelled ever toward physicial manifestation, and greater intelligence induces greater productivity of physicial action. The individual comes to a truer understanding of the Self and of the Universe, and of the relation between the two; and his greater comprehension of Nature's laws relates him more harmoniously to their working and enables him to reap more beneficent results.

The New Thought designs to enable each individual to adapt himself to his natural and social surroundings. Rightly interpreted and applied, it promotes increased harmony between him and his environment. The physicial is a manifestation of, is dominated by, and is ever in correspondence with, the mental. Primarily, individual development is mental, a conception that lies at the root of the New Thought philosophy.

The individual's relation to environment is changed with every change in his environment. Each change in social conditions is accompanied with actual or relative change of condition of the individual units of society. To the extent that alterations in the laws, customs or habits of a community have any effect, they influence each social unit, either directly or indirectly.

Necessarily, in a progressive community, existing laws are representative of outgrown conceptions and conditions;

and society is seeking ever to harmonize these laws with the prevailing conceptions of social justice and equality.

Those whose interests are furthered by existing laws, strive to prevent any change that will enure to their immediate detriment, and the cause is furthered by the fact that both the laws and their administration are always under the control of the conservative elements of society.

Each change in the laws and their administration that results in a progressive social development tends both to greater social justice and equality, and to the greater good of a greater number than the condition which it supersedes. Such changes in the laws and their administration are demanded by Socialism, since it proposes to benefit the individual through these collective methods.

The New Thought demands individual thought, application and action. Through his understanding, the individual arrives at a higher conception of life and a greater knowledge of the natural laws that control him. He is enabled thereby to mould his material conditions and surroundings to his better liking.

Socialism contemplates, as a result of progessive changes in the laws and their administration, such a betterment of material conditions as will be conducive to a higher individual conception of life and a better understanding of the laws of nature. Such changes would result, for example, in shorter hours of work, with greater opportunities for relaxation, thought or complementary employment; in a sufficient supply of good food, leading to greater health of body and peace of mind; in more comfortable home environments, and a more harmonious home atmosphere.

The New Thought seeks to reach the individual Self or Soul directly, and through the power of thought to guide the mental, and thus direct the physical, along harmonious lines. Socialism seeks to reach the individual physical being directly; and in removing material limitations, to more harmoniously guide both mental and physical.

Both the New Thought and Socialism seek to improve individual mental and physical conditions. The New Thought accomplishes this through the direct initiative of the individual, consciously exerted from a mental point of view. Socialism attains it through collective methods exerted primarily from a physical or material standpoint.

New Thought and Socialism are correlated branches of the same subject. The education and development of the individual, and the education and development of the many, are but one process. Basically, there is the individually only; but his interests may be considered from these very contrasting standpoints.

In the evolutionary development of the race and the individual, the collective and individual methods represented by Socialism and the New Thought respectively have ever gone hand in hand. At times the one method has predominated in its application or influence, and at others the contrasting method has been in the ascendancy.

Until the individual thinks and acts for himself, others must think and act for him. And while the masses do not think, others may benefit them through comprehensive and collective methods only. Such methods are confined practically to changes in the laws and their administration.

Only as the individual thinks for himself, is he ready to emerge from the mass into the domain of individuality. Until then he must rely upon the thoughts of others; and, as long as he is unable to

guide himself as a unit, he must be guided as an unidentified atom of the mass.

The individual and collective methods of the present day must complement, before they may supplement, each other. The higher aspects of attainment are essentially and peculiarly individual. One's freedom is limited to his development, irrespective of the laws or their administration.

Laws do not enslave, but they indicate the extent to which people are willing to be enslaved. Laws may obstruct or promote growth, but they are results rather than causes. The laws readily respond to general social conditions, but the latter are less amenable to changes in the law. People cannot be made virtuous by force of statute.

Subject to the general conservative tendency heretofore referred to, a people have such laws as are suitable generally to their condition of development. Individual members of society are not changed as the laws are altered. Such alterations may afford opportunities for growth; but these can be taken advantage of to the extent only that the people are prepared for them. But such opportunities will present themselves whenever the people are receptive to them.

All measures of a socialistic character must overcome opposition and antagonism before they may become laws. To successfully meet this, a campaign of education is necessary. It is only after the people have been educated sufficiently that the proposed legislation may find a place upon the statute books. Without this preliminary campaign the people would be unprepared for the social change proposed to be effected by the new law, and it would fail in its purpose.

The passage of a law is of comparatively little moment compared to the general acceptance of its underlying principles. The law would be inoperative practically were it not sustained by public opinion. And if this were sufficiently enlightened there would be little need of the law. Society, like the individual, requires no compulsion in regard to observances dictated by accepted principles.

The agitation in favor of better laws is an important element of social progress, while the passage of such laws is comparatively unimportant. The public advocacy of collective methods of betterment involves individual education, of which the printed statute is but an outward evidence.

The New Thought and Socialism are actuated by similar aims and purposes. Their fundamental principles are the same, though their methods differ. Neither may be claimed as exclusively related to any particular person, system or method of the other. Principles are inclusive, but methods are exclusive. And when methods or personalities are exalted above principle, error is introduced and the spirit is lost in devotion to the word.

The motive of the New Thought is harmony, and its design is to promote peace. This is likewise the central motive of Socialism, but it is often obscured by the means and instruments at the disposal of socialistic forces. And the New Thought teachings are much misunderstood by Socialists generally, because of the common belief of those who recognize the physical only, that force must be met by force and hate by hate.

Hate intensifies hate, while love neutralizes it. Discord prompts discord, while harmony overcomes it. This principle is universal and eternal; it applies to individuals and nations equally, likewise to social, political and economic conditions. But love and harmony— as is often assumed—do not denote or involve

inaction, passiveness, insensibility or quiescence. On the contrary, imperatively they demand action, activity, sensibility and energy.

The motives of love and hate do not call for contrasting methods necessarily. The underlying and actuating motive constitutes the essential difference between them. This is determined by the point of view, or the attitude of mind assumed regarding prevailing conditions. And the New Thought and Socialist attitudes evince a decided contrast in this respect.

The New Thought postulates all conditions as the effects of good and sufficient causes, that necessarily they serve a beneficent purpose in the evolutionary growth of life, that they will continue until their purpose is accomplished, and that they will be transmuted into other conditions as their causes are changed or eliminated.

The New Thought accepts each condition as good in its place, as a stepping-stone to better conditions. But because a condition is good today, 's no reason for continuing it tomorrow, or after its benefits have been extracted. On the contrary, the very fact that it is good today necessitates its being outgrown with further development and progress.

How is a condition to be superseded? Through expressing hate toward it? Through regarding it as inherently evil? Through adding hate to hate, and discord to discord? Such methods serve but to intensify and prolong the undesirable condition. Conditions are changed only through an understanding and termination of their causes, and the individual absorption of their wisdom.

The New Thought inculcates purposeful action, actuated ever by the motive of harmony. It looks for the good in conditions, finds it, extracts it, and then discards the forms that have served their purpose. It makes use of any and all appropriate instruments to accomplish its purpose, but its motive and its impulse is harmony as expressed in love and sympathy.

The New Thought is no more desirous of perpetuating the present social injustices than is Socialism. But conditions cannot be killed or summarily banished; they must be transmuted or transformed. And they may be changed more effectually through love and harmony than through hate and discord. Recognition of inherent beneficence rather than a conception of inherent malevolence, promotes the more effective attitude.

The methods of Socialism appeal more strongly to those who recognize material agencies only. On the other hand, the New Thought meets with most favor from those who perceive that the vitality of action lies in the motive and thought it manifests. Both methods have the same aims and purposes, however, and there is every reason why they should work side by side in harmony and good fellowship.

There is a more or less prevalent idea that one may make others happy by being miserable, and that one should refuse to be happy as long as another is miserable. Such an attitude defeats its own purpose. One postpones the happiness of others when he postpones his own happiness, and if all were equally deferential no one could ever be happy. For, as no one would consent to be happy in preference to, or in advance of others, and as all could not become happy simultaneously, all would remain miserable for eternity.

The assumed advantage of postponing one's happiness is founded upon a distorted conception. It looks at but one side of the question. If one is to be universal in his sympathies, he must share in

the pleasures and joys of others as well as their pains and sorrows. One lacks in universality to the degree that he fails to appropriate the positive as well as the negative qualities.

The Universe is essentially positive and affirmative. There is always more good than evil, more joy than sorrow, more harmony than discord, and more love than hate. Even if regarded as complementary and compensatory ever, there is at least as much of one as the other. But, as growth and development is the law of life, there is ever an increasing attractiveness, vitality and positiveness of consciousness and manifestation. Universal sympathy carries with it a preponderance of good, of joy, of harmony, and of love.

One can lift another only after he has attained a higher elevation. One can give only after he has received. One can elevate others only after the Self is elevated. Any postponement of one's progress, development or happiness postpones his ability to assist others in these directions. And the constant recognition of the unhappiness of others involves a persistent consciousness of inharmony that depresses not only the Self but radiates an atmosphere of depression.

Fundamentally, New Thought and Socialism are inseparable. The individual cannot separate himself from the mass. Society is a unit, and no one may sever his life from the life of the race. Its interests are his interests. This truth may be hidden at times, or become obscured, but it is inherent and innate. Each individual is upheld by others, and is dependent upon their support. The individual members of society mutually are essential and necessary.

In motive, in aim, and in purpose, the New Thought and Socialism are in complete agreement. Their fundamental principles are alike. They look at the same problems from different points of view, but seek to reach the same conclusions. They are representative of the duality through which all principles manifest. They symbolize the positive and negative poles of human activity, and neither is complete in itself. When Socialism condemns New Thought principles, or the New Thought denounces the principles of Socialism, each deprives itself of that which is vital to its completeness and fulness of life.

That contrasting methods should be advocated by the New Thought and by Socialism, is inevitable. Causes are seen in varying lights, and equally contrasting remedies are proposed, as results are viewed from different points of view. But the careful consideration and final merging of diverse methods will lead to the adoption of one combining the good in each of those proposed, and promising the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

THE TOY AND THE MAN

UPTON SINCLAIR
Author of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," "Prince Hagen," &c.

THIS discussion of a rather unusual subject is written for the edification of the children of the United States of America. According to the last census the population of the United States of America was declared to be seventy-six million, three hundred and four thousand, seven hundred and ninety-seven; from which I have deduced by personal investigation that the number of children in the country is seventy-six million and three hundred and four thousand.

I am preparing this treatise under unusual conditions. It is a rainy day, and I am writing in a tent, which is placed on a lonely island in the middle of a great river far away from any town. It is my habit to live in this tent for five months in the year; and the other seven I live in a cabin near the shore, provided with a camp-cot, a chair and a table, a stove and a wood-pile, and a supply of bread and bacon. I live there all the time, cooking my own meals and worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness. I seldom see anybody, and I never go into cities. If the reader cares to know the reason for this strange arrangement, I tell him it is because, not being rich, I have had to choose between doing that and taking part in a huge game of toys which is played year in and year out with the greatest pomposity, by an aggregation of children numbering altogether seventy-six million and three hundred and four thousand.

I am very happy in my tent and I would not take the trouble to write any treatises about the matter, were it not for the fact that I know that children are of a curious disposition, and that if I begin my paper in this eccentric style, they will all be sure to read it to the end; and that each one of the toy-occupied millions of them should, in the course of nature, have grown into a serious man or woman; and that by making them conscious of that fact one can often render them very uncomfortable and cross indeed. The reader will think that I am of a malicious disposition. But I have watched these myriads of children, of all kinds, ages and occupations, and while I have observed among them some very wretched and sick and starving children, and millions of merely vain and harmlessly foolish children, I have also observed a great many very ugly children, spoiled and selfish ones, and big brutal ones, that I find myself continually desiring to spank with all my might.

I purpose to begin this "Treatise on Toys" with a carefully compiled biography of a certain child, whom I have observed with scientific and painstaking thoroughness. I am rendered somewhat uncomfortable by the reflection that each and every individual child that I have ever known anywhere will think that my allusions are to *him;* but that is a misunderstanding to which I must submit myself in the interests of truth.

I first had an opportunity of observing this particular child when it was two days old. At that time it manifested no interest in toys whatever, and all its desires were rational and necessary desires. But when a year had passed I saw the child once more, and by that time the toy habit was full-grown and all-consuming. I remember watching with reflections of some philosophical profundity—as I imagined—how the child had possessed itself of a cup and a spoon, and was busily rattling the latter against the former; I have in the course of my investigations watched children with every toy, from Jacks-in-the-box to private yachts, but I have never seen one that seemed to be so completely happy as the year-old baby with the cup and the spoon.

As this particular baby grew up, however, it became more ambitious. I observed it when it was two years old, and it had an assortment of rag dolls and a rattle, and a set of blocks, and many picture books, and I know not what all else. When it was three, being a boy, it received a regiment of tin soldiers, and a tin trumpet, and a hobby-horse. When it was five, I noticed a still more elaborate assortment—a pair of roller skates, and some marbles, and a baseball, and other implements, the uses of which I could not be sure of. By the time the boy was eight he had developed a most prodigious need of toys. I had imagined in the earlier days that he was difficult enough to please, when, for instance, he must have every flower he saw to pull to pieces, and a new doll every week for the same purpose, and everyone's watch to drop on the floor; I had thought it still more certain that the limit of his restless yearning and struggling unhappiness was attained when he developed an overwhelming craving for a weather-cock on a neighboring church-steeple by day, and for a new moon's crescent by night. At this time, however, the boy's desires had become all-embracing, and still less possible to satisfy; he must needs have a new kind of amusement for every week in the year. There was one season for driving baseballs through other people's windows, and another for having a foot ball run over by the street cars. He had an elaborate set of expensive marbles, and devoted a full month of his time trying to win some more from boys more skillful than himself. It was the same way with tops, and with "cigarette-pictures," He spent his days, in the summer time, making "collections" of birds' eggs, which were an endless joy because they so often needed replacing. It was necessary for him to be supplied with new pigeons because the hawks carried off the first brood, and with a new dog because he lost the last one, with a new shot gun bought to replace the old one he had found too light or too heavy, I forget which.

These things continued, increasing of course in geometrical ratio, until the boy was quite a young man; upon which, of course, an entirely new set of toys was necessary. I observed the gradual change with deep interest. He still kept the foot ball, but now he had to have a special suit for the game also, in addition to various pieces of armor-plate to protect himself with. He also needed many other suits, of constantly changing patterns and styles, the secrets of which were, of course, beyond the understanding of a mere philosopher. He had an assortment of neckties, which he hung over the gas-jet, and which numbered fifty-seven when I last counted them. He had handsome pipes and an assortment of tobacco; he had a gold-mounted card-case, a collection of college pins, and a "den" with all sorts of banners and photographs and

gim-cracks which I could not name.

He had a set of poker-chips, and a bull-pup, and a diamond scarf-pin, and a red and green smoking-jacket which gave him keen delight. And then the years passed on, and before I realized it I found that he had suddenly outgrown all these follies, and that he had a club, and a suite of rooms full of new toys gathered from all over the world. And soon afterwards I was startled to learn that he was being provided with a set of wedding presents of inconceivable ingenuity—enough, as I imagined, to make a dozen children happy for a dozen years. There was silver-service enough to feed a regiment, there were all sorts of pretty vases and ornaments, diamond studs and rings, jewelled shaving-utensils and smoking-utensils and dressing-utensils. Also I saw that he was now getting himself a house to play with. He was not a rich man, I knew, and I was not surprised to learn that he was running heavily into debt; but at any rate there was the house, a very museum full of fancy furniture and pretty pictures and fantastic draperies and decorations, with every sort of toy that ever was dreamed of by the maddest millionaire.

As I say, I am a person of scientific inclinations; I devoted a great deal of my time to cultivating assiduously an intimacy with this child, and with his child-wife, and with their child-baby. When the baby came I observed that it had been supplied with toys even before it arrived —that there were whole room-fulls of elaborate dresses, to be worn only a few months by that poor creature. I cite also how he bought the new toy-encyclopedia, and gave it up in disgust before he had opened it, because another one had come out that was so much better; or how he paid for the toy piano-playing machine the very day before he heard the wonderful contrivance that played a whole orchestra. I recollect the sad death of the dear toy-dog with the pedigree, and the fact that the grief-stricken owner solaced himself with a new toy book-case that came apart and could be packed away at any time. At this period I was saddened to observe that he was more unhappy than any of the unhappy people I saw about him; it was not because he was in debt everywhere, but because he could not build a toy-yacht to carry him to a toy summer-home he had just built.

All hail the great American toy-seeking, toy-making nation! And to the seventy-six million and three hundred and four thousand toy-seeking, toy-making children that live in it! I was reading the other day the autobiography of the most representative American so far known to me—the prince of toy-discoverers and of toy-exploiters, the ideal and the glory of our toy-seeking, toy-making people—*P. T. Barnum!* Now it is a little midget a foot high, and now a giant nine feet high; now it is a live whale, and now a woolly horse, and now a white elephant; now it is an opera-singer, and now an Indian chief, and now a Chinese Potentate, with a pigtail curled up in his hat. And always you can see the great mobs of the toy-seeking, toy-making children rushing up to gape and stare in wild ecstatic joy!

What do I mean by toys? I hear some of the toy-lovers ask me. I mean by toys —why just *things*. Nothing but *things* —all things in this big world, except half a dozen useful things. The uses of bread and bacon, of a stove and a wood-pile, I recognize with all my heart; and also of beautiful books in an occasional rare instance; and always, of course, of prayer and music, of joy and of love, of wisdom and high resolve. Those things—that are free as air and sky and the flowers—

are serious things; and all things else that this spreading earth has to show, all the infinite unthinkability that is shut up in a thousand mighty cities, and is fought and cried for by seventy-six million and three hundred and four thousand children—are *toys*—just *toys!*

And so many queer toy-loving children I have seen! I know a certain interesting child, rather wizened, and wearing glasses, that calls itself a child of letters; and this child has a great houseful of wonderful books, of which it is oh, so wonderfully proud! What countless rare editions, and rare bindings, and autograph-copies! And that queer child watches and guards them day and night, and lives in the joy of them—would go a thousand miles for a new treasure to add to its funny museum of toys! It once offered me an independence, offered to save me from the horror of a solitary hut during a northern winter—if only I'd come help it take care of its pretty collection of toys!

And bless me, I know another child that collects autographs, and is *so* happy; and another child of nearly seventy, that lives in a huge toy-shop full of ceramics (spelling them with a k). I know several whose toys are paintings, and some of the prettiest toys you can imagine, and with an awe-inspiring name attached. I know another who has a toy-house that covers many acres, and has travelled all over Europe buying toy-furniture from all sorts of toy-ages, to fill it with. I know another who has a racing stable full of toy hobby-horses; and another—and such a refined and aristocratic child, with such an ancient pedigree—who has a cellar full of little toy-bottles full of queer tasting things to drink!

This great American society of ours—I have never been able to see it as anything but a world of babies gone mad. I know of whole streets in New York that are lined with palatial shops where crazy children crowd to buy toys. Sometimes I have walked there and listened to them; there are mostly women on that street and it is very uncomfortable, for they are so busy that they pay not the least attention to you, and sometimes they are so loaded with toys they could not even see you if they wished to. Here comes a great creature panting along and asserting to her companion that "*mousseline-de-soie* is the only thing that can possibly do;" and here is a little woman with babies who doesn't think "that black feathers would improve it at all;" and here is a shrill-voiced dame who has seen pink rosettes advertised at six cents apiece and means to get one if they aren't all gone!

And it would be bad enough if the toy stores were all inside; but here are exhibitions of toys perambulating along on the streets! Here is a creature with a huge toy on her head containing two red poll-parrots and some eagles' wings, a toy rose-garden, a toy cherry-bush and a toy sheaf of wheat! Here is another dragging a toy dredging-machine for the purpose of catching disease-germs out of the gutter! Here is another stalking along on toy heels as high as if she were going into a cranberry-bog; and another who has had her ribs bent and made herself into a toy-wasp! As if that were not enough, here is one with little shiny toys all over her—rings and bracelets and necklaces, and others hanging from her ears and nose. And here is a man with a toy-hat made out of an inverted band-box, and with a toy-stick to carry, and a toy waistcoat with snakes on it, and toy-shoes that shine like a light-house!

All this would be just "queer" to me, if it were not for the price that these

poor children have to pay for their toys. That poor servant-girl, how many days did she have to labor for the imitation sealskin toy she wears? And this poor creature with the painted cheeks, can anyone guess the price *she* has paid for her jewelry? And that wealthy dame just stepping into her carriage—poor child, she has paid her *mind!* It was while she was having that huge concoction of laces and jet fitted to her that she has grown so fat and sodden, and that her brains have sunk into a torpor; and see, she has a toy coronet on her coach, where all the news boys can stare at it! And down town in the sweatshops, how many children had to go toyless and supperless, and bloodless and soulless, for the sake of those wonderfully radiant green and yellow uniforms on the two footmen?

As I say, I think this great American Nation of ours is a wonderfully curious affair. Once I went down into what they call the business districts of its great metropolis. I was dazed and lost in the whirl of it, but I managed to see a few things before I left. I saw pale, haggard men rushing about with staring eyes and knit brows and broken frames; I saw them turned into wild beasts and shut up in a great pit called the Stock Exchange, fighting, struggling, screaming like maniacs; and I went outside and sat down and hid my face in my hands and whispered—"It is all for *toys*—just *toys!*" It is there that the money was made that the fat child with the coronet was spending up on the other street. And that poor old man that I saw in there, ghastly white and fainting—ah, it must have been because he wanted a toy-yacht, and now he's lost his money and can't have it! And that other poor wretch that was tearing out his hair—he won't be able to finish that toy-house he was building on Fifth Avenue! Oh, poor, poor child!

Millions upon millions of them, everywhere you turn—rushing, jostling, fighting, cursing—gone mad for *toys*—for *toys!* I sat myself down and tried to figure it out, and divide them into classes. (The classes are, of course, not mutually exclusive, for most children like all toys.) However, the first class is composed of those whose toys are *Houses;* there are in all some twenty million children in this country who are excited about their houses, and about pretty toys to put in them. The second class is of those who are pleased with *Ancestors* and *Titles,* and such *Airy Imaginations.* The number of those in our country is unusually low—not over thirty million, according to my careful figuring. The third class is of those whose toys are their *Brains*.. who delight themselves with acquiring all sorts of toy-learning to exhibit; there are about five million altogether of such people. The next class is of those who find happiness in life in their *Stomachs,* who like pretty toys that are made to go down their throats; of those there are some sixty-nine million; finally, for the last class, it is composed of the children who are made happy by *Clothes,* who give their time to devising all kinds of wonderful things to put upon their bodies. Of that kind our country contains somewhere between seventy-five million and seventy-six.

Of course, there are all sorts of miscellaneous toys, but these are the principal ones. The seeking of these is, as I have said, the one occupation of our American children; for them they sacrifice everything else—literally *everything.* I have compiled another set of statistics to show what they sacrifice. I find that the number of those who, to a greater or less extent, have sacrificed their *Health* in the pursuit of toys, is about forty-five million; the number of those who have

sacrificed their *Minds* is considerably over seventy-three million; and the number of those who have sacrificed their *Souls* is, out of a total population of seventy-six million three hundred and four thousand children, precisely seventy-six million three hundred and four thousand.

Now, I am writing this treatise to suit myself, and not to suit the children. I have said enough about toys, and given enough statistics; I, therefore, begin another treatise, and I call it:

UPON NOT UNDERSTANDING THE LANGUAGE.

Once upon a time, before I had time to feel so strenuously about toys, I went to the theatre to hear a certain famous actress in a foreign tongue, which I did not very well comprehend. It was a very wonderful play, I gathered; and I was sad to miss it. But while I listened I made some reflections that I believe repaid me for the lost time. For there I sat, like a poor blind creature at the hour of sunrise—I knew that thrilling things were happening, that great emotions were being felt, that mighty resolves were being made, and in short the music of humanity was being made audible to all men but myself. There was a foreigner beside me, and it made me tremble just to watch his face.

Then another time, I recollect, I went to the opera—to hear "Die Meistersinger." I saw two people there who interested me so that I forgot all about the music. One of them was a dame of high society, a toyshop of unthinkable price. She had on a magnificent gown, and her hands and her hair gleamed and glittered; she had a wonderful face, and snowy arms and neck. She had a jewelled opera-glass too, and as she sat there she would turn her graceful self this way and that and gaze with languid elegance; and while the music—the wonderful, unthinkable music—rushed on, she posed there so beautifully, now and then shifting her robes, or looking at her jewelled watch and speaking to a companion in front of her.

The person who was on the other side of me—I am ashamed to mention him in such high company. I think he was a little German tailor, and had made for himself all of the queer toy-clothes he wore. But oh, such a musical little man, as full of bounce as a rubber-ball! His face shone and his eyes shone, and he could not keep his fingers still. The farther that music called him the farther he went, and the faster it flew the more excited it made him. As for myself, I had not been happy that night—and I wished with all my soul that I were just a little German tailor. It was all very simple, you comprehend—it was merely *that he understood the language.*

There is an old saying about its not being easy for a rich man to get into heaven; and the rich man if he ever thinks about it at all, thinks that it means a queer place full of fire and brimstone, and laughs incredulously. And, poor soul, he never realizes that the dreadful punishment is being paid out to him, day by day; that he is attending God's great universal, all-star operatic performance—*and that he does not understand the language!*

Infinite, unthinkable wonder and rapture the Great Composer has poured into his music—earth, sea and sky his orchestra—health and labor, prayer and joy and thankfulness his theme; and here sits the great audience of seventy-six million, decked in their jewels and fine raiment, surrounded with all their marvellous toys—and never understanding one note of their life's irrevokable symphony!

THE HEART OF THE MASSES

GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON

Deep in the heart of the masses the spirit of manhood is moving,
Quickened by social constraint and stirred into strenuous action;
Grouped by the power of oppression and driven preforce into loving,
The workers are forming in ranks, and fellowship swallows up faction.

Tyranny challenges manhood; and fellowship grows in fineness;
So shall the hidings of power be brought to a wondrous unveiling.
Fellowship, fineness and might, the trinity make of Divineness.
Masterful, working perfection, joined to the forces unfailing.

Not from above can be looked for the spirit of comradeship needed;
Society sinks, or is saved by the masses despised and rejected.
Better the rage of a people whose grievances shown are unheeded—
Better industrial war—than tyranny always accepted.

Scathingly hot is the scorning a class giveth now to its traitors.
When never were Manhood and Meanness in contest so desparate meeting;
But struggling, a lover of lovers seems always a hate or haters,
And better is brotherhood passion than brotherless, heartless competing.

Stern in their manhood and loyal must be the group who would master
The forces gigantic of evil, the lords who so long have distressed us;
Fear not their strength or their fierceness, dream not of social disaster
When for the poor and the weak they are striking the hands that oppressed us.

Given a cause that is basal and broad as humanity's need is,
Given a class that is conscious of interests firmly united—
Moved by this bond and incentive, and growing as good as its creed is,
The class shall march on with the cosmic and ancientest wrongs shall be righted.

Union and freedom forever! Why in the struggle be parted,
Men who in manhood are equal, men who the burdens are bearing?
Workers alone can be noble; and they are the tenderest hearted,
They are the best and the bravest, who for their brothers are caring.

The man—the divine—that is in us we show in our outward relations,
Our visible growth is the growth of bodies with brotherhood spirit;
The kingdom shall come to the landless, to all the oppressed of the nations—
And when they shall stand by each other, as equals the earth to inherit.

WILSHIRE'S BAROMETER

TO FRIENDS OF WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

Subscription postal cards, each good for a year's subscription to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, are sold to all applicants at rate of 50 cents per card; cards good for a six months subscription, 25 cents. Remit cash with order to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, 125 East 23d street, New York.

Just Out.

THE HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Morris Hillquit.—This is the only complete book of the kind ever published. Hillquit has long been a member of the Socialist party and is the best imformed man upon the subject of which he writes. The book retails at $1.50. We will deliver the book anywhere in the United States or Europe on receipt of price, together with 17 cents to cover postage. Or for two dollars we will send the book postpaid together with two of our yearly subscription cards, each card good for one year's subscription to Wilshire's Magazine. Address

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE,
125 East 23rd St.,
New York.

Gaylord Wilshire,—

The Socialists of this place, recently organized by John M. Ray, are clamoring for you to come and address our people.

This county, Forsyth, is strongly Socialistic in sentiment, and we already have four locals, with a combined membership of over one hundred. We have written the National Committee at Omaha for speakers, but they tell us that owing to scarcity of funds in their hands, they cannot promise anyone at once, but will do their best, etc.

Now, Mr. Wilshire, we want you to come. We will promise to give you a large and representative audience, in our Court House, which is the finest in the State; or possibly can secure the Auditorium, which holds about 1,500 people, but the latter would cost money, while the Court House is public property, and open to political speaking of any party.

If you could only be here and see for yourself the hold that Socialism has on some of our leading citizens, I feel assured you would gladly render us the invaluable assistance of making one or more addresses. The South is *waking up*. Before Thomas Jefferson formulated the Declaration of Independence, the Carolinians, a year preceding, declared their independence from the British yoke. The spirit of Liberty still lives in the Old North State, and needs but to be aroused to action.

Awaiting your early, and I trust, favorable reply, I remain,

H. P. HAUGH,
Box. 102.

I will come with pleasure during winter.—H. G. W.

Plantsville, Conn., Oct. 23, 1903.

Yours of the 22nd inst. at hand and contents noted. In reply will say that I am willing and anxious to co-operate with you, in a quiet way, to extend the good work, which I believe your magazine will materially assist in. Therefore shall be pleased to look up your expirations, hand out sample copies, or any other thing that will aid in opening the eyes of the working people to the fact that they must stand together at the polls if they ever hope to better their conditions.

Whatever I may do for the good of the cause, I wish to assure you that it is not done for what there is in it, but for the uplifting of humanity to a higher plane than one founded on graft. E. L. PEARCE.

Why not send a bundle order for your local? Price 5 cents each, postpaid, in bundles of five or more.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS, by Jack London, is about approaching its completion as a serial in this magazine. It can be furnished by us in a magnificently illustrated edition in book form. Price $2.00, postage twenty-four cents extra. The book will be sent postpaid, free of charge, to anyone purchasing 20 of our subscription cards, each card good for one yearly subscription, at 50 cents each. Here is a chance to get a splendid book free by getting up a club of 20 subscribers.

Culdesac, Idaho, Oct. 16, '03.

Your magazine is profound in its reasoning, clear and true, and is adapted to the most cultured minds of all nations, who may occupy scientific or Christian ground.

B. B. DAISLEY.

Don't forget writing occasionally to our advertisers.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 28, '03.

I am glad you notified me that my subscription to your magazine must be renewed Nov. 1st. I will not do without it for any reasonable cost. I would consider it a misfortune to miss a number of it.

I do all I can for the magazine and the cause it so nobly advocates, by lending my copy to one and another and finally by giving it to some one who I know will read it and give it further circulation.

I admire your courage, zeal and devotion to your principles, and wish you success as you deserve. A. J. HODDER.

One of our advertisers, the N. K. Fairbank Company of Chicago, is offering a beautiful calendar free to all applicants and we would suggest that our readers would do well both to themselves and the magazine by ordering one. Advertisers judge the value of advertising in a magazine by the amount of attention it excites. Some of our advertisers continue with us solely because of the number of enquiries they get through their advertisement. Friends can help us very much by writing to our advertisers and mentioning WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

Leipsic, O., Oct. 19, 1903.

Enclosed please find the renewals of Mr. Walsh and myself together with an additional subscription to each application, as per terms made by you.

We will endeavor to get others whose time will expire soon to do likewise.

Your magazine is certainly to be rated with the high-class periodicals of the day. It stands for a better and higher civilization.

Socialist sentiment is growing rapidly in this locality. People are leaving the hosts of capitalism as fast as they learn the better way.

Unbounded success to you in your work.

A. A. WEAVER.

Denver, Colo., Sept. 27th, 1903.

Your very kind letter to hand, and I hasten to reply with pleasure. Wilshire's Magazine is a very welcome visitor at our house; we prize it above all other magazines. It is read

Wilshire's Magazine is a very welcome visitor at our house; we prize it above all other magazines. It is read with a great deal of delight and pleasure, and will certainly make Socialists of all who may glance through its pages, for once the eye is caught it is riveted until the close of the chapter. LIZZIE COPE.

Out in California I have a few thousand copies of the Challenge, the weekly paper suppressed by Mr. Madden.

These copies contain the $10,000 Bryan challenge to debate and are excellent for propaganda. Price one dollar per hundred, postpaid. This price simply covers postage. Would send in lots of one thousand absolutely free to any person or local who would pay the expressage. They weigh 8 to the pound.

H. G. W.

Wigan Lanes, England.

I am in receipt of your letter and sample copies of the magazine. I have already obtained five subscribers and hope to get more. I should be very pleased to have 2 dozen of the September issue on the terms stated in your letter, which I shall do my best to sell.

Suppose I was to forward you the names of the subscribers, do you undertake to send them on to their addresses, or would you prefer to send the magazines to me and have me supply them? How do you prefer being paid? By postal order or money order?

I shall endeavor to get a good sale here and I have no doubt I shall succeed. J. PEEL.

We will send direct to each subscriber at his home. Remit by postal order made payable in New York.—H. G. W.

Ingersoll, Okla., Oct. 14, 1903.

My time has expired for your magazine. I am lost without it. You will find enclosed $2.00—please put me on your list (give me the October number) and send cards for the rest. I can take some subscriptions now.

J. E. CARNAHAN.

We furnish agents with free sample copies.

Fresno, Cal., 10-12, 1903.

It is today my good fortune to peruse (sorry to say for the first time) your excellent magazine. It goes right to the spot. I have been for many years a Socialist theoretically, but it is only for the last 18 months that I have become thoroughly class-conscious and gone into active service for the co-operative commonwealth.

I suppose that I am too late in entering upon your subscription list to have an even or in fact any chance at all for any of the larger prizes offered. However, I will do all I can, anyway, in securing subscribers for your most valuable paper.

I enclose herewith $2.00 for four of your subscription cards. Enroll my name as a subscriber for life.

How I do wish that I had known of this the first of last May. I would have led the comrades a merry string in the contest for the first prize.

Well, here goes for the good of the order, anyway. I know of several brainy men who will appreciate your magazine, so please send me cards and sample copies.

J. M. GILSTRAP, M.D.

Liverpool, Eng., Oct. 20, '03.

I received your samples of "Wilshire's Magazine," and would like to add my small tribute to the chorus of praise. It is splendid. We just want a journal like it here, and failing one of our own, I think we cannot do better than push "Wilshire's."

Personally, I propose to try my best and get subscribers and shall be glad of any samples you can send along to help—they shall not be wasted. There are one or two difficulties I should be glad if you could clear up for me; in paying for Wilshire's (small amounts) what is the best medium to use?

If you want "Wilshire's Magazine" to get a big circulation here, you will have to find some means of placing it on hand month by month for retail sale. This would come cheaper for you in cost of distribution than your present method, and I feel sure your magazine only requires to be seen to be regularly taken. J. T. SMITH.

Remit by stamps or U. S. P. O. order. We can deliver magazines in bundles at 2d. each. —H. G. W.

If you like this magazine now, why not help us make it still better by getting us some new subscribers?

Jolly, Clay Co., Tex., Oct. 1, '03.

I enclose one of your yearly cards to extend my subscription to your great work. I'd be lost without it. Will send for more cards as soon as I sell my wheat. I want to do all I can for Truth and Justice.

CONRAD LEISSLER.

Wilshire's Beaten by Militia.

Minturn, Colo., Oct. 2, 1903.

The State Militia are making more Socialists in Colorado than your magazine, and this is the limit of praise. The people of this State promised the Mine and Smelter workers by over 40,000 majority an eight-hour-day. When the Legislature met, the mine managers and smelters bought the outfit, and no law was passed to put the Constitutional amendment in force, and this is all the trouble. Who's to blame? The miners, Legislature or Mine and Smelter managers?

With best regards for yourself, and success for the magazine. CHAS. B. STONE.

The Railway Employees' Journal, issued by the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees, from their headquarters, San Francisco, Cal., will come out in future as a monthly magazine, well illustrated, and containing much matter of interest to all railroad men.

We have, as you know, been issuing a four-page weekly but this change is necessary, owing to the growing demand for enlargement, and publication of trade journals in magazine form.

Our first issue (for November) will be mailed about Nov. 15, and will be handled on news stands as well as by mail. Subscription price as before, $1.00 a year. A. H. Spencer is editor and manager.

Clare, Mich., Sept. 21, '03.

Wilshire's Magazine, New York.

Gentlemen:—On one of my trips South this week in assorting mail I run across a lot of periodicals and I was anxious to know what kind of literature this was going out to the people, so peeped in one of them. I saw the word "Socialism." Having been converted to this class recently, I am looking for more literature on this subject all the time, it being our only salvation to save the country from another rebellion.

I have read the September number through and am well pleased with it; and I want to take the pleasure of helping you circulate the magazine throughout the United States. I am getting many new subscribers.

What are your terms? I do not care for any prizes. I am a railway postal clerk and see a good many people, and can distribute quietly along the lines.

Kindly let me hear from you

H. A. HOPE.

Yearly cards 50 cents each.—H. G. W.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

Let a man overcome anger by kindness, evil by good; let him conquer the stingy by a gift, the liar by truth. For never in this world does hatred cease by hatred; hatred ceases by love; this is always its nature.—Buddha.

Whatsoe'er thou lovest that become thou must. God, if God thou lovest; dust, if thou lovest dust.—Clipped.

Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on—for God's sake—let us pass on.—Burke.

If you would win success in life, don't waste time reading maxims like this and taking advice from the successful. Just get busy.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

God does not pay every Saturday, but finally he pays.—Italian Proverb.

Sentimental Suitor (after being rejected)—I shall never marry now.

Miss Wyswon—Silly man! Why not?

Sentimental Suitor (viciously)—If you won't have me, who will?

"Mary, I wish you would be a better girl," said a father to his little girl. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you so much."

"Oh, don't worry about it, papa!" was the reply. "I'm not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

Three different waiters at a Southern hotel asked a little, prim, precise Harvard professor at dinner, in quick succession if he would have soup.

A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked, "Is it compulsory?"

"No, sah," answered our friend and brother; "no, sah. I think it am mock turtle."—Clipped.

The Duke of Abruzzi, who has the record of "farthest north," recently displayed in Rome the outfit of clothing for his next dash to the pole. Instead of heavy woollens and furs he has silks lined with eiderdown and in every garment a network of fine copper wire, covered with asbestos, which can be heated from an electrical storage battery. Boots, gloves, sledges and quilts are similarly heated.

Snuzzer—Doctor, is insomnia contagious?

Doctor—Certainly not, sir. Why do you ask that?

Snuzzer—Because I notice that when baby has it my wife and I generally have it too.

Celestial Pity.

The cultured Chinamen regards the alleged civilization of the Heathen Westerner with contempt, not unmixed with magnanimous pity. "The laws of the Western nations are too numerous and too severe. Instances of their bondage may be given. All the children in the country are bound to attend school at a certain age. When an author wants to print a book, he has to ask for copyright. Before a man can establish a newspaper he must apply for a certificate from his government sanctioning him to do so. There are fixed regulations governing all companies and firms. All marriages must be reported to a certain department for registration. Thus there is no liberty between husband and wife." Thus the Pekin "Sin Pao." It is time China sent us some missionaries.—The Clarion.

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally as arduous in actual as in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own, but the great man is he whom in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

The Gasoline Smell.

Commissioner John McGaw Woodbury takes rather an active interest in the children's-playground feature of his new fish market, and the following story is told in connection with its opening—of the sidewalk games of city children:

A platoon of small boys and girls was engaged in some mysterious evolutions when a "settlement" worker inquired what the game was. The leader responded:

"We're playing automobile"

A little colored girl brought up the rear of the procession, and invited further investigation as to her part in the game.

"What is the little colored girl doing?" was the query.

"Oh, she is the gasoline smell," was the quick reply.—N. Y. Commercial.