

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
 They master us and force us into *the arena*,
 Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—Heine.

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GOVERNMENT BY BANKS.

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THE Republican administration urges a battle between the banks and the people of the United States. Though the party adopted its platform and conducted its campaign in 1896 without any notice to the people of a plan to radically change the currency system of the country, it is now proposed to take advantage of a majority gained upon another question to make a change in our monetary system more radical than any which has been presented since the organization of the first bank of the United States, save the demonetization of silver in 1873. In various forms the substance of this plan appears to be to retire in whole or in part the demand notes of the Government, to substitute therefor bank promises, and to make all debts in the United States payable only in gold coin. It is also proposed to convert the legal-tender silver money of the country into a demand payable in gold. Stripped of all verbiage the scheme contemplates the abandonment by the Government of its sovereign prerogative to issue legal-tender paper, and the surrender of this power exclusively to the national banks.

Such a plan, involving a radical change in our present system, must be met in future political campaigns, and should therefore engage the earnest attention and study of every thoughtful citizen. The plan, though new, is essentially partisan, because the Democratic party, upon principle



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and throughout its history, has been opposed to any grant to banks of money-issuing power, and unquestionably will oppose in solid rank a new grant of enormous and exclusive privileges in this regard to these private corporations. While there can be no doubt of Democratic opposition, certainly an appeal may be made to Republican voters to assist in the defeat of such a radical and subversive policy.

The Republican party has not yet agreed in any convention or in any election that the note-issuing power of the Government shall be exclusively delegated to the banks. Up to this time, the Republican Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives has been unable to agree upon any such measure, and the party at the polls may later signify its overwhelming disapprobation of a scheme foisted without notice upon the party by powerful special interests. In the Congressional elections of 1898 there would be an opportunity for Republicans to discountenance this new scheme without imperilling the party ascendancy, as might be the case in a Presidential election. Republican representatives may be nominated who will discountenance this policy, while they may not join with the Democratic party in any other measures.

The vital issue between monometallism and bimetallism is one of prices, but while bimetallists might be quite willing to join in any functional changes in the present system to guard the Government against its evils, all the plans which have been so far proposed not only are aimed at the forms of our present system, but also undertake to reduce silver money to a national debt, or, as Secretary Gage expresses it, "to commit the country more thoroughly to the gold standard." Bimetallists are thus directly challenged. Secretary Gage has expounded a plan which is distinctly a banker's plan, which not only furnishes no relief to the Government from its present obligations, but adds immeasurably to its burdens. To those bimetallists, therefore, who were misled in the campaign of 1896 by the empty promises of an international agreement, an appeal may now be made, not only because they were deceived by that specious promise, but because their votes are now being utilized to deliver over the

monetary system of the land to the absolute control of the moneylenders.

In the Chicago platform of 1896 this question was fore-stalled in these words: "Congress alone has the power to coin and issue money, and President Jackson declared that this power could not be delegated to corporations or individuals. We, therefore, denounce the issuance of notes intended to circulate as money by national banks as in derogation of the Constitution, and we demand that all paper which is made a legal tender for public and private debts, or which is receivable for dues to the United States, shall be issued by the Government of the United States, and shall be redeemable in coin."

Three plans have been presented to Congress, differing materially, though having a common purpose. One comes from a self-constituted conference at Indianapolis, another from the Secretary of the Treasury, and a third from a special sub-committee of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives. The last-named plan has lately been approved by the executive committee of the Indianapolis Conference. All agree upon the creation of a separate division of the Treasury, to be called the Division of Issue and Redemption, to which shall be transferred gold coin to the amount of from \$125,000,000 to \$176,000,000, to be used for the redemption of the legal-tender notes, treasury notes of 1890, and silver dollars of the Government. It is proposed to retire wholly or in part the notes of the Government, when redeemed, in quantities equal to the bank notes to be issued in their stead. All propose eventually to dispense with the deposit of public bonds as security for bank-note issues, so that eventually the bank-note circulation shall be based on the commercial assets of the bank issuing the notes. The Indianapolis plan would dispense with the security of bonds within ten years. The House Committee's plan would base the bank issues upon assets within five years. The notes are in all cases to be a first lien upon the assets of the issuing bank, and the personal liability of the bank stockholders is secured. Redemption of the notes is to be secured by deposit with the Treasury of a redemption fund equal to

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from five to ten per cent of the circulation. The Government is to guarantee the redemption of the bank notes in gold. Provisions are made for the sale of United States bonds to maintain the redemption in gold by the Government. The issue of bank notes is limited to the amount of the capital of each bank.

These are the substantial features of the three plans now before the public. Without regard to the methods or the details of either plan, the one purpose is to substitute banks for the Government in the regulation of the monetary supply, and to make the Government ultimately responsible for the redemption in gold of the entire note issues of the banks.

The opposition to this new policy is confined to the note-issue power of the bank. There is no objection to the banking system as it exists in the country in the form of State banks, private banks, and trust companies, or to the general powers conferred by the national banking system excepting the power to issue currency.

Mr. Walter Bagehot introduces his noted book entitled "Lombard Street" with the explanation that he does not use the title "Money Market" because he wishes to show that he deals with "concrete realities." "I maintain," he says, "that the money market is as concrete and real as anything else. The briefest and truest way of describing Lombard Street is to say that it is by far the greatest combination of economic power and economic delicacy that the world has ever seen. Of the greatness of the power there will be no doubt; money is economic power."

Had Mr. Bagehot lived to 1896 he would have realized the mightiness, not only of the economic power of the money market, but also of its political power. Since he wrote, the control of the money market over governments themselves has been so developed that it may be safely said that the kings of finance have more control over the war policies of the nations than monarchs and presidents themselves. That this power has regulated the administration of our national Treasury since the Civil War no one seriously denies. Its influence upon Congress has been also controlling. The *New York Tribune* did not exaggerate when in 1878 it de-

clared: "The machinery is now furnished by which in any emergency the financial corporations of the East can act together at a single day's notice with such power that no act of Congress can overcome or resist its power." The circular letter of Mr. Clews issued May 24, 1896, asserted that the count of a two-thirds vote in Congress for the free coinage of silver "would evoke in Wall Street the kind of conditions that no Congress has ever yet dared to disregard, and the cause would be overthrown at the moment when its success seemed most certain. It is this reserve power on which Wall Street is now reposing."

There is certainly much warrant in our recent history for this defiant assertion, for which, however, it would not be just to hold all the moneyed interests of our country responsible. Such utterances, however, tend to remind thoughtful citizens of the danger to our institutions which is involved in the united banking power of the Union. This mighty aggregation secures its ends most easily by controlling legislatures and executives; but in 1896 we felt its iron hand in our elections as never before. It is not denied that systematic levies were made upon financial institutions to defeat the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and in many instances loans and discounts of banks were manipulated to intimidate and punish voters.

Yet it would be an error to treat this power merely from the standpoint of danger. With the moneyed interests are bound up our whole commercial system and our industrial organization. As they are potent for evil they are potent also for good, and their regulation must remain a supreme question in our politics. It is a sad political error to make wholesale attack upon the financial agents of our land as unpatriotic and destructive, or to deem them in accord with such ill-advised utterances as that above quoted. The operation and safety of our financial institutions are included in the general policy of the Democratic party, which would keep them democratic in character and deems a correction of abuses the best conservator.

It has so long been the practice to teach our voters how helpless they are as against England's banking control, that our

people have lost sight of the mightiness of our influence in the monetary affairs of the world. The consideration of this giant force in our own political and economic affairs is becoming more and more important. Jackson dealt with one national bank; we deal with 3,600. That bank had \$28,000,000 of capital; these banks have \$630,000,000, or twenty-three times as much. The last report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows some 9,000 banking institutions in our country, representing aggregate resources of nearly \$8,000,000,000. When the people of the United States deal with their new "money power" they deal with nearly one-third of the world's banking power.

For prudential reasons the industries of to-day are conducted largely upon borrowed capital. The business credits in every city, town, and village of our land depend upon the banks. Should these institutions be encouraged to bring their full force to bear upon our politics their influence would be well-nigh irresistible.

There is, however, in our banking system an element of safety which offers much hope that careful and calm discussion will bring just conclusions. The directors of our banks are numbered by thousands; they are our neighbors and friends, and they share in the feeling of patriotism which animates our republic. They are largely business men themselves, engaged in industrial and productive enterprises. Nine-tenths of them, it may be safely asserted, are opposed to a banking system which will injure business or weaken our institutions. The majority does not even consist of bankers, but of business men who have organized under the name of a bank the local industrial forces of towns and cities. Many of them are Democrats who are eager to carry out reforms affecting the banking system itself. The country banks represent two-thirds of the total banking capital of the land, and it is well known that the country banks feel the pressure of the control which the reserve cities exercise, and they have no disposition to add monopolistic privileges which will put them more under the control of the powerful banking leaders. It is doubtful if the majority of bank directors sympathize with the policy of currency contraction,

or indeed any policy which will injure other business to favor banking, inasmuch as most of them are primarily business men and secondarily bankers.

The economic tendency of the day, whether natural or induced, is certainly toward the centralization of management and the minimizing of the individual's power. The department store has driven the retail dealer to the wall; the trust has assumed control of our staple trades; the monopolized railroads regulate transportation. Our whole industrial system is rapidly attaining a monopolistic character. There is every reason to believe that this tendency will ultimately possess our banking system; already it is hastening, while the banks have only the instrument of credit with which to assert their power. Through the control of credit the business community feels its helplessness under the sway of the banks, but if now our monetary system is to be turned over to a banking trust can there be doubt that the small banks will become helpless servants of the powerful governors in this system? With money and credits in their hands, the business of the country will be at their mercy. Who can control it? Not the Government, for it has already abandoned its functions to them. Not the merchants, for they are dependents of the money-lenders. If the small banks rebel, they will be crushed. The amount of money, rates of interest and discount, privilege of credit, all will be under banking control. It is but another trust greater than all other trusts, a trust of trusts which exists now in comparatively feeble form, because it has not yet brought the Government fully under its control. It has owned Presidents and Secretaries, but Congress has not yet quite succumbed. To control directly the entire monetary system of the greatest nation in the world requires but the execution of the present plan; it offers to our financial rulers one-third of the world's banking power as the greatest stake for which that power has yet played.

When Mr. Carlisle made a contract with a foreign syndicate to protect the Treasury of the United States for a given period, he but faintly outlined the picture of the gold-owners of the world in financial dictation of the destiny of this

republic. With all the money and all the credits in their power, the railroads, the great industrial trusts, the mighty speculators will govern the policy of the whole system. When war comes the banks will control the finances of the Government if the whole system now proposed be not crushed out. The great industrial trusts, the most powerful owners or patrons of the banks, will have at their mercy, as never before, the producers of this land.

The Democratic party insists that the people shall not abandon their right to control the monetary supply upon which they depend. It deems that the very class which should not be entrusted with this great responsibility is the moneylenders, who have purposes of their own which are inconsistent with the interests of the masses of the nation's producers. The moneylenders have repeatedly shown their indifference to the apparent necessity of an increasing supply of money, the lever with which to lift prices and thereby give impetus to our desponding trade.

If the bankers believe that the people of this country are now agreed that the banks are entitled above all other classes to control the monetary supply, they much misunderstand public sentiment. There is a growing feeling in the land that it is the laborer, the producer, the manufacturer, the farmer, for whom the money supply should be regulated, and who have more right to dictate in the matter than have the bankers, whose profit lies in contributions from the other classes. It is fast becoming clear that to leave with the banker the determination of the quantity of money is not only to pervert the government's function, but to deliver over the wealth-producer to the private taxgatherer. As an abstract proposition, it is much more reasonable and certainly more wise to inquire of the producer whether he is getting money of the banks at reasonable rates and in the necessary quantity, and that the Government should supply such money to the producers if the banks fail to do so. The banks have two interests in the country's money, first, to make it pay high rates of interest, and secondly, to make it grow more valuable in their possession. Both these purposes are opposed to the interests of producers, and indeed of the

country. That the moneylenders should have the monopoly seems to be the most absurd proposition to present to the voters of the republic. If bankers may control the money-supply, will they make money plentiful or scarce? One may read the arguments of Secretary Gage and of the Indianapolis Conference without enlightenment upon this point, and yet the very doubt on such a vital point is the complete condemnation of the system.

The Textile Record of America last January asked these pertinent questions: "Upon what grounds of equity can it be demanded that the credit of the Government should be given to banks for the profit of their stockholders, and not to manufacturing corporations for the profit of their stockholders? In what particular has a bank-owner a claim to such backing which a mill-owner does not possess?" The Farmers' Alliance long ago asked these questions, and rallied two millions of voters to demand that the Government should loan money upon goods. If the deposits of the manufacturer and farmer are now to be made liable for the note issues of the banks, the inquiry must be made, Why should the banks issue the notes rather than the producers themselves? It is not certain that the end of the agitation which the banks have now aroused will not be the absolute repudiation of any special privilege to bankers in the control of the currency system, and a reinforcement of the demand that the Government shall supply the producers of the country directly with the money necessary for their industries. The banks should be satisfied that they have stopped all increase in our currency through the repeal of the Sherman Act, and are reaping an unjust harvest through the extortions of an appreciating money.

It is alleged that money issue and redemption are in Europe largely in the control of the banks. In answer it may be said that the very considerations which warrant such a method in Europe condemn it in the United States. The great banks of the leading European states, England, France, Germany, and Russia, are single, monopolistic banks, intimately connected with the government, with the protection of the gold reserve, and the redemption of the note issues.

We have 3,600 national banks under a system of competition, each defending its own solvency and promoting its own success, regardless of the State and other banks. No single bank or, indeed, any group of banks has a motive to protect gold redemption by the government or by other banks. Apart from the note-issuing power, we have a free banking system, including 9,000 banks. The three vital functions performed by the government banks of Europe are these:

1. To control the supply of gold;
2. To supply the reserves for note redemption;
3. To maintain the money market in time of panic.

These ends are attained by the exercise of a power essentially monopolistic, and, it is respectfully submitted, are not attainable by banks under a competitive system.

1. The supply of gold in Great Britain is admittedly controlled by the regulation of the rate of discount in the Bank of England. This bank, while not strictly a government bank, governs the money market. If it is desired to stop an outpour of gold, the bank raises the value of gold by increasing the rate of interest arbitrarily; goods are thereby cheapened, and exports of goods take the place of gold exports; gold being more valuable, its import in payment of debts abroad displaces the import of goods. The other government banks of Europe adopt similar and other methods with the avowed purpose of regulating the inflow and outpour of gold.

2. The reserves for note redemption are zealously and arbitrarily guarded. The Bank of France pays silver when the money-brokers draw too heavily on the gold fund. The Bank of Germany compels the brokers to desist from gold exports, through the power it has over the credit of the money-dealers. Suffice it that in the struggle for gold each of the great banks sees to it that the metallic reserve is not depleted. Some of the methods are mysterious, but the end is fairly accomplished.

3. The money market is maintained in time of panics through these state banks if at all. In this regard there is a fatal weakness in our competitive system.

Panics arise from the contraction either of the money

supply or of credits. When the process of contraction begins, apprehension of danger gives impetus to the movement. This apprehension will grow to disastrous panic if the process be not checked, and it is clear that the only possible check is the free supply of money or credit.

Mr. Bagehot covers the matter thus: "Whatever bank or banks keep the ultimate banking reserve of the country must lend that reserve most freely in time of apprehension." And he adds: "The strain thrown by a panic on the final bank reserve is proportional to the magnitude of a country's commerce and to the number and size of the dependent banks." In the panic of 1825 the Bank of England loaned money even on goods. In 1857 it increased its loans heavily on securities. In 1866, when the great panic opened, the Bank had but \$29,000,000, but in a week it had loaned \$65,000,000, and the total increase of its loans was \$75,000,000. When the collapse of Argentine securities ruined the Barings in 1890, the Bank borrowed \$15,000,000 of gold from the Bank of France, and saved England from a crisis. The Peel act restricts the note issues of the Bank of England, but it has had to be suspended several times to avert panic.

Let us now apply these three operations of the European state banks to our national system, treating them in the reverse of the above order.

Our competitive system, in the first place, is a breeder and not a healer of panics. Be it a currency or credit panic, each bank looks to its own safety. It strengthens its cash reserves and contracts its loans, that it be not caught in the storm. This terrible operation was seen in 1893. The national banks called in loans to the amount of \$320,000,000, and increased their cash reserves. Ruin followed in the path of this process. The report of the Treasurer of the United States in 1873 shows the same history: "Suddenly there began a rapid calling in of demand loans, and a very general run on the banks for the withdrawal of deposits." A striking commentary on the present efforts of the banks to discredit the government notes appears in the official report that, "In this condition of things great pressure was brought to bear upon the Treasury Department to afford relief by the

issue of United States notes." The banks begged for \$20,000,000 in United States notes on pledge of clearing-house certificates, with securities. The Treasury declined for want of power, but finally supplied \$13,000,000 by purchase of bonds for the sinking fund. The Secretary of the Treasury reported: "The currency paid out of the Treasury for bonds did much to strengthen many savings banks and to prevent a panic among their numerous depositors." All this occurred while the banks had power to issue notes secured by United States bonds.

The proposition to entrust the whole monetary supply to the banks opens up terrible possibilities of panic, which may well give pause to the bankers themselves. Suppose ourselves dependent upon gold alone for redemption, and that the banks have issued notes upon their assets to supply the country with currency. They have now a liability which did not exist before; they must find gold for their note redemption. With heavy gold exports, or a shortage from any cause, the banks must begin to strengthen their gold redemption-fund to secure their own solvency. This process will tend to the hoarding of gold and to speculations in gold, and depositors will be driven to withdrawals lest the bank's assets be held for note redemption on a suspension of specie payments by the banks. Out of several thousand banks some are sure to be caught in such a movement. The Treasury report for 1873 says: "The suspension of certain large banking houses alarmed the people as to the safety of banks and banking institutions in general." If this feeling opened the panic of 1873, what will be our security when banks are issuing notes on their assets, and depending for redemption upon gold alone? May it not fairly be said that, even if this new system is honestly devised to relieve the government, it will at least weaken the public confidence in the banks themselves in time of distrust. The panic process, once started, has nothing to check it; it feeds upon itself. When the incautious banks begin to go to the wall for lack of gold reserve to redeem their notes, the strong banks must follow. The depositors, whose funds are now made liable for notes, will hasten the crash.

Here we realize the difference between the Bank of England, one great responsible reserve agent, backed by the government, on the one hand, and 4,000 separate banks struggling with each other for reserve funds. The strength of the system must be measured by that of its weakest member. In the name of our national solvency, let Secretary Gage consider whither he is leading us. Business men and bankers alike should beg him to take further advice upon his doubtful plan of creating banknotes which shall not be legal tender in payment of debt. Clearly, when the banks are fighting for gold, none can be had by the business community. When the weak banks begin to suspend specie payments, distrust in the banknotes will set in, and as the banknotes are not legal tender, a money panic must ensue such as the world has never seen. Yet Secretary Gage proposes to retire a part of the legal-tender notes of the government and substitute mere bank promises, which, in his words, "ought not to be endowed with any artificial power, except that which goes with the promise to pay money."

But, with these developments, where stands the Government, which the new system purports to protect?

Behind the banknotes stands the credit of the Government. But even with this credit can it be said that the banknote will be "endowed with any artificial power" save that of a promise to pay gold? The promise of the government is, it must be remembered, to redeem these banknotes in gold, while the system proposes to strip the Government of its present necessity of preserving a gold redemption-fund; that is the ostensible purpose of the whole scheme. Yet, when the banks suspend specie payments, the United States must also suspend specie payments on the same notes.

So, moving in the fatal circle, we come back to the ultimate responsibility of the Government. Yet the new system strips the Government of its self-protection, while it invites panic by trusting thousands of banks to do a business which a great single monopolistic bank does with fear and trembling.

Hastening to the second function of the European bank, which has been mentioned above, we inquire, What bank or banks will undertake to supply the reserves for note redemp-

tion, for the Government will be no longer in the business? The answer will naturally be made, that the great New York clearing-house banks will undertake this work. They must, then, provide gold for the redemption of all the banknotes of the country. It may be asked, first, whether they have the power to do it, and, second, whether the other banks of the nation desire to trust them with such work or with such power. And here develops the serious question which the country banks must consider. They are now seriously dependent upon the New York banks, merely through the potency of their control over credits; will not dependence be converted into slavery when the New York banks control the redemption fund for all banknotes?

It may safely be said that, if banks will issue notes at all under the system proposed by Secretary Gage, the country banks will be the main issuers. Indeed it is claimed for this system that it will relieve the agricultural sections and supply money for moving the crops. The note-issuing potency of the country banks is also greater than that of the city banks, as their capital is as two to one. By the Comptroller's report of 1892 the Chemical National Bank of New York City has a capital of \$300,000, with deposits of \$23,000,000; the Dedham National Bank of Massachusetts has a capital of \$300,000, with deposits of \$250,000. The Chemical Bank held specie and legal-tender notes of \$8,000,000, and the Dedham Bank held \$30,000. The limit of note issue under the proposed system is \$300,000 for each bank. No one dreams that under the new system the Chemical Bank will give up a dollar of its specie reserve to accommodate the Dedham Bank. If the Dedham Bank issued its full amount of notes it would have ten per cent of money with which to redeem them, while the Chemical Bank would have 2,667 per cent. We may fairly ask whether the Dedham Bank would issue any notes under such circumstances, and in this question is bound up the all-important query, whether the proposed system will add materially to the currency of the country. At least the above disparity between note-issuing power and cash reserve suggests how absurd is the claim that the only consideration in the note issues of the banks will be the

"needs of trade;" a phrase which runs smoothly from the financier's tongue, but may mean nothing in practice.

In the matter of credits the Dedham Bank is now much affected by the New York banks; if it shall issue notes to be redeemed in gold it will find itself more dependent on the New York banks for its solvency than is any business man now dependent on his line of credit from the bank. But if, as is alluringly held forth, the country banks shall pour out their notes, enlarge the currency, and thus relieve trade, clearly they must all be kept solvent, or panic may set in. If they are not able to redeem their notes, they fail; and if a few thus fail, apprehension will set in, and, as in 1873, their suspension will "alarm the people as to the safety of banks and banking institutions in general."

It must be shown where the country bank, like the Dedham Bank, shall in time of need secure gold. No one doubts that the Chemical and other New York banks will control the gold fund. If the syndicate of 1894 and 1895 could corner gold to drive the government to bond issues, the small banks will surely be more helpless than the government. They will not be shown mercy by the speculators of Wall Street or Lombard Street. Let this point be cleared up in fairness to trade and the trade banks.

The solvency of all English banks and trade is admittedly dependent on the soundness of the Bank of England and its readiness to supply the money or credit to sustain the market and to redeem its notes.

If this reliance can be placed nowhere in our country, the system proposed must fail; if the New York banks are to exercise this function, it will be dangerous to the whole banking system, to trade and commerce, to the Government itself. We may fairly object to have such a power lodged in the center of speculation and syndicate influence. Mature reflection must satisfy the business community that there is no power in our country fitted to maintain the reserve for banknote redemption, if banks be allowed to issue notes upon their assets.

The third and equally important branch of our inquiry is the control of the supply of gold in the United States.

If European banks raise the rate of discount, pay silver instead of gold, or control the bullion-brokers, these methods are not open under the system now proposed for the United States. Competing banks cannot and will not fix their discounts except to suit their own business. The truth may as well be faced before we reach disaster, that the United States have been, are, and will remain the reservoir from which the world draws gold at will. The reason is that we are a debtor nation and persistent borrowers. The authors of our new banking scheme deem it the height of national success when we can borrow money abroad. There are those who think we should be better off if we could not borrow another dollar in Europe.

But Europe holding our debts, estimated at \$5,000,000,000, will for a generation at least be able to throw our securities into the market in lieu of money whenever the balance of trade is in our favor. If an individual were deeply indebted to a neighbor, it would be regarded as foolhardy if he based his financial plans on his ability to force that neighbor at will to pay him money on demand. It is not otherwise with nations. Secretary Gage and his banker associates have devised their new system under the claim that they thereby relieve the government of the "endless chain," as it is called. The claim is so empty as to excite suspicion of its sincerity. The plan may deceive, but it will not relieve the Government. The Secretary proposes to retire \$200,000,000 greenbacks, and in the same breath adds the whole supply of silver dollars to the obligations which are to be redeemed in gold. \$450,000,000, which have heretofore been called assets, are to be made debts calling for gold. Under the Gage plan, therefore, the Government is loaded with \$250,000,000 more of gold obligations than it bears now. If it be charged that Secretary Gage has the main purpose of degrading silver, while he puts the government Treasury and the people at the mercy of the banks, his own plans furnish the best argument to support the charge.

No subterfuges or devices will cover the fact that the new plans will enable the foreign bankers to draw gold from the government Treasury as freely as they did before. If Rus-

sia, Austria, or Hungary wants \$100,000,000, they have but to take our legal-tender money to the Treasury and demand gold for export. It amounts to deception to hold out to a confiding people that this process is to be stopped. It will be even easier than before, because the silver-dollar fund has been added to the endless chain.

It must be admitted that it is a pitiable condition of the United States Treasury, when a suction pipe runs to Europe, through which the precious gold may be drawn at will. But the bankers, Secretaries, and Congressional Committees may be challenged to devise a plan which will stop it; it must continue so long as this debtor nation undertakes to maintain the gold standard or even the exclusive gold basis. We have sold \$262,000,000 in bonds, not for the good of our own people, but to supply Europe with gold and investments. We shall remain in misery and doubt so long as we maintain a system which we cannot control to benefit our people, but which will enable Europe to throw us into a panic at any time. In the mad rush for gold, our country cannot control its own monetary system, unless it stops the craze for gold by putting silver again at its side. When this is done America will at least be free.

It must not be forgotten that if the United States now attempts the exclusive gold basis for its currency and its trade, its added demand will force prices still lower; and only wise Providence can foresee the consequences. That we must have more gold under the new plan is evident. Our banking power to-day is one-half that of all Europe. The European banks now hold \$3,000,000,000 of gold, silver, specie, and other currency; on this basis our banks should hold \$1,500,000,000, or more than the entire amount of our currency. Our banks, national and State, savings banks, loan and trust companies, private banks, 9,457 in number, show by the Comptroller's last report but \$628,200,000 of cash.

It is true that the European banks have heavy obligations for banknotes, but if we are now to enter upon the same policy it is not unfair to say that our necessity for ultimate-redemption money should be measured according to our banking power. According to our last Treasury report,

Europe has over \$3,000,000,000 in gold. By this standard our requirement would be \$1,500,000,000; we have not one-third of this in the country to-day.

To talk of getting \$1,000,000,000 in gold is to rave. We have exported \$300,000,000 net in gold from 1888 to 1898. The people have a right to know from the financiers how this process is to be reversed. Yet they do not vouchsafe an answer. One thing alone is certain: gold can only come to us steadily through a reduction in the price of goods, which must be continued to meet reductions abroad. Heaven save us from this process! In truth, the movement of gold toward Europe is a mystery even to our financiers. The old "ebb and flow according to the needs of trade" is an exploded idea. Even the exchanges furnish no guide. Mr. Ottomer Haupt, a financial expert, condemns Mr. Goschen for issuing a new edition of his "Theory of Foreign Exchanges" without attempting an explanation of the operation of the Lazard Frères, which took \$35,000,000 in gold from the United States to France in 1891 in the teeth of adverse exchanges. Mr. Haupt challenges Mr. Léon Say, the translator of Mr. Goschen's book, to reassert the old theory, that raising the rate of discount is the only method of attracting foreign gold. As Mr. Haupt observes, "The operation may be repeated at any time."

But how Europe gets our gold may be explained more easily than how we shall get the gold of Europe. Yet if we are to be dependent upon gold, we must have some method of retaining it. To depend upon our crops is to make our monetary system vary with the rainfall, and follow anxiously the frost and the locust. In 1898, with a good crop and high prices, we import gold; we put it into our business. In 1899 we export gold, and enterprise is checked. Yet our Secretary of the Treasury cannot question that with his plan this dependence will continue. He and his school have taught us that paper money drives out gold; will an increase of bank paper operate otherwise than an increase of government paper? Yet, except under a promise of expansion, the new plan could not secure a decent minority in Congress. Even with the new method, banks must still be governed by

their necessities. If gold exports ensue, the anxiety of the banks for their note redemption will cause not only competition for gold, but a steady withdrawal of banknote circulation. Contraction by both gold exports and note retirement will tend to panic. England suspends the Peel act in time of need, and increases note circulation; is it to be supposed that our banks will increase their liabilities in time of panic?

In truth, this whole scheme of turning over our business, our currency, and our Treasury to the manipulation of the banks is full of cracks and rottenness, and will not float. It is not wonderful that even the Republican members of the Committee on Banking and Currency cannot agree. Probably the plan is a mere counter-attack to impede the march of bimetallism, which is for the people's interest, and seeks to free us from banking and foreign control.

Let the bankers go about their business of banking, and we, the people, will try, in our humble way, to do the governing. The people are more interested in the money question as it affects the prices of goods; a reversal of deadly contraction and falling prices is demanded. The money-sellers, who would make money scarce, are the last persons to be trusted with this work.

The people are satisfied with the quality of their government money, and do not heed the cry of "Wolf." For twenty years none of our money has been at a discount; our silver dollar, never. The bankers ignore the quantity of money, so vital to business, and are distressed about the quality. Therefore they propose to substitute bank promises for government promises — a palpable absurdity. They propose to run their own race, with the government guaranty that no one shall lose.

Without disrespect, it would seem that some other motive than soundness of money is behind their scheme. For the prize of controlling the money system of this mighty republic, the banks should be able to spread more honey with the gum. The people will laugh the whole plan out of court, and when there is any legislation concerning banks it will be to take from their powers, not to add to them. Government by banks will not flourish upon our republican soil.

THE ARGUMENT WITH GUNS.

BY PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS.

SOME people can be reasoned with, while others have to be knocked down before they can understand; some have to be hammered a great many times before they will entertain a suspicion that they are wrong or out of adjustment with their environment; and a few never dream that they are in error, no matter what number of bumps they get, but die with the fixed belief that it is not themselves but the universe which is out of order.

Spain seems almost impervious to any argument less emphatic than a cannon ball, and it is not clear that she can understand even that. It is certain that the larger part of the Spanish people and a considerable number of persons in other countries of Europe do not understand our motives in this war, or the forces behind us. These people appear to think it is lust for land that moves America to take up arms in the Cuban cause, or at best it is vengeance for the loss of the Maine. Such misjudgments merely show how little these people know about us or about the deep, strong current, the powerful movement, toward democracy that fills the century and sweeps the nations onward in its tide.

The love of liberty and the growing power of sympathy and humanity are the underlying efficient causes of our intervention in the Cuban War for independence. We know so well the benefits of even an imperfect political freedom, and our sympathy with others who are struggling for their liberty is so great, that we are willing to fight if need be that another people, who give promise of ability to learn the art of self-government, may enjoy the blessings of liberty we value so highly for ourselves. So far from the truth is the thought which attributes the war to a territorial motive, that no one who knows our people well will doubt for a moment that the great mass of them would regard the addition of Cuba as an undesirable burden. We have problems enough already

without undertaking new responsibilities. Commercial and monetary interests did not urge the war, but opposed it. It is true that the destruction of the *Maine* had an influence in causing intervention, but only as the match which ignites the charge; it is not the match but the powder that hurls the shell from the cannon's mouth; and it was not the *Maine* that hurled the United States against the Spanish despotism in Cuba, but the passionate love of liberty and democracy that has formed the dominant force of the nineteenth century in every civilized country, especially in America, together with the unfolding might of that wide, deep sympathy which we hope will form the dominant force of the twentieth century.

There is strong reason to believe that the people of this country would have voted overwhelmingly in favor of intervention months, perhaps years, before the *Maine* was destroyed. It was difficult to find an audience outside of Congress that would not vigorously applaud a proposition to aid Cuba. Reason and sentiment combined to make our people approve the movement. America stands for liberty and self-government. To aid the cause of Cuban independence is to aid our own cause, to help the spread of the ideas and institutions we believe in, and to check the power of those who would banish such ideas and institutions from the world. We were helped in our own battle for independence, and simple fairness and the Golden Rule would make us lend a hand to others battling for the rights of manhood.

Congress may have made too much of the *Maine* disaster (as they made too little of the reasons for intervention in the past), but the people have not done so. And even with Congress a moment's consideration will show that the *Maine* was only an incident, not the real cause of war, as some objectors are proclaiming. If a Federal war ship had been in a harbor of Great Britain, or France, or Germany, or any other well-behaved power, against whom no prior cause of complaint existed, and its government had disclaimed any connection with the affair and offered to arbitrate, there is not the slightest doubt that that would have ended the matter. Spain did disclaim and did offer to arbitrate. It is probable that the Spanish government did not order the destruction of the ship.

It would have been an almost inconceivably foolish thing for Spain to do. The destruction of a vessel in a foreign port is not of itself a cause of war, but the strong presumption of foul play with the *Maine* upon the findings of our commission, added to all the other factors of the case, directed sufficient attention to the Cuban situation to bring the pent-up forces of remonstrance into vigorous play. It was the last straw that broke the camel's back, the last ounce that turned the lever at the dam and let the imprisoned waters move, the last abuse that unlocked the doors of speech and allowed the already indignant man to speak his mind. Under the circumstances, damages for the *Maine* by arbitration or otherwise cannot touch the case. The *Maine* disaster is only one of a long series of atrocities, showing a condition of things in Cuba which cannot be tolerated. Damages for the *Maine* would not remove this condition of things; only the withdrawal of Spain will accomplish that, wherefore we demand the said withdrawal, and Spain refusing, we proceed to argue the matter with our guns, for liberty, justice, and humanity demand that the said condition of things shall cease.

It may be that Congress was too hasty at the last. If the Federal Legislature had simply empowered the President to use the military power of the nation in the Cuban cause, and then left the case to his discretion, it is just possible that his cool diplomacy, with the power of instant action behind it, together with the pressure of European governments, might in a little time have enabled Spain to think of some excuse for evacuating Cuba that would save her "honor" harmless. It is also possible that a recognition of Cuban independence might have given the Cuban insurgents a new strength that would have enabled them to drive out the Spaniards without armed intervention by the United States. The probability is, however, that war with Spain was unavoidable, and that preliminaries were comparatively unimportant.

Here and there we find a man who opposes the war on general grounds. It is not difficult to frame a number of plausible objections, some of which we may state as follows:

1. "We did not interfere to stop Turkish atrocities in Armenia, why should we interfere to stop Spanish atrocities in

Cuba? We have a large contract on hand if we are going to prevent all inhumanity in this world."

Our government did not stop the Armenian outrages because it was not practicable. Distance, the certainty of European opposition to our intervention in Armenia, and the absence of any definite, thoroughly awakened public opinion combined to make such intervention impracticable. It is not our duty, without qualification, to stop inhumanity; our duty is only to stop inhumanity when it is practicable to do so—to stop it when we can. Some may say that the Monroe Doctrine, fairly interpreted, would keep us from intervention in Old World affairs. If Europe is not to meddle here, we ought not to meddle there. There is force in this, but it is far from conclusive. The action of President Monroe was most admirable under the circumstances then existing, but it will not do to transform it into a cast-iron rule to govern all the future, regardless of the justices and humanities of particular cases. It is good as a general guide, but should not override the equities of a possible exception.

2. "Distance," it may be said, "is not an excuse. The argument from adjacency will not answer, for revolution after revolution has occurred just over our border, and we did not lift a finger in the cause of freedom and humanity. If the nearness of Cuba is a reason for intervention, why was not the nearness of Mexico a reason for intervention in her case?"

It was, if occasion for intervention existed. We are not bound to interfere whenever there is a revolution in a neighboring country. Distance is not the only thing to be considered; need, ability, etc., must also be taken into account. 1st. We were far less able to intervene successfully seventy or eighty years ago than we are now. 2nd. The conclusion that Mexico was able to throw off the Spanish yoke without our armed assistance was fully justified by the event. 3rd. It is not true that we did not lift a finger to help. It was during the Mexican struggle that the Monroe Doctrine was announced. France was going to send an army into Mexico to aid the Spaniards in subduing the revolt. President Monroe declared that such action would be regarded as inimical to the United States, and the French did not come. 4th. Even

supposing it had been our duty to send an army into Mexico in the twenties, the failure to perform that duty would be no excuse for failure to perform our present duty.

3. "There is a great deal of talk about the reconcentrados and the devastation in Cuba, but the fact is that such things are to be expected in war. Even in our Civil War orders were given to lay waste wide areas; whole valleys, in fact; and the inhabitants had to shift for themselves."

If anything was done in our Civil War approaching the horrors of the Spanish war in Cuba, it does not make the Cuban atrocities any better or more endurable; it is simply so much the worse for the men who were responsible for the American iniquities.

4. "If the Spanish were driven out, the Cubans might get to fighting among themselves, and have even a worse time than under the present control."

Yes, that *may* be, but it is not likely. A man with a very bad tooth which he is trying to get rid of *may* have the small-pox, or nervous prostration, or get struck by lightning right after the tooth is pulled, but it would not be wise to keep the tooth because of that contingency.

5. "Democracy is not a panacea. It is not every people who are fit for democracy. A certain stage of evolution must be reached before a nation is fit for free institutions. It is not at all certain that Cuba has reached the stage of development that would enable her to make a success of democracy."

True, but she has a right to try it and see. It is only by trial that she can become fit. And even if she could not handle democratic institutions any better than some of our big cities, it does not follow that she ought to stay under the heel of Spain. Even if she had to have a king, she might have a home king instead of an absentee—a king of her own choice instead of a foreign military despot, delegating his arbitrary power to barbarous underlings like Weyler.

6. "It is not just to act forcefully without a fair hearing of both sides of the controversy before an impartial tribunal. It is not right for Mr. A. to take matters into his own hands and pitch into Mr. S. without an impartial hearing; and the

same thing is true of nations. Disputes should be decided by reason and judgment, not by force of arms."

So far as abstract justice is concerned the proposition is true, and it constitutes a powerful argument for the establishment of an international court of arbitration that shall have the sanction of the whole civilized world behind it. It would have been a splendid thing in this Cuban case if a court could have been organized that would have had the confidence of both parties, and power to decide Spain's future relation to Cuba, after a hearing of all the interests involved. The trouble is the same as with the first objection—impracticability. Very likely arbitration would have been urged if those in control had deemed it practicable. But the improbability under existing circumstances of obtaining a suitable court, or Spanish consent, or adherence to the verdict if it were against them, and the time required to examine witnesses and come to a conclusion would have made arbitration, in all probability, simply a means of prolonging the evils of Spanish control in Cuba.

7. "The same pleas that are urged for intervention in Cuba were made for European intervention in favor of the South during our Civil War."

If so, the pleas were sadly out of joint, for the North was not carrying on inhuman warfare or violating the laws of nations or the laws of justice and humanity, and the South was not fighting for liberty, but against it; not for self-government, but for the privilege of denying self-government to the negro; not for freedom and democracy, but for slavery. Intervention for the South would not have been like intervention for Cuba, but like intervention for Spain.

War is a terrible thing, and no man ought to vote for it till he is so sure that it is just and necessary that he would be willing to march in the front rank of the battle himself. But when it is just and necessary it may be a most beneficent means of progress; and while this war will doubtless have some detrimental consequences, it will also have many good results besides the accomplishment of its immediate objects. It will intensify the sympathy and the love of liberty that are its efficient causes. It will bring our people closer together. It has already disclosed the real nobility of many of our wealthy

men and even some of our great corporations. The rich and the poor will understand each other better, and the solution of industrial troubles will be easier, though it may take longer through the war's delay. And, last but not least, the nations that stand for liberty and progress may be drawn together into a world-wide union which in the twentieth century may establish international courts, bring about the disarmament of Europe, and usher in the glorious age of which Tennyson dreamed in "Locksley Hall":

"When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

MR. GODKIN AND THE NEW POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY S. GREEN,
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MR. GODKIN is the Celsus of the new economic gospel. In "Problems of Democracy" and in recent magazine articles, he has made an attempt to rehabilitate those two venerable dummies of the "Smithianismus," the economic man and the Malthusian scarecrow. Critic of the new political economy and apologist for the old, his office recalls that which the learned pagan of the second century tried to perform for the "crafty son of Chronos." The earlier philosopher saw a new religion pushing its way up through the social strata like a dyke of trap rock through beds of sandstone. The movement had produced among the masses profound discontent with themselves and with their condition; but it had ceased to be merely an undefined agitation of the depths and was beginning to give surface indications. Men of wealth and culture were falling victims to the iridescent delusions of the dreamers. Marcion, the capitalist, and Irenæus, the scholar, though by no means agreeing one with the other, were each formulating the "vaguest and wildest schemes for human regeneration." So Mr. Godkin finds the "young college professors, benevolent clergymen, and other prophets and disciples of an industrial millennium" running after the new political economy. The realization of the dreams of the Christians in the actual prose of life seemed to Celsus to imply drafts on human nature which could never be honored; and he treated the absurdities and disordered fancies of the new system with broken doses of argument and ridicule, such as are familiar to readers of Mr. Godkin's economic essays. To the ancient as to the modern critic, the net result of the agitation in question seemed to be a distinctly deeper and uglier tinge to an already alarming popular discontent. Each attributes the origin of this discontent to the teaching and preaching of pestilent

agitators—the Karl Marx and Lassalle of his own century. No intimation of the real force underlying such movements, the *Zeitgeist*, the upward-striving human impulse, seems ever to have dawned upon either philosopher.

Our modern Celsus finds a period of upheaval in the economic world. The discontent of the masses no longer takes the direction of revolt against religious or political tyranny. It is the same confused sense of wrong and discomfort, often prompting to irrational and unpromising measures for relief and escape; but the storm-centre has shifted to the industrial quarter. All sorts of "vague and wild schemes for human regeneration on an economic basis" are afloat on the tides of thought. Symptoms of disturbance are evident throughout the social organism, and are not seldom aggravated by ill-considered utterances of cultured and scholarly men. Those fetiches of the old political economy, the economic man, the Malthusian doctrine, the wage-fund theory, victims of an image-breaking campaign, are sadly disfigured by the iconoclastic criticism of the new school. Nor have they been thus roughly handled by the Goths and Vandals of ignorance and fanaticism alone. Mr. Godkin complains that even an eminent economist, the late Professor Walker, has admitted in a public address the need of modification of some of the hypotheses of the science of political economy to meet the facts of human nature.

One of these hypotheses to which the historical school has made most strenuous objection is Ricardo's economic man. This battered effigy, in the condition of an old Jove which some image-breaker has made ready for the lime-kiln, Mr. Godkin has rescued from the dust heap of the arena of discussion. The "restoration" is a great success in the opinion of our archæologist, and he insists that it shall do duty as a "good and useful working hypothesis for scientific purposes" in political economy.

The economic man is impelled, as all know, by two motives, the desire for wealth and the desire to escape effort. The resultant movement of this engaging automaton is as easy to compute as that of a billiard ball on a level table. Indeed Mr. Godkin expressly approves of the old comparison of this

economic hypothesis with the first law of motion. Yet the analogy is by no means beyond criticism. The billiard ball is set in motion by an external impulse. In a vacuum and freed from the attraction of gravitation, it doubtless tends to move in a straight line; and this, as Mr. Godkin says, is a useful hypothesis in physics. But to make the analogy applicable to the case of the economic man, the billiard ball should be set in motion by a resident force, not constant in its operation but intermittent, not constant in quantity but variable. In fact it should be controlled by a complex coördination of such forces, prompting it to move in spirals, circles, broken lines—to plunge into the depths and ascend the heights. How far will the first law of motion serve as a working hypothesis for *à priori* deductions about the movements of a billiard ball of this kind? The fact that the forces which sway the economic man are resident, complex, and variable renders the comparison of this hypothesis with the first law of motion absurd, though Mr. Godkin says: "The comparison is as good as when it was first made." ("Problems of Democracy," p. 161.) "The fact that he [the economic man] is not humane or God-fearing no more affects his usefulness for scientific purposes than the fact that the first law of motion would carry a cannon ball through a poor man's cottage." (*Ibid.* p. 162.) The quarrel of the historical school with the Ricardians over this economic man is not, as Mr. Godkin here supposes, because he is not humane or God-fearing, but because he is not a true hypothesis, because he does not correspond to known facts, and this it is which "affects his usefulness for scientific purposes." Neither would the first law of motion be a true hypothesis, nor would it carry the cannon ball through the cottage, if such cannon ball were controlled by resident forces, among which humanity and the fear of God were paramount. The objection of economists to-day to the economic man is precisely that which astronomers would make to a Ptolemaic hypothesis in astronomy, or geographers to a Homeric hypothesis of the ocean.

That the writers of the new school concern themselves "more about the will of God, and about duty and the moral sources of happiness than the old economists" ("Problems,"

p. 167), is because they recognize the fact that the religious, ethical, and social impulses are forces coördinate with the desire to gain wealth and to avoid effort in determining the conduct of man, economic or otherwise. The beautiful simplicity of the Ricardian hypothesis seems to commend it to Mr. Godkin: "And the more complicated the facts of the industrial and social world are, the more necessary to the economist the economic man is, in order to enable him to steer his way through the maze." (*Ibid.* p. 166.) So, no doubt, a lunar theory of the phenomena of tidal action, which should leave entirely out of the account all solar influence, would be less intricate; but would it be a good working hypothesis "for scientific purposes"? That view of man as a wealth-getting animal, which ignores his social tendencies and all the facts of his moral nature, is not likely to be of much service to the economist of the future. And this is not because of any sentimental or religious or political proclivities on the part of the new school, but simply because it is far more scientific to deal with the real man, the man of history and experience, than with the archaic fragment which Mr. Godkin has labored so assiduously to restore.

It is with apparently less confidence that our apologist exhibits the forbidding features of those more repulsive deities which his explorations have rescued from the ruins of the old school, the Malthusian doctrine and the diminishing return. "Statistics," he says, "show readily that, thus far, subsistence increases more rapidly than population, and this does much to cheer up the optimists and the revilers of Malthus." ("Problems," p. 241.) None of the cheer of these statistics, however, penetrates the gloom of Mr. Godkin. He proceeds to restate the old *à priori* dictum in the following terms: "And the law of production is that whether we apply labor to mines or to agriculture, the product does not increase in the same ratio as the labor applied, in other words we cannot get proportionally more results by employing more men." (*Atlantic Monthly*, Dec. 1896, p. 726.) And this in face of the statistics above referred to, showing precisely the contrary! How easy it is to refute facts with that kind of logic in which we are allowed to invent our own premises. The fallacy in the

a priori reasoning by which the so-called law of diminishing return is reached is not hard to detect. In the premises it is assumed that the amount of brains applied with the labor will be a constant quantity, that the mine will always be worked with a single bucket and windlass, operated by a man at the crank; that the ground will always be scratched to a depth of only two inches with a knotted stick, as by the Indian ryot; that the grain will always be reaped with the sickle, beaten out with a flail, and winnowed in the northwest wind. The efficiency of labor being falsely assumed to be a constant quantity, the increasing depth of the mine and diminishing fertility of the successive areas of soil brought under cultivation seemed to insure the operation of the law. But one important element in the premises was overlooked, the tendency of mind to triumph over matter, to overcome material obstacles, and to bring new forces to bear on the problem of life. The efficiency of labor has been vastly increased, so that the "earth's dividend" throughout the industrial world has been steadily rising.

Nothing daunted, our critic once more states the dogma in still more sweeping terms: "There is no deduction from the operations of nature more certain than that the earth is not meant to afford much more than a fair subsistence to the dwellers on it." ("Problems," p. 204.) This reads very much like a well-known theological deduction that the major part of the world was "meant" to be damned. Surely Mr. Godkin must have reached this deduction through some of that "metaphysical or theological logomachy" he is so fond of ridiculing. To the social economist who considers the operations of nature in all their relations to the evolution of humanity the deduction is quite as likely to suggest itself that the earth was meant to afford to the dwellers on it a "life that is more than meat." Certainly no such induction as Mr. Godkin suggests can be established from the industrial history of the century now closing; nor can the conclusion be reached by any deductive method, except upon the hypothesis that the march of human intellect in its campaign of conquest over material forces is to halt in its career. Not only are there no indications of such a halt, but, on the contrary, reports

from the *avant-couriers* of science give daily promise of the subjection of new forces to the service of man. The possibilities of synthetic chemistry in making inorganic substances directly available for food, of electrical science in drawing on atmospheric stores of nitrogen for the fertilization of unproductive soils, doubtless fill the mind of Mr. Godkin with "much the same feeling of gentle entertainment with which he reads about the best means of communicating with Mars." Just such a feeling of gentle entertainment would have filled the mind of Adam Smith and Malthus had the idea been suggested to them that a population of thirty millions in the United Kingdom would ever be fed on bread and meat from the wilds of North and South America and Australia.

The economists of the new school are taken to task by Mr. Godkin because they seem to him to give no attention to the problem of production and the size of the earth's dividend. This is a misapprehension on Mr. Godkin's part, arising from the fact that the new school is by its method compelled to arrive at the size of the earth's dividend through the avenue of the census returns rather than through *à priori* deductions as to what the size of this dividend was "meant" to be. The problem of production does interest the historical school, but it is the real problem of production, not a hypothetical one with a variable factor assumed as constant in the interest of simplicity. Though Mr. Godkin's own figures, in the "Bills of Socialism" ("Problems," p. 235), display a very encouraging dividend, they give him no consolation. The bagatelle of more than \$5,000 invested capital for each family of five, of the "pleasant addition to wages" of \$311.55, "less than a dollar a day," seems to him such a paltry surplus from the earth's dividend that he stands with clouded brow before these two economic fetiches, the law of production and the law of population, and bids us tremble at their spent thunderbolt as if it were the majesty of doom. He faces them in the same spirit with which he would meet death and taxes. "There is no more reason why the human race should despair in the face of the Malthusian law of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence than that it should confess defeat in the face of the fact of mortality." Well, hopefulness and de-

spair are largely matters of individual temperament, and even Mr. Godkin may take courage, with a surplus growing year by year "in the face of the Malthusian law." According to the Manchester deduction, the size of the earth's dividend *per capita* should be represented by a descending series; according to the census returns, it is represented by an ascending series. Mr. Godkin, gloomily wagging his head, restates his Calvinistic deduction that it was not "meant" to be so; the historical economist rereads the census returns. Which is more affected by the bias of optimism or pessimism? Which is more nearly in the "attitude of the chemist toward his alkalis and acids"?

But it is easy to see that Mr. Godkin's objection to the historical school of political economy is not chiefly because of its sceptical attitude toward the traditional hypothesis of the science, but because it gives aid and comfort to the foes of an unmodified individualism, the socialists, fabians, collectivists, all those entertainers of "vague and wild schemes for human regeneration on an economic basis." The "crowds of young professors, labor agitators, and politicians in search of a new economy which would shorten hours of labor, raise wages, humble the employer, give the laborer a fair share in the luxuries of life, and eventually abolish poverty" ("Problems," p. 171), are, after all, his chief concern. To the Manchester school, free competition was the beginning and end of the law. Non-government was its ideal of government. "Hands off!" was its watchword.

Mr. Godkin complains that the new economy is only a legislative or governmental policy, and that the new economists are politicians or reformers rather than scientific men; but what was the doctrine of *laissez faire* if not a policy? The new school recognizes the actual drift of human tendencies, is trying to understand the correlation of forces at work in the economic fabric, and has refused to accept the dogma that *laissez faire* is the fundamental principle of government. It finds that the government of the present is a something more complex than a policeman with a club, and it believes that in the natural course of evolution the government of the future will tend to develop new and enlarged functions. This

is the heresy which renders the new school *anathema maranatha*, since it furnishes a convenient cloak of scientific plausibility to the vain imaginings of many a wild dreamer and crafty schemer. The doctrine of free competition is assailed on every side, and the historical school is making observation of the facts. It recognizes two tendencies in the phenomena connected with the production and distribution of wealth, the tendency of men to compete and their tendency to coöperate. The competitive force has been hailed as the great motive power of civilization. So sacred has this canon of free competition been held in the old school, that any violation of it is thought to be in derogation of the principle of civil liberty.

But is there, then, no point in the development of industry at which competition ceases to be a beneficent and becomes a destructive force? The new school, with no dogmas to defend, points to numerous phenomena showing that competition unrestricted finally tends to limit and destroy itself, that at a certain point in the development of a country it becomes a wasteful and destructive rather than a productive force. It leads to useless reduplication of the means of production, transportation, and distribution of commodities, causing a wasteful misapplication of capital and misdirection of energy. By reason of this misapplication and misdirection, the earth's dividend is prevented from reaching the comfortable dimensions which improved methods of applying labor should render possible. Too large a portion of the productive energy of the population is expended in a profitless duplication of the work of others. Parallel railroads, steel mills and sugar refineries paid by the trusts to remain idle, are evidence of this waste of capital in useless duplicates. Go into any town, large or small, count the stores and shops of various kinds, and then estimate the number of unnecessary men and the amount of unnecessary capital employed in distribution and consequently unavailable for purposes of production under this régime of competition. Interrogated as to the possibility of avoiding this deplorable waste of human energy, the older economist has nothing to offer better than to patter the old formula, "*Laissez faire, laissez passer.*"

The historical school consults the auspices, notes how capi-

tal constantly tends to coöperate in production in the form of trusts, how it pools its earnings in transportation, how it combines in distribution in the form of department stores, how labor tends to coöperate in unions, and suggests, "Whither the fates point, let us follow." When in any particular field of industry the force of competition is manifestly exhausted, and a combination of capital has become national in its extent, let the administration of its affairs become a matter of public supervision, which may or may not eventuate in public ownership. Where gas and water and electric-light companies are performing a public service, in which from its very nature effective competition is impossible, let the principle of coöperation be applied. Let the municipality resume a function it should never have delegated to any other corporation. Above all, let the organization of labor be promoted and encouraged so that if the time should ever come for transition from a partial to a complete coöperation, the national army of industry may be already organized, drilled, officered, and equipped.

But in all this, says our critic, you are playing the role of legislators or politicians, not economists, and moreover you are creating expectations which can by no possibility be fulfilled. Your proposed system assumes the existence of executive ability such as is nowhere to be found, and makes drafts on human nature for a degree of perfection unattained and unattainable. The only result of your contributions to the literature of political economy will be to produce still deeper discontent and to accentuate the irritating friction between classes.

In reply to these criticisms it must be said that the historical school has no system to propose except the system of natural evolution. It does not proclaim a Utopia, a ready-made, warranted-to-fit industrial civilization in place of the one the body politic is now wearing. It neither proposes nor predicts any revolution, either peaceful or otherwise. It is watching the ever-advancing evolution, trying to note the processes and understand the laws of its resistless march. No time will be wasted in a fruitless effort to sprag the wheels of the new movement with dry-bone dogmas of the old political

economy. It does no good to make faces at a cyclone or to call it names, or to remind it that, according to *à priori* deductions from the first law of motion, it ought to move in a straight line. Neither is it reasonable or logical to rail at the men who are out in the storm, trying to gauge its force and determine its direction, to secure the tent-pegs and steady the guy-ropes of civilization; nor is it fair to charge these men with kicking up all the dust. Lassalle, Karl Marx, the Katheder Socialisten, Prof. Ingram, the young college professors, labor agitators, and politicians—all Mr. Godkin's menagerie of *bêtes noires*—would not suffice to raise even a gentle breeze, their utmost shriek in chorus would be but a *vox clamantis in deserto*, were not the economic atmosphere charged with some cyclonic energy. To change the figure, this movement in the direction of coöperative industry is an evidence of the time-spirit working in the old humanity, which at uncertain intervals, after a period of pain and perturbation, moults an old skin,—social, religious, political, or economic,—and comes forth newly equipped for the struggle. Granted that it is highly improbable that humanity has yet developed a degree of executive ability and individual integrity such as would render possible a realization of the dreams of collectivists, yet we sometimes see a people struggling for civil liberty whose citizens have not yet reached a moral level adequate to successful self-government. The very struggle is, nevertheless, an indication of inherent capacity for development. In what school did the English and American people learn the lesson of popular self-government? In a struggle of centuries to attain and develop that form of government. Mr. Godkin will admit that civil liberty has been won with an accompaniment of torrents of intemperate talk and no small measure of incidental discontent. It has had its periods of premature advance and disorderly retreat, has blundered through unsuccessful experiments and met with temporary reverses, but through all this ebb and flow of popular feeling have been developing, in individuals and communities, the qualities and capacities which make such government possible. Is it beyond the reach of Mr. Godkin's imagination that there should be evolved, out of the struggle of the centuries to come, a

humanity which may be equal to the establishment of coöperative industrialism?

However, the new school is in no wise concerned in establishing the possibility or impossibility, the probability or improbability, of this attainment of the collectivist ideal. It simply insists that the proposals of those who entertain this ideal shall not be met with discredited deductions and question-begging epithets in the name of political economy. Paternalism, socialism, collectivism can no longer be considered synonymous with diabolism. We have a "nationalist" postal system; in what respect would it make unreasonable drafts on our individual integrity to have a "nationalist" telegraph system? We enjoy "socialistic" post roads; why should it overtax our executive abilities to manage "socialistic" railroads? We compel individual disputants to settle their quarrels in courts of justice established for the purpose; would it be enlarging the judicial function beyond the possibilities of our present stage of civilization if we were to create similar machinery for the settlement of differences between organized capital and organized labor? It requires only a little amplification of our assessors' and tax-collectors' offices to put in operation, according to the single-tax programme, the collective ownership of land. These measures, together with the public control of municipal monopolies; would be long strides toward the "nationalization of industry."

Does the historical school, then, accept responsibility for any or all of this "selected" programme? Assuredly not, any more than it accepts responsibility for the schemes of those persons who have in mind the regeneration of humanity by a free use of explosive chemicals. It simply demands that each one of these propositions be examined in the light of history and experience rather than in the light of doubtful deductions from imperfect premises. Let them be pronounced good or bad, practicable or impracticable, as sound judgment may dictate; but let them not be thrown out of the court of reason because they have been declared to savor of paternalism, socialism, or centralization.

That the historical school has, as Mr. Godkin intimates, accepted a far wider scope for the science than was contem-

plated in the old political economy cannot be denied. Well, astrology grew into astronomy, and alchemy into chemistry. "Economics," says Prof. Ingram, "must be steadily regarded as forming only one department of the larger science of sociology." Certainly the new school is more ready to recognize the intellectual, moral, and social forces which enter into such complex relations in economic problems. It will consistently refuse to consider deductions drawn from imperfect and inadequate premises as good hypotheses for "scientific purposes." It must decline to discuss theories about the economic man, because such theories throw no light upon the problem of the real man. It cannot consent for the sake of securing an easy and simple formula of solution to treat a variable factor as constant. It holds that the doctrine of *laissez faire* has been utterly discredited by the march of events. It aims, by the careful study and observation of social forces and phenomena, to aid in the development of an "applied art of life in which interests shall be subordinate to functions, and duties paramount to rights."

Finally, the historical school declines to be held responsible for all the "vague and wild schemes for human regeneration on an economic basis." Those *ex-machina* Utopias, of the Jonah's-gourd variety, which are to grow up in a night and furnish relief to humanity from all its cares and fears, have as little place in the philosophy of the new school as in Mr. Godkin's. With him the new economist recognizes that the improvement of the condition of the masses is to be effected through the "improvement of the individual man." To this end it looks with hope on every conscious, legitimate effort for the improvement of the individual man's environment, where such effort springs from an upward aspiration of humanity, even though that aspiration be born of discontent. As a prophylactic against the evils of an over-eager optimism or a too rash radicalism, perhaps the new school will prove as great a success as Mr. Godkin beating the tom-tom of Malthusianism and burning joss-sticks to the economic man.

GOVERNMENT NOTES VERSUS BANK NOTES.

BY ARTHUR L. FONDA.

AMONG the many propositions for the reform of our variegated currency there are two that are being strongly urged:

(1) To allow the national banks to issue notes to the full amount of the par value of the bonds deposited as security therefor, at the same time reducing the tax on such note issues; in short, to make it more profitable to the banks to issue notes than it now is.

(2) To retire the United States notes, commonly known as greenbacks, issuing new government bonds in payment therefor; and some also add the retirement of the Treasury notes issued in payment for silver bullion, but which are held to be redeemable in either gold or silver.

These two proposals are generally combined, but as they are not necessarily associated it will be best to examine them separately.

The first is based, ostensibly at least, on the claim that an elastic money volume is needed, and that the banks are best fitted to supply it. The claim necessarily implies that the banks are not only most competent to decide on the quantity of money the country needs, but also that their interests and those of the public are so nearly identical that they will, in acting for their own interests, act also for the public interest and furnish just the amount of money needed, no more and no less. A consideration of the first part of this claim—that an elastic money volume is needed—brings us at once face to face with the fact that two widely divergent if not diametrically opposed opinions are held as to the fundamental requirements of a monetary system.

One opinion is that our money should be of constant value, or general purchasing power; that since money is used as a measure of value, not only for immediate exchanges, but for deferred payments and long-time obligations, the interests of

the public require that there shall be a certainty as to the value of money at any time in the future, in order that men may have the confidence that is necessary to induce them to borrow money for the prosecution of new enterprises; and that such certainty as to the future can best be obtained by making the money as nearly as possible of constant value. Carried to its logical conclusion this opinion points to the multiple standard as the ultimate arbiter of value, and to a paper money, divorced from coin, as the proper circulating medium.

The second opinion holds that the fundamental requisite is that our money should be maintained at an approximately constant ratio to the money of the leading European nations, regardless of whether its value rises or falls; that a fixed parity of exchange between our money and that of such nations is the essential point; and that, since the European nations generally use, and are likely to continue to use, gold as the basis of their systems, we should also adhere to the gold standard.

Without entering into any discussion of the respective merits of these views it is necessary to state them as a preliminary to the discussion of the proposals we are considering, and to call attention to the fact that, since they are antagonistic to a large extent,—at least so far as to be mutually exclusive,—a rational money system must be founded on one or the other, but cannot be founded on both.

Now, if our system is to be based upon the first opinion, then an elastic money volume is necessary, since the demand for money fluctuates to a large extent, and often suddenly, and such changes in the demand must be met by corresponding changes in the supply, and met promptly, if the value of the money is to remain constant. But the increased or decreased demand for money can only be judged by a fall or rise in the general level of prices, and of this the banks have no better means of judging than the business public, and, as will be shown in discussing the proposal under the other opinion, would have neither the power nor the inclination to be guided by it if they had.

The proposals we are discussing, however, are mainly advocated by those who hold the second of the above opinions as to the requirements of a monetary system, and the discussion

may as well be confined to that opinion. Under that view, however, there is no necessity for an elastic money volume; indeed, elasticity would be not only unnecessary, but positively detrimental, and in opposition to sound monetary theory upon that basis, since it would interfere with the natural movement of gold from one country to another, under the stimulus of a difference in the value of gold in the different countries. This flow of gold is itself the natural corrective of such difference in value, and it is purely automatic and wholly adequate to maintain the moneys of all gold-standard countries at a parity within the cost of shipment of gold from one country to another. An increased issue of banknotes at any time would prevent the importation of gold, which would otherwise come in obedience to the natural laws of trade if more money were really needed here; and in case more money were not needed such issue would cause an export of gold; and in either case it would be detrimental to the stability of the system.

The acceptance, therefore, of the gold standard as a fundamental requisite invalidates the whole argument for giving to the banks the control of the volume of money, based, as it is, on the alleged necessity for an elastic money. This double demand—for the gold standard and an elastic money—is an attempt to ride two horses going in diverging directions, and must of necessity, if granted, prove disastrous.

The fact is that the argument for enlarged banknote issues and an elastic money controlled by the banks rests on the wholly erroneous idea that money and capital are identical. This is an error that is very widespread. It appears in some form in most of the newspaper and magazine articles on the subject, and even in the writings of many authors whose reputations should guarantee clearer thinking. This fact must be the excuse for restating here elementary definitions.

Money and capital are quite different things. The latter is wealth (commodities in general) devoted to the production of more wealth; while the former is a medium of exchange to aid in the transfer of wealth, and may be considered as a claim for commodities on the part of the holder of money against society in general. Now, the banks are well qualified to judge

of fluctuations in the demand for capital, since an increase is shown by increased demand for loans, rising interest rates, and a generally increased business activity; and *vice versâ*. But if the banks should interpret such a condition as the above to mean a demand for money,—as they probably would, since it would be for their interest to issue more money at such a time,—they would probably err, as such indications usually point to an excess of money. Neither, on the other hand, can they properly interpret the existence of idle funds for which there is no demand at the current interest rate, as a sign of too much money. This simply shows an excess of loan capital, which may be due to several causes, but which is generally the result of falling prices. The normal indication of a lack of money is a tendency to gold imports, but even this is liable to be disguised by foreign speculation and other causes, and is slow and tardy at best.

It is not apparent, therefore, that the banks as a whole have any better means of judging the quantity of money needed than the public generally. As above shown, their interference with the natural regulation of the supply could not be beneficial in any event; and a further consideration of the probable action of the banks in case they were given the power that is asked will show that such action would probably be most disastrous.

Banks are institutions organized for private profit like any other business, and they are under no obligations to sacrifice such profit to the public welfare should the two conflict. If it is made profitable for them to issue notes to circulate as money, they will undoubtedly issue them to the fullest extent allowed by law in order to make the greatest profit. Doubtless also, under such a law as is proposed, many new banks would be started, stimulated by the profit to be made on note issues in addition to that on their loans. The result would be a large but uncertain (in amount) increase in the volume of money, and a corresponding increase in general prices.

The normal effect of such a condition would be to bring about gold exports, but this would almost certainly be delayed and postponed by foreign speculative investment in our securities, which is usually stimulated at such a time, and which

might even overbalance the tendency to gold exports that would otherwise result, and cause an import of gold for a time, despite the difference in the general price level. After a time, however,—it might be two or three years of rising prices and apparent prosperity,—the inevitable result of a difference in price levels would assert itself, and the export of gold would begin. What could or would the banks do at this juncture? During the rise of prices they would naturally have issued notes and extended credit to the fullest extent, notwithstanding the fact that such action was increasing the "boom." When the reaction came, would they not certainly for their own protection reverse this policy and withdraw both credits and note issues as much as they could? We know from experience that this is what is done as regards loans; indeed, any other course would be suicidal, since the banks are individual units in the system, without coherence or any assurance of support or help from others when needed, and each must act for itself alone, regardless of others or of the public welfare. Would not their note issues be withdrawn also to a large extent? If the money were to be any more elastic than under the present system, it would point to this. Moreover, if they should increase the issues at such a time,—supposing that they had any power left to do so, which is improbable,—or should maintain the existing volume of notes, they would largely increase the amount of gold that would have to be exported to restore the balance, with increased danger to themselves in the matter of keeping their notes at a parity with gold, especially if the greenbacks and the gold reserve of the U. S. Treasury had been abolished, and the whole burden of maintaining such parity was thrown on the banks themselves. To withdraw the notes at such a time, however, while it would be the safest course for the banks, would make the inevitable fall in prices more sudden and more extensive, and would consequently intensify the business distress.

It seems clear, therefore, that to give the banks greater control of the volume of money would result in increasing the extent of both booms and panics, the extremes of which are already greatly augmented by the expansion of loans in times

of prosperity and their contraction in times of depression and panic. This action on the part of the banks is perfectly natural and, from their point of view and under the system in use, proper and necessary; but viewed in the light of the business interests of the country the existence of such a necessity constitutes one of the most serious defects in our national banking system.

These criticisms are borne out by the experience of Japan, which in 1876 adopted a national banking system modelled on that of the United States, but discarded it in 1882 for a system having a central bank with branches, modelled on that of Belgium, for the following reason, as stated by Prof. Garrett Droppers, B. A. (Harvard University), professor of political economy and finance in the University of Keio at Tokyo, Japan:*

"The chief fault to be found with the old system of national banks in Japan was the instability of its credit. The notes were amply secured, and always circulated at their full value. Nor is there a case of a note-holder having suffered through the failure of a bank or any illegal act. In all respects the holders of the national-bank notes were as fully secured as the holders of the national-bank notes of the United States or of any European bank of issue. The difficulty lay, not in the uncertainty of the value of the notes, but in the entire system of credit provided by the Japanese national banking system. It was found by bitter experience that the banks rapidly extended credit at a time when they should perhaps have curtailed it; and at the very moment when business required a certain amount of accommodation, these institutions were forced to refuse it. At times of expansion and confidence in the business world, the national banks found it easy to provide any amount of loans to their customers; but as soon as revulsion or lack of confidence appeared, each bank found itself forced to protect itself by refusing even the ordinary amount of credit. So long as each bank was forced to look out for itself by the ordinary

* "Money and Prices in Foreign Countries," Special Consular Report, vol. xiii, part II, pp. 357 *et seq.*

laws of competition, it would begin to withdraw its assistance from the public just when the public needed it most. In other words, the national-bank system emphasized the extremes of business variations; it indeed stimulated confidence at times of speculation and expansion, but it no less surely strengthened the fears of the public at critical moments of panic.

"In establishing the central banking system the government wished mainly to remedy this evil. Its first object was to organize and control the unification of credit in its most sensitive part, for instance, the issue of notes. Such centralization the Japanese to-day believe is as necessary to the issue of money as it is to the government itself, and on this point they claim all European authorities are with them. If the market is overspeculative, the bank can moderate its action through its issue, at least to a considerable degree; and when a crisis appears, a panic is averted by an extension of the same power."

The experience of Japan is a parallel to that of the United States, and the report from which the above extract is taken is commended to the careful consideration of our legislators both as an evidence of the danger that would result from an enlargement of the note-issuing powers of our banks, and also as a suggestion for the remedy of existing evils in our banking system.

Turning to the consideration of the second proposal above stated,—that for the retirement of the government notes,—we find, as must be admitted by all, that the greenbacks are, and always have been, a popular and convenient money; that they have never been distrusted or discredited, and indeed in this respect are superior to any of the other forms of paper money, since they alone are a legal tender for all debts. The only reason that can be given for their retirement and the issue of interest-bearing bonds for their redemption, as would be necessary, is the alleged difficulty that has been felt in the last few years—never before since the resumption of specie payments in 1879—in maintaining the gold reserve of \$100,000,000, which it has been thought necessary to keep for the redemption of these notes.

It has been pointed out repeatedly that the government is under no obligation to redeem these notes in gold, but that they have an undoubted right to use silver coin for that purpose if they wish. The difficulty, therefore, is not based upon any legal necessity. It is claimed, however, that it is necessary to redeem them in gold in order to maintain the parity of the notes with gold. Without stopping to inquire what other motives may have influenced such action, and admitting that it is necessary under the existing system to keep all forms of money at a parity with gold, is there any real reason for supposing that the redemption of the greenbacks in silver would have resulted in a premium on gold? The amount of gold coin and bullion in the United States has been stated by the Treasury as upwards of \$600,000,000, for several years past (and is now nearly \$700,000,000), of which upwards of \$500,000,000 was in the banks and in general circulation. Now, the only real demand for gold is for export, when its value is higher elsewhere than here; for all domestic purposes the greenbacks are equally good, and indeed are generally preferred as being more easily and cheaply handled and transported. Any export demand for gold which has arisen in the last few years could have been met several times over from the stock in the banks and in general circulation, and undoubtedly would have been so met had the Treasury reserve not been available. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that the withdrawal of the necessary amount would have caused any premium on gold beyond the trifling one which has several times developed in some particular locality for a few days. Any premium on gold worth considering would cause the immediate withdrawal of all the gold from general circulation, and a fall in prices through the resulting contraction of the currency that would speedily bring gold imports, in the face of which even a slight premium on gold would disappear.

There is no necessity, therefore, for the government to redeem its notes in gold or, indeed, to keep \$100,000,000 or any other amount as a gold reserve in order to maintain its notes at a parity with gold. With nearly one-third of our total circulation consisting of that metal, as it now does, it

would be wholly impossible for any considerable or permanent premium on gold to develop except through large issues of paper money by the government, or by banks, in excess of the present volume. Increased national-bank issues, however, under the proposal which we have been considering—uncertain in amount as they would be—might produce such a result even if the greenbacks were withdrawn, and they would be quite likely to do so if authorized without such withdrawal.

The fact is that the government bond issues of the last few years, which were made ostensibly to maintain the gold reserve, and for which the greenbacks are being blamed, were in reality made to meet the deficiency in the government revenue. This fact implies no discredit to the officials responsible for such issues of bonds—whatever may be thought of the method by which they were sold. Lacking any authority to sell bonds to meet a temporary deficiency in the revenue, it was doubtless fortunate that they could fall back on the legal fiction of issuing them to maintain the gold reserve, which they had authority to do; but it is certainly unnecessary to carry the fiction to the extent of denouncing the greenbacks as the cause of such issues.

From what has been said above as to the gold reserve it is not to be inferred that such a fund possesses no merit. While wholly unnecessary for its ostensible purpose, it is none the less a desirable thing in preventing any attempt to corner gold and in giving assurance of a supply of that metal to meet legitimate needs. For this purpose, however, it is essential that the reserve should be available for withdrawal whenever needed, and it should be expected that it would be largely reduced at times. If it is never to be touched, or if any reduction of the normal amount is to cause distrust and business apprehension, it is quite useless.

The fact that gold could be obtained from the Treasury fund more easily than from the numerous banks, which together carried a far larger stock, as evidenced by the fact that it was the Treasury fund that was resorted to when gold was needed for export, is a strong argument for the continuance of such a fund as a public convenience, and the retention of the paper money by which it is made available; and if any

anxiety is or has been felt as to the sufficiency of this fund to meet any legitimate requirements, it simply argues that a larger reserve is needed rather than the abolition of the existing one and of the paper money of which it is the ostensible guarantee.

This point will be touched upon again presently, but let us now consider for a moment what the conditions would have been during the last few years had there been no greenbacks or gold reserve, and their place had been filled by an equal amount of national-bank notes in addition to the present volume of such notes.

The \$347,000,000 (in round numbers) of greenbacks are a legal tender, and available for the lawful money reserve of the national banks for the protection of their deposits, a function which the national-bank notes cannot fulfil. If they had been withdrawn the banks would have been forced to rely wholly upon coin for such reserve, and with the gold now held as a reserve distributed in circulation, there would still have been some \$247,000,000 less lawful money available for the bank reserves than there was, and the demand for gold for this purpose would have been greatly increased. Besides this the volume of the banknotes would have been double what it was, and the burden of maintaining them at a parity with gold would have been thrown wholly on the banks. Under these circumstances would there not have been much greater danger of a premium on gold than there was?

The objection urged against the greenbacks, that under the existing law they are used as an "endless chain" to draw gold from the Treasury, has some foundation. It is not the greenbacks themselves, however, but a particular feature of the law, which allows them to be reissued for government expenses after being redeemed in gold, that is at fault. And even this is not objectionable on the ground cited, that it admits of gold being withdrawn continually from the reserve; but it is most decidedly objectionable on the ground that it confuses what is essentially a trust function of the Treasury—the maintenance of a reserve, and the issuing and redemption of notes—with its larger function, that of collecting the revenues and paying the expenses of the government. These two

functions should never be confused or mingled, but it is evident that they are when notes redeemed with coin from the reserve are reissued in payment of the ordinary expenses of the government, since such action is equivalent to paying expenses out of the reserve fund.

Furthermore, sound theory of a monetary system based on coin requires that the metal shall be free to flow from one country to another in order to correct any difference in the general price levels in the different countries, or, what is the same thing, any difference in the values of the metal by which prices are measured; and in order that it may do this, it is essential that it shall not only increase the level of prices in the country to which it goes, by increasing the money supply there, but also lower the price level in the exporting country by contracting their circulation. When, however, notes are redeemed for gold from the reserve, and the gold is exported, if the notes are again reissued without a corresponding deposit of gold, the reduction of the price level which would otherwise occur is prevented, and twice the amount of gold would require to be exported to bring about the desired parity of price levels that would be necessary if the notes were not reissued. The proposal, therefore, to make the issuing and redemption of government notes and the management of the reserve fund a separate department of the Treasury, entirely distinct from the other functions, is a good one.

In stating the above theory of what is essential in the maintenance of a monetary system based on coin, the writer does not wish to be understood as advocating such a system. As he has more fully stated elsewhere,* the maintenance of a constant money value is, in his opinion, of far greater importance than a constant exchange rate. The convenience of the few engaged in foreign commerce should seemingly have less weight than that of the many engaged in domestic trade, not to speak of the injustice to debtors and creditors of a fluctuating money value and its deterrent effect on all enterprise. The purpose of this article, however, is not to urge this view, nor to discuss the relative merits of money systems based on one metal or on two metals or on the multiple standard. It

* "Honest Money," Macmillan & Co., 1896.

is merely intended to point out that, given such a money system as we have, and admitting the necessity for maintaining the different kinds of money at a parity with each other, the government notes are not a source of danger or trouble, but are, on the contrary, economical and safe even now, and with the suppression of the reissue feature, and the proposed separation of the issue and redemption function of the Treasury from its other functions, would be wholly unobjectionable; while, on the other hand, to entrust the control of note issues to the national banks or to State banks would be most dangerous.

If it be desired to simplify our confused and intricate money issues, it is the banknotes that should be eliminated. They are no safer than the greenbacks, since they rest quite as completely on the government credit; are no more convenient; are more cumbersome and expensive to issue and care for; and are wrong in principle, in enabling the banks to make a profit (theoretically at least, and with the proposed changes in the law practically) on a money which derives its circulating power wholly from the government guarantee. Their place might well be taken by an increased issue of greenbacks; and a sufficient gold reserve to meet any demand might be accumulated and maintained by ceasing to coin gold, but continuing to buy it as offered, paying for it with new issues of greenbacks, and holding it in the form of bullion bars, in which shape it would be quite as available for foreign shipment as coin, but would not be available for domestic use or bank reserves. This would tend to prevent the withdrawal of gold as a result of panic or for hoarding, and a gradually increasing fund would accumulate through the purchase of new gold and of old coin. The expense of minting would be saved as well as much loss from abrasion; and, more than all, the gold would be in one central reserve, accessible for any real need, instead of being scattered throughout the country where it is more or less difficult of access at all times, and is hoarded most tightly when most needed for foreign shipment.

The greenbacks would fill every requirement of a domestic money, as they long have done; and if they were increased in volume sufficiently to take up the national-bank notes, Treas-

ury notes, and gold and silver certificates, the volume of uncovered paper money would not be at all increased, and no larger reserve fund would be needed than we now need; while, of course, the present reserve funds of both gold and silver behind all these displaced issues would become one general fund available for the protection of the greenbacks; and this general fund would be gradually increased in the percentage it bore to the note issues by the further issue of greenbacks only in exchange for gold, dollar for dollar.

In this connection it may be added that the amount of the reserve which should be carried cannot be judged by the percentage of cash to outstanding notes or deposits which experience has shown to be necessary in a bank. The cases are quite different. The bank must provide against any probable demand for redemption of its notes in time of panic (a bank, that is, which relies on its own resources and not on a government guarantee); while experience has shown that a panic creates little or no demand for the redemption of the government notes in coin except where the coin is needed for export. The possible amount of this export demand necessary to adjust price levels between this country and others is the question that must be considered in fixing the amount of a reserve fund. As the net gold exports from this country have never exceeded \$100,000,000 in any one year or in any two consecutive years, and as the amount would doubtless have been much less if the greenbacks had not been reissued, it is evident that no enormous increase of our present reserve is needed to obviate all question of its sufficiency.

While the term gold has been generally used above in speaking of the reserve and redemption of notes, since it is the only metal that can be considered for such purpose under the existing laws, yet the remarks apply equally to silver under a silver standard, and to both metals if bimetallism prevailed.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SCIENCE.*

BY COUNT LEO N. TOLSTOY.

I THINK Edward Carpenter's article on "Contemporary Science" should be specially beneficial in our Russian society, in which, more than in any other European society, has spread and taken root the superstition according to which it is held that for the well-being of mankind the spread of true religious and moral knowledge is not at all necessary, but only the study of the experimental sciences, and that a knowledge of these sciences satisfies all the spiritual demands of mankind.

It can readily be understood what an injurious influence such a coarse superstition must have on a people's moral life, —just such an influence as religious superstition has. Therefore the spread of the thoughts of writers who take up a critical attitude towards experimental science and its methods is especially desirable for our society.

Carpenter demonstrates that neither astronomy, nor physics, nor chemistry, nor biology, nor sociology gives us a true knowledge of reality; that all the laws discovered by these sciences are only generalizations, having an approximate value as laws, and even this only when other conditions are unknown or ignored; and that even these laws seem laws to us only because we discover them in a region which is so distant from us in time or space that we cannot see the want of correspondence between these laws and reality.

Besides this, Carpenter shows that the method of science,

* By special arrangement we are enabled to give the readers of THE ARENA the latest article by Count Leo Tolstoy, the philanthropist and reformer. It has been translated from the Russian by Charles Johnston, Esq., late of Her Majesty's civil service in Bengal. Whatever Count Tolstoy writes possesses a peculiar value from the spirit of absolute truthfulness which pervades it and from the spirit of humanity which clothes it as with a garment.—
THE EDITOR.

consisting in the explanation of phenomena near to us and important for us, by phenomena more distant from us and indifferent for us, is a false method, which can never lead to the desired results.

"Every science," he says, "as far as possible explains the phenomena which it investigates by ideas of an inferior order. Thus ethics is founded on questions of utility and hereditary habit. From political economy are eliminated all questions of justice between man and man, of compassion, of attachment, of efforts for solidarity, and it is based on a principle of the very lowest order that could be found in it, namely, the principle of personal interest. From biology is excluded the idea of personality, not only in plants and animals, but even in men; the question of conscious personality is set aside, and an attempt is made to reduce the questions of biology to reflex action and chemical affinity,—to protoplasm and phenomena of osmosis. Moreover chemical affinity and all the wonderful phenomena of physics are reduced to atomic motions, and atomic motions, like the motions of the heavenly bodies, are reduced to the laws of mechanics."

It is asserted that the reduction of questions of a higher order to questions of a lower order explains the questions of higher order. But this explanation is never reached, and all that happens is that, descending in its investigations ever further and further from the most real questions to less real questions, science at last reaches a region wholly foreign to man, and only coming into remote contact with him, and gives all its attention to this region, leaving all the questions which are really important for man totally unsolved.

What happens is something like the act of a man who, desiring to understand the meaning of an object standing before him, instead of going nearer to it, and examining and feeling it on all sides, should go further and further away from the object, and, finally, should reach such a distance that all the characteristics of color and inequality of surface should disappear, and only those distinctions should remain visible which separate the object from the horizon. And standing there the man should begin to describe the object in detail, holding that now he had a clear idea of it, and that

this idea, formed at such a distance, would contribute to a full understanding of the subject. This is the self-delusion which is in part stripped bare by Carpenter's criticism, when he demonstrates, in the first place, that the knowledge which science gives us in the region of the natural sciences is only a convenient process of generalization, and by no means an image of reality, and in the second place that the method of science, by which phenomena of a higher order are reduced to phenomena of a lower order, can never lead us to an explanation of the phenomena of higher order.

But without prejudging the question whether experimental science will or will not ultimately lead, by its method, to a solution of the problems of life which are most important for mankind, the very action of experimental science in relation to the eternal and most legitimate demands of mankind is startling in its wrongness.

People must live. But in order to live they must know how to live. And all people have ever solved this question,—whether ill or well,—and have lived and advanced in harmony with that solution; and the knowledge of how people should live, from the times of Moses, Solomon, and Confucius, was always held to be a science, the science of sciences. And it is only in our times that the science of how to live has become no science, and that only experimental science, beginning with mathematics and ending with sociology, is held to be real science.

And from this a strange misunderstanding arises. A simple and sensible workingman holds in the old-fashioned and sensible way that if there are people who study during their whole lives, and, in return for the food and support he gives them, think for him, then these thinkers are probably occupied with what is necessary to people, and he expects from science a solution of those questions on which his well-being and the well-being of all people depends. He expects that science will teach him how to live, how to act towards members of his family, towards his neighbors, towards foreigners; how to battle with his passions, in what he should or should not believe, and much more. And what does our science tell him concerning all these questions?

It majestically informs him how many million miles the sun is from the earth, how many millions of ethereal vibrations in a second constitute light, how many vibrations in the air make sound; it tells him of the chemical constitution of the Milky Way, of the new element helium, of micro-organisms and their waste tissue, of the points in the hand in which electricity is concentrated, of X rays, and the like. But, says the simple common-sense person, none of this is necessary to me; I need to know how to live. You want to know a great deal, replies science. What you ask belongs to sociology. But before sociological questions can be answered, we must first decide zoölogical, botanical, physiological, and in general biological questions; and in order to solve these questions, we must previously solve questions of physics and chemistry, and we must come to an agreement as to the forms of infinitesimal atoms, and the manner in which the imponderable and inelastic ether conveys motion.

And people, especially those who sit on the necks of others, and for whom it is therefore quite convenient to wait, are satisfied with these answers, and sit blinking their eyes, and waiting for what is promised; but the simple and sensible working-man, on whose neck are sitting the others who are occupying themselves with science, the vast mass of people, all humanity, cannot be satisfied by such answers, and naturally asks in perplexity: When will all that happen? We cannot wait. You say yourselves that you will find out all this in several generations. But we are alive now; to-day we live; to-morrow we die; and therefore we need to know how to live the life in which we now are. Therefore teach us.

Stupid and uneducated fellow, science replies, he does not understand that science serves not utility, but science. Science studies what presents itself for study, and cannot select subjects for study. Science studies everything. This is the character of science.

And men of science are really convinced that this quality of occupying itself with trifles, and neglecting what is more real and important, is a quality not of themselves, but of science; but the simple, sensible person begins to suspect that this quality belongs not to science, but to people who are inclined to

occupy themselves with trifles, and to attribute to these trifles a high importance.

Science studies everything, say the men of science. But this everything is somewhat too much. Everything is an endless quantity of subjects, and it is impossible to study everything at once. As a lighthouse cannot illumine everything at once, but only illumines the spot to which its light is directed, so science cannot study everything, but inevitably studies only that to which its attention is directed. And as a lighthouse illumines more brightly a spot which is close to it, and more faintly objects which are more remote, and does not illumine at all objects which its light does not reach, so human science, whatever its character may be, has always studied and studies in the greatest detail what appears most important to those who study, and studies in less detail what seems to them less important, and does not study at all the whole endless number of subjects which remain.

And what is very important, what is less important, and what is of no importance at all, is defined for people by their general understanding of the purpose and aim of life, that is, by religion.

But the men of science of our time, recognising no religion, and therefore having no basis for selecting subjects of study according to their importance, and separating them from subjects of less importance, and finally from that endless number of subjects which always remain unstudied, owing to the limitations of the human mind and to the endlessness of the number of these subjects, have worked out for themselves a theory of "science for science's sake," according to which science studies not what is necessary to people, but everything.

And in reality experimental science studies everything, not, however, in the sense of the union of all subjects, but in the sense of disorder and chaos in defining the subjects studied; that is, science studies especially, not what is necessary to people, and studies less, not what is less necessary, leaving unstudied what is unnecessary, but rather studies anything, according to the merest hazard. Although the Comtist and other classifications of science exist, these classifications do not guide the choice of subjects of study, but the choice of sub-

jects is guided by human weakness, common to men of science as to all men. So that in reality men of science study, not everything, as they imagine and affirm, but what is most profitable and easy to study. And it is most profitable to study what contributes to the well-being of the upper classes to which the people who occupy themselves with science belong; and it is easiest to study what is lifeless. And this is the course followed by those who study the experimental sciences: they study books, monuments, dead bodies; and they consider this study to be the most real science.

So that the most authentic "science," the only science (just as the "Bible" was held to be the only book worthy of that name), in our times is held to be, not an investigation of the means whereby people's lives may be made better and happier, but the collection and the transcription from many books into one of all that has been written by those who have gone before, on a certain subject, or the pouring of a liquid from one test-tube to another, the artistic preparation of microscopic sections, the cultivation of bacteria, the vivisection of frogs and dogs, the investigation of X rays, the chemical constitution of the stars, and so on. And all the sciences which have as their aim to make human life better and happier, the religious, moral, and social sciences, are considered by the reigning science to be no sciences, and are handed over to theologians, philosophers, jurists, historians, and students of political economy, whose whole occupation is, under the pretext of scientific investigations, to demonstrate that the existing condition of society, whose profits they enjoy, is precisely the condition which ought to exist, and which, consequently, not only must not be changed, but must be upheld at all hazards.

To say nothing of theology, philosophy, and jurisprudence, the most fashionable of the sciences of this kind, political economy, is startling in this regard. The most widely accepted political economy, that of Karl Marx, recognising the existing condition of society as being what it ought to be, not only does not demand that people should change this condition, that is, does not show them how they ought to live in order to improve their condition, but on the contrary demands a continuation of the cruelty of the existing order, in order that

their more than doubtful prophecies of what must happen, if people continue to live as wrongly as they live now, should be fulfilled.

And, as always happens, the lower any human activity descends, the further it departs from what it ought to be, the stronger grows its self-confidence. And this is the very thing which has happened to the science of our time. True science was never esteemed by contemporaries, but on the contrary was for the most part rejected. And it could not be otherwise. True science shows people their errors, and points out to them new and untried paths of life. And both the one and the other are disagreeable to the ruling class of society. But the present science not only does not run counter to the tastes and demands of the ruling class of society, but rather corresponds to them completely; it satisfies idle curiosity, astonishes people, and promises them an increase of pleasures. And therefore, while everything truly great is silent, modest, inconspicuous, the science of our time knows no bounds to its self-gratulations.

All previous methods were mistaken, and therefore everything that was formerly accounted science is delusion, error, trifling; our method alone is true, and the only true science is ours. The successes of our science are such that thousands of years have failed to accomplish what we have accomplished in the last century. And in the future, following the same path, our science will solve all questions, and make the whole of humanity happy. Our science is the most important activity in the world, and we, the men of science, are the most important and necessary people in the world.

Thus the men of science of our time think and speak, and the crowd follows them, while at the same time there was never a period or a people among whom science in its complete significance stood on so low a level as our science to-day. One part of it, that which should study what makes the life of man good and happy, is occupied in justifying the existing evil conditions of life, while another part spends its time solving questions of idle curiosity.

How, of idle curiosity? I hear voices of indignation at such sacrilegious scoffing. And what about steam, and elec-

tricity, and telephones, and all the achievements of technical art? To say nothing of their scientific importance, see what practical results they have achieved. Man has conquered nature, and subjected her forces to his will; and so forth.

But then all these practical victories over nature up to the present, and for a long enough time, only lead to factories which ruin the people, to weapons for destroying human life, to the increase of luxury and license, answers the simple and sensible person, and therefore man's victory over nature not only has not increased the happiness of mankind, but, on the contrary, has made its condition worse. If the structure of society is evil, as with us, where a small number of people rule over the majority, and oppress it, then every victory over nature inevitably serves only to strengthen that power and that oppression. And this is what takes place.

In the case of science, which finds its subject, not in the study of how people should live, but in the study of what is, and is therefore preëminently occupied with the investigation of dead bodies, and leaves the structure of human society as it is, no achievements and no victories over nature can improve the condition of the people.

And medicine? You forget the beneficent successes of medicine. And the inoculation of bacteria? And the present operations? exclaim, as usual, the defenders of science, as a last resource, bringing forward the successes of medicine as a demonstration of the fruitfulness of all science.

We can guard against diseases and accomplish cures by inoculation, we can perform painless operations, we can take out internal organs and cleanse them, we can straighten hunchbacks, generally say the defenders of science, holding for some reason or other that to cure one child of diphtheria from among all the children, fifty per cent of whom in all Russia, and eighty per cent in institutions, normally die, must convince people of the beneficence of science in general.

The structure of our life is such that not only children, but the majority of the people, owing to bad food, inordinately hard and injurious work, unhealthy dwellings, and insufficient clothing, do not live half the term of years they ought to live; the condition of life is such that children's diseases, syphilis,

phthisis, and alcoholism lay hold of an ever-increasing number of people; that the greater part of their labor is perverted to preparations for war; that every ten or twenty years millions of people are destroyed by war; and all this takes place because science, instead of spreading among us true religious, moral, and social ideas, as a result of which all these evils would disappear of their own accord, occupies itself on the one hand with justifications of the existing order, and on the other with playthings, and, to demonstrate to us the fruitfulness of science, points to the fact that it cures a thousandth part of the ills which overtake us simply because science does not do its duty. If even a small fraction of the effort, attention, and labor which men of science spend on the trifles which occupy them were directed to establishing right religious, moral, social, or even hygienic ideas, there would not be a hundredth part of the diphtheria, hysteria, spinal curvature, and the like, on the cure of which science so prides itself, accomplishing these cures in its hospitals, whose accommodations cannot be extended to all.

This is just as if people who had ploughed badly a field sown badly, with bad seed, were to go about in the field, and to cure the broken ears in the crop, which grew beside diseased ears, at the same time trampling down all the rest, and were to bring forward their art in curing the diseased ears as a proof of their knowledge of agriculture.

Our science, in order to become science, and to become truly beneficent, and not injurious to mankind, must first of all renounce its empirical method, according to which it considers itself bound to study only what is, and must return to the only wise and fruitful understanding of science, according to which its object is the study of how people ought to live. In this is the aim and purpose of science; and the study of what is can only be the subject of science so far as that study contributes to a knowledge of how people ought to live.

And it is this recognition of the bankruptcy of experimental science, and the absolute necessity of adopting another method, which Carpenter's article demonstrates.

PRAYER: WHO CAN TELL WHAT IT IS?

BY MRS. F. H. BOALT.

I HAVE been young and now I am old," old enough for experience to have somewhat positive to say about a matter tested, on an average, daily, for certainly half a century. But at this late date I am bound to confess that concerning the efficacy of prayer I speak with far less assurance than when, in confident youth, I stood on the other side of experience. Perhaps I ought to have a clearly defined creed as to what prayer will surely do; but if I have any creed at all, it is a jumble of beliefs, inconsistent with each other, and—some of them at least—not proven.

Within a few years only—years of real life, wherein neither sentiment nor doctrine has abated one jot or tittle of the law—have I come to be sensible of these inconsistencies and to wonder why I compiled the jumble.

Still dominant in my creed, I am happy to say, is the oldest belief, one that I must have acquired with my mother tongue, if not with breath, so antedating memory is it. Persistent as faith in my mother herself, and as simple and unconditioned, this is about the way the oldest belief in my creed reads: "God hears, God cares, and will surely answer." Nothing could be more clearly defined than this, nothing more assuring; my childish heart was steadfast, and knew no fear; it believed absolutely in the coming of all it asked for.

Later the creed became less clear; it grew cloudy with conditions necessary to securing attention and answers from God. These conditions crept in as explanations of unanswered prayer. Young people at prayer meeting, or older ones of equally limited experience, living tranquil, uneventful lives—I among them all—rolled glibly from off the tongue assertions of what prayer would do in storms we knew nothing about, or told what we must do to make our prayers effectual. We said, "God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth," though just what that meant I do not think we could

have told. I confess I listened to the others with something akin to envy. "They must know," I thought, "how to get into a state that I am locked out of." We also said: "We must come with the right kind of faith, and we must have enough of it; we must believe that we really have, and we shall have; we must be persistent and bold, in season and out of season; we must be humble, and ever in the spirit of submission to the Divine will; we must ask only those things God is willing to give, and we must avoid vain repetitions."

It is strange that I ever found comfort in this jumble. But those were days wherein was no trouble, no bewildering changes, no heartbreaking disappointments. It took years of coming with boldness, to be smitten the next with weakness in the fear that my faith and humility were of doubtful quality or quantity,—years, I say, of this uncertainty as to my credentials, before I awakened to the ungodlike character such a jumble gave to the Almighty, the character of one who, making a great ado over His promises, yet cunningly provides that nothing not in accordance with His will shall be expected of Him. The awakening was by the natural and unavoidable comparison of such conduct with my own as a parent. "I would not," I said, "treat my children so; I would not lead them on to ask whatsoever they will, and then slip out of the bargain by claiming that they asked things not in accordance with my will, and therefore not to be expected. Poor child! how is he to know what my will is concerning his natural, laudable desires, if I have not expressed it?" And I further said: "God has been maligned; He would not treat His children so. After all, what right have we to prescribe the rules of the mercy seat, rules which practically annihilate confidence?"

Then out of the confusion arising from the creed, the awakening, and the realities, something within has protested against such annihilation; a something—my real self, maybe—not dead, though drugged by generations of environment, holding fast to some eternal inheritance, saying with immovable rock-like confidence, "There are everlasting arms, and they are underneath." That something, that inner self, mysterious yet real and majestic, ratifies the unconditioned faith

of the child, and endorses the judgment of reason that "God can if He will, and He will if it be right."

And yet—what has been proven? What are we to say in the face of awful realities? I have seen, not the seed, but the righteous man himself begging bread. Aye, more: I have seen him so apparently forsaken, reduced to such straits, that I could not see why he should lift a finger, much less beg, to prolong a life so empty of good. I have watched a man, too young to fail and die, too old to recuperate a fortune, lost through no fault but that of a hurricane in the commercial world, struggle with all the strength of a noble soul,—and what is such struggle but the truest kind of prayer? And I have seen that struggle end in a broken heart and death; and I have heard one of the daughters, who prayed with him and for him through all that pitiful fight, say, as she lifted her face from watching his last breath, "I prayed for his relief, but I did not mean the relief of death."

I have seen the child of many prayers commit every crime but murder; and perhaps when I have told you all, you will say he committed that, and may yet. All the property of his parents, accumulated by years of labor and self-denial, is gone through the vain effort to save the child from disgrace. The father is dead, crushed by the double disappointment; the mother still lingers, a paralytic, cowering under the blustering yet catlike tyranny of the brutal boy.

"Their reward will come in the hereafter," do you say? Yes, but what if that boy goes into *his* hereafter unrepentant and unchanged? "Must not talk about such things?" Who is your authority?

You and I both look back over years of prayer. Beginning in childhood, continuing through the placid prayer-meeting age, we have had our daily prayer. Only in storms of anguish, when anything set and formal has been distasteful, have we failed, and then only in routine. We have come with the only kind of faith we knew, and we have come with as full a measure of it as we could; we have tried to reconcile boldness with humility, and importunity with resignation; we have pleaded all the promises, we have cried day and night; and

yet what a long list of prayers, dear as our own souls, remain unanswered!

Sincere desires, as strong to-day in our hearts as ever, and as old almost as our hearts themselves, desires utterly unselfish, in perfect accord with a kingdom of love and peace and in furtherance of a Saviour's plans, have carried us, day and night, to Him who has all power, and yet

"No answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly."

There have been times when we have prayed—not in words; they even were too distasteful to the soul in great want—when we have stood with no consciousness but that of soul beside a dying child, our whole being a prayer of protest against the destroyer: "Oh, God, no, no. But if he must die, spare him suffering." Nevertheless the destroyer was not driven back; fiercely he racked the baby body; and what we, with all right on our side, prayed against was victorious, as far as we could see, or can see now.

Prayers to the widow's God for guidance have marked the many years now closing in disaster, the culmination of blunders. Wisdom on the points prayed over, as far as we can see, was not given at all, to say nothing of its liberality; the promises, in these respects, were not fulfilled. Not that we have not had blessings; we have had them innumerable and precious; indeed, sorrows more grievous than those prayed against have been averted. But the point here urged is not the barrenness of blessing, but that of prayer; not the failure of Providence, but that of our way of securing it. What I wish noted is, not the Providence behind the clouds, but the clouds themselves, so full of death; not what may be beyond, but the great army of saints who have looked up in faith, and yet have lived long years, and died without the promised breaking of blessings on their heads.

And yet, mark you—what God Himself ought to mark—these saints have held fast to their faith. I speak with reverence, but under the full sway of natural justice, when I say, God Himself ought to mark; for the trial and the test of human love and belief in Him surpass anything borne by angel strength. Were these saints my creatures, and were

confidence in and love for me the purpose of my creation, I should consider my work a magnificent success, and I should love them, and for their sakes love all mankind also. There can be nothing in heaven—except in those who have come up from earth—like this faith. Undoubtedly these, truly estimated, have the testimony of the inner self before spoken of, but our world is not ready yet for that testimony; it does not comprehend such a thing as the inner self; what it wants is fact. This I fully believe many of God's servants possess; but too reverent to speak to the uncomprehending ear, too modest to think they have anything unusual, feeling the marked difference between their experiences and the marvellous sensational ones of old-time meetings, they hold their peace, and many a precious fact is kept a secret, comforting only the heart in which it is enshrined. If these experienced ones would come together and tell what they know, there would be discovered a mass of evidence, real and comforting, which would be very grateful to a world disappointed in and yet wanting their faith.

The world that we know questions this faith, and justly, for many of the confident claims made in the name of faith have not been verified to this world. It questions still, but not so much, I am confident, as formerly; for the fact is, after all its questionings, it is not an atheistic world; it much prefers to believe; it deems it far better to have a God to rely on. Suffering as men do, and increasing in intelligence, they reasonably ask why a God should seem to fail, and justly demand from Him a fair hearing. It is not railing unbelief that we hear, but the just demand of just men.

The prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God is on trial, or, perhaps I should say, our way of reaching Him is on trial. In my opinion, however, it means the same thing, if we take the best way we know or can know, and He has the power to guide us. The world that we know wants and will not reject a God who pities and cares like a father. More has been claimed for prayer than has in our own past been proven; but not more, perhaps, than can be proven.

I am not asking for a prayer test; I do not think the experience of Christendom justifies any expectation of success simi-

lar to that of Elijah in his controversy with the priests of Baal, even though the result asked for be merciful instead of punitive. It is possible that God would honor us in such a controversy. He certainly could, but such manifestations do not appear to be in His present programme. The indignation hurled by all Christendom against the proposed prayer test of a few years ago seemed to me to be unfair, and a confession of weakness: unfair, because we Christians had for generations been making extraordinary claims, citing even Elijah's success, and using the promises as proofs; demanding attention and assent to these claims, and denouncing the unprayerful; a confession of weakness in that we had only indignation for a proposed investigation which we ourselves had invited by our extraordinary assertions. The fact is, if our beliefs had been based on our own experience and knowledge, if we had felt confidence that God would do what we had been saying He would, we should have welcomed the test; we should have been no more indignant than a brother prophet enjoying Elijah's confidence, who had no doubt of the result; and we should have looked upon the proposers of the test as the prophet would have looked upon non-partisan heathens seeking only for fair play and truth.

But it is not a test of this kind that is wanted or that is necessary; what would be far better, and what is possible, is an exposition of the results of the real test that has been going on ever since men have prayed, especially since the end of the period of unverifiable history.

Is it not time for a new New Testament? For there are men and women, tried by the heaviest sorrows, possessing experiences treasured in their inmost hearts, the very saints, who hold their faith in the everlasting arms,

"Though all hell endeavored to shake,"

who are able to give this Testament. There is no fear that they will be sensational, or will draw on the imagination, or exaggerate; they walk in too much reverence for that. The thing is to get them to speak. Among other treasures that they have in store, I am sure they will bring us good reason to believe in a watchful Presence in our troubles, a Purpose, if

blows must come, to mitigate them; and by that Presence and that Purpose a further assurance that we are never alone. Some such reasons as the following, I mean: A man was dying; his wife, an invalid, sojourning in the South, knowing nothing of the trouble at home, simply concluded to return. Telegrams and letters missed her, so she was spared the long suspense. By easy stages she came in time to hold the hand that wanted hers the last, and to have the familiar talk so precious to the companionship that must be broken, leaving one in trust. What influence, if not of God, inspired the home-coming and turned aside the unnecessary and disturbing messages?

Such evidence as this, and more, I am sure, is stored away in modest saintly souls. The time has come for a new and better kind of experience meeting. Not that there was nothing true in the old; there was much; but there was also much of affirming on the authority of some one else who could not be interviewed, much not borne out by accessible fact. I would have experiences given again, but with the utmost caution. This is a place where "angels fear to tread," but where they—that is, the earth-born and earth-tried—and they only, are wanted. And they are wanted sorely; the world, suffering in long and incomprehensible agony, wants to know more.

Who will tell it more?

FAITH.

BY RUBIE CARPENTER.

If from the darkness of that deeper sleep
A day should dawn unto our wondering sight,
A strange new harbor lead us from the deep,—
What joy supreme! what infinite delight!

But if it dawneth not; if His decree
Should be a dreamless and eternal rest,
A calm for weary hearts, so let it be.
I do not question; what He does is best.

IS FEMININE BOHEMIANISM A FAILURE?

BY EMILIE RUCK DE SCHELL.

THE last decade of the nineteenth century, made memorable by its wars and tempests, its stirring political campaigns and financial crises, will give to posterity at least one memento that shall not soon be forgotten—a wholly emancipated woman. We call her the bachelor girl, the crisp, self-sufficient woman who has put aside the Hebrew tradition of her origin, and has come to be—at least in her own estimation—the backbone of society.

In the days of our grandmothers the ultimate desire of a normal woman's heart was to be sought in marriage by some worthy man, to live for and through him. But a generation has arisen that is wiser than its predecessors, and the fallacy of the old saw, "It is not good that man—woman—should be alone," has been exposed.

The sacred institution of marriage has been assailed by both sexes alike. Problem novels have been choked down people's throats. The pulpit has too often forgotten its high calling of saving men's souls, and has turned to the more interesting task of withdrawing the hymeneal curtains and letting the morbid, sensation-seeking world stare in. Shall we wonder then that the educated girl of to-day, to whom almost every avenue of human activity has been opened, shrinks back appalled at the threshold of that chamber of horrors, and prefers to walk her way alone?

If we trace the relative conditions of man and woman from primeval barbarism to the civilization of the present, we cannot fail to observe that man, created in the image of his Maker, has kept practically the same place, while woman, by a series of almost revolutionary changes, has been constantly rising. Chivalry first elevated her to the side of man in the social world. It accomplished this end by thrusting her far above him and then permitting her to settle down to her proper place of unquestioned equality. Intellectual emanci-

pation was the next upward step for woman. Here woman, not man, struck the blow to social prejudice and achieved the greatest victory the sex has as yet won. The bluestocking, homely, severe, devoid of sentiment and tenderness, waged her grim fight against a time-hardened idea, in order that the women who came after her might enjoy an intellectual freedom such as was impossible for those that preceded her. The society woman of to-day does not have to be entertained with light gossip and bonbons. She has gone through college shoulder to shoulder with the men who seek her companionship. Her ready wit and ingenious philosophy can interest the profoundest among them.

The severely intellectual woman, who made it possible for her modern sister to become what she is, was neither loved nor admired. She sacrificed herself for the good of her sex. Perhaps the bachelor girl is following in her footsteps, an unconscious martyr to the cause of female emancipation. The world must admit that she is playing her part, not always well perhaps, in the social drama of to-day, and when the throes of the birth of a new century are past, though she may be forgotten, her influence will be indelibly stamped on the women of the next generation.

Marriage is not so nearly universal as it was a score of years ago. Nor does the term "old maid" retain its erewhile stigma. Our bachelor girl celebrates without a blush her thirtieth birthday. She might have married any one of a dozen men; but she is doing the kind of work they used to do. Her labor brings her a cash return, and she likes her liberty. The simple delights of a home—ministering to the wants of an often ungrateful, always self-centered husband; enduring periodically that experience which Hypatia said is fit only for slaves—possess no charm for her. Yet her sensitive nature cannot yield to boarding-house luck such as is taken quite as a matter of course by the men she strives to emulate. Her fertile genius has devised a way of escape both from the limitations of the home and the barrenness of the boarding-house, and Bohemianism, as we now have it, has come into being.

We are not now concerned with the familiar type of Bohemianism that has long existed in the Quartier Latin of

Paris, but rather with that phase of it that is affecting our own land—nay, the women of our land.

The average man is by nature a Bohemian until his deeper being is awakened by the touch of a woman's hand. The loose, irresponsible life of the college chapter-house or the club-room possesses a fascination for him that is irresistible until he becomes satiated with its shams and its follies. Sometimes it leaves scars that he carries deep in his heart, and memories that he would fain destroy. But the man who has drunk the last dregs of Bohemianism is the man who will select the purest woman for his wife and the most sequestered nook for his home. What is to become of his Bohemian sister when she is "sick unto death" of struggling alone with this awful problem of living? She would scorn the advances of an unsophisticated man, and for the man of the world she has been divested of her charm.

The great outside world sees only the jolly, chafing-dish side of female Bohemianism. Girls of refinement and ability, who earn their own living, comprise the majority of the Bohemians of our great cities. Their apartments are tastefully, often elegantly furnished. No chaperon is present to see that the arbitrary laws of social form are strictly observed. The men who frequent these cosy dens find in them a combination of royal entertainment and untrammelled freedom such as they can find nowhere else.

Painters, poets with more soul than business ability, musicians whose reputation is yet to be made, take to the Bohemian life. When genius has been put into harness and compelled to drag the plow through productive soil, the taste for this unconventional life will doubtless be lost. Financial success usually sounds the death-knell to sentiment and independence. But female Bohemianism has not lived long enough to reveal what will be its effect on the women who really succeed. As yet it is only an experiment.

We have spoken of the free, delightful side of Bohemianism. The man who has participated in the creating of a Welsh rarebit and has tossed his cigarette-stumps into the grate while he told ludicrous stories, sometimes with a bit of ginger in them, needs no exposition of this side of the ques-

tion. He perhaps never dreams that those same girls who know how to entertain so royally and laugh so merrily, know, too, how to conceal an aching heart beneath a mask of smiles. A single day from my own experience will illustrate this point.

My companion in tribulation is an artist whose genius is inversely commensurate with the appalling parvity of her purse. I had been doing space work for a daily newspaper at four dollars a column and getting my novel ready for publication. We discovered one morning that we were approaching the line where the two sides of the bank account balance, and, in a frenzy of apprehension, I staked everything on a political paper that I thought decidedly clever. An Eastern journal that was using a variety of political stuff seemed to be the proper place for my little satire.

"Agnes, if this doesn't go," I remarked grimly as I folded the typewritten sheets, "and if Mr. Brown doesn't pay you for that portrait, we are going to starve."

Three days passed and that never-to-be-forgotten day dawned. The postman's ring awakened us. Three letters he thrust under the door, two for Agnes and one for me. As she tore open the first she remarked:

"I hope the old chump is satisfied with his wife's portrait and has sent me a cheque."

In a moment she lay back on her pillow with a groan of disgust.

"Something wrong with the left eye; must have another sitting," she remarked dismally.

The other envelope contained a bill for her art lessons.

At the sight of my own letter my heart had sunk so low that I had not yet summoned sufficient courage to tear open the envelope. I had grown accustomed to welcoming home the adventurous children of my fancy—the "reader" somehow knows why two red stamps are enclosed—but this time I had hoped my manuscript would not be returned. There was a polite little note from the editor informing me that my article was good, but that his last political issue had just gone to press. He was sure I could place my manuscript elsewhere.

Something desperate had to be done. We could not go to

our relatives and appeal for help. That were treason against Bohemianism!

An influential friend had promised to go with me that morning to the editor of one of the evening papers, with a view to obtaining for me a position on his staff. I called at the gentleman's office at the appointed time. He was out—had probably forgotten the engagement, the stenographer told me. Choking down my disappointment, I went to the office of the paper to which I had been a contributor. The Sunday editor informed me that there would be no room in the next Sunday's issue for my customary love story. I was too proud to tell him that I needed the five dollars that story ought to bring me; but he saw the distress in my eyes. After a moment's reflection he said:

"Here, you take this out to my friend Smith. He sometimes uses stories in his paper."

I left the office with my two pieces of manuscript, and as I walked out into the street a mute appeal for help and courage went up from my heart.

The editor glared at me out of a pair of whiskey-beared eyes as I meekly told him the purpose of my visit.

"Got no time for literary work. Can't use anything but political stuff now. Come in after the election and I may find time to talk to you," he growled.

There was a great lump in my throat, and my lips quivered; but the case was too desperate to permit my feelings to be taken into consideration.

"I have some political stuff that I believe you will like," I ventured to say.

"Oh, you women are a nuisance! I can't bother with your stuff!" And he bolted from the room.

"Don't mind him," the city editor said sympathetically. "He is worried with this campaign and is unusually gruff. I believe you can sell your political article to our morning paper. But I would advise you not to go to the editor-in-chief. He will treat you worse than our man did."

"I have had some experience with the man Eugene Field made the hero of one of his brightest poems," I said, "and I would rather face a lion in his den than face him."

As I was leaving the office I remembered that the editor of the leading monthly magazine had asked me to do some translating for him. I called at his office, but he was busy. "Come in after the election," he said rather brusquely.

I summoned all my courage for the next call. As I entered the office of the associate editor on our wealthiest newspaper, I found, sitting at his desk, my *bête noire*, the editor-in-chief. I will not relate my experience with him. Poor wretch! He found life unbearable and ended it with the dying year. Suffice it to say, I left his presence crushed and humiliated.

Still I did not give up. There was a spicy little magazine in town that sometimes used political stuff, and I called upon its editor.

"Sorry, but we have just slipped into the Irish Sea and have suspended publication," he said politely.

On the street I met a friend. "I saw the directory man last night and he said he had a piece of work for you," he told me.

At last help had come! With a heart full of gratitude I hurried to the directory building. The work was simple enough. Eight thousand envelopes to be addressed. The work must be done at the office and done with a pen. The price to be paid was seventy-five cents a thousand. I figured out the cost of car-fare and luncheon and found that I could earn thirty cents a day by working ten hours. I had not yet come down to sweating-shop labor, so I thanked the clerk and went my way.

It was not yet five o'clock, but the atmosphere seemed thick and black around me, and a great cloud of despair settled down over my spirit.

When I reached home, Agnes had not yet returned from her painting lesson. I was alone and I thought I should go mad. Out into the street in the twilight I fled, not caring whither my steps led me. The first person I met was an artist who had spent many a jolly evening in our den. He had seen the sketches Agnes had made of me, and he needed a model.

"You have exactly the figure I need, and I will pay you three dollars a day to pose for me," he said.

"But not in the nude?" I said, doubtfully.

"Why, of course," he laughed. "You pose for Agnes, why not for me?"

This proposition, from a friend whose respect I thought I had never forfeited, humiliated me, and there was just a shade of indignation in my voice as I declined.

This last incident in my "dark day" leads me to speak of another pitfall for the Bohemian girl. City-bred girls are comparatively safe in the hands of even the most unprincipled men, for they have been trained in the ways of the world and know how to take care of themselves. But the girls who fall into Bohemian ways are too often gifted girls whose country or village homes have denied them scope for the exercise of their talents. The glowing cheeks and fresh, unsophisticated manners of these daughters of a purer atmosphere cannot but be attractive to the blasé man of the world. A little delicate flattery begins the game. Next comes a stolen caress in the dark hall. Then she smokes a cigarette with him, or sips a glass of wine—he has noticed that she is looking pale of late and needs a harmless stimulant. So one by one the barriers are broken down.

If she stands on a foundation of firm principle, he will be cautious and reverential, awaiting his opportunity. She fondly imagines that he loves her, and she is weary of the endless struggle and the bitter disillusionings of her Bohemian existence, and longs for the sweet repose of a home. She is ready to fling the dream of glory back into the night from whence it sprang and live only for him. When he has brought her to this point he invites her to accompany him to the theatre. He has done so often before. Then there is the usual elegant supper, finished off with a glass of champagne. On the way to the car he remembers a bit of pressing business that ought to be attended to at once, and begs her to stop with him just for a moment.

"The man is busy, but will be called. Just step into the reception-room," the porter says; and without a shadow of suspicion she walks into the trap that has been set for her. The door is shut, and she is told that she is in a private assign-

nation-house. To resist were folly; to cry out, worse than vain, for there is no one to hear.

If she is sensitive and high-souled she flings her polluted body into the river next day, and nobody charges that man with her murder. If she is "of the earth, earthy," she becomes his mistress, and, in time, joins the great army of lost women, and nobody charges that man with the murder of her soul.

O mothers, do you realize the anguish, the hopelessness, into which you are sending your defenseless children? The girl who is physically and morally strong may go through Bohemia unscathed, but woe unto the sensitive and the frail!

Did God, after all, know what He was about when He ordained that man and woman should become one flesh; that woman should ever be the tender, clinging companion, and that man should be her protector?

We are prone to cry out that our civilization is all wrong, and that we must revert to barbarism in order to get a right start. Yet what seems a fatal mistake may really be a part of a wise plan for the ultimate good of humanity. How many precious lives have been sacrificed for every victory the world has won!

The girl who has had a glimpse of this seamy side of human nature can never become a simple, trusting wife; but she may be a more enlightened companion and a wiser helpmeet because of her own experience. Surely she will be a wiser mother than her own mother was. Her children will be few, for she will marry when her prolific period is past; but they will be all the world to her. She has quaffed the foaming glass of life, and, alas! she knows that there are bitter drags at the bottom.

Her daughters will find in her a sympathetic companion. Her sons will look upon her, not as an innocent little mother who can be duped by all sorts of ingenious tales, but as a wise counsellor who can guide them through the perilous path of their adolescence.

We are living in an age not only of history-making, but of problem-solving. The maids of to-day will be the mothers of to-morrow,—the mothers of our statesmen and philosophers. Then shall we not place in their hands the torch of knowledge ere they pass the perilous boundary of Bohemia?

A PAYING PHILANTHROPY: THE MILLS HOTEL.

BY REV. T. ALEXANDER HYDE, B.D., B.A.

NO deed is ever done by man to his fellow men but influences for weal or woe the condition of humanity at large. The condition of our neighbors will in the end modify our own condition. The existence of evils, though in neighborhoods far removed from our abode, still exerts a deadening influence upon ourselves. The human race is one in the possession of certain constitutional elements and civil and social privileges. Whatever influences these for good or evil, raises not only a local wave, but a tidal inundation. Disease and filth, accumulated in the slums of great cities, have a destructive influence also upon the Fifth Avenues of wealth. In vain do we surround our homes with the best sanitary conditions, with wealth and happiness, if the homes of any portion of the inhabitants of the same city are surrounded by squalor, dirt, and poverty. We may fancy ourselves secure in our luxurious baths, well-drained surroundings, and well-ventilated rooms, but a blast of wind from the filthy neighborhood or a ragged beggar passing the door may bring disease to our children. Besides, even if there were no danger, the nobility and manhood of our race are degraded by the misery and poverty of even a small tribe of its members. The rich and well-kept may lift up their heads, pass by the neighborhoods of the unfortunate, and sneer at their ignorance and poverty, but it is still a great truth that the poor condition of these people degrades the standard of our manhood. Instead of rejoicing that we are not as some other men are, we should ask ourselves the question, Why should any man have to starve or to live in a pestilential neighborhood? Is there no way by which all can enjoy the common inheritance of our race, pure air, wholesome food, and healthy shelter? In other words, is it not possible to diminish or abolish poverty? Is it compatible

with our own happiness that so many of our fellows are doomed to live in dens of squalor?

This is a great question, and its solution is far more important than all the battles waged for national supremacy in the history of the world. Some day this great problem will be solved, and the horror of death by hunger and filth will be a thing of the past. At the present hour some noble men and women are struggling, not to abolish the evils of social surroundings, for that is not yet practical, but to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate and to limit the ravages of ignorance, neglect, and poverty. In this direction the crusade against the unsanitary surroundings of the homes of the laboring poor is a most important achievement. The destruction of old, dilapidated, fever-breeding houses, where squalor and misery have held high carnival so long that nothing but fire and smoke can cleanse them, and the erection of neat, comfortable houses on the site of the ruins constitute a work which not only improves that neighborhood, but has a beneficial effect upon the entire community. It is a glorious sight to see the cleanly stones arise upon the sites where rotten timbers once harbored the germs of disease. In tearing down these dens of misery, a moral good results, crime diminishes, and the number of people who love cleanliness and health is increased. It is a sad and sickening sight to stand in the slums of the great cities of London, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston and see how very many of our brothers live. Hardly one gleam of sunshine can enter their homes, danger lurks in the air they breathe, fever in the water they drink; and no mine ever laid under the walls of a city can destroy more than the unsanitary surroundings of their houses. In such regions the calls of the doctor and the undertaker are as necessary as the visits of the grocer and the butcher.

Among the noble efforts put forth by the men and women of our country to ameliorate the condition of those who have to live in such regions, we would call attention to the plan of D. O. Mills, a New York millionaire, as most worthy of mention. This gentleman has erected a large hotel in the very heart of a region in New York City where unsanitary and immoral conditions have prevailed so long that periodic

raids were necessary to break up the dens of vice that openly flourished under the very eyes of respectable citizens. The Mills Hotel, as it is called, is designed to meet the wants of a large number of people, unfortunately ever growing larger because of our industrial system, who have no home, parental or conjugal, in the great cities — men who come from the country, the unemployed looking for work, commercial travellers, clerks, and business men temporarily or permanently in the city. To such the hotel opens rooms and lunch counters of high excellence at very low rates. The inexperienced youth from the suburban districts may now come to New York and find lodgings for the night as safe as in his own home. The hotel meets the wants of the unmarried class of the male population (women are not admitted as lodgers). As this enterprise, though not the first of its kind, is probably the largest and best equipped in the world, it is well worth a careful study on the part of those who desire to improve the condition of men, and for this reason we shall try to describe at least its most prominent features.

The building is a magnificent structure, built of clean gray stone, and it stands a model of splendid workmanship in a region where degeneracy in architectural skill had stretched its grave-like hand for many years. The situation is east and west, on Bleecker Street, one block from the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad, and within five minutes' walk of Broadway. The interior arrangements would be pronounced elegant even in the most fashionable hotels in the city. A marble staircase leads up into the marble foyer, from which access is had to every part of the building. Along the corridors are potted plants, green and flowering. Uniformed officers stand at the doors, in the hallway, and near the elevators ready to give information or assistance. It has a well-equipped registry office, where keys are handed to those who engage rooms. In truth, when one first enters he cannot help the conviction that he is standing in halls and corridors superior in magnificence to many high-priced hotels. The restaurants in the basement are reached by separate staircases leading directly from the main entrance. The first floor, on its different elevations, contains the offices, reading-rooms,

lavatories, and baths. The nine floors above contain the sleeping-rooms. Of these there are 1,560, one-half opening on the street, and the remainder on the square courts. The uniform size of the rooms is 5 x 8 feet, though the corner rooms are twice as large as the others, and may have two windows. Modern ideas prevail in the arrangement of these rooms so as to supply good ventilation compatible with great numbers. The square court, with its glass-covered roof, and the long corridors permit a free and full ventilation and also sunshine to all the rooms.

In order to secure this great capacity every available space is made serviceable; even the floors and partitions are built upon the expanded metal system. Expanded metal is made from sheet iron, which has a great bearing surface, and when embedded in concrete mortar is enormously strong, so that light floors and partitions of great sustaining power, equal in stability to brick walls, may be constructed from this material, affording not only security from collapse or spreading, but safety from fire and disease germs. In passing from one section to another of the great building, it is surprising to see how easily accessible and comfortable is every part of the mammoth structure. Nothing seems to be wanting; there are no crooked staircases, no unexpected steps or clumsy corridors like those found in the old-fashioned hotels, but order and convenience reign everywhere. The dormitory floors are reached by three sets of elevators.

A very striking feature in the Mills building is the glass-covered courts, which utilize space that in other hotels is generally not available for practical purposes. These courts are elegant if not gorgeous. In the evening, when hundreds of the guests of the hotel gather here after their daily toil to spend an hour of pleasure, so animated is the scene that the courts with their glass roofs appear more like summer gardens. So perfect is the ventilation that even the smoke from several hundred cigars or pipes does not vitiate the air. In these courts the guests can play games, chat, read, and amuse themselves in various ways. Adjoining these courts are the libraries, with their shelves of books, and reading-rooms with daily papers and periodicals. Quiet reigns here, and men

may be seen busily studying volumes not often found in hotels. Abundant opportunity is given for indoor amusements; tables with outfits for checkers, chess, dominoes are supplied free by the hotel, while among the resident guests it is never difficult to find expert players who make entertainment for the others.

The baths are a very attractive feature. Not only are there extensive rows of single stands where the guests can perform their daily ablutions, but there are bath-rooms with modern fixtures, hot and cold water, and shower and sprinkle attachments, where the guest can be alone and enjoy a most luxurious bath for the small price of nothing. In other hotels these baths are charged extra. Provision is also made for laundry purposes. The guest may if he choose do his own washing, places being provided for that purpose, including a marvellous quick dryer. Anyone overtaken by a shower can have his clothes dried in a very short time, and if infectious disease should by chance enter the hotel, it may be effectually guarded against by steam and hot-air disinfection.

The restaurants in the basement are well equipped, and equal to many of the high-priced hotels. A meal of wholesome, well-cooked food may be obtained for fifteen cents. Besides the regular dinner with its menu of soup, meat, vegetables, dessert, and tea, coffee, or milk, all for fifteen cents, there is a special bill of fare with wide choice of articles from which a good meal for twenty cents can be made, equal to a fifty-cent dinner in the average hotels.

In this hotel a guest can live comfortably for fifty-five to seventy-five cents per day, bedroom and meals inclusive. For that sum he can enjoy all the privileges of a first-class hotel, besides many others for which in such an hotel extra fees are charged. For instance, twenty cents a night procures a bedroom with enamelled iron bedstead, hair mattresses, hair and feather pillows, and excellent bedding, spacious and superb sitting-rooms, reading and smoking rooms, fine baths, steam heat, and electric light. No exasperating extras are inserted in the bill for this or that little service,

The mention of a twenty-cent hotel naturally suggests a low grade of guests, the shabby, unkempt, and shiftless kind. Those who deem that high prices are necessary to debar the unwashed multitude will be agreeably disappointed in their visits to the Mills Hotel. The patrons are as a whole respectable, clean, orderly, and well-dressed gentlemen. This hotel, with its nineteenth-century improvements, is welcomed even by those who have been inmates of hotels where the charge is from two to five dollars a day. It is no exaggeration to say that the patrons of this hotel are similar to those found in the \$2.00-a-day boarding hotels; drummers, clerks, professional men, artists, and laborers soon accommodate themselves in their personal habits to the elegant surroundings of the hotel. The Mills enterprise proves beyond a doubt that refined surroundings rather than high prices attract the best patrons. I have heard eminent men say they would rather stay at the Mills Hotel than in the fashionable hotels, for in the former there is no public bar, hence the profanity and disorder incident to that institution are not found in the Mills Hotel. Then again, the Mills enterprise demonstrates that the sale of liquor on the premises is not necessary for the financial success of a first-class hotel.

It might be supposed by some that the small sum of \$1.40 per week would hardly cover the expense of necessary attendance, and that the hotel would be much inferior to others in this regard. It must indeed be a very difficult task to manage successfully 1,500 or more guests, many of them coming and going all the time. Such a gathering is equal to a regiment in the army. Yet the hotel is efficiently managed in this respect, there being at its head an able manager aided by 150 employees. Order and regularity are maintained by the enforcement of a few simple rules. One can form a faint idea of the lodging capacity of this large building by standing in the hallway between 6.30 A. M. and 9.30 A. M. It takes considerable time for 1,500 men to pass out, a crowd equal in numbers to the voting population of a town or large village.

We have no object in lauding Mr. Mills and his building. Our professional duties often call upon us to investigate en-

enterprises aiming to ameliorate the condition of the industrious poor. We have visited similar enterprises in Great Britain, and are inclined to think that in some respects the Mills building is ahead of all. It is not a benevolent or charitable enterprise. Mr. Mills has invested a large capital and is willing to accept a small profit. Yet he claims that, although he has always entertained a strong desire to elevate the surroundings of men, in this instance he believes in the enterprise as a satisfactory business project. He who expects something for nothing will be disappointed, but he who wishes for accommodations equal to those of a \$1.00-per-day hotel for twenty cents will surely find it in the Mills building.

In whatever way we look at the enterprise we cannot help the conviction that many doubtful schemes for the improvement of the surroundings of those whose pocket-book is small have been realized. It demonstrates clearly what can be done by large capital. Small enterprises are necessarily limited, but large capital can furnish all modern improvements. The result has been satisfactory in a business sense; the attendance since the opening has been large, and it is increasing. Its success is certainly an encouragement for men of wealth or even small capitalists to combine and do likewise. Then again, the enterprise is a practical argument in favor of doing all we can to aid the lowly. It has been said again and again that the "filthy" would be "filthy still;" that even if the surroundings of such a class were improved they would not take advantage of them. In the case of the Mills building the guests have availed themselves eagerly of its great modern improvements. The opportunity for frequent bathing has not been neglected; and we do not recollect ever looking upon a more cleanly, sober, and intelligent class of men assembled in the parlors of high-priced hotels. The clerk, bookkeeper, drummer, the man out of employment, the clergyman, tradesman, and laborer sit at the same table or in the same reading-room, and order, neatness, and comfort reign. Intemperate men are not admitted, and liquor is not sold on the premises. During the time I stayed there sampling its restaurants, beds, and libraries I

never heard a profane or vulgar expression or saw a man the worse for liquor. Who could say as much for any high-priced hotel in the United States?

Improve the surroundings of the people; that is, remove filth and other unsanitary conditions, and temptations to vice and crime will diminish. The best way to extirpate laziness, shiftlessness, filthy habits, and theft is to destroy the slums and erect substantial houses. Too long have enterprises like that of Mr. Mills been delayed by the foolish objection that some people are too low to appreciate improvement. The truth is that men are often the products of their environment; improve this and you improve the breed of men. The self-respecting citizen of to-day may remember that he owes his advancement to the improvement of his surroundings; his father may have lived in squalor. But banish poverty and filth, and men no longer love it. Science has now come strongly to the aid of philanthropy. Not only does it teach the nature of sanitation, but it can manufacture cheaply what aforetime were costly luxuries. It is possible for the peasant to sleep and live as the prince did in former times.

The Mills building makes provision more especially for the great army of the unmarried, ever increasing, whose wages are too low to permit of marriage. To these it affords comfortable quarters at the lowest possible cost. But the surroundings of the married class need to be improved. Marriage must be upheld, and the objection to it under the head of insufficient wages should be removed as far as possible. In the slum districts houses should be erected with all modern improvements. Old buildings should be pulled down, and bright cheerful houses built in their stead.

In all these efforts for the improvement of the laboring class it should be borne in mind that the competitive law of our individual system tends to rob the poor of the blessings flowing from improved and cheapened surroundings. The less that it takes to support the laborer, capital contrives to get the advantage by reduction of wages. In this way unmarried men are often able to work for less than the married, hence employers will take that kind of help in preference

to the married. It is a disgrace that every improvement made for the poor should generally simply enable them to work for less in the interest of their employers.

The need of such enterprises as the Mills Hotel is a pressing one in all our large cities, and offers an opportunity for the wise investment of money. The slatternly boarding-houses of our large cities must give place to the clean and orderly hotel. The danger of young men who are obliged to lodge in these low places has never been appreciated. Many of both sexes have made their first acquaintance with vice in the cheap lodging-houses. Many of them are private dens of sin, filth, and disease, so much so that in New York they are commonly called "morgues." If the Mills Hotel had accomplished no other good than diminishing the number of such houses by its cheap lodging rates, it would be enough to earn for its founder the title of "benefactor of his kind." Since the opening of the Mills Hotel the number of these low places has been diminished, and they are now patronized only by those who prefer filth, villainess, and squalor to cleanliness, comfort, and order. An effort should now be made to banish even the last of these dens by coöperative enterprise, that is, by aggregating small capital or private donations into large sums sufficient to build houses and hotels for the wretchedly poor, and to supply food at cost price. Such enterprises will help into the sunshine many who need only that the evils of their surroundings should be removed to enter upon a noble life.

The success of the Mills enterprise has been received with enthusiastic joy by most philanthropists as pointing the way to other needful reforms. Already an hotel for women on the same plan as that of the Mills has been suggested. It is needless to say that, so long as our industrial system discourages marriage and puts a premium on celibacy, such an hotel is necessary. Efforts in this direction have been tried in New York before, and have failed, but if managed according to the plan of the Mills Hotel there is no reason to despair of success.

But great as is the achievement of Mr. Mills in establishing his hotel, his other more recent efforts in a similar direc-

tion are probably an even more commendable enterprise. He is now employing his wealth in erecting in the rear of his hotel on Sullivan Street a block of model tenements. The apartments will be fitted with all modern sanitary arrangements, and they will be a great boon to the families now crowded into miserable tenements. This is one of the most desirable objects a philanthropist can achieve. The family is the bulwark of morals, nay, of the very life of the nation. It is not desirable to weaken in any way its influence. When compared with family apartments, hotels are a necessary evil. It is better to say of a city that it is a community of homes rather than one of lodging hotels. If hotels must exist, let them be on the plan of the Mills Hotel, fully equipped and as far as possible removed from immoral surroundings. Those who have given our industrial system a close study cannot help the sad feeling that it tends to break up the family relation and to destroy home influence. If men and women are valuable only for their cheap labor, then, in the view of the employer, everything that tends to their improvement and elevation must be subordinated to that one factor. It is hardly necessary to state that, while this valuation of men and women prevails, the loftiest schemes of the philanthropist are doomed to fail.

Again and again have we seen the improved and cheapened accommodations of the surroundings of the laboring class lead in the end to a decrease in wages. The sharp tooth of competition soon pierces the altered conditions, and the eye of capital generally discerns that a laborer whose meals cost only fifteen cents each, and lodgings twenty cents, can work for less than when he paid twenty-five and fifty cents.

It is a sad commentary on our commercial system that even the kindest schemes for the elevation of our fellows are destroyed by its barbarous laws. The good we do is often turned to evil. The provision we make for the bachelor class often renders it harder for the married to maintain their families, for bachelor and female labor is cheaper than parental. Hence such enterprises as the Mills Hotel, cheap restaurants, and public farming are merely local palliatives of a long-standing disease. Until we introduce a new

industrial system, the poor, the shiftless, and the immoral we shall always have with us. This is not said to discourage these local efforts. They are better than nothing; they are better far than indifference. They are promoted by the kindest feelings; and their promoters are not to blame if a murderous industrial system, fit only for a barbarous age, frustrates all their efforts for good. But perhaps these attempts to better the condition of our fellows will call into action a greater number of earnest people, and some day a plan acceptable to all may be discovered that will free the wage-earner from his awful bondage.

In the meantime enterprises like those of the Mills Hotel are much needed, and it is to be hoped that others will soon be started in all the great cities of America. The question of capital may suggest itself to many who would like to imitate the Mills plan. It is roughly estimated (not officially) that Mr. Mills has invested over a million in his hotel. It is the size of the investment that has made his plan successful. Small capital is now doomed to take its place with wooden ploughs and spades. Large capital has its hour, and unless it be righteously employed a greater slavery will shackle men than the world has ever beheld at any time in history. Though large capital is necessary to such enterprises, the same results could be obtained by a combination of small means, controlled by committees. Philanthropists in every city might unite and make large capital possible, for investment in schemes of reform such as the Mills Hotel and the Mills model tenements.

SCIENCE AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

IT is not my purpose in this paper to discuss the potential value to the race of a general acceptance of the major claims advanced by those who, through long and patient investigation, have come to accept the reality of phenomena of a supernormal character, nor yet to examine the various elaborate, ingenious, and in some instances commanding theories and philosophies advanced to explain or complement these alleged manifestations, but rather to notice the contested premise in this battle of giants over what hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people have come to regard as a new continent of knowledge, a further extension of the evolutionary theory as it relates to man's advance.*

The student of psychical phenomena is met at the very threshold of his research with a perplexing array of contradictory testimony relating to matters of evidence, and tenaciously held by leading scientists and those accustomed to modern critical methods. In other fields of inquiry one frequently encounters numerous theories, but they are based on some generally accepted facts. Here, however, the conflict among scientific thinkers is most pronounced over the *verity* of

*The Rev. Minot J. Savage, of the church of the Messiah, New York, a critical and scientific student of great ability, and now recognized as the foremost Unitarian clergyman in America, makes the following interesting observations in his valuable work entitled "Psychics: Fact and Theories" (preface, page 9): "People often ask why, if there is anything in these so-called manifestations, they have waited all the ages and have not appeared before. There are stories of similar happenings as marking every age of history, but, as reported, they have been only occasional, and they have not attracted any serious study. Let us notice the stages of evolution as having a possible bearing on this point: first, muscle ruled the world; then came cunning, the lower form of brain power; next the intellect became recognized as king; after that the moral ideal showed itself mightier than muscle or brain; to-day it is the strongest force on earth; no king dare go to war without claiming, at least, that his cause is a righteous one. Now, it is not meant that either of these has ruled the world alone, for they have overlapped each other, as have the advancing forms of life; and as heralding the advent of each new stage of life, these have been tentative and sporadic manifestations of the next higher, while still the lower was dominant. Is it not then in line with all that has gone before that the next step should be a larger and higher manifestation of the spiritual; and, in this case, are not the tentative and sporadic manifestations reported from the past just what might have been expected? 'That was not first which is spiritual, but which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual.'"

alleged phenomena; and this conflict, and other perplexing facts, lead many earnest truth-seekers to abandon investigation before they have proceeded far enough to be competent to form an intelligent conclusion relating even to the reality of supernormal manifestations. This difference of opinion among men thoroughly competent to investigate most phenomena, though unfortunate, is not surprising when we bear in mind the many obstacles which necessarily beset the path of the pioneer in an unknown realm of investigation. It is only during the past half-century that psychical phenomena have received anything like rational consideration from leading thinkers of Western civilization; and less than a generation has passed since a body of scientists and scholars trained in modern critical methods of research have undertaken the investigation of psychical problems with the desire, not to further any special philosophy or to make facts and results fit some preconceived theory, but simply to arrive at the truth by methods which would appeal to the candid judgment of nineteenth-century critical thought, and if possible to discover the underlying laws governing these phenomena. Moreover, there is no field of scientific research where there are so many obstacles to overcome or where prejudice from so many different classes has to be met as in the domain of psychical science.

This becomes apparent when we remember: (1) That in this department of research we are as yet ignorant of the very laws governing the phenomena, and that therefore there must necessarily be much patient and painstaking experimental work, collecting data, and sifting evidence before we can hope to arrive at the fundamental laws under which this class of phenomena takes place. Investigators here are much like the colonist who confronts an untrod forest and finds it necessary to cut his way through the jungle to the highlands beyond, from which he can survey the surrounding country. No path is beaten, no trees are blazed, and but little light from the past falls through the tanglewood before him. He must be a pioneer, a pathfinder for future generations. (2) Another very real difficulty which students of supernormal phenomena encounter is found in the peculiar organization of the sensitives, or psychics. They are necessarily negative, or passive

at least, when the alleged phenomena are taking place, and thus are liable to come under the subtle and little-understood influences which so largely affect and mould the thought world and its manifestations. Moreover, it does not appear that moral rectitude on the part of the psychic is necessary for the manifestation of at least some phases of psychical phenomena. (3) Perhaps nothing has occasioned so much perplexity, doubt, and suspicion, and consequently so wide a diversity of opinion among honest investigators as the conditions which are frequently claimed to be essential to the manifestation of many phases of psychical phenomena. The unfortunate fact that these conditions have afforded a possibility for unprincipled charlatans and frauds to resort to deception and trickery has resulted in awakening suspicion in the minds of those unacquainted with the subject on all such manifestations, and has led many well-meaning persons to become so unreasonably skeptical as to lead them to take positions so extreme as to be unscientific. Many persons claim that unless they are allowed to prescribe the conditions they will not investigate; and they seemingly imagine that this attitude is praiseworthy. They would hardly, however, applaud the man who refused to believe the fact of telegraphy because he could not transmit messages over rope instead of wire; nor would they consider the farmer a wise man who should insist on putting his corn and potatoes on the surface of the earth instead of in the ground, on the theory that he had a right to make the conditions of growth, and that the corn and potatoes ought to do as well out of the soil and in the light as under the sod and in the dark. In this connection Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace makes the following thoughtful observations:

"Scientific men almost invariably assume that in this inquiry they should be permitted at the very outset to impose conditions, and if under such conditions nothing happens, they consider it proof of imposture or delusion. But they well know, in all other branches of research, Nature, not they, determines the essential conditions, without a compliance with which no experiment will succeed. These conditions have to be learned by patient questioning of Nature, and they are

different for each branch of science. How much more must they be expected to differ in an inquiry which deals with subtle forces of nature of which the physicist is wholly and absolutely ignorant. To ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena is practically to prejudge the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws."*

To the peculiar difficulties, such as we have mentioned, which beset the patient and sincere student of psychical phenomena, must be added the hostile and intolerant attitude of conventional thought, of creedal theology, and of materialistic physical science. At first sight it seems strange that this formidable trinity should offer united opposition to anything which hinted at a future life and an extension of man knowledge; and yet when we remember that conservatism is accustomed to ridicule all that is new, bold, and out of the accepted order, the seeming strangeness disappears. Theology is often more jealous of its dogmas than solicitous for the spread of the noble ethics which more or less leavens all earth's great religions, and it resolutely opposes any theory of another life which cannot be fitted to the Procrustean bed of religious dogma. Physical science, on the other hand, largely represents the reactionary spirit which, from the open-mouthed credulity of the Middle Ages and the subserviency of reason and judgment to blind faith, has swept to the extreme of materialism, and frequently manifests an intolerance to all suggestion of a future life which is altogether foreign to the true scientific spirit. In its narrowness this opposition of physical scientists has often resembled the unreasoning and unphilosophical attitude which these same thinkers have so bitterly denounced in clergymen when the latter have attacked the evolutionary theory. Thus, these powerful influences—an alarmed theology, an arrogant materialism, and the unreasoning prejudice of conventionalism—have sought to discredit psychical science and place under the ban even pro-

* From "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," published originally in the *Fortnightly Review*, and republished in "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace. D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S. London, 1883, George Redway, publisher.

found philosophers and critical scientists who, after years of exhaustive study, have become convinced of the truth of supernormal phenomena.

The prominence given to real or alleged exposés of fraudulent manifestations and the confessions of discredited tricksters, by religious periodicals and sensational newspapers which find it more profitable to cater to popular prejudice than to earnestly attempt to arrive at the truth, has led tens of thousands of people to hastily and inconsiderately reach conclusions without any real evidential foundation on which to base their opinions. In the past, a veritable tyro found no difficulty in securing admission into the columns of conservative journals and gaining notoriety by an alleged exposure of psychical phenomena or a pretended explanation of manifestations which relegated them to the domain of fraud on the part of the psychic and delusion on the part of investigators. Persons whose investigations, when they have made any, have been very slight and of so superficial a character as to show that the investigators were absolutely incompetent to speak intelligently on this subject, and who were unknown to the scientific or intellectual world, have frequently appeared in print sneering at the patient labor and assured results of some of the earth's greatest scientists and most careful investigators—men like Camille Flammarion, Professor Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and Dr. Wallace—and these shallow and superficial critics are elevated to pedestals of authority merely because they speak in a strain pleasing to that conventionalism which has ever opposed the real leaders of the world's thought—the advance guard of truth and progress. Athens applauded the pressing of the hemlock to the lips of her greatest and noblest philosopher; popular prejudice sanctioned the burning of Bruno and the imprisonment of Galileo; the medical profession ridiculed Harvey and Braid; yet the apostles of truth live in the eternal galaxy of civilization's chosen sons, while the detractors and the multitude who assisted in the effort to discredit or destroy them are forgotten. If what has been true of progress in the thought world in all past ages shall prove true in this latest field of research, the future will place in the constellation of the immortals such patient scien-

tists and careful investigators as Wallace, Crookes, Varley, Lodge, Sedgwick, Myers, Flammarion, James, and Hodgson, all of whom have brought to their work, together with honesty of purpose and a passion for truth, the modern critical and scientific methods, such as are used in unravelling the mysteries of physical science; while the shallow and flippant critics who airily dismiss facts as fiction and thereby win the applause of popular prejudice, will be remembered, if at all, only with pity and compassion.

He who seeks the applause of to-day and cares little for the truth is quite safe in ridiculing those things which are so little understood as to be popularly disbelieved; but such a course is impossible for the conscientious truth-seeker, as it is also unscientific. To the philosopher, no truth is insignificant, no fact is trivial. Especially is this the case when the fact relates to a subject about which little is known. Just as a seemingly inconsequential happening connected with a crime frequently proves to be the clue that leads to the detection of the criminal, so a simple rapping on a table or the moving of a heavy body, if such a thing actually takes place without physical agency or control, may in the hands of patient, tireless investigators unlock unsuspected mysteries and reveal new laws, or lead to an extension of known truth that will be of inestimable value to science. Victor Hugo has expressed this thought admirably:

"Table turning or talking has been much laughed at; to speak plainly, this raillery is out of place. To replace inquiry by mockery is convenient but not scientific. For our part, we think it is the strict duty of science to test all phenomena; science is ignorant and has no right to laugh. A savant who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected ought always to be expected by science; her duty is to stop it in its flight and examine it, rejecting the chimerical and establishing the real. All human knowledge is but picking and culling, the circumstance that the false is mingled with the true furnishing no excuse for rejecting the whole mass. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the weed error, but reap the fact and place it beside the others. Science is a sheaf of facts! The mission of science

is to study and sound everything. All of us according to our degree are creditors of investigation; we are its debtors also. To evade a phenomenon, to show it the door, to turn our backs on it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt and to leave the signature of science to be protested. The phenomenon of the table is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychical science will gain by it without doubt. Let us add, that to abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason.”*

Perhaps, in no field of investigation has the power of pre-conceived ideas or deep-rooted prejudice so obscured reason and judgment as in this department of research. Indeed, here, men who claim to rigidly employ modern critical or scientific methods in other lines of investigation, and who, we should suppose, would feel in honor bound to exhaustively investigate a great problem about which there is so much diversity of opinion, come before the world after a most superficial investigation and put their opinion, colored by prejudice, against the assured results obtained after a quarter of a century of tireless experimenting by those who are their peers or superiors in the departments of physical science in which they have already won laurels. I cannot better illustrate this point than by citing the cases of some eminent men of science — the late Prof. Huxley, for example. After Dr. Wallace had exhaustively investigated psychical phenomena during a period of many years, and had become profoundly convinced of the truth of these supernormal manifestations, he induced Prof. Huxley to attend a séance. From the outset, however, Prof. Huxley displayed that prejudice and intolerance which he so often charged the clergy as manifesting against the theory of evolution. He even went so far as to make the following astounding declaration: “Supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me.”†

Dr. Wallace, however, succeeded in getting the Professor to attend one or two séances, at which the results were not

* “William Shakespere,” by Victor Hugo, Book 3, “Men of Genius.”

† Letter by Prof. Huxley to the committee of the London Dialectical Society, quoted by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in “Miracles and Modern Spiritualism,” p. 221.

satisfactory or conclusive, whereupon Prof. Huxley refused to further pursue his investigations, and later sneeringly referred to table-rappings as being the result of the snapping of toe-joints; and conventionalism, the pulpit, and the sensational press heralded this dictum as expert scientific opinion on the non-reality of phenomena about the verity of which the scientists had practically no knowledge. Prof. Tyndall furnished other illustrations where a scientist disregarded the fundamental principle of modern critical methods, and ventured into print as opposing the reality of phenomena which he had never investigated in such a way as would render him competent to express an opinion. Dr. Wallace sought here, as he did with Prof. Huxley and Dr. Carpenter, to enable these scientists to pursue the critical method. He was not only convinced that, by having a thorough or truly scientific investigation, they would be equipped for rendering an intelligent conclusion, worthy of a student of science, but he was also persuaded that they would soon observe facts which would lead them to alter their opinions. In this hope, however, the great naturalist was disappointed. He says:

"I invited Dr. Carpenter to attend some sittings, with every probability of being able to show the phenomena. He came once. The sitting was not very successful, raps and taps of varying character being alone produced. Although strongly pressed to do so, he never came again. With Prof. Tyndall exactly the same thing occurred. He came once, and declined to come again, although informed of phenomena which had repeatedly occurred in my own house which he could not explain, and which I had every reason to believe would occur in his presence if he would only give three or four short sittings to these investigations."*

Now, what would Professors Huxley and Tyndall have said of anyone who attempted to explode the theory of evolution after spending a few hours on the subject, especially if the critic had refused to embrace opportunities to fully acquaint himself with the truths involved? What would they have said as to the relative values of the opinions of such uninformed persons, compared with the conclusions of Darwin

* Appendix to "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism."

and Dr. Wallace, who had spent many years in carefully experimenting, and in verifying the truth of their propositions? And yet we find these gentlemen pretending to explain away supernormal phenomena about which they were not only comparatively ignorant, but which they refused to investigate in the manner which they held all persons should follow before attempting to question the conclusions of physical science. Not only this, but they also opposed their views, based on practically no experimental knowledge, and strongly biased by preconceived ideas and deep-rooted prejudice, against the quarter-of-a-century investigations of such world-famed scientists as Dr. Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Camille Flammarion. With possibly one exception, I have yet to hear of any scientist or careful and critical investigator who has given, in patient and honest investigation of this subject, anything like the time he would give to any other great problem in which new truths were to be verified or disproved, who has not been forced through his research to the acceptance of the truth of these phenomena.

This, of course, is not saying that competent investigators of psychical phenomena accept any special theory put forth to explain the manifestations. On the contrary, they entertain many views and theories to account for them. For example: (1) Some, as for instance Dr. Wallace and Sir William Crookes, have been led to the positive conclusion of the truth of the central claim of modern spiritualism. (2) The attitude of many is substantially that of the Rev. M. J. Savage, who, after eighteen years of careful investigation and wide reading of all literature bearing on the subject, expresses his opinion in favor of the spiritualistic hypothesis, with this qualification: "I hesitate as yet to say there can be no other explanation, but I frankly admit that I can now see no other which seems to me adequate to account for all the facts."* (3) Still others hold to the theory advanced by certain philosophers of the Orient, which attributes the phenomena either to elementary beings or an order of beings other than the spirits of the dead, or to an extension of the psychic or mind power potentially present in each one. (4) Others, as Dr.

*"Psychics: Facts and Theories."

Carpenter, hold to the theory of unconscious cerebration, or believe that the solution is found in the theory of dual or multiple personalities. While some hold to other more or less well-digested theories which have been advanced as explanations of the phenomena.

It matters not, however, what the explanation is, as our present inquiry concerns the fundamental proposition that these supernormal phenomena do occur, apart from fraud, deception, or trickery. So far as I have known or heard, I repeat that, with one possible exception, all thoughtful and scientific investigators who have desired the truth earnestly enough to patiently and determinedly seek it in this field as they are expected to do in other realms of research have been forced to the conclusion that, apart from fraud and deception and from the perplexities and disappointments which all investigators meet in their search for new truths and wider knowledge, there is here a vast continent of truth which calls for further investigation. Dr. Wallace, who has, perhaps, caused more leading and thoughtful men to seriously look into psychic problems than any other living thinker, is probably more competent than anyone else to speak intelligently on this point. He says:

"I feel myself so confident of the truth and objective reality of many of the facts here narrated that I would stake the whole question on the opinion of any man of science desirous of arriving at the truth, if he only would devote two or three hours a week for a few months to an examination of the phenomena, before pronouncing an opinion, for I again repeat, not a single individual that I have heard of has done this without becoming convinced of the truth of these phenomena."*

Another thing pointed out by Dr. Wallace is very important in this connection, that is, the longer earnest men and women investigate these supernormal phenomena in a scientific manner, the more profoundly do they become convinced that the alleged phenomena do take place under certain conditions in a manner such as to preclude all possibility of fraud

* Chapter on "Scientific Aspects of Spiritualism," in "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 126.

on the part of the psychic or hallucination on the part of the investigator. In illustration of this fact Dr. Wallace cites a circumstance connected with the investigations of the London Dialectical Committee. This body consisted of thirty well-known men, whose qualifications and positions were such as to command the respect of all thoughtful people; of these only eight, or less than one-fourth the number, entertained the slightest belief that the alleged phenomena were produced by any other means than by fraud and imposition. Several members were hostile or at least so indifferent as to give little time to the subject, seldom attending the séances. Yet during the investigations twelve of the complete skeptics became convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena. After narrating these facts, the veteran scientist observes—and this is the fact I wish to emphasize:

“My own observation as a member of the committee and of the largest and most active sub-committee enables me to state that the degree of conviction produced in the minds of various members was, allowing for marked differences of character, approximately proportionate to the amount of time and care bestowed on the investigation. This fact, which is what occurred in all investigations into these phenomena, is a characteristic result of the examination of any natural phenomena. The examination into an imposture or delusion has invariably exactly opposite results; those who have slender experience being deceived, while those who perseveringly continue the inquiry inevitably find out the source of the deception or delusion. If this were not so, the discovery of truth and the detection of error would alike be impossible.”*

These statements of Dr. Wallace's will be borne out, I believe, by every thinker who has for years investigated psychical phenomena. When, more than sixteen years ago, I began my investigations into this subject, I entered upon the work believing that the alleged phenomena were entirely the work of fraud, imposition, or self-delusion. My early experiences all tended to confirm this opinion, yet I determined to persevere until my experience would warrant my speaking intelligently as to, and explaining conclusively, the methods

*“*Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*,” p. 166.

by which the frauds were perpetrated. At length, however, I encountered phenomena that were of no doubtful character; phenomena which were not produced in the dark or under circumstances which made fraud possible, and which also bore such internal evidence of genuineness that I was compelled to revise my opinion. I pursued my investigation with renewed zeal, and, I believed, with double watchfulness, because before I had investigated these problems I had myself come to the conclusion, with others, that the almost inexplicable fact, that many of the world's most illustrious thinkers believed in the genuineness of psychical phenomena, must be due to their having encountered some apparently remarkable happenings which had carried the conviction of genuineness to their minds, after which they had been less watchful for fraud. The longer I investigated, however, the more the conviction was forced upon me that a large proportion of these phenomena were due to supernormal influences, and were not the result of imposture or deception.

For more than sixteen years I have pursued these investigations as opportunity offered, while acquainting myself as thoroughly as I was able with all literature bearing on the subject, especially that which assailed the genuineness of the phenomena, and I have at no time been more profoundly convinced of the genuineness of a large proportion of the alleged psychical phenomena than I am to-day. This, of course, by no means implies that I have not encountered fraud and deception. Doubtless all who have long investigated this problem, especially where their investigations have been largely with psychics who depended on their alleged power for a livelihood, will frankly admit that they have encountered a large amount of what to them appeared to be and doubtless was more or less clumsy fraud; while a still larger proportion of their investigations have been of no evidential value because they were not under test conditions or took place where the results might have been due to mechanical devices or to confederates. There is no desire on the part of scientific investigators of psychical phenomena to deny the existence of fraud, or to condone, excuse, or in any way palliate the offence, but they hold with Victor Hugo, that the presence of

the false is no ground for rejecting the true; that it is unreasonable to reject the wheat because tares are present. They hold that it is unscientific and unphilosophical to hastily assume, when we encounter fraud, that *all* is fraud, especially when many of the world's greatest scientists, whose habits of thought and investigation have made their opinions of greater value than those of the general investigator, boldly affirm, after more than a quarter of a century of research, that these phenomena do take place in a supernormal manner.*

In the course of my researches I have necessarily met a number of very intelligent and thoughtful investigators, and their experience, with one exception, has been uniformly in line with Dr. Wallace's observation touching the growth of conviction. It will be understood that I am speaking not of belief in any theory as to the cause of these phenomena, but merely of the fact that the hypotheses of fraud on the one hand and self-deception or illusion on the other are inadequate to explain many of the manifestations. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more absurd than the spectacle constantly presented of persons unknown in any field of scientific research, and without any extended experience in the critical examination of psychical manifestations, describing at length just how all these alleged phenomena are produced, and ridiculing the conclusions of many of the greatest scientific investigators of our age. Among these investigators have been men of world-wide reputation for careful and critical work in various fields of research, who have hard-earned reputations at stake, and who have not only investigated with a view to finding out whether the phenomena could be pro-

*Recently a leading scientist has modestly suggested, in substance, that he believed scientific men were not so well qualified to judge psychical phenomena as others, because experiments and observations by them are always honest, and they never find it necessary to guard against fraud in nature. There might be some force in this observation if scientific men went into the investigation ignorant of the allegations of imposture and the popular cry of fraud connected with all these phenomena. This not being the case, however, the scientific man is doubly armed; he is forewarned, while he also brings into the research the habit of critical observation acquired after years of the most unremitting and exacting experiment and observation. He is nothing if not judicial and critical; and, as a rule, he has entered upon the investigation, if not prejudiced against the claim of supernormal manifestations by his preconceived views and by public report, at least as a complete skeptic, such as were Sir William Crookes and Dr. Wallace. It is evident, therefore, that no class of investigators are better qualified to detect fraud or deception; and though, owing to the materialistic bias so often acquired from popular theories of physical science, they may not be so sympathetic as other intelligent students, they are more judicial.

duced under the conditions in which they have observed them by the most clever tricks or any possible fraudulent methods known to them, but who have also investigated all theories which seek to explain these manifestations by means of imposture, and, with these supposed explanations in mind, have investigated patiently and tirelessly for years, some for more than a quarter of a century. In order to expose the unreasonableness of the position of the novices in psychical investigation who flippantly assume that they can explain all the manifestations by fraud or delusion, I wish to call attention to the character and qualifications of a few of the eminent men who, after long research, unhesitatingly declare that psychical phenomena are genuine; that they do take place under conditions which preclude all possibility of fraud or deception.

Alfred Russel Wallace, F. R. S., D. C. L., LL. D., who, next to Charles Darwin, has done more as a working naturalist to establish the theory of natural selection than any other investigator, who is to-day the most eminent living naturalist in England, and one of the most profound thinkers, careful reasoners, and critical observers, has spent thirty years in patient and exhaustive investigations of these phenomena. Like Sir William Crookes, he long since became thoroughly convinced of the truth of these phenomena. He has carefully examined the attempted explanations of all the more prominent writers who have endeavored to explain away or to give a narrow scope to the range of psychical phenomena, and has ably answered their arguments. It is often urged by persons unacquainted with the mental attitude of the great scientists who have become convinced of the genuineness of these manifestations, that their great desire for immortality has biased their judgment. Nothing could be farther from the truth, if we are to take the almost universal testimony of these investigators. Many of them have entered upon their investigations into the alleged phenomena for the avowed purpose of exposing their unreality, but, finding truth where they expected fraud, they have yielded to evidence from which there was no escape for an honest truth-seeker. Others have been pronounced skeptics, but have investigated simply because of a passion for knowledge and a desire to acquire all possible

truth. Dr. Wallace is an example of this class. In describing his mental attitude he says:

"For twenty-five years I had been an utter skeptic as to the existence of any preterhuman or superhuman intelligence, and I never for a moment contemplated the possibility that the marvels related by spiritualists could be literally true. If I have now changed my opinion, it is simply by the force of evidence. It is from no dread of annihilation that I have gone into this subject; it is from no inordinate longing for eternal existence that I have come to believe in facts which render this highly probable, if they do not actually prove it. At least three times during my travels I had to face death, imminent or probable within a few hours, and what I felt on those occasions was at most a gentle melancholy at the thought of quitting this wonderful and beautiful earth to enter on a sleep which might know no waking. In a state of ordinary health I did not feel even this. I came to the inquiry, therefore, utterly unbiassed by hopes or fears, because I knew that my belief could not affect the reality, and with an ingrained prejudice against even such a word as spirit, which I have hardly yet overcome."*

In Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., we have one of the foremost physicists of the world. His life has been given to careful experimentation and original research. Next to Herbert Spencer, Lord Kelvin, and Dr. Wallace, he is probably the best known among the great scientists of England who are still living. In 1870, or twenty-eight years ago, he began the investigation of psychical phenomena. His investigations were conducted with the greatest care and in a rigid and critical manner. After four years of exhaustive investigation he became so convinced of the truth that he published the results of his researches. Subsequent investigation and verification of phenomena have only confirmed his faith. Some years ago he republished an account of his more extensive investigations of earlier years, and on that occasion reasserted his conviction in the most positive way, declaring that he had not changed his views, and that, after a careful review of his former report, he could not find anything to retract or alter. Sir William

* "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 132.

Crookes is at present President of the English Society for Psychical Research.

Camille Flammarion enjoys a world-wide reputation as one of the most eminent astronomers of our time. His investigations into psychic phenomena, as he has recently informed us, have extended over thirty years, and, without committing himself to any special theory to explain the phenomena, he unequivocally holds that the hypotheses of fraud and deception cannot explain some of the manifestations which he has personally witnessed.

Prof. Oliver J. Lodge, F. R. S., LL. D., professor of physics at Liverpool University College, after a long and careful series of experiments with Mrs. Piper, declared in 1890, "that there is more than can be explained by any amount of conscious or unconscious fraud; that the phenomenon is a genuine one, however it is to be explained."* And in a public address delivered in St. James Hall, London, on March 29, 1897, Prof. Lodge thus summed up the result of his investigation:

"A conviction of the certainty of the future existence has to me personally been brought home on entirely scientific grounds, though in such form that I cannot as yet formulate them distinctly so as to convince others, but amply sufficient for my own life. As sure as I am that other persons exist at all, so sure am I that the decease of the body does not mean cessation of intelligence."

Among other English scientists who during comparatively recent years and after careful and painstaking investigation have affirmed their belief in the genuineness of psychical phenomena may be mentioned Prof. W. F. Barrett of the Royal College of Science, Dublin; the Earl of Crawford and Balcarra, F. R. S., a past president of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, and the late Prof. Balfour Stewart, F. R. S. But space forbids a more extended notice of eminent scientists who, through exhaustive and critical investigation, have come to believe in the reality of supernormal phenomena. It is evident, however, that during recent years a decided change has taken place in the attitude of men of science touching this field of research, especially in England and America.

* "Proceedings of Society for Psychical Research," December, 1890.

Many factors have been working this change, not the least important of which has been the valuable work carried on by the English Society for Psychical Research and the American branch of the same society; the success of the latter being very largely due to the indefatigable work of Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., ably seconded by the learned psychologist, Prof. William James, of Harvard University.

The English Society for Psychical Research was organized in 1882 for the scientific investigation of psychical phenomena. Slowly and with great care the working members have investigated various groups of phenomena, sifting, classifying, and examining in a truly judicial manner. They have given some time to the consideration of the various hypotheses offered to explain the manifestations, but have wisely confined most of their attention to the accumulation of authentic data. Among the members who in an official capacity have materially aided in this great and difficult task are Prof. Henry Sedgwick, Cambridge, England; Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, F. R. S.; Prof. W. F. Barrett, Royal College, Dublin; the Marquis of Bute; the Bishop of Ripon; the Earl of Crawford and Balcarras, F. R. S., K. T.; Sir William Crookes, F. R. S.; Prof. Oliver J. Lodge, F. R. S.; Prof. Macalister, F. R. S., M. D.; Prof. W. Ramsay, F. R. S.; Lord Rayleigh, F. R. S.; Prof. J. J. Thompson, F. R. S.; Frederick W. H. Myers; Prof. William James, Harvard University; Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D.; J. Venn, F. R. S.; and G. P. Bidder, Q. C. The membership of the Society has grown very large and embraces numbers of the most eminent men of science the world over. The amount of data that has been carefully sifted and compiled forms one of the most valuable acquisitions to the scientific literature of the closing quarter of the nineteenth century. The work of this Society, however, is but one of several factors which are rapidly working a change in public opinion. Space forbids my noticing the others except to refer to the great service rendered the cause of psychical science by Mr. William T. Stead by the publication of *Borderland* and through giving some prominence to the subject in the *English Review of Reviews*. Mr. Stead, like Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, the late Prof. Stainton Moses, and

other prominent thinkers, came to take a special interest in these phenomena through experiencing automatic writing through their own hands, becoming instruments for messages which were written apart from any conscious volition of the brain. Rational investigation of psychical phenomena has now been carried to a point which insures for it an honest, scientific, and sympathetic hearing, and this is all that any truth asks.

It is the high and holy duty of man to seek the truth; and what highway of knowledge can be so alluring to the aspiring soul as that which holds the promise of broadening our apprehension of life and giving to man an affirmative answer to the soul's cry which has rung down the ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

THE FARM HAND FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE FARMER.

BY GEORGE B. HENDERSON.

THE article in the November ARENA on the hard conditions of the farm hand, by Mr. Emory Kearns ("one of them"), will no doubt arouse some sympathy on the part of those who have no knowledge of the facts. It is a plea for political and social recognition; a protest against the alleged "disadvantages, the injustice, and the wrongs that enthrall and bind down the wage-workers of the farming industry;" and a declaration that "we" (the farm hands) "do not need new laws so much as we need a change of the recognized principles and theories that underlie all law."

At the outset it should be understood that there are farm-hands and farm hands. A large proportion of them are men only differing from the tramp in that they will work sometimes; they are men of uncleanly habits, brutish instincts, who work with no intelligence or interest, and who are absolutely unreliable; men who in our large cities could find employment only in digging and shovelling under the supervision of a boss. Such men are employed by our best farmers during busy times, and then receive better wages and more consideration than they deserve. At other times they find homes with the poorer class of farmers, where they work (or pretend to work) for just what their employers can afford to pay them. The first-class hand, on the contrary, is generally found in the employ of a man of means and capacity. In fact he is so much in demand that he can select his employer, and he usually allies himself with one in a position to advance his interests. However, this latter kind of hand is such a *rara avis* that Mr. Kearns wholly leaves him out of consideration.

That the social position of this latter class of laborers is materially affected by their employment is not true. The country is proverbially democratic, and the respectable farm

hand occupies a higher social position than he could in a city as a factory operative or clerk. He is allowed a place at the farmer's table, and works side by side with the farmer and his boys. At the meeting house he is greeted kindly, and takes his seat with the landowners of the neighborhood. At social gatherings the fact that he is a farm hand, other things being equal, is not remembered against him. In a few years he will have saved some money and can rent or buy a farm of his own. In this I am not romancing; well-to-do farmers who started as above indicated are plentiful all over this country. Much of my life has been spent as a worker in cities, and I must confess to being surprised and impressed at this lack of social discrimination on the part of the people of the country. I have attended gatherings in which young women of marked culture and refinement, who generally figured in the society functions of the neighboring city, affiliated with perfect accord with plowboys whose only claim to consideration was the fact that they were decent and honest. I write, too, from south of the Mason and Dixon line!

The disadvantages and wrongs of which Mr. Kearns complains are long hours and hard work, little pay, and a lack of the blessings of civilization. A little examination will show that all these complaints are without foundation.

From the nature of his employment the farm hand cannot, as a rule, have fixed hours of work. For days and weeks in the spring, planting will be delayed by adverse conditions, and he, in common with his employer, will have to make up for this period of enforced idleness. During the summer, when hay is to be harvested and wheat thrashed, it may be necessary at times to work as long as one can see; but as an offset to these days of extra labor are the days of comparative ease in the fall and winter. Again, there is a tendency on the part of progressive farmers to shorten the working day, experience having demonstrated that a man and a team, working briskly eight or ten hours, will accomplish as much as was accomplished under the old system in fourteen or sixteen.

But are long hours an evil peculiar to the agricultural laborer? Most certainly not. When working for a railroad

company in a Northwestern city, I frequently had occasion to go to the office at night, and in passing through the wholesale district (no matter how late the hour) I noticed the gas lit and clerks bending over their books far into the night. It was their busy season. I have known railroad clerks in the same building with myself who never claimed a day for their own. Sundays and holidays found them at their desks, and long into the night they toiled at work that unstrung every nerve and made the head ache. They had a job to "hold down," and they knew that if they failed another man of quicker brain would take their place. The farm hand, however, has the prerogative of resting when he is tired, and it is a prerogative he never fails to exercise. On this subject I am qualified to speak by reason of my double experience as an office man and as a farmer, and I am convinced that the average landowner works less than the professional man, and the farm hand (taking the whole year into consideration) less than the factory operative or the clerk.

Now, on the question of pay, fifteen or twenty dollars a month is not, apparently, a very liberal compensation; but in addition to this the farm hand gets his board and lodging, and this fact puts him financially ahead of the laborer or average clerk in a city. The latter, with thirty-five or forty dollars a month, after paying twenty-five for board and lodgings, dressing himself as he is compelled to, and meeting the thousand and one incidental demands upon the purse of one living in a city, finds it impossible to save a cent. The factory operative at fifty dollars, with a family to support, is in the same predicament; while the farm hand, with twenty dollars a month, can, without any material deprivation, save one hundred and twenty dollars a year. If he should marry a competent and faithful woman, he will have no difficulty in finding farmers of means who will build him a cottage, give him land for a garden, and, in addition, pay himself and wife for their services.

Every condition in life has its objections, and that the farm hand, in common with his employer, loses some of the blessings of civilization incident to an urban environment, I will not deny. But exactly what blessings Mr. Kearns

refers to as the peculiar deprivation of the farm hand, is hard to determine. It is true, he sees little of the theatre, the dance and music hall, and he is not in a position to "rush the growler," a pastime to which his city counterpart is much given. But the kind of farm hand I am referring to does not regard the lack of these things as a serious deprivation. He knows that the law accords to him the same protection it does to another man; that churches and schools are open to himself and children, and that with a very little outlay he can provide himself with the best thought of the present and the past. As for mere creature comforts, we know of no respectable and self-respecting farm hand who is not in that respect on a par with the family he serves. To claim (as Mr. Kearns does) that he is at a disadvantage as compared with the laborer in a cheap boarding-house in a city is absurd. That the farm hand is a helpless dependent upon the will of the landowner is not true, the converse being nearer a fact. With work that must be done, the farmer is, at given times, compelled to pay wages in excess of the probable value of the man's labor. It is a significant fact that, during the panic from which we are still suffering, when the value of commodities raised on the farm fell below the cost of production, and when landowners were being bankrupt all over this land, *the farm hand's wages remained the same.* While strikes and lockouts were the order of the day in all business centres, and skilled labor pleaded with outstretched hands for work to fill the hungry mouths of crying children, the farm hand, no matter how incompetent, *could always find a home.*

The rush of our population to the large cities is one of the inexplicable phenomena of the age. To-day a condition of alarming congestion exists, so that when a street-car company advertises a few vacancies, a great army of stalwart young men line up, two hundred strong, for every place to be filled. This is an actual instance, and illustrates a condition; while, at the same time, there exists throughout this land an unsatisfied demand for competent and faithful men to assist in the management and work of our farms. The truth is that the farm hand has had no appreciation of the dignity

and possibilities of his calling. He imagines that when he can hitch up a team (which very few can do properly), hold a plow to the furrows, and shovel corn to a bunch of cattle, he has reached the acme of proficiency. With too many farmers this is also a fault. The fact that there is anything to learn outside the limits of their experience never occurs to them. There is a prevalent opinion that the operations of farming are so simple and elementary that any fool can successfully conduct them. Color was given to this opinion by the generous returns that our new lands yielded, in the not distant past, to the crudest methods. But conditions have changed, and the farmer that succeeds to-day must be a man of business and a man of science. If a young man expects to make law or engineering a life work, he prepares himself by years of study; but few consider study as necessary to fit them for the profession of agriculture. What the country needs are farm hands who have an ambition to succeed, and who to that end are *studying agriculture as a profession*, who appreciate the fact that they are dealing with nature and must have some knowledge of her laws, and who, above all things, are faithful and honest. Such men, I assert with perfect conviction, would have a better chance of getting on in the world, starting as farm hands, than they would as factory operatives or clerks in our cities.

No, it is not necessary (as Mr. Kearns asserts), in order to right the alleged wrongs of the farm hand, to change "the recognized principles and theories that underlie all law;" but, in my opinion, the same result can be accomplished by *a radical change in the farm hand himself*.

Columbia, Mo.

HOBSON OF ALABAMA.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

This Hobson of ours! God bless the man
For the daringest young American
That ever was seen on sea or land!
(The Admiral has a job on hand,
To scuttle a ship or loaded boat
In Santiago de Cuba's throat;
And this will demand a dozen men,
Or it may be six or it may be ten,
Seeking no prizes and knowing no fear.)
"Now who," said our Sampson, "will volunteer?"
And more than a hundred, ready to die,
Spring eagerly forward, shouting "I."—
This Hobson of Alabama.

Naval constructor? Now who is he?
Never heard of the youth before!
Under-lieutenant? (The man, I see,
Isn't twenty-eight by a month and more.)
But his lips are set, and the Admiral saw
No quiver about the under jaw
Of Hobson of Alabama.

"Take that old sea-tramp, the Merrimac,
And sink her deep in Cervera's track,
Crosswise in the channel—wish you well—
It's a red-hot job—look out for hell,"
The Admiral said. And the seven men stood,
Their young necks red with American blood,
By Hobson of Alabama.

The old tramp heaved with her heavy load,
But Hobson prodded her hard with his goad,
And on she went, and the Spanish guns
Began to vomit their shells by tons,
And the storm came down, and hell broke loose,
On the back of the poor old ocean goose,
As she went to the spot and turned her side
To the bellowing batteries ere she died!
"To the boat, boys, quick, while I let her go—
And wait for me at the port below,"
Said Hobson of Alabama.

Then all of a sudden the big torpedo
Rocked ocean and land from Key West to Toledo!
The black ship rose in her agony
And plunged headforemost into the sea!
And Hobson? Well, he with his men afloat
Put off with a shout in his daredevil boat,
And shook out a flag and signalled afar
To Cervera to take him, by rule of war!
And the Admiral could but hear and heed
The call, as he witnessed the matchless deed
Of Hobson of Alabama.

Hurrah for Hobson! Hurrah for his band—
Each fellow who took his life in his hand—
And volunteered to sink the ship,
And did it, and then gave Death the slip!
The Republic lives! The stern old day
Of heroic valor has come our way!
Hurrah for the sailors and soldiers too,
Who follow the flag with its field of blue,
With its stripes unstained and its quenchless stars
Outliving ten thousand rents and scars!
And when our children in far-off days
Are falling away from their fathers' ways,
And the sun of freedom seems like to set,
Revive their courage, and don't forget
Brave Hobson of Alabama.

DREAMLAND IN FICTION.

BY FRANK FOSTER.

DID we but know it, we probably come into contact every day with hints, in themselves sufficiently forcible, that the education of the world is quite one-sided, and that the "long result of time" is just as imperfect as the half of anything must be without its accompanying other half. So far have we run mad with science to the neglect of anything that cannot be estimated by ounces, inches, pints, acres, revolutions, or volts that we are at present incapable of forming any conception of certain of the attributes of things unseen, and when they do occasionally insist upon our notice we experience discomfort, more or less acute according to temperament, but seldom of the profitable kind. And, indeed, by dint of insolence and the rooting up of precious plants that ample space may be accorded to the growth of weeds, we should, perhaps, by this time have comfortably settled down to a belief in the non-existence of everything impalpable but for the mysterious panorama, wholly at variance with our starched and ironed complacency, called dreams. Since the days of Pharaoh the only definite conclusion we have arrived at respecting them is that they cannot be implicitly trusted as auguries of the future. Public opinion, finding its early faith in their absolute veracity misplaced, naturally sought the other extreme and formulated a proverb that "dreams go by contraries." Since then it has swung at least halfway back again and its position is now strictly non-committal.

It is owing to this lamentable, culpable ignorance that those who play with fancy, and wind it into ingenious knots and tangles for our pleasure, in most cases so fatally err when they take for material the "jumbled rubbish of a dream." Generally they seem to regard the dream as an allegorical criticism on the events of yesterday or an allegorical foreshadowing of the transactions of to-morrow. Eugene Sue,

indeed, goes further and in "The Mysteries of Paris" gives us a specimen compounded of both sorts, striving conscientiously to be horrible, but running dangerously close to the ridiculous. The dream of Montague Tigg in "Martin Chuzzlewit" is far better. Screws that he would fasten the door with against his murderer turning into writhing worms has the true dream touch of an apprehensive mind about it. Yet less of it would have been of more value; it is a little too circumstantial; in short, it is no true dream, being strangled with a few turns of overelaboration. It may be claimed that it illustrates the point better on that account, like the calcium light thrown on the stage hero, which is not supposed to come from anywhere in particular, and is equally available in a drawing-room or a desert.

On a higher plane is the beautiful sleepwalking scene in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which, though not introduced as a dream, belongs, and more legitimately, to this order of things, that is, an effort to convey a truth with deeper intensity than the unaided art of a mere story-teller can compass. Mr. Hardy has avoided the ordinary and easy channel of the supernatural, with the loss perhaps of a few degrees of probability, though it will appear to any but a critic of the wooden school that his gain is far greater. Viewed as a coherent part of the story it is improbable, unreal, even fantastic. Yet it depicts in the highest and most vivid manner possible the strong, scarce-repressed love of Angel Clare for his wife. On the other hand, the dream of Stephen Smith in "A Pair of Blue Eyes" is one of the most natural dreams in all fiction. Witness the confusing of the dead with the living, the known with the unknown, and the very dreamer himself with someone else. It is handled with a sure touch, and an instance of higher excellence it would be hard to find anywhere.

Many of these literary piccadilloes are no doubt induced by the popular notion that dreams are merely our sleeping thoughts and nothing more, a theory tenable only on the ground that such thoughts lie under a spell entirely alien from any of our experiences in this world of waking. No matter how realistic our dreams are, we never, even after the lapse of time, mistake them for anything else. There is an

ingredient in them that is all their own, peculiar to them, and to them only, which defies analysis and, except in very rare instances, imitation. In their very vividness our dream sensations will often stamp themselves more definitely as having been experienced during sleep; they are actually clearer on that account. In the dream, pure and simple, unbiassed by any distinct physical sensation or by any mental condition preceptibly continued into the sleeping from the waking hours, we have a phenomenon which all modern influences tend to prevent us understanding, but which, rightly inquired into, might have granted a true and lasting reward.

It is not among the minor signs of Mr. Kipling's genius that, dealing extensively as he does with the weird and the unexplained, and ranging therein from the ludicrous to the loathsome, he has recognized this universal shortcoming and has been very seldom tempted into dreamland. In "The Light that Failed" Dick's ghastly and brilliant vision at the instant of his becoming blind is artistically successful and makes no demand upon credulity; being produced entirely by physical pain it was merely a reality intensified by the supersensitive state of the intellect during sleep. That even moderate sensations are thus greatly exaggerated has been proved by the ingenious M. Alfred Maury, who, with the assistance of a friend tickling his lips, succeeded in dreaming that he was being subjected to the curious torture of having pitch plasters applied to his face and torn off. So we see that Kipling in this case was strictly within the bounds of science. And the reserve of a mind such as his upon the subject brings home to us, as forcibly as anything can, what might have been but for our carefully acquired ignorance; what heights the human spirit might have scaled had we considered it worth while to cultivate what was evidently designed to be one of its most important conditions. For it is significant that he abstains from the land of dreams solely through diffidence. No one who has read "At the End of the Passage" can doubt that he considers the subject one of intense interest, though recognizing that our warped faculties cannot entertain it. He will not drive dreams four in hand, as some authors do, though no man living could produce a

greater effect by doing so. But he knows that the reading of visions is not by direct translation, and, seeing that the means of understanding them do not belong to this neglectful age, he rightly refrains from meddling with what would either lead him into uncertain ways or bind him to the service of a false if beautiful idealism.

It is true that some excellent artistic effects have been produced by the false conceptions alluded to. But now that fiction has ceased to be entirely romantic and dramatic, and has become more analytical and realistic, we perceive that, though what is true and obsolete may be modified into use, the false and obsolete must be cast aside. Writers who through dread of ridicule will not venture to introduce the subjective ghost cannot go on much longer touching up the high lights in their foregrounds with ingenious and gracefully correct parables in the form of dreams. The analytical novelist has no right to anything so romantic, for his creations "fight by the book of arithmetic," and, alas! make love in the same fashion; while there are signs of even the old-style writer having ridden his nightmare to a standstill. And, indeed, his mount was generally a sorry nag at best.

David Copperfield dreamt that he was in Mr. Spenlow's office in his nightgown and boots, and that his employer remonstrated with him for appearing in so airy an attire. Now, although nearly everyone has found himself in the land of Nod in exceedingly scanty garb, or perhaps even like the immortal Mulvaney, not having on sufficient clothes to "dust a fife," it is a curious but universal fact that none of our dream-companions seem to notice the circumstance, at least not to the extent of remonstrance. *They* are always properly dressed, while we shiver, and, like the estimable gentlemen quoted above, "blush pink;" but they heed it not. Perhaps we control their dream existence as the Red King did in the case of Alice, and so their delicacy arises from an interested motive. They fear to give offence lest we should retaliate by waking, whereupon, as Tweedledum explained to Alice, they would "go out—bang—just like a candle." Whether this hypothesis is correct or not, they never seem to draw us aside with "Excuse me, sir, but"—

Of course it is reasonable to suppose they would, but this is applying waking logic to dream premises.

It is presumably not through want of ability, but rather consequent upon a certain slovenliness, that Dickens, especially, fails in this particular. He seems to feel that he is outside the province of criticism, that none may say him nay. Here at least no one can complain of a want of realism, for is not everything unreal? or to object to caricature, since sleep is but a distorted form of waking life. In this manner we have, for instance, the dream of Walter Bray, in "Nicholas Nickleby," of his sinking through the floor for an immeasurable distance and alighting in a tomb on the night before he died. The episode is quite unimpressive, giving the idea of its having been regarded by its author as something unworthy of care or thought in the doing.

It is characteristic of Miss Brontë's exact intellect, always dominant over her beautiful and vivid imagination, that she seems to have instinctively avoided such errors as these, even while apparently falling into their outward semblance. Just before the great catastrophe, Jane Eyre has a dream of the prophetic type which is thoroughly impregnated with the true essence. That most woeful and haunting sensation of having something of which we cannot rid ourselves, something that our soul loathes and sickens over yet that we cannot part with, is known to every dreamer. The infant that Jane bears in her arms is, we feel, a symbol of evil to come, so that the air is heavy with foreboding, until disastrous certainty arrives almost as a relief. In fact, true prophetic sensation is not uncommon in dreams; the error of the fiction dream consists in consolidating that sensation into facts or actions.

There is one author, Mr. George Macdonald, who really possesses a wide and deeply sympathetic acquaintance with the sphere of visions, though his love of the supernatural in general impels him to deal largely with fairy tales, legends of the more intangible and sublime order, and weird episodes of second sight. His power in this direction is really remarkable and in one phase of it positively unique. It has been given to many writers to produce an actual creeping of the

flesh and a dryness in the throat. But George Macdonald can distinctly awaken in an appreciative reader the curious, blind, panic terror of childhood, such as in our tender years we experienced occasionally when finding ourselves alone in the dark, or lost, or, above all, when confronted by some fearsome object which we did not understand. He alone seems able to call up this long-forgotten sensation; and it may be (who shall say?) that this singular attribute is possibly evidence of the missing faculty, the one gift that nearly all other writers of fiction entirely lack. Unfortunately we cannot pronounce with any degree of certainty simply for want of sufficient evidence. When not revelling in the deliciously weird, and thrilling us with genuine shudders, as in "Phantastes" or "The Portent," Macdonald is studying humanity under most prosaic conditions, as in "Guild Court." Some of his work, "David Elginbrod" for instance, is flavored here and there with such quasi-supernatural influences as mesmerism, which have no bearing upon our subject. But it is with regret that we are forced to conclude that he has not seriously turned his attention to the dream life as we know it.

Meanwhile the error remains, and the spectacle of the human race seeking with tireless ingenuity for fresh fields of romance is indeed a curious one. Of necessity much that was once romance is no longer possible as such; it has been dissipated by modern discovery or worn smooth by constant use. But that the only unfailing source of what is delightful and bizarre, yet in its very nature appealing to all indiscriminately, should have been neglected to death or so insolently and feebly misused is, we repeat, a curious spectacle indeed.

THE RECONQUEST OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

BY JOHN CLARK BIDPATH.

MY COUNTRYMEN: You once had a national House of Representatives. You still have at the capital of the nation a body of men designated by that name. The reason why it is so called is traditional. When the Constitution of the United States was prepared it was provided that there should be a Congress consisting of an upper house and a lower house. The upper house should be the Senate; the lower house should be the House of Representatives. The name thus given to the body last mentioned became current, and to this day we still speak of the House of Representatives as though it were a fact as well as a reminiscence. History, like a great river, carries on its surface many such reminders of the past. It is sometimes interesting and useful to rescue a piece of this flotsam of bygone times and to examine it with curious attention.

That the people of the United States once had a House of Representatives is true. Not only was such a body provided for in the Constitution, but it was actually created more than a century ago, and all who are acquainted with the history of our country know that our national Commons answered fully for a while to the expectations of the fathers. The people assembling at their biennial elections chose their leading men to represent them in the House; and the men so chosen did represent the people and did justify the framers of the Constitution in creating a people's branch, as well as a State branch, in the national legislature.

The great men of the old Thirteen States were proud to be elected Representatives, and they sat in the House term after term deliberating in a manner that would have reflected honor on the Areopagus of the Greeks or the Senate of Old Rome. It is literally true that our House of Representatives in the early days of the Republic was an honorable

and powerful body, the pride and bulwark of the nation. Aye, more; the light and warmth of this arena of patriotism, wisdom, and eloquence streamed across the sea and penetrated all lands as far as the Highlander's castle, the Switzer's hut above the glacier, and the Albanian's humble home at the foot of Olympus.

With what inspiration the American of to-day, still reminiscent of the glories of the past, recalls the long list of patriots and heroes whose voices have been heard as representatives of the people in the lower house of Congress. There in the early days sat many of the immortals who had signed our Declaration of Independence. There gathered the leaders of the undying democracy that had won our independence and given us our priceless heritage of liberty. Members of the old Continental Congress were elected by the people in several of the States to speak for them in the new House of Representatives. There sat future Senators and diplomatists and Presidents. There the young statesman beheld around him on his entrance into public life an assemblage and a scene that might well inspire him with the loftiest sentiments of devotion and patriotic desire. There, in the early part of the century, rose the matchless figure of Henry Clay. There in his thirty-second year came the titanic Webster to begin his career of glory. There John Quincy Adams, after his term of service in the presidential office, returned to champion the people's cause, to defend the right of petition, to win the sobriquet of the Old Man Eloquent, and to die, as he had lived, in the very act of service to his country and to mankind.

There too the democracy of another type had its champions and defenders. There sat the great Calhoun. There rose Prentiss and Marshall and Crittenden and Breckenridge. Into that arena at a later period came the rising men out of the young and resolute West. There stood Douglas and Lovejoy; Lincoln was once there, as Jackson had been before him. There came scores of the great precursors of our Union War. There sat Giddings and Stevens and Stephens. There were seen the giants in combat. There were the men who attacked the existing order; and there were the

equally stalwart men who defended it. There scholars, even after the Civil War, were not infrequent — men who knew something of the history of nations; men who could interpret other languages and speak their own; men who knew the difference between right and wrong; men who had their hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and their bodies washed with pure water.

In that great arena Colfax presided for six years. There in the aisle before him stood Fernando Wood. There Benjamin Butler and Sunset Cox had their memorable passades of immortal sarcasm. There Pig-Iron Kelley contended to the last; and there Proctor Knott described the concentric circles around Duluth. There Voorhees waxed eloquent and wrathful in the cause of his country. There Watterson's voice was heard, when the voice was still the voice of democracy. There James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling drew their swords in a joust to the uttermost. There Garfield for eighteen years sat and debated; and there Carlisle thundered the truth before he betrayed his country. There, as late as the eighties, Bryan and Towne made the land ring with their patriotic outcry against the aggressions of the money power.

What have we now? What does the beholder from the gallery look down upon in that vast arena? A body composed for the most part of the commonplaces of politics. The largest single group are town lawyers of local reputation, no practice, and no sympathy with the American people. Only a minority, a small minority, are men who would ever have been cast up except for the pitiful exigencies of district conventions.

It is lamentable to contemplate the extent to which the average Congressman has declined from the standard of his predecessors. Certainly there is still conspicuous ability, as there is conspicuous patriotism in the House of Representatives. But the ability is limited to leadership and to scattered remains and relics of the old representative glory. For the rest the House has totally lost its representative character, and has become a scene for the display of the basest political despotism that has ever been witnessed among

the legislative bodies of civilized nations. Our national representative body has fallen away year by year from the character and influence which it exerted for fully three-quarters of a century, and has become an object of distrust and indifference, if not of actual contempt, to thoughtful American citizens.

No one shall truthfully declare that this severe delineation of the estate into which the House of Representatives has fallen is overdrawn or not well grounded in the truth. It is not overdrawn, and it is well grounded in truth. Our national condition is notorious, not only to ourselves, but to all the world. Moreover, the strictures here set forth are made not in anger, but in sorrow and humiliation. Certainly these censures are not made in malice or in a mean spirit of jubilation over a national shame. Would it were otherwise than true that we have no longer a great legislature representative of the people. But it is true that we have not, and even the goldite obligarchy knows it to be true.

Ever and anon one of the Machiavellian organs of this oligarchy, in some rare unguarded moment of hilarious common sense, breaks out with a great gush of truth and tells us such wholesome and humorous things as take our breath away. I will cite a single example of this unconscious delivery of veracity. Though we do not often have the space or the misplaced generosity to send into the upper circles of intelligence what a plutocratic newspaper may say, the following editorial from the *Boston Herald*, of May 17, 1898, is such a rare and killing example of how a goldbug organ may give itself away that we reproduce the extract—not only for the truth which it contains but for the subdued and immeasurable humor of it. The *Herald* says:

“It is not an extreme statement to say that the Senate is the only deliberative body of our Congress now. The House is not deliberative in the sense that public measures are discussed there in the way that the voice of the people’s representatives are heard and their influence felt on terms of equality in the consideration of public measures. The chances are that in electing a member to that body a congressional district elects a cipher. The shaping of legisla-

tion rests with a very few members of the House, and frequently with not more than one member. Measures pass as it has been decreed in a small circle that they shall pass. The right to protest against their passage in debate, even, is limited. It is always understood in advance, not only what form they shall take, but how much shall be allowed to be said with regard to them. The amount of this has become more and more restricted. The right even to propose amendments is very much denied. Individuality in the people's representatives is crushed out. Even if they are allowed the poor privilege of speaking, what they say has come to be regarded as academic or perfunctory. They know that their arguments cannot possibly have effect, and all heart to engage in discussion is taken out of them. As well attempt to stop the moving of a piston of a steam engine by hand as to interfere with the operation of the great machine that the House of Representatives has become.

If legislation is to be shaped, therefore, in a manner in which the influence of representatives of the people shall be felt on anything like terms of equality, it must be done in the Senate. That body is the only body left that is representative of the people in the earlier sense, and in the sense in which the opinion of constituencies is felt in the nations of the world generally that have established representative governments."

Et tu, Brute! Now, who in the world could have imagined that so true and adequate a description of our Congressional condition as is the foregoing should emanate from a journal that constantly praises Thomas B. Reed and joyfully tells its readers how skilfully he "manages" the House of Representatives?

Once for all we may succinctly state the bottom cause of this lamentable decline in the body which should forever be the pride and fortress of American citizenship. The decline has come simply because subserviency to party has been substituted for patriotic service to the country. The logic of the situation has been reduced to this: Why should a man possess genius and patriotism and courage when the

only things needed are a base service of party, reënforced with impudence and lungs and money?

The House of Representatives has lost its power and become an instrument subversive of the very principles which it was created to perpetuate, for the reason that party has triumphed over nation. The discussion of this decadence involves our whole political history. It involves the growth and structure of political parties in the United States. It involves the question as to what parties are for, and what part they play in the drama of national existence. Do parties exist for themselves or for the nation? Are they founded on principle, or are they founded on the interests of the organizers and managers? Are they intended to preserve a wholesome public opinion by agitating questions of public concern, or are they intended to corrupt public opinion and to prevent the agitation of every question in which the people have a living interest?

In the United States the political party has run a shameful course. It may be that the allegation lies against all parties. I fear that they have all been more or less under the dominion of selfishness, and that they have all been more or less the factors in reducing the national House of Representatives to its present degraded level. But one party in particular has had the lion's share in corrupting public opinion in the United States and in debasing our institutions.

It would appear that in human history salutary things, even the best and greatest things, are the most subject to abuse and most liable to being converted into agents of destruction and crime. Let us agree that the Republican party in its incipency, the party of 1856, beginning in the fields and villages of the old Free States, was a force essential to the welfare of American civilization. Let us agree that it was a wholesome association of strong and patriotic spirits determined to reform and regenerate our social and political life, or to perish in the attempt. Let us remember the five *F's* that the stern Republicans of 1856 put on the new banners which they shot up into the morning air. Those *F's* stood for Free Thought, Free Speech, Free Schools, Free Kansas, and Frémont.

From that to this how far! Suppose that Platt and Hanna and Quay were, in the year 1898, obliged to make speeches for Free Thought, Free Speech, and Free Men, what would be the result? They would fall down lifeless in their tracks. The utterance of such sentiments would confound their vitals, and leave them dead in the act. The law of contradiction sometimes works in this fatal way. Human nature can bear the play of the spiritual contradictories to only a limited degree. To compel the plutocratic bosses of this epoch to utter any of the sentiments which the founders of the Republican party proclaimed forty-two years ago would suffice to kill them on the spot — this on the same principle that brigands are unhappy at a charity fair, and that pirates die at a prayer meeting.

It is, however, very far from my purpose to assail the House of Representatives or to criticize that body on the score of personal characteristics and individual averages. Perhaps our whole citizenship in the United States has fallen below the elevated and patriotic standards which were fixed for us by the fathers. Certainly this is true in the great cities which have become so strongly preponderant in our national affairs. It may be true that the congressional average has not relatively declined, but rather that all we, like Polonius and the crab, have gone backwards. What I desire, therefore, to emphasize is the decadence of the House of Representatives *considered as an organic force in our national life*, to note the cause of it, and to urge upon the people the necessity of a speedy reconquest of their great legislative body.

It is in its organic structure, then, that the House of Representatives has fallen away. The manner in which the House is constituted, the regulations which have been adopted for its government and for the conduct of its business, and in particular the concentration of its functions in the hands of the presiding officer have been the fundamental reasons for the falling away and virtual collapse of the House as a representative body. These deteriorating forces have crept in from the outside political domain. They have become predominant because of the exigencies of party manage-

ment and because of the substitution of party success for the welfare of the nation. Gradually this vice has come into our American system. Our frequent elections and the constant broil and competition for office have suggested to the political parties the construction of a system for keeping themselves in power, and this motive has gradually prevailed until all other motives are extinguished.

The House of Representatives has been peculiarly sensitive to this degrading force in political society. The consequence is that out in the open field men are selected for the congressional function, not on account of their ability, not on account of their reputation and courage, but for exactly the opposite reasons. Candidates are chosen by the party conventions for the reason that the men thus selected will be subservient to the behest of party and will recognize obedience to the party mandate as the first and almost the only duty of a representative.

Of course this vice is not universal. Here and there the old principle of public usefulness still prevails to the extent of putting men forward on other than party grounds, and electing them because of their character, their experience, and their high abilities. These two forces pull apart. One force urges in one direction, and the other force in the other direction ; and it is for this reason that we have in the House of Representatives at the present time a few men who hold control and dominate all the rest, and why outside of these few we have a mass of nothings who obey partisan dictation and do what their party leaders tell them to do as subserviently as if they were mere tools in the hands of their masters.

This condition of affairs has given the opportunity for organizing the House of Representatives in the present despotic and absurd manner. It was found necessary to put power into the hands of one man, representative, or rather master, of the majority, and to take away all rights and all privileges which should belong to representatives, not only from the minority, but also from the great mass of the majority. This necessity arose from the fact that legislation was constantly conducted for party advantage. This being true, the minority sought not only by legitimate but by illegitimate means

to prevent action. This led the majority to abuse its power; and, as a method for making the business as easy and complete as possible, the functions of the House were gathered up and put into the hands of one man with the avowed purpose of making him a despot over the representatives of the people, and, if over them, then over the people themselves.

The new system, having in view the construction of this despotism, gave first to the Speaker his proper, legitimate functions as presiding officer. Then it conceded to him the right of constituting the committees. This implied that he would make the chairmen of the committees to be his own men, as servile and pliant to him as the under members of the several committees should be servile and pliant in the hands of the chairmen. It implied also that no proposed legislation should ever reach the stage of public discussion unless such legislation should agree with the purpose and plan of the despot. It implied a total suppression of the minority. It implied that the greatest statesman in the United States, if elected to the House of Representatives, should, if he be of the minority, be placed at the tail end of the committee on Indian Appropriations. It implied that every man courageous enough to represent the people by whom he might be elected should be stuck away in the convenient pigeonholes of the despot's private closet and kept there, while the arena of the House should be opened only for the activity of the despot's own puppets.

I need not, however, enlarge upon a condition which is now well understood by the American public. Everybody knows that the condition here described has actually come to pass. Everybody *may* know, with a little reflection, the reasons why such a condition has become dominant in the public life of the United States. Nor need we dwell at length upon the evil aspect of the stars under which a man was found at a certain juncture in our history exactly suited to impersonate and energize the evil conditions of the age. It came to pass that such a man was born. It came to pass that when thirty-seven years of age he was sent to the House of Representatives at the exact time when he was needed most as a destroying force working havoc with the institutions

of his country. Possessing talents which, coupled with lack of scruple and a disregard for the interests of his countrymen, amounted to a kind of malign genius, he entered upon his work. He rose to leadership — borne on to prominence by the very conditions which we have described as prevalent in the outside political realm. He gladly accepted the evil work which destiny had assigned to him. He became Speaker of the House of Representatives, and at length he became the House of Representatives itself.

This is the matter in a nutshell. It is the whole statement of the case. It is the naked truth. Thomas B. Reed, taking advantage of the conditions which political history has offered him, has become not only the presiding officer of the House, but the House itself. He is recognized as such. The goldite oligarchy gloats over him day by day. The newspapers which are the organs of that oligarchy proclaim him day by day. They openly admit that the national House has lost its character as a representative body; and they glory in it. They openly declare that the management of the House is in the hands of Reed. They shamelessly avow and glory in the depotism which has been established by this means over the American people. They tell us in advance of almost every issue how Speaker Reed managed or will manage the House. They have no hesitancy in stating before the fact the exact course which the arbitrary despot inhabited by the soul of a cynic will take, not to carry out the will of the people, but to thwart their will and to bring it to nought. I can easily cite enough of editorial quotations from current goldite newspapers of high repute, indicating in advance how Reed will suppress the House and compel it to do his bidding — enough of such extracts to fill one number of *THE ARENA* full.

This matter, this prostitution of office, has become a national shame. It is an outrage. It is an insult to honorable history. It is an open scandal flaunted in the face of mankind. It is an ignominy done in particular to the American people. They are victimized. They are defrauded of their purpose. They are swindled out of their rights to be heard through their representatives, and to be governed by legisla-

tion which their representatives shall prepare and approve. They are obliged to witness, day by day, the most shameless spectacle which, if I mistake not, has ever been seen in a great legislative hall. I do not recall any incident from the parliamentary annals of the English Revolution, including the episode of the Rump Commons, or from the French Revolution, including the National Convention, so utterly devoid of any element of respect, so utterly beneath the dignity of manhood and republican democracy, as is the daily scene in our House of Representatives under the administration of the American Tsar.

There he sits with a sardonic smile; he lifts his gavel and recognizes "the Gentleman from Maine." The gentleman from Maine rises with the manner of a second-class school-master and proceeds to execute his part of the ridiculous play. When the point is reached, if it be reached in the affirmative, Reed tells the House to stand up and ratify some feature of the scheme. If it be any other proposition, and a negative result be wanted, he tells the House to stand up and condemn it. The House stands up. Then he tells the House to sit down. The House sits down. The outcry of the minority is met with a sneer. Perhaps it is met with a bit of second-hand sarcasm which is sent to the public as golden wit by the plutocratic press on the morrow. And the public has been taught to laugh at it as something funny!

He who looks down from the gallery upon this scene, so humiliating, so destructive of our republican liberties, would suppose that the play could not go further. He would suppose that there would be an instantaneous insurrection and rebellion against the established despotism. He would suppose that honest men (and there are many such, very many, in the House) would rise in angry revolt against this notorious tyranny, and that they would overthrow the tyrant in a day. Indeed there are constant symptoms of such insurrection. Not a week passes when the electrical flashes of a patriotic revolt may not be seen along the horizon and the mutterings be heard of distant thunder. It is an open secret that many members of the Republican majority in the

House of Representatives fume in their impotent rage against the depotism that has been established over them. They get together in the cloak-rooms and the committee rooms and exchange with each other the sentiment and purpose of revolt. They declare that they will endure the present system no longer. They clinch their fists and secretly swear with uplifted arms, like the Rutuli in their Alpine meadow, that they will face the despot and break down his throne. But on the morrow they go back into the House, and the same shameless drama is reenacted. The inchoate revolutionists do not rise; that is, they do not rise until the tsar tells them to stand. Then they rise. They not only rise, but they remain standing until he tells them to sit; and then they sit. The storm of the minority goes for nothing. As soon as the adjournment is reached the newspaper correspondents flash it over a thousand wires to the offices of as many plutocratic newspapers that Speaker Reed has again handled the House most skilfully.

This is not exaggeration, but fact. It is literal fact; it is a part of the history of our day. It is infamously true that the Speaker of the House of Representatives, as the executive of a party organization, having not the mass of the American people but the party ring at his back, has seized the legislative authority of this nation, and that he wields it as he will. He has usurped the rights and prerogatives of the people's representatives. He has converted them into mere pawns which he moves about and arranges just as he will. He is a tolerably skillful player. He has been able thus far to keep the game in hand. In the national House of Representatives no one has any rights which he will respect—no one but himself and "the Gentleman from Maine."

With this emperor the plutocracy is wonderfully delighted. He is their man. They know him, and they boast of him to the ends of the earth. They put him forward as an example of how popular opinion may be perverted into despotic cant. They recognize him as a champion that may be depended upon to do their bidding. What *we* desire is that the American people also may know him, and may understand his system of government; and what *we* desire, after that, is to see

both him and his system hurled from power and sent to their own place by the popular will at no distant day. What we want is the restitution of the Republic. What we want is the recovery of our democratic institutions from the base clutch of the powers that now hold them in thrall. What we want is such a sweeping verdict by the people as will reconquer the House of Representatives and bring back its original character, with the assurance that when its character shall be once restored its splendid history will come back also. And with this will come the hope of a better day for the American people.

The real purpose of the present paper has respect to the impending elections throughout the Union. The year 1898 offers to the people one more opportunity to secure themselves against the further destruction of their liberties. It is certain that if the people, the great citizenship of this Republic, shall awake to a knowledge and appreciation of the actual condition of affairs in the country and to the swift-flying tendency of these affairs towards an imperial despotism, they will bring by their decision a sudden end to the dynasty which is now enthroned at Washington City. I repeat, my countrymen, that the *opportunity* now returns to you to remedy the evils with which you have been so long oppressed.

Already the minority in the House of Representatives is strongly and patriotically contending for the mastery. It is a reputable minority. It has been doing valiant service in the cause of the people. It has been fighting, not a victorious, but a brave battle in the interests of American democracy. Only a small reënforcement to the ranks of the minority—only a small subtraction from the ranks of the majority, already broken by a feud which involves fully fifty of its best men—will transfer the control of the House to the party of the people.

Under what party name this control shall come does not greatly concern us. O ye Democrats, ye Populists, ye Silver Republicans, ye Single-Taxers and Direct Legislationists, ye Radicals, ye Free Lances of what kind and name so ever, rally to your country's standard; divide not, but unite in a common cause, and you will be invincible! You will gain the victory. You will recover your House of Representatives,

and you will, as I hope, convert it from being the agent of despotism and malevolence into an agent of Republican democracy, of humanity, of universal reform.

Is it sufficient that the people shall recover the House of Representatives? Is it sufficient that in the fall of 1898 they shall elect a working majority in that body? Does it suffice that they shall put a despot out of authority and put a patriot into the seat which he has so long and so perniciously occupied? Nay, nay; that is not enough. Look at the situation of affairs. Look at the substantial, patriotic Senate. Look at the vote of that body on the 28th of January on the gold-bug resolution of Henry Cabot Lodge. How many votes did the oligarchs get for that measure? Not a third! Mark it well, my countrymen, they could not muster a third of the Senate for the proposition to compel the American people to transact their business and to discharge their debts by the single standard of gold. Remember too that the proposition of Senator Lodge was exactly and essentially a Republican measure. In offering that resolution Lodge was acting as the mouthpiece of the Republican party. Therefore, a two-thirds' majority can be commanded in the Senate for those great measures of reform for which the nation is waiting with hope deferred.

A small working majority in the House of Representatives on legislation in the next congressional session, however reformatory its character and however heartily endorsed by the Senate, will meet at the hands of the administration the rebuff of a veto. Suppose, however, that the veto shall be of no effect; what then? If the people shall elect two-thirds of the next House of Representatives, leaving only one-third, or less than a third, to be chosen by the enemy, by the money power, by the corporations, by the trusts and the banks, then what will become of Mr. McKinley's vetoes?

On a certain occasion in 1878 we had a contingency of this kind. The Republican party was in power. It had the administration, and it had Congress; but the administration, acting under the dictation of the incipient plutocrats, vetoed the Bland-Allison bill, and the veto was taken back to the two houses to be crushed without a single word of debate under a three-fourths' majority of both branches. That was

something worth while; that was something to be recorded in the political history of the United States.

How much greater would be the triumph of the people if an overwhelming majority of the next House of Representatives should be elected in accordance with the dictates of patriotism and on the principle that the American Republic is still something worthy to preserve. In that event there would be music that the outside world might hear with astonishment if not with joy. In that event the measures originating in the House would be approved by the Senate, and the measures of the Senate would be approved by the House. The two Houses would stand together in promoting with swift and salutary legislation every honorable and patriotic cause. Of a certainty Mr. McKinley would veto all this. The money power will die hard. The oligarchy of Wall Street will struggle and expend millions before assenting to its own funeral. But if the people at the ensuing elections can prevail by such overwhelming majorities as to carry more than two-thirds of the Congressional districts in the United States—as they can easily do if they rally in their might—then their verdict will be to the present administration and to all similar organizations that may get into power in the United States, the Mene Tekel of a swift and sudden end.

Never before in our history has a more auspicious opportunity been presented; never before have the lines of duty been so straight before the feet of the people. Never before have great opportunities for the promotion of the public good, for redemption from impending imperialism, and from all the curse of pride and evil in high places, been so auspiciously presented to the citizenship of this great nation. Seize the opportunity, my countrymen, as you would seize the rope flung to you, half-wrecked and beaten against the rocks of a lee shore. Seize the opportunity. Reconquer from your enemy the House of Representatives! Do whatever you can by your verdict in 1898 to give a new sense to the phrase "national honor," and a new lease of life and power to our democratic institutions.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

May 23, 1898.

BY WINWOOD WAITT.

The newer day has dawned for him;
The prophet of the greater good
Has joined a nobler brotherhood.

No court of saints or seraphim,
No city of ail-blissful peace,
Allured his spirit's glad release.

He thrust aside the mystic veil
And found, beyond Death's "dust to dust,"
Convened the Council of the Just.

On planes of keener consciousness,
With poet, sage, and earnest seer,
He scans the fabric patterned here.

"Hail and well met!" The greeting given,
With native, unassuming grace
He holds with these the chosen place,

Wherein his ampler scope of mind
And broadened vision yet shall span
The perfect brotherhood of man—

The ripe fruition of a dream
To crown the toil of centuries!
A social apotheosis!

THREESCORE AND TEN.

BY ETHEL MAC NISH.

And Life and Death fought for the mastery over a man.
And Death said to Life, "Give me the man."
And Life cried, "No! he is mine; he is my plaything."
But suddenly the man himself rose and smote Life.

"HENRY!"

"Yassir."

"Have you delivered those parcels?"

"Yas, Mr. Morrison."

"Hum—yes. Tell John Bruce I want him."

"Yassir."

The colored youth grinned and disappeared.

The man who stepped in was a man of nearly seventy years. He was quite gray and slightly stooped. His denim overalls and smock were spotted with grease from the machinery. It was a rugged, honest, but somewhat anxious face that was turned to the manager of the foundry. Mr. Morrison looked up.

"Oh, it's you, Bruce. I merely wanted to tell you that we won't be wanting you after the 30th."

"Sir?" The old man's hand sought a near chair for support.

"I believe I was quite plain. Your work of late has not been quite satisfactory. You're a little behind the times. See? So we've got another man for your place."

"But, Mr. Morrison"—he began.

"Now, John, I know all the old arguments. Now, you know you'll be living on your money," jocularly. "No, we've no other job just now. You'll get your pay till the 30th. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir."

As John Bruce went back to his work he tried to take it in. He was dismissed! And Jessie sick at home! He was dismissed! No work to come to in the morning. He saw the old tools, the scraps of iron lying around, the familiar drill

and work-table through a blur of tears. There was an odd, hard lump in his throat. Slowly and mechanically was the iron-repair work done that afternoon.

John walked home wearily. He must not let this worry Jessie,—Jessie who was sick, and who bore it so patiently. He went along with his head down. He had had ten years added to his life that day. He stopped a minute to rest at the gate. He saw the little cottage which had been their home for so long, and which they had hoped to buy. The garden to the right looked so pretty. How fresh the green of the potatoes and the silvery leaves of the little cabbages looked in the June twilight! Then the old man turned into the house, and right through to the bedroom at the back.

"Well, Jessie!" with a kiss for the pale, faded face on the pillow. "Better to-night?"

"Oh yes, John," a sweet voice answered. "Mrs. Bascome was in such a long time to-day. She made a meat pie for your dinner. It's in the oven. You'd better get it before it gets cold."

But he stood looking at her. His news would get no sweeter by keeping.

"What's wrong, John?" she questioned, vaguely disturbed by his look.

"Nothing, dear. Only next week I'll be having holidays."

"Oh, John!"

"Never mind, Jessie; I'll soon get another place. I'm good for lots of work yet, little woman."

"Dismissed! What happened? What did they do it for?"

John sat down and took one of the white hands in his own rough brown ones.

"I'm an old man, Jessie dear, though you are so pretty and young yet. Your man's not young, you see."

It was not the faded, drawn face, framed by rapidly whitening hair that the old man saw. He looked down through her eyes and saw but the blooming girl he had married.

"It's a shame!" began Jessie, rising—

"There now, hush! Lie down quiet, or I'll be sorry I told you. I tell you it won't be two days till I have another job."

Thus he comforted her, but not himself.

"Well, John," said the foreman on the night of the thirtieth, "sorry you're going. Got another job?"

The old man shook his head.

"Jobs are hard to get these days."

"Seems too bad," the foreman remarked to the next foreman, "to turn him off just when he's getting old. He's been iron-helper here ever since I came, and that's fourteen year this June."

"Yes, and he can't have much saved. You remember when the four children died; and his missis as good as a cripple! Poor fellow!"

So John Bruce dropped out of the old life.

The next Monday the quest started. It was not easy for a man of his age to go from shop to shop asking for work.

"What can you do?" was asked him.

"Iron-work, fix machinery or tools; but I'll do anything."

"We have nothing for you to-day. Good-morning."

Again, though rarely, he would find sympathy.

"Sorry, my man. You see, younger men are wanted. Too bad for a man of your age to be hunting work. Still, we have all the hands we need."

Just before noon he entered a large factory. A young man sat at a desk reading a paper.

"Well?"

John stated his errand. The man took in his age, his weariness, and his evident need with one contemptuous glance.

"Our men are all engaged. Besides, it's workmen we want, not paupers."

John drew himself up. "It was work I asked for," he answered with slow anger.

"And if," he continued to himself, looking back at the buzzing smoking factory,— "if I should starve he would not put out one hand to help me. Yet that is the man who built the new wing to the hospital, and gives thousands to charity. It is strange."

Disheartened, he turned toward home. Jessie was waiting with flushed cheek.

"Well, what luck?"

"Better to-morrow, Jessie. Give me my two days."

And he had his two days, till they grew to weeks—weeks in their heart-sickening weariness as long as years. His pay was gone. Their tiny savings were going rapidly. Sickness is a hundred-mouthed monster for money. Besides, medicine and dainties are dear in the city in the summer; and Jessie had no appetite for common food.

"John," she would ask, when he brought her meals to her, "have you had a good meal?"

"Dined down town," he would say with a grim smile.

This meant a bun eaten with a drink of water in the Park.

But with all his care Jessie did not seem to gain. John saw that she worried, and he strove in many ways to set her mind at rest. So when at last he got a couple of days' work sawing wood, he determined not to let his wife know when it ended. So each morning, after tidying the tiny kitchen, he would come in to kiss her good-bye. They could not now afford a woman to do the work.

"I'm off to work. Don't be lonesome. I'll ask one of the neighbors to look in."

"Thank you, John. Good-bye."

Then he would fix her comfortably, put her medicine and bit of fancy-work within reach, and leave. But when he got to the hall-door he would softly set his dinner-pail in the entry and slip off—to hunt work.

But this farce brought no money. Jessie must have food and medicine, whatever happened. So piece by piece the furniture was taken quietly from the dining-room; then from the little parlor that Jessie had taken such pride in. John cried as he lifted out the little sofa they had bought together.

"O God," he cried, biting his fingers so that Jessie might not hear—"O God! I ask nothing for myself. Give me nothing but work—the hardest work. So long as it keeps Jessie, I will starve. O God, Jessie must not feel it."

But both crying and praying were in vain. He must not waste strength crying. Besides, Jessie might see.

Day after day the struggle went on. The heat was suffocating. The old man grew faint and discouraged and well-nigh frantic. Jessie grew weaker. The weather and worry told on her. She failed visibly.

One long, hot day John had been seeking work all day. He had almost given up expecting it; still he went on with a dogged persistence. He had even begged for some fruit for Jessie. But he got neither work nor fruit. Steal he would not, though the thought entered his mind many a time.

Weak from hunger, and wild from failure and fear for Jessie, he staggered home. There was a strange pain at his heart. It was there often now. His head throbbed. He felt as a man does who knows he is going insane. He tottered through the dismantled house to Jessie. But Jessie was already past the pain, and want, and suffering. He looked at her dully and uncomprehendingly.

On the pinched face of the dead woman there was peace unutterable; on the old man's a dazed despair.

With a cry as that of an animal at bay, he staggered from the room, and out toward the river——

Toronto, Canada.

THE EDITOR'S EVENING.

THE IDEAL LITERATURE.

THERE is now in active eruption in the United States the most ideal literature that was ever produced.

Hitherto the literary faculty in man has required some small basis of fact out of which to evolve its products. The law of letters, as well as the law of science, has demanded a thing to begin with. He who would write and go to the public has been under the necessity of having *something* as a starter—something that is not nothing. Now the law is reversed and he may both start with nothing and end with it.

The conditions for the evolution of a literature on this basis have been carefully prepared. The preparation has been most careful in those countries most blessed with puny politics, puffed plutocracy, and pusillanimous privilege. The three things last named go excellently well together. In the United States they not only go well, but they flourish. One of the consequences is that the old-fashioned scholarly, fact-founded, truth-dealing literature has given place to the new, ideal, factless, truthless, slopful, lurid literature of the American newspaper.

The war with Spain has been as the June sun in opening the new literary blossom of perfect and infinite mendacity to the caresses of public intelligence. The public is now drinking in the ideal literature by bucketfuls and hogsheds. Day by day comes the demand for more. If the Atlantic should be converted into one liquid lie it could not satisfy the demand. Every morning the people, inflamed with drinking falsehood, would rush down to the shore in order to get another schoonerful apiece.

Note what the people are reading. Lies! The streets are a-flutter from dawn to starrise with flying sheets that are notoriously filled with lies. The subject-matter of these sheets, issued sixteen times a day and purposely dated six hours after the time of delivery, is known in the offices from which they are spawned to be a tissue of lies.

Never before was such an opportunity given for this unutterable business. The world is in commotion and transformation. Things, at best, are seen through a glass darkly. Therefore why should anyone undergo the hardship and thankless toil of finding and telling the truth? The American and Spanish fleets are on the seas. Why undergo the labor of finding out where they are and what they are doing? Why wait until the squadron arrives before describing the bombardment? Truth is so tedious!

Where our flotillas are need not be investigated, since it can be divined. A telescope is not needed, since a lead pencil will do as well. True, the position and course of our fleets are not known and cannot be ascertained. Still more occult and inaccessible are the places and courses of the enemy's fleets; but we can obviate this matter with a map and a scratch-book. We will bring the fleets together *here*, and then say, "It is reported." That will do for one day!

As a matter of fact only the participants know what our ships and armaments are doing. What the plans and purposes of the naval commanders may be is of course carefully concealed; otherwise the war would be preposterous. A necessary censorship has been established to prevent the newspapers from giving hourly intelligence to the enemy. For the sake of selling an edition they would any hour give away their country's cause. The spy who does this is caught and hanged; therefore he is careful and continent. To be continent in the matter of informing the enemy is a virtue unknown in the offices of the journalistic scavengers who pour their scoopfuls of falsehood into every street-car and on every breakfast table in the land. Oh, it is news indeed!

The government has been obliged to protect itself against the work of this vermin. The "journalists" are therefore driven to fall upon the production of an ideal literature. It is a work exactly suited to their capacities. They have practised their business until it has become a profession and a habit. They constitute the "press," and they have the public for their dependents and victims.

A large percentage of the boys in the great cities are now engaged in the daily dispensation of the ideal literature.

Even they know that what they scatter is lies, but that is the way they live. Each lie sells for a penny. If the letters be four inches long instead of two inches long, then the lie will bring two pennies. On Sunday it will bring five pennies or even seven pennies. A lie is so much better on Sunday!

This is now the bottom principle of American journalism: *The more inflammation the greater the profit!* The more lurid the falsehood, the larger the edition. The more widely the disease can be disseminated the greater will be the gain of the undertakers and the burkers.

As to the disease-makers, what about them? I am disposed to praise them. According to the standard of the age they ought to be praised; for they are adept and successful. Their skill is so far-reaching as to excuse their ignorance. Their want of scruple compensates for their lack of ethics. With commercialism nothing is immoral.

The ability of the lie-makers of journalism is something really sublime. They have succeeded in reducing public intelligence to their own level; and men who can do that are prodigies. The reader has become like the lie-maker who gives him his daily bread. The lie-maker grasps the world. Being in the eleventh story of a metropolitan newspaper office at 12.30 A. M. he dates his special despatch from Key West, from San Juan, from the Venezuelan coast, from the Azores, from Spitzbergen, according to the exigency. He moves the Spanish fleets wherever he will. He makes them as inaccessible as possible in order that the other lie-maker cannot find them. He divides the flotilla or concentrates it or sends it to the bottom according to the demands of his fiction and the suggestions of his bottle. His geography is miraculous, his hydrography impossible. His impenetrable ignorance of conditions is betrayed in every line, but that is an accomplishment in a country where the newspaper disease is raging. Ignorance is to the newspaper disease what dirt is to typhus.

"Our war correspondent," who has just come in on one of the six hundred despatch boats which Mr. Bennett has sent out on all the oceans, flying like so many albatrosses with outspread wings written all over with headlines, proceeds to fix

up the great international play for the readers of the midnight edition (issued and hawked before sundown) just to suit their tastes. He can do this, for he is the maker of their tastes. He is also the surveyor of their intelligence. He begins by putting Cuba in the Bermudas. He locates the Philippines outside the harbor of Cadiz. The rival lie-maker, however, sets the Philippines between Jamaica and Puerto Rico. He brings the Oregon safely home by way of Gibraltar and the Skager Rack. He sinks a whole armament in the midnight edition, in order to bring it up at 2.30 in the morning. He scatters men and nations with an ease and recklessness which his readers must regard as an evidence of supreme genius. And yet—strange paradox!—the world does not even know his name!

The newspaper lie-maker presumes to know the minds and purposes of all presidents, priests, and kings. To him all secretaries of state, all generals, and particularly all admirals are so many open books. He reads them every day. They tell him everything—for they are his intimate friends. He hears from them by special message and courier. Then he writes his chapter of the ideal literature and sends it up to the composing room with special notes to the headliner. This done he looks at his watch and takes the elevator, leaving Key West, Cienfuegos, and the Yucatan passage in the eleventh story. There they will remain in a state of gestation until to-morrow. When the morrow comes the ideal literature will be continued.

After all, how do the American people like this kind of thing? Of course, if they like it they ought to have it. In that event "the press" will supply the demand. If the people like this kind of thing, they ought to have it more abundantly; for that will bring the matter to a crisis. And what will the crisis of this disease be? In the nature of the case the ideal literature will reach a crisis, and then the patient will either improve or die in a spasm. In either event what will become of the lie-maker?

Meanwhile, let us look upon the ideal literature as something with which a great many people are pleased and not a

few are satisfied—just as a drunkard is satisfied with his last quart of *spiritus frumenti*.

HOW NATURE PROMOTES EQUALITY.

What is the primary condition of equality? Freedom. Every conscious thing has, under the laws of evolution, perfected itself according to the freedom of its powers. Those creatures that have desired to fly, and have been free to fly, have flown. The swimmer has come by swimming, by wanting to swim, and by freedom to swim. The walker walks, and walks well, in proportion as he has been permitted to walk freely. The talker has talked and the singer has sung according to the talk-hunger and the song-passion set free to work out their own results.

The end of this process is equality; that is, it is equality for the various kinds of creatures that have desired the same things and have had the same freedom to attain them. The two hands get equal when they have the same ambitions, the same discipline, and the same liberty. But when either hand is obstructed, hampered, or denied, it becomes unlike the other in power and facility; that is, unequal to it.

Strange that the left hand, with palm upturned, should be such a paragon of nimble agility on the fingerboard of a violin and with downturned palm such a dummy on the keyboard of a piano! Equally strange that the right hand, with downturned palm, should so astonish with its swiftness and skill on the piano keys and be such a clumsy apparatus when upturned on the neck of the violin! And why? Simply because long adaptation to certain physical conditions and to certain modes of action has nerved the body through with what may be called hereditary streaks of art. The left hand has become artless in certain positions and artful in other positions, and the right hand is like it with a reversal of aptitudes.

This law of being first free and then equal is universal. It lies at the bottom of the controversy about the equality of powers, the equality of actions, and the equality of privileges and immunities between the sexes. Given the same desires and the same freedom, and equality will inevitably come. In

so far as the like desire and the like liberty have existed, equality has come already.

Which is the better singer? Is it the man or the woman? It is the woman. No man, as a singer, has ever equalled Jenny Lind or Patti. Which has been the better orator? The man. No woman, as an orator, has ever equalled Demosthenes or Sheridan or Ingersoll. But *why* does the woman outsing the man? and *why* does the man outspoke the woman? It is simply a question of desire, of facility by practice, of the hereditary streak created by freedom to do the given thing. Woman has been free to sing and man has been free to speak. For singing the woman has been applauded, and for speaking she has been satirized. She has responded to both stimuli. Man has been applauded for speaking and called effeminate for singing. His character has been formed under both influences. He has been free to speak, but not free to sing. She has been free to sing, but not free to speak. Hence the hereditary streaks in each. Make them equally free and they will be freely equal. As long as woman blossoms under praise and wilts under ridicule, as long as man responds to the stimulus of applause and cowers under sarcasm, as long as freedom and immunity are not conceded to both equally to do *all* proper things freely according to their desires and ambitions, the hereditary streaks of action and art and privilege will continue to prevent equality.

Equality comes by freedom. All creatures will be equal when they are free—each in his order and according to his kind.



John Henry R. Hath.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into *the arena*,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—Heine.

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THE UNITED STATES AND THE CONCERT OF EUROPE.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

FROM overseas, in the midday of our national turmoil, comes a wave of sentiment breaking on our shores and pervading our atmosphere. It is a call to our people to enter into alliance with the Mother Country. It is not Great Britain herself who calls, but rather her representatives. The invitation is given by those who in some sense speak in her name. They represent at least the present temper of the British nation. Their call for an Anglo-American alliance is caught in the great sounding-board of British journalism, and is flung almost vociferously abroad wherever the English language is spoken. The answering sounding-board of American journalism catches the echo and flings it back with hilarious approval. Thus, for the time, an international enthusiasm has broken out in favor of some kind of union between Great Britain and the United States of America. Certainly the enthusiasm has been a long time coming!

On the morning of June 6, 1898, the writer attended the anniversary celebration of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. This event is always a great occasion. The anniversary has been observed for two hundred and sixty years. The exercises were held in the New Old South Church, with its stately mediæval tower over-

topping the Public Library of Boston, in Copley Square. The élite of the city sat in the auditorium. There were the Governor and his staff. There were many of the dignitaries of the city and the commonwealth. The principal speaker was Dr. R. R. Meredith, of Brooklyn, New York. His address was a plea for the proposed Anglo-American alliance. He openly advocated the acceptance of the overture. Not in an uncertain and tentative manner did he rush forward to grasp the proffered hand. Not timidly did he brush aside the old patriotic sentiment of the American people for independence and a separate nationality. He went the whole length of the trail. He pulled up the anchor and sailed away. He reviewed the doctrines of the fathers and put them aside as if they were naught. He ridiculed, in particular and by name, the Farewell Address of Washington, and proposed that it should be framed and hung up as a ridiculous memento of an age no longer admirable, and a doctrine no longer applicable to the political life of the American nation. For all this he was roundly applauded. The applause was not universal or uproarious, but it was general and satisfactory. His principles were approved with the clapping of hands, and with laughter at the speaker's ridicule of the Farewell Address. By mentioning these facts I hope to give them a wider publicity than they might otherwise enjoy!

For myself, I say that an American orator who, in the capital of New England, or in any other capital of this our noble democratic empire of States, should propose to frame and hang away the Farewell Address of Washington as an absurd relic of the past is himself no American; and if I do not mistake the conditions that still exist in the United States, he is no expositor of the hopes and aspirations of the American people. Aye, more; I have a well-defined notion that such an orator would better emigrate for the good of the Republic.

I purpose in this article to look dispassionately at the proposal to form an Anglo-American alliance. It is of the utmost importance that this question should be calmly and patriotically considered. It is unworthy the thinkers of

America that they should fling themselves heedlessly into the currents of a passing emotion. It is likewise unworthy of them that they should fail to note and consider such a fact as the present prevailing sentiment, and that they should not estimate its significance. The only kind of public opinion which is really valuable in the presence of this issue is that which arises from the unprejudiced decision of patriotic minds, knowing nothing but the welfare of native land, and seeking nothing but the ultimate happiness of mankind. It is in this spirit that I humbly come to the great question of the proposed Anglo-American alliance, and in this spirit I propose to contribute as much as I may to the adequate discussion of the issue.

In the first place, I inquire what is the *meaning* of the proposed alliance of the United States and Great Britain? What *kind* of an alliance is it that we are asked to enter? Is it an alliance of mere sympathies between the people of the United States and the people of the British Isles? Or is it a league which contemplates a union of military resources, defensive and offensive, one or both? Is it a temporary joining of forces for a specific purposes in relation to the existing Spanish war? Is it a civil and political union which is contemplated? Is it a coalescence of British and American institutions? Is it a governmental alliance in the sense that the government of Great Britain and the government of the United States shall be and act as one? And if so, *which one* shall it be? Under which flag is the alliance to be made? Are we, when the union shall be effected, to follow the standard of St. George, or are we to march under the star-banner of our fathers? Whose flag is to prevail? Whose institutional structure is to be accepted for both nations? Of a certainty, we cannot march under both flags. It must be under the one or the other. Which shall it be? Shall we take the flag of the British Empire or the flag of American Democracy?

My countrymen, the question widens. It widens to infinity. It takes in the whole of our history and our hope. From the present it reaches back to the old colonial days, and then it reaches to the limitless future. It is proposed that this

great American Republic shall be blended in some way with the history of the old world. In that event, what shall be the color and the substance of the blending? Shall the hue and the drapery be monarchical, or shall it be democratical? What shall be the limitations and the course of our future destiny? Shall we predominate over Europe, or shall Europe predominate over us? The contingency is appalling, and it seems to be imminent! The remaining two and a-half years of the nineteenth century may prove to be more decisive of the future welfare of mankind than has been any other like period in the annals of our race since the assassination of Cæsar.

Long before the outbreak of the Spanish war I had occasion to call the attention of the readers of *THE ARENA* to the likelihood and impending danger that the United States might, as the result of existing conditions, become Europeanized, with the consequent loss or serious impairment of our nationality.* Here, already, the contingency is at our door. Here, already, we are asked to decide whether or not we will form an alliance with the most powerful empire of the world and thus commit ourselves to participation in the Concert of Europe.

The article to which I refer was prepared in outline at least two years previous to its publication. It was not, however, a prophecy, but merely common sense. I had clearly perceived that the crushing forces which had precipitated our financial crisis of 1893 had their ultimate origin in Europe, and particularly in England. It was clear to my mind at that day, as at this, that the money despotism established in London and Amsterdam, extending its viewless radii of power over all the earth, would require the submission of the United States to the world-wide dominion of plutocracy. This involved the creation in our country of those conditions which brought about our great financial calamity in the Columbian year, and which have entailed upon us for a period of fully five years such loss and suffering as no other great nation has hitherto known and endured. It might be clearly

* See the article, "Shall the United States be Europeanized?" in *THE ARENA* for December, 1897.

perceived at that time that the secret empire of the money kings, having their headquarters in Europe and their satrapies in America, would affect our whole economic, social, and political condition to such an extent that ere long our nation would be dragged away from its traditional moorings in order to be incorporated with the European system, of finance first, and of civil structure afterwards.

The swift-flying passage of events has brought us quickly to the looked-for crisis. Nothing is now more clear than that we have come to the dividing of the ways. We shall now take one way and not the other. With the outbreak of the Spanish war Great Britain, with her immemorial prudence, immediately apprehended the situation. Taking quick note of the universal roar of Spanish sympathies throughout Europe, marking the fact that there was not in all the discordant tumult a single word of fraternal regard for the United States, Great Britain saw her opportunity. She held out the olive branch; that is, her representatives held out the olive branch. They took up the oft-sung strain of common language, common race, and the common historical destiny of the English-speaking nations, with the deduction that these nations should henceforth be one in social, institutional, and governmental action and progress.

The song — at least the overture of the song — prevailed; the echo of it was caught on this side, and the whole theme was soon learned by heart. The great commercial centres on the Atlantic seaboard were already fast-moored to England — bound to her by every tie which commercialism is able to create or recognize as a valid bond of union. So the Atlantic cities broke into a roar, as they may always be expected to do when folly is rampant. Long since, the cities of our Eastern coast have ceased to be American and have become European. The character of these powerful but dangerous aggregations is notorious; they are known to be foreign in every essential of their structure, their sympathy, and their intent. The prevailing element of the population in all of them is of foreign birth, and much of it is of foreign allegiance.

In these cities a knowledge of the United States no longer

exists, even by tradition. The journalism which prevails, out of which public information is drawn within the circle of each metropolis, is totally ignorant of conditions prevalent west of the Alleghany mountains. To this journalism the valley of the Mississippi is no more than the valley of the Congo. The Metropolitan press is not infected with even the outlines of information relative to the progress of affairs in the great States of the American Union. It is almost wholly concerned with foreign affairs and international contingencies. The mass of the municipal populations read nothing but their newspapers; they know nothing else, and the consequence is that the United States, the people of the United States, the institutions of the United States, the hopes and purposes of the people of the United States are forgotten and cast away by the municipal powers.

Commercialism, having no country of its own, purposely permits and encourages this baleful ignorance; and the result has been that as soon as the recent overture from Great Britain was made known, a universal clamor arose for the acceptance of the delusive proffer. The American newspapers immediately broke out in a chorus of jubilation at the prospect of an international embrace, in the warmth of which commercialism might get an added coal, and the financial despotism of the world be strengthened and confirmed.

It is not a pleasing task, in the midst of all this fraternalism, of all this "English-speaking-race" business, of this outburst and proclamation of an Anglo-American union for the civilization and rectification of the world on moral principles, to utter a note of warning against it, or to contend with the rushing winds which have filled all the house where we are sitting. Nevertheless, we shall do our duty in this great matter. It is of the utmost importance that we should. There has not been such a historical crisis in our country since the outbreak of our Civil War. Perhaps there has not been such a crisis in any nation since the battle of Waterloo. The question is simply this: Whether the nationality of the United States, as that nationality has been defined by our Declaration of Independence, by our Constitution, by the teachings of the fathers, and by all our national

history during the first three-quarters of the present century, shall survive and be perpetuated and defended; or whether all this shall be surrendered in whole or in part by the entrance of the United States into an Anglo-American alliance first and the Concert of Europe afterwards. It is, as we said in our article many months ago, simply a question whether our country is to be and to remain *American* as it has been in the past, or whether we are to abandon our history, lose our characteristics, and become Europeanized.

Than this no greater question has arisen in modern history. The solution of it the one way or the other will perhaps determine the course of civilization for centuries to come. If the United States of America shall continue in the course prescribed by the fathers of the Republic and happily pursued unto the present day this nation must, in the nature of the case, be and become the conspicuous and singular example of political liberty and progress to all the other nations of the world. But if, on the other hand, the United States shall be wrested from the moorings and be carried over and reincorporated as a part and parcel of Europe, then this nation might as well have never been. The distinctive principles and tendencies for which the American Republic has stood, and which it has so favorably exemplified for a century and a quarter might as well have never been known. For why should the human race be mocked and tantalized for a hundred and twenty-five years with the *appearance* and *prospect* of emancipation only to be robbed of its hopes and sent back into that very past from which we escaped with so much hardship and expenditure of blood and treasure in the eighteenth century?

My countrymen: What is the history of the past? It is the story of escape from the thralldom of the Middle Ages. It is the history of brave men, few in numbers, distressed in their lives and fortune, leaving home and memory behind to find a new world and reclaim it as an asylum for the refugees of humanity. They disenthralled themselves and established a refuge. Their coming was an escape from the intolerable conditions which they left behind. That is precisely what was done by our ancestors in the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries. Is it possible that our people in this great day of power have forgotten their origin? Is it possible that they have become so besotted with commerce and so perverted with the abuses of the political life that they have no longer time or place for one brief memory of that glorious past which our colonial fathers made for us two and a-half centuries ago, and which they confirmed for us a hundred and twenty years ago in that memorable and heroic war?

I say to you, ye men of America, that if you have become so oblivious to your past, to its inspirations and its hopes; if you have allowed yourself to be submerged in the ocean of a brutal commercialism; if you have accepted wealth and power as your ideals instead of freedom and humanity and high thought, — then indeed it is time for you to be shocked alive again. Aye, more; you will be shocked in one way or another into a realization of your condition. If reason will do it, well and good. If patriotism reviving in your breasts after this fearful sleep and delusion will do it, well and good. But if not this, then a ruder force will startle you from your stupor. History is cold and cruel. Whenever a race of men loses its virtues, whenever a people become oblivious to the nobler aspects of life and substitute low ideals for the grand hopes and inspirations which they once possessed, then History, if nothing else, will rudely arouse them from their delusion amid the down-rushing of their institutions, the falling away of their fortunes, the collapse of their homes, and the bursting of all the bladders on which they have been swimming.

This fate will come to us, and it is now impending. Therefore we humbly call to you as one who is interested in the welfare of his kind and who loves the great Republic built for him by his fathers to rise up suddenly and to dissipate, as you can easily do, the oncoming calamity of the nation.

Is the American Republic something or nothing? Is it a delusion or is it a fact? Is it something to be admired and defended and adored, or is it the haunt of malcontents, a fiction of demagogues, an arena unfit for "business" to flourish in, and fit only for the parade of anarchy and the display of oratorical exuberance? It is either the one thing

or the other. It is not both. It cannot be both, but only one. For our part, we say that the Republic is something, and not nothing. We say that it is a reality. We say that it is the greatest and most important political fact in the world. We say that it is worth all the other political facts put together. We say that this reality of ours surpasses anything that has been attained in the past history of nations. We say also that it contains the prophecy of a glorious future. We say that the American Republic has furnished a fit abode and shelter for men; and we say that, God willing, we are going to preserve it untarnished for our posterity.

Let us look briefly at what this nation and our frame of government signify. What was really accomplished by our fathers? Their accomplishment was a complete reversal of the past. It was a veritable revolution. It substituted a new ideal for an old ideal of government. Our system declared in its very incipency that government comes from the people and not from heaven. Our fundamental assertion was, and still is, that governments are instituted among men to secure the rights and liberties of the governed; that they derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that whenever a government becomes subversive of this great end it is the right and duty of the people to alter it, amend it, abolish it, cast it away.

These principles are either true or they are not true. If they are true we should take them and keep them as a priceless treasure. Out of them we should construct the anchor of our hope. That anchor we should let down into the deep and turbulent seas of this nineteenth century until the crooked fluke, taking hold of the eternal ledges, shall steady our ship and give us confidence to mock the storms. But if these principles be *not* true then our fathers were deluded; then their work was in vain.

The old theory of government was that it is something external to man. It was handed down to him out of the sky. It came not by human consent but by the grace of God. It was a thing which He gave to kings and princes and royal houses and dynasties. By them it was held as a possession. By them the *Dei Gratia* was accepted and made

the sheet anchor of the system. They floated about for centuries parading the grace of God as their warrant for whatever they did. They could not construct a crown, or make a throne, or coin a florin, or issue an edict, or commit a butchery, or enslave a nation without doing it by the grace of God. The grace of God was the strong card which all of the royal blockheads of Europe held and played for a thousand years, and now at the close of the nineteenth century they are playing it still!

The potentates and rulers across the sea know well that the principle of the American Republic must be extinguished from the affairs of men or that their mediæval *Dei Gratia* must be put away with the other pretensions and shams of antiquity; with the chain and the fagot; with the headsman's block for the rebel and the inquisitorial rack for the unbeliever.

If a step so momentous as this of an alliance with Great Britain should be taken by the United States what does it signify? It signifies that the independence of the Republic, its separation from the political broil of the old world, shall be surrendered or exchanged for the privilege of becoming a member in the European system. The circle is to be widened so as to take us into the partnership; and this exchange of our independence for more princes and more trade is openly advocated by the imperialistic and commercialistic party in our country. It is proposed that we shall give up nationality for internationality; that we shall surrender our unique historical position for the sake of floating away with the rest. It is proposed, in a word, that we shall tie ourselves up as a party to the so-called Concert of Europe.

If the question now before us contemplated only an Anglo-American alliance in which the English-speaking peoples should plant themselves together, that would be a question to be considered on its merits, and perhaps to be decided in the negative. But if this question means, as it does mean, that the American Republic is to surrender to the Concert of Europe in the interest of commerce and for the upbuilding of the universal monarchy, then the question is not debatable —

except under the rules governing the proceedings in a trial for treason.

Even an Anglo-American alliance is doubtless an impossible thing; that is, it is impossible in the simple form in which it is proposed. Great Britain is already the most powerful single factor in the Concert of Europe. Is it to be imagined that she will break her ties with the European system, and permit that system to fall asunder, with the inevitable consequence of a universal war and a probable military continental empire at the end of it — all this for the sake of a fraternal union with the United States? Not she. Great Britain is willing to have the fraternal union with the United States; but she is not willing to abandon her position as a part of the European system. As between the two things she will keep her place in the Concert, and the Anglo-American fraternity will be abandoned as a sentimental delusion.

We do Great Britain the justice to believe that she is not a very willing partner in the great combination of European states. Time and again she has objected, in her surly way, to the manner in which business is transacted by the firm. Sometimes she has gone so far as to refuse to be assessed, or to sign the obligations of the company. But she is the first and most reputable member of the establishment, and her interest in upholding it is greater than the interest of any other member of the company, with the possible exception of the Turk. Great Britain knows that her withdrawal from the combination, which only twenty years ago, at the treaty of Berlin, she was the most powerful in forming, would be to wreck Europe; that is, to wreck the political frame of Europe. It would subject her friend, the sultan, to almost instantaneous extinction. It would make the Rhine once more the bloodiest battlefield that has ever been known in human annals. It would set the roustabout kaiser of the German Empire wild with all the opportunities and hazards of insane ambition. It would turn loose the tsar on Eastern Europe, and with that the nihilistic bomb under his bedstead would explode! Armenia, Greece, Crete, Bulgaria, Montenegro — what would become of them? What would become of all the peoples? They would be robbed and butchered.

But over and above all these portents another question would sound its voice in the ears of Great Britain if she should break with the Concert; and that is, what would become of her blessed bonds? What would become of the public credit? What would become of the national honor? Nay, nay; Great Britain will not abandon the Concert of Europe. She cannot. What she *would* do under the instigation of a conscience rarely quiet and many times inflamed, it would be hard to say; but what she will do, anyone fairly well informed about the conditions in Europe need have no hesitancy in pointing out. She will remain as the cornerstone of the structure. She will continue to stand in with the other powers, influencing them as much as she can, coddling them when the mood is on and hectoring them when the conditions favor, but always in the final emergency combining with them in upholding the Concert.

If we join Great Britain, therefore, *we shall join the Concert of Europe*. We shall, politically speaking, go back and become a party to that nefarious system which, since the age of Louis XIV of France, has determined the shape, complexion, and purpose of European history. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that the people of the United States should at this crisis of our affairs understand what the Concert of Europe is, to the end that they may with right reason decide whether they will or will not become participants therein.

The Concert of Europe is the agreement of the European powers to stand together in the maintenance of the *status in quo*. By the powers we mean the principal governments of Europe as represented by their rulers, their cabinets, their parliaments, their administrations. These powers have agreed for a long time to uphold the existing order. At bottom they all hate one another profoundly, but the hatred is veneered with protestations. There are not any two of them that are sincerely, or ever have been sincerely, devoted the one to the other. It is in the nature of the thing that they should be hostile. No human governments can be friendly, mutually generous, sincerely devoted each to the interests of the other, except those two governments be democracies.

The people of the world do have a common interest. Indeed all of their interests are ultimately common, and when governments are instituted of the people, by the people, and for them, then those governments are naturally accordant. But every government which is organized on any other than the democratic basis is naturally and essentially hostile to each and every government of its kind. Nevertheless, these inimical powers may find it to their advantage to combine in order to preserve themselves and perpetuate the institutions upon which they rest.

Monarchy takes naturally to this method of self-preservation. No two kings were ever in love with each other, though they may pretend to be in love. They may go into partnership and join their forces in the enterprises of both peace and war; but they will never be at heart devoted to each other's interests. They may agree to assist each other in advancing their mutual ambitions. They may make campaigns side by side. They may sail in the same ship, sleep in the same tent, use the same prayer book, and drink out of the same wine cup, but they will continue to hate all the same. Each will watch his opportunity, and each will stab the other whenever he may do so for patriotic or Christian reasons.

It is on these utterly ignoble principles that the political framework of Europe is constructed. Europe is essentially mediæval. Her geography and history are alike derived from those ages of ignorance at which God winked. The political evolution of the whole concern has been marked with all the prodigious crimes and shames which History is called to preserve and record. Let each for himself read and patiently consider the story of the European states from the close of the wars of the Reformation and the settlement of the continent in its present political conditions by the Treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, unto the present time, and he will find in the history such material as will awake him from his dream and dissipate from his mind all passing delusions about the fraternal regard of nations and the beautiful promotion of civilization and Christianity by the coöperation of brotherly kings.

The Concert of Europe was in the first place undertaken

exclusively for the promotion of individual ambitions. The reigning dynasties just emerging from mediævalism were constantly alarmed lest some greater power might swallow them up. The weaker was ever exposed to the rapacity of the stronger. It was simply a question of force. The element of righteousness was not in it. Each sovereign was in mortal dread of a universal conquest — unless it should be made by himself. In that event he was not afraid of it; but the moment he would lay his hand upon his sword he would see the combination of the rest against him.

Before the close of the seventeenth century the system which sprang out of these conditions was in operation in a great part of Europe. The ambitions of Louis XIV were held in check by the counter ambitions of the governments which opposed him. Great Britain, Holland, and Germany dreaded a universal monarchy — unless Great Britain or Holland or Germany should be that monarchy. They began accordingly to construct plans for the limitation of the powers of the others. They invented the fiction of maintaining the *status in quo*. No one of them intended to preserve the *status in quo* any longer than it was to his advantage to preserve it. But they all solemnly agreed that there should be a European balance of power, and this agreement got itself recorded in treaties. When the treaty was broken by war then another treaty would be made, and in that the balance of power would be reaffirmed. Sometimes the affirmation was made at private conferences and sometimes at public congresses. Now it is at Ryswick; now it is at Utrecht; now at Aix-la-Chapelle; once and again it is at Paris; now it is at Vienna; now, after the Crimean War, it is at Paris again; now it is at Frankfort; now it is at San Stefano; now it is at Berlin; but always the same old song, always the same old mockery of promoting the interests of civilization by preserving the European governments, each against the rapacity of the others by the hypocritical concord of the whole.

Note what this European system of the balance of power has become. Note in particular what it has done. Mark its influence upon the destinies of the civilized life. Mark its attitude toward every question of human rights and in par-

ticular toward the democracy of man. The Concert of Europe is a thing in every respect hurtful to human liberty. The Concert of Europe has never promoted a single measure which was calculated to enlarge the dominion of freedom. It has never failed to endorse and promote such measures as were calculated to restrict and limit and confine the natural aspirations of human life. The Concert of Europe has stood for absolutism. It has never stood for liberalism. It has fought against everything that is progressive and revolutionary in the affairs of the world, and has defended and protected every form of tyranny and oppression, provided only that it has been to the interest of the parties to do it.

Space does not permit me to enumerate any considerable portion of the catalogue of national crimes that may rightfully be charged to the Concert of Europe. Under that system the Crimean War was undertaken by France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey against the Russian Empire. What shall we say of the horrors of that conflict? Do we remember the sufferings of the allied armies before Sebastopol? Do we recall the squalid huts in which thousands of soldiers lay all winter long freezing with the bitter weather and burning by turns with intolerable fever? Do we remember Elizabeth Butler's picture of the *Roll Call in the Snow*? Do we see in the midst of the scene of despair the pale figure of Florence Nightingale moving silently back and forth between the long lines of straw-piles burdened with the bodies of the dead and dying? And for what? To prevent Nicholas from having a fleet in the Black Sea and getting out his commerce into the Mediterranean under the guns of the sultan!

Do we recall the Bulgarian horrors which for years sent a shiver to the very marrow of Christendom? Do we recall those other horrors in the Neapolitan prisons the exposure of which by young William E. Gladstone, in 1851, brought his name first to the knowledge of his country and the world? But the government into whose ears he poured the story did not attack and destroy the Neapolitan despot, because the balance of power forbade the interference. Or do we remember the horrors to which the Cretans have been subjected? Do we recall the recent struggles of the Greeks

and the sudden visitation of Turkish vengeance upon them for their insurrection? Did anyone lay a strong hand upon the Ottoman arm at the time of this assault upon the Greeks? Nay; no arm was lifted, and the reason was that the Concert of Europe was obliged to let the sultan do as he would with his own. Or, over and above it all, do we recall — rather have we forgotten — the unspeakable atrocities with which the people of Armenia have been visited? Has the record been laid aside in which is written the story of the unimaginable butcheries with which the Turks swept the Armenian towns and villages with fire and sword, leaving the wounded to writhe and the dead to fester by hundreds and thousands in the streets? I have myself stooped down and examined, here in America, the horrid sword-scars on head and breast of these Armenian exiles, driven forth by the cruel despotism of the Turk.

There are in the city of Boston more than four thousand Armenians who have fled hither for refuge. One has only to know them in order to recognize their high character and virtues. It is openly and justly boasted by the leaders of the Armenian colony in this city that not one of all their number has, since coming to America, engaged in a disreputable business; not one of them owns a whiskey shop, and not one keeps a brothel. These are the people on whom the Turks fell in the Armenian massacres. Their fathers and brothers and kinsmen; aye, their sisters, their sweethearts, and their wives are sleeping the sleep of death in that far-off land. And they were sent to their doom by the assault of a brutal soldiery turned loose upon them by the authority of the sultan under this blessed Concert of Europe.

Great Britain is a party to it. Great Britain let it be done. She, with all the other principal powers of Europe, had agreed beforehand that it might be done; for they had entered into a compact that the *status in quo* shall be maintained; and this implied that each sovereign, within his own dominions, shall do as he pleases with his own. Are not these good kings who sit on thrones and minister in seraglios the ordained and anointed of God? And shall not we who are the organs and officers of God's administration in

the world uphold our brethren and keep them from harm while they "preserve order" in their dominions and butcher their subjects as they will?

It were easy to fill a volume with the story of what the Concert of Europe has done in the last two centuries of time. The composition of such a work, however, would involve a peculiar mental and moral constitution in the writer. It would imply that he could recite the story of all crimes and shames with intellectual indifference, and that the contemplation of the brutalities which he must consider and record should not convert him into a beast.

Into this Concert of Europe we are asked to enter. We are asked to abandon the traditions of the American Republic and to accept other traditions instead. We are asked to abandon our revolutionary history as an outworn tale. We are asked to agree that the rebellious course taken by our ancestors was an error in policy and a historical crime in its motive. We are asked to accept a system under which all rebellion and all insurrection must be avoided, since rebellion and insurrection are unfavorable to the enterprises of commercialism and a menace to the stability of government. We are asked to adopt a system of society and state in which even a protest against the existing order shall be denounced as an emanation of anarchy. We are asked to accept the theorem that human society ceased in its evolution in the sixteenth century — that while all other facts and phenomena in the natural and spiritual world have gone on in the progress from the worse to the better condition, political society and the civil form of states and nations have progressed not in the least, and never shall progress again.

If it were not a repetition of what has been a hundred, aye, a thousand times already recited, I would again enumerate some of the facts in the current history of Europe, all of which are necessary to the Concert, and all of which are upheld and defended by it. Look for example at the military condition of Europe. It is a field of armies and arsenals. It is a bivouac and a fortress. Every state has a prodigious standing army, constantly re-armed and re-supplied with the newest weapons and the most deadly missiles of destruction.

We should not be surprised if the target practice of Europe costs year by year as much as all its asylums !

The annual military expenditure of the nations is something that would be appalling to any other association of mortals, except only the managers of the balance of power. Every dollar of this incalculable expenditure is drawn from the labor of Europe. It is taken without an equivalent from the toiling masses. What do the European governments give back to their people in return and compensation for their infinite outlay of toil and blood ? These governments give back to their subjects one privilege—the privilege to be shot in the interest of Christian civilization.

Meanwhile, the tsar visits the emperor, and the emperor visits the tsar. Both of them visit the capital of France. To the credit of Victoria be it said that she does not make many calls. But she has to receive calls and to express her "distinguished consideration" for the personages who make them. When the barbarous and bloodthirsty Shah comes around she must entertain him ; for he is her brother ! He must stand at the royal reception on the dais by the side of the Prince of Wales. When the sultan comes, he too is the Empress's good brother ; he must be honored even with the bloody stains of the Bulgarian butcheries on him. Aye, more ; we can hardly doubt that, under the prevailing conditions in our own Republic, Muzaffar-ed-din and Abdul the Damned would be acceptable guests at Washington city. The fraternal regard of nations would require a presidential reception in order that the representatives of the sixteenth century should be embraced and caressed by the representative of the nineteenth century.

I recall the fact that on a certain occasion, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Elizabeth of England received the Spanish ambassador in a room dimly lighted and hung in black. It is probable that the frown on the face of Bessie Tudor on that occasion was something fearful to see. But Abdul-Hamid would not be received with a frown at the presidential mansion. Thus far at least we have proceeded towards a cheerful acceptance of a place in the Concert of Europe. To this extent the democratic Republic instituted

by our fathers has been already degraded; and now under the specious invitation to enter into a fraternal alliance with England we are asked to exchange our national independence for an international dependence on the powers of Europe — Turkey with the rest.

There is a reason for all things. There is a profound reason for the overture which has been made to us to become participant in an Anglo-American alliance. It is the old story over again. The overture of friendship and sympathy, the invitation to form a union on the basis of language and race, has come for the reason that it is necessary in order to drive the last nail in the coffin of financial righteousness. Before the death of Gladstone, when the question was pending in England of restoring the bimetallic system of currency, the veteran statesman, forgetting the prodigious blunder which he made in his Newcastle speech during our Civil War, referred publicly and in a jocular manner to the fact that Great Britain, having invested about ten billions of dollars in America, was not likely to accept in payment any measure of value except gold. Great Britain had not become so philanthropic as to give away a part of her claim by permitting it to be discharged in silver *or* gold at the option of the payer. These sayings went abroad as an example of aphoristic wisdom proceeding from the sage of Hawarden.

The sage, however, omitted to mention the fact that every dollar of British investment in the United States, unless privately stipulated to be payable in gold, was made on the basis of our American bimetallic system of money — that every dollar of it was legally, rightfully, justly, payable according to the terms of our system; that is, in silver or gold at the option of the payer. He omitted to state the fact that the contract between the British bondholders and the American debtors is specifically a *coin* contract, and that "coin" notoriously signifies both silver *and* gold as a standard of final payment. He omitted to state the fact that any deviation from the contract, as here defined, is in the nature of a national and international fraud — of which, in the case under consideration, Great Britain would be the beneficiary and America the loser.

The course of events in the United States for the last ten years has indicated unmistakably the complete restoration of our impaired bimetallic system of money. If that restoration can be prevented by any power, national or international, then, of a certainty, all the obligations of the United States will be made payable in gold only, in which event Great Britain will receive her payment according to the coveted standard of gold. If the complete restoration of our bimetallic system should be effected, then Great Britain as our principal creditor will have to accept in payment the dollar of the law and the contract; that is, the alternative dollar of silver or gold at the option of the payer. To prevent this contingency is one of the most powerful and interested motives which has existed since that date when the "preservation of the public credit" and the "defence of the national honor" became the hypocritical watchwords of the money kings of the world.

If we should enter into a fraternal embrace with Great Britain — if we should become allied with her in intimate friendship and coöperation in the manner suggested by the prevailing enthusiasm — then, of a certainty, the bimetallic system of money will receive its quietus forever. Then, of a certainty, will the dollar of the contract be finally discarded from both the national and international business of mankind, and the single standard of gold will be riveted upon all nations. To accomplish this end is worth much to Great Britain. To accomplish it is a burden to the United States. To accomplish this end will fill the coffers of the money lords of London and Amsterdam to overflowing with the gold of the American mines and mints; but it will leave the United States impoverished, and will reduce our people ultimately to industrial servitude.

If this were just we should have nothing to say; but it is not just. On the contrary, it is wholesale outrage and robbery. We have not promised to discharge our obligations to Europe according to the standard of gold. This fact is so notorious that when the recent bond-grab of \$400,000,000 was carried through Congress under the pretence of furnishing revenue for the prosecution of the Spanish war the bonds ordered were once more by specification made payable, not in

gold, but in *coin* only. The policy of the money power in all the world is to force upon the word "coin" the meaning *gold*; and the hope of doing this has been the deep-down motive with those who have touched off the prevailing conflagration of sentiment and enthusiasm for an Anglo-American alliance.

We will have none of it. We are not to be taken in. Our gullible age has passed. Bitter experience has somewhat improved our faculties. We intend to stand fast with the old democratic Republic. We intend to stand with it or fall with it. Our fortunes are all involved, and our hopes for the future, the aspirations which we cherish for the coming glory of a free government, instituted by the people for themselves, are all part and parcel of the policy of national independence as against all entanglements with foreign powers.

There are conditions, however, under which the case may be different. If the concession shall be made from the other side and not from this side, then we are willing to join hands and fortunes with all them that make it. What does the concession involve? It involves on the part of the European governments *the abandonment of their mediæval pretensions and the acceptance of democracy as the bottom principle of society and state.* With this, AND NOTHING LESS THAN THIS, we shall be satisfied. We, too, hope in some good day to see internationality accomplished. We, also, cherish the dream that the time will come when nations shall be fraternal. But we have one undeviating principle upon which our hope and our dream are based; and that principle is, and that dream is that the nations, becoming fraternal, shall also become both democratic and humane.

Hereditary monarchy, and indeed monarchy of any kind, consists not with human liberty and with the welfare of the race. Monarchy is a sham; it is a delusion. It has no right to exist. Whatever may be its antecedents, it is an offence against civilization. As long as monarchy exists the standing army will exist; the floating navy will exist. As long as monarchy exists the rulers of the world will continue to express to each other their "distinguished consideration,"

and at the same time will plant their swords in each other's pericardia.

For the English people we have the greatest respect, and the respect is mingled with admiration and affection. The English people are among the strongest, if not the very strongest, type of mankind. They have substantial merits which cannot be overlooked by any unprejudiced mind. The English people have fought a victorious battle over nature, and a glorious battle with barbarism. They have shown a power and a persistency the like of which we think has not been witnessed in any other age or nation. They have colonized the world; they have mastered the inhospitable ocean. They have planted dominions on foreign shores. Our own Thirteen States of the eighteenth century were the result of English planting. We grew out of the loins of this strong, resolute, determined, and liberty-loving stock of men, and we shall not be behind in awarding to them the full praise to which they are entitled.

It is against the institutional life of Great Britain that we protest. It is the fear of that institutional life which holds us back even in this day of rampant fraternalism. We adopt with only a slight change of phraseology the old Vergilian verse :

"Timeo Britannos et dona ferentes."

We distrust the Britons even when they bring their gifts — not because of a want of appreciation of the race character of our more remote ancestors, but because of the organic conditions in which the Britons are involved. They have a hereditary monarchy. They have an aristocratic organization of society. They have an absolute House of Lords. They have the absurd principle and practice of primogeniture. They have the doctrine of entail. They have everything of an institutional character which is not democratic — except always the magnificent House of Commons and the Responsible Ministry. It is because of this institutional depravity, and because of what we believe to be the interested motive of commercialism threatening to enforce upon us by a deceitful intrigue the necessity of paying to the bondholders of Great Britain fully ten billions of dollars by

the single standard of gold, when every dollar of the debt was contracted on the basis of our bimetallic system in the United States, — it is for this reason that we are obliged to reject the proffered hand and to go on our solitary way of independence and separate nationality.

As to the hand of the English people, we grasp it, because we think that ultimately it is, or will be, the hand of democracy; and whoever in this world — whether it be on shore or sea, whether it be of the white man, the yellow man, or the man in black — extends the hand of democracy to us, it shall be seized with an answering clasp for the promotion, not of such a fact as the Concert of Europe, but for the promotion of a humane and generous civilization throughout the earth.

THE CRIMINAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INSANE:

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CASE OF
EUGENE BURT.*

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THERE is a widespread and growing conviction that the reform of the criminal law is a pressing necessity. In another paper † I ventured to suggest, as accounting in a large measure for the inefficiency of our penal statutes, the fact that they are enacted, for the most part, by men who make no pretension to scientific knowledge, and are notoriously averse to being advised. The unwise policy that obtains in some States of paying legislators day-laborers' wages is largely responsible for this. Such pay is not calculated to command a high order of lawmaking talent. The legislature is composed of representative citizens,—farmers, merchants, mechanics, lawyers,—most of whom have no knowledge of science, and do not want to be told; they cannot be prevailed upon to make any reforms in accord with the teachings of science. It is this element that defeats all efforts of the medical profession in Texas to secure legislation in the interest of public health. That the jurisprudence of insanity is far behind the present status of medical science on this subject is very generally admitted; it belongs to a past age, and is therefore not adapted to the needs of a later-day civilization. On this head Judge Abbott ‡ says:

"The rude division into 'idiots' and 'lunatics' of two centuries ago survives in jurisprudence to-day. . . . Jurisprudence has had no peculiar method of studying the subject, but has been accustomed to follow the course of medical

* This paper is substantially a lecture which was delivered by invitation before the Law School of the University of Texas in May, 1897.

† "A Plea for Reform in Criminal Jurisprudence."

‡ "Reference Handbook of Medical Sciences."

science, and to accept, sometimes indeed only after long hesitation and inquiry, the results which skilful and experienced alienists have united in declaring established."

This is a remarkable statement. What other course than that of medical science should our lawmakers follow in legislating upon a subject better understood by physicians than by any other class of investigators? From what other source is it to be expected that jurisprudence would derive the information necessary to guide them in settling questions involving the sanity of a supposed offender?

"The English law," says Mr. Tracy Becker,* "recognizes two states of mental disease: 1st, 'Dementia Naturalis,' and 2nd, 'Dementia Adventitia,' under which head general insanity is included." There are forty-four forms of insanity known to alienists.

My convictions on this subject have been greatly strengthened by witnessing recently in Austin, Texas, the trial of a man for the murder of his family under circumstances of peculiar atrocity; a man evidently insane. That case forms the basis of this criticism. The facts as elicited at the trial are as follows. The killing by defendant, and everything as detailed below, were admitted by the defence notwithstanding that there were no witnesses, and that all the evidence as to the act itself was circumstantial. I quote from brief of defendant:

"On the night of July 24, 1896, defendant (W. E. Burt, white, native Texan, age 27) and his wife were at home at half-past eight or nine o'clock, when by the nurse the younger child was delivered to him, and the elder to the wife. After the lapse of a little while he went to the dining-room, filled a bottle with milk for such younger child, went upstairs to the room where he and his wife and children slept, leaving the wife, the elder child, and the servant in the lower rooms; this was the last of the younger child ever seen alive. After a time the servant departed, and did not return until 11 o'clock. All was quiet in the house at that time. A day or two before this he was seen coming from the stable with a grass sack in his hand which contained something. At some hour

* Witthaus and Becker's "System of Medical Jurisprudence."

of the night, in their bedroom, the defendant killed his wife and two children by striking each of them in the right temple and side of the face with a hatchet, crushing the bones of the face, and fracturing the skulls. He then tightly tied around the throat of each a handkerchief, sufficiently so to produce strangulation and suffocation; then enveloped the body of the wife, except the feet, in a blanket, and wound around the blanket ropes so as to keep the blanket in place and the body enveloped. He tied the hands and feet of the two children with wires and other ligatures, they being in their nightclothes. He then conveyed the bodies, by some means, in his arms (or by lowering them from a window, or through it, casting them out), from the upstairs room to the lower floor, to an underground cistern in the basement of the house, and cast the three bodies therein, and then nailed down the top of the cistern, which had been ripped off to admit the bodies. There was water in the cistern sufficient to submerge the bodies; the water in the cistern was in daily use by the household thereof. He took the handle of the cistern pump and secreted it. [Not a sign or stain of blood was seen anywhere.]

"The servant returned about 11 o'clock and slept in the house, but heard no noise except a faint dreamlike remembrance of hearing a child cry. The next morning at about 7 o'clock he rapped at the servant's door, awakening her, and requesting her to go to market, a thing she was not in the habit of doing. He was not seen again until the servant returned from market. On her return she took the teakettle, purposing to fill it with water, and in taking hold of it made a noise, when defendant said to her, 'Don't use the water from the cistern, as a cat fell in there last night.' Some questions about the wife and children arose, when he said that he had had some trouble in the night, and had sent them to San Antonio on the 5 o'clock train, but that they would be back Tuesday or Wednesday and everything would be in readiness to go keeping house at the Scott place. His breakfast being prepared, defendant gave a note to the servant to be carried to a cartman, directing him to go to the store of defendant's brothers and procure and bring

to the house some boxes; he also gave her some money to buy some nails and bring to him; all of which was done as directed; and the cartman, on bringing the boxes, was requested to return at 3 or 4 o'clock. He ate his breakfast; he sent the servant with a note to a second-hand furniture man to come and look at the furniture and other household effects. He came and looked at the effects, and asked the price wanted, and was told one hundred and fifty dollars, but finally he agreed to take sixty-five dollars, and the trade was consummated at those figures, and the goods delivered.

"During the day the bloody clothing, sheets, bolsters, and pillows, and other blankets, comforts, all more or less bloody, a bloody hatchet, the hats and bonnets of the wife and miscellaneous clothing of the children (not bloody), bloody cotton from the mattress, portions of the ticking from a mattress, all bloody, were all packed in the packing boxes and nailed up, and at 4 o'clock delivered to the cartman to be conveyed to the transportation office for shipment from a fictitious person to a fictitious person in Houston, Texas. The addresses on the boxes were written in a feigned handwriting by the defendant. During the day he had various money transactions with different persons, wrote various notes, tore some up, and others were delivered to the persons to whom written. He was in or about the house the greater part of the day. In the evening the milkman came, whom defendant met at the door and said, 'This is the milkman,' got a pitcher for the milk, and told him the family had moved to 912 Rio Grande Street (there being no such street number), and that the next day he, the milkman, would find in the milk pitcher two tickets instead of one. At that time he appeared weary, as if having been hard at work, in shirt sleeves, breathing hard, and face flushed. He packed three valises and put them in the back premises of the next house during the evening.

"Later in the evening, towards night, he went to a hotel, ate supper, went to a barber shop and was shaved; returned to the hotel and played checkers until towards train time. Did not conceal the fact that he was on the eve of departure. To one he said he was going to Dallas; to another,

San Antonio; to another, Georgetown; to another, Fort Worth. At the time named he went to the place where he had deposited his valises, obtained them, and made his way to the depot; remained in and around the depot until train time; train came in at about 11.40 P. M. Did not buy a ticket to Chicago, boarded the train, rode on it in a seat with a party whom he knew and who knew him, conversed on different subjects.

"He was apprehended in Chicago about thirty days thereafter, and extradited for trial on charge of having murdered his wife and children. At the time of the murder he was out of business, without any ready means; judgment of forcible detainer had been rendered against him for the possession of the house in which he lived; process to oust him was in the hands of an officer, and the 24th of July was the last day he had permission of the owner to remain on the premises. [I will here state that he was under the impression that his bondsmen were going to give him up to the law to stand trial for forgery or embezzlement, for which he stood indicted, and his prospects for a long term of imprisonment were very strong. It is important to bear this in mind.] At no time anterior to the said July 24, nor on that day, nor on the day subsequent thereto, did he, to many friends and acquaintances, and those with whom he transacted business, present a demeanor, appearance, habits, or conversation different to what was usual with him."

The affection of the accused towards his family was a noted and remarked fact by those who knew them. He was indicted in one count charging murder of wife, the killing alleged to have been done with some cutting instrument; 2nd, by strangulation; and 3d, by drowning. The plea of "not guilty" was entered. The defence was insanity; but no suggestion was made that the defendant was insane at the time of the trial.

A hypothetical question based on the foregoing facts was submitted to Dr. T. D. Wooten, his two sons, Drs. Joseph S. and G. H. Wooten, Dr. M. M. Smith, Dr. R. S. Graves, city physician, Dr. J. A. Davis, late assistant physician at the lunatic asylum, and Dr. B. M. Worsham, superintendent

of the State lunatic asylum at Austin, witnesses for the State. They gave it as their opinion that on the night of July 24, 1896, Burt was sane. These gentlemen, or some of them, at the request of the State's attorneys, examined the defendant in jail, taking measurements of his head, testing the reflexes, etc., with the purpose of ascertaining his mental condition at the time of the trial, a question not at issue; and they gave it as their opinion that he was sane.

The hypothetical question embraced none of the facts elicited from witnesses for the defence, presently to be enumerated. When a hypothetical question, embracing exclusively the facts elicited from witnesses for the defence, was put to these same witnesses, they gave it as their opinion that on the night of July 24 Burt was insane. These facts were:

1. There was insanity in the family; it was hereditary; had appeared in grandfather and other members.

2. His mother, while pregnant with him, was wild, violently insane, and had to be restrained.

3. He was a congenital moral pervert.

4. In childhood he was cruel, stole, lied.

5. As he grew to manhood he became alienated from his brothers, his only near relatives, and without cause.

6. Subsequently he became silent, morose; stole money, embezzled money, and committed forgery when there was no need of doing so; forging checks for trifling sums, \$2 and \$4.

7. He was devoted to his wife and children; had often been seen helping his wife in her household duties, even cooking; and he spent his evenings at home in preference to elsewhere, apparently preferring the society of his family to all other.

8. For the killing there was no ascertainable reason or cause.

Dr. R. M. Swearingen, State Health Officer and Surgeon-General of Texas, Dr. J. W. McLaughlin, Dr. R. P. Talley, an uncle of the accused, physicians of large experience in general practice, and Dr. R. K. Smoot, a Presbyterian minister of Austin, were witnesses for defence. All of them had known the accused more or less intimately since his childhood. These witnesses gave it as their opinion that on the night of July

24 Burt was insane, Dr. McLaughlin qualifying his opinion by saying that he was "morally insane," a congenital "moral pervert." Dr. D. R. Wallace, of Waco, Texas, also summoned by defence, a physician of many years' experience in treating the insane, having long been superintendent of the State asylums at Austin and Terrell, and perhaps of all those summoned best qualified to give an opinion on the subject, gave it as his opinion that at the time of the killing defendant was of unsound mind. When asked if he was insane, he answered "No, not insane, but of unsound mind."

That is a distinction without a difference. All authorities agree that "insane" and "of unsound mind" are synonymous; that a person of unsound mind is insane. Professor Fisher says: "There is no distinction between 'insanity' and 'unsound mind.' "*"

So that Dr. Wallace, though unintentionally, gave it as his opinion that Burt was insane on the night of the killing. Nevertheless, his opinion, as worded by himself, had the moral effect of an opinion adverse to the accused, and was so accepted by the court.

It was also in evidence that defendant had been a bright boy. He had been brought up under good moral influences, his parents being eminently respectable Christian people, and he had had a happy home; yet at an early age he showed marked depravity; would lie and steal, and was cruel to dumb creatures; nailed a living rabbit to the ground, for instance. He was an affectionate son and brother. At the time of his father's death (his father had been a popular physician in Austin) in July, 1886, when this boy was sixteen years and nine months old, a marked change came over his nature and conduct. From a genial, happy member of a peaceful household, he suddenly became morose, taciturn, suspicious; held off from intercourse with the family; became alienated from his brothers, who are exemplary citizens of Austin, and who did all in their power to assist him in his misfortunes and pecuniary troubles. They took him into their employment when he failed at all else, but he stole goods and money which he could have had for the asking;

* Witthaus and Becker's "System of Medical Jurisprudence."

paid him out of several scrapes, and were on his bond at the time of this act, he being, as stated, under indictment for forgery or embezzlement. He regarded his brothers as his enemies, and had the belief that they had designs on his life. They had to send him away from their place of business.

A point here furnishes a link in the chain of presumptive evidence of insanity, which was not mentioned at the trial or brought to the attention of the experts. At the time of his father's death, when the first marked change in the boy's character was observed, he was in his seventeenth year, at the age of puberty, when any tendency to insanity is apt to be developed. So well is this established that the "insanity of puberty" is enumerated as one of the marked forms of the disease. In this case, with a strong hereditary predisposition, the marked change of habits and manners, taken in connection with the early evidences of a blunted sense, would appear to be a valuable diagnostic sign, which furnishes a link in the chain of the progressive development of the disease. A characteristic of this form of insanity is that the subject takes strong dislikes, especially to his nearest relatives.

The verdict of the jury was murder in the first degree, and the penalty death. An appeal was taken, and on June 9, 1897, the appellate court affirmed the verdict, and on May 27 last the accused was hanged.

From the standpoint of the medical jurist, the jurisprudence of insanity is defective in at least three particulars :

1. The defendant in a case of the kind under consideration has not the benefit of a diagnosis by the light of modern science, because recent discoveries and conclusions of medical science are not comprehended in the existing system. The laws have not been made to conform thereto, nor do the courts permit text-books, the standard authorities, to be quoted in support of alleged insanity.

2. The law leaves to the determination of a jury, often of unenlightened men, metaphysical questions that baffle the ablest scientific minds, to wit: the existence or non-existence of insanity, the degree of impairment of free will, and the extent of responsibility of a person adjudged insane by medical experts.

8. The courts do not exercise proper discrimination in allowing medical men to pose as experts.

1. We will show what the popular and generally accepted conceptions of insanity are, and the old pathology on which the system of jurisprudence is based, and compare it with modern conclusions as established by the latest authorities, on which, as I contend, a revised system should be formulated.

Professor Charles F. Folsom says : *

"The popular idea of insanity is of wild, incoherent, or crazy conduct. If maniacal, the timid, frightened young girl, who would not hurt a fly, and the tottering, harmless old man, if confused and partly demented, are hurried off to an asylum, . . . while the victim of overwhelming delusions, because he seems clear, logical, and collected, is vigorously defended against the physician's imputation of insanity, until he commits an offence against the laws, when he is fortunate if he is not treated as a criminal. It is often impossible for judges, juries, counsel, and even medical experts to wholly divest themselves of the popular notions of insanity in cases appealing strongly to the passions or prejudices of the day. Cases involving the question of responsibility for crime are decided against science and the evidence, because of certain preconceived notions of insanity which no amount of skilled opinion can controvert. Jurors and, less often, judges make up their minds what a sane man would do under given conditions, and of what an insane man is capable, judging from the facts within their own experience; and in forming their decision it is the act itself, and not the man, diseased or otherwise, in connection with the act, that chiefly governs them. . . . Strange, apparently purposeless, illogical, inconsistent action is frequently attributed to the author being insane on that subject, whereas he may be simply acting from a strong impulse or emotion, and may be by no means insane. On the other hand, because a man knows right from wrong in the abstract, and can ordinarily behave well, the very characteristic workings of his insane mind are often seized upon as unquestionable proof of sanity, even when admitting of no other explanation to the skilled physician

* Pepper's "System of Medicine."

than that of insanity. . . . With precisely the same degree of insanity, and the same power to control their actions, two murderers may be sentenced, the one to death for an act where the motive and method were those of the criminal, and the other to an insane asylum for killing a person under circumstances which are not explainable by sane reason."

Buchnill says :*

"It is a trite but most important observation that in the question of what constitutes insanity, the members of the two great and learned professions, law and medicine, entertain essentially different and seemingly irreconcilable views, and that on the question of the irresponsibility of criminals who are supposed to be insane, there is a wide chasm of difference between them. To a certain extent this is true, and perhaps inevitable; and the reason for it is not hard to find: that the two professions have to regard insanity and to deal with the insane with different aims and purposes—the physician to prevent and cure, the main question with him being to prevent its interference with the duration and enjoyment of life. To the lawyer . . . the sole question is its existence, its degree, and its influence on the conduct; it is, with him, not a medical question, but a moral one. . . . The degree of loss of free will is a question for the jury; the fact that the will is impaired is for the expert to establish. . . . A person may be insane medically, yet not in the eye of the law. It is for the jury or experts to determine the fact of insanity; the courts to determine its effects on civil rights."

Like the shield which to one observer was golden, and to the other argent, insanity presents itself in different aspects according as it is regarded from one standpoint or another.

"Our conception of mental disease," says Professor Fisher,† "depends entirely whether we look at it from a medical or a legal standpoint."

Ray says (*ibid.*):

"Insanity in medicine has to do with a prolonged departure of the individual from his natural mental state, arising from bodily disease. Insanity in law covers nothing more

* "Insanity in its Legal Relation."

† Witthaus and Becker's "System of Medical Jurisprudence."

than the relation of the person and the particular act which is the subject of judicial investigation. The legal problem is, whether there was mental capacity and moral freedom to do, or abstain from doing, that particular act. The general meaning of insanity in law is, a permanently disordered state of the mind, produced by disease, and beyond the control of the individual."

Professor B. Sachs says: *

"Very few legal minds have been able to get beyond this antiquated view of the relation of insanity to crime. In Germany and France the more intelligent judges have been guided by the opinions of the medical experts, but even there they are not bound by such opinions; and it has happened time and again that the judge, having asked for and received the opinion of the expert, has promptly set it aside and decided the question to the contrary. . . . This right and wrong test has been the stumbling-block in the advance of legal psychiatry; and, as a matter of fact, if the test were applied to the insane (in an asylum), nine out of every ten would have to be declared sane, for the most of them are perfectly aware of the nature of the acts they commit; the majority of them know that they are right or wrong according to the ordinary standards; but they are impelled, either by sudden influences or by sudden forcible delusion, to the commission of acts which they know to be wrong, and which they, if sane, would never have committed."

Witthaus and Becker say: †

"The knowledge of right and wrong is not a fair criterion, as many insane men possess that knowledge well enough in the abstract. . . . A man may know right from wrong, and yet not have the will power to abstain from doing what he knows to be wrong."

Dr. R. M. Bucke, superintendent of the largest insane asylum in Canada, with a view to determine this question, canvassed the 1,034 inmates, and found that 763 "were perfectly capable of realizing and appreciating such an act as homicide in its moral and legal relations." In other words,

* *Insanity and Crime*; Hamilton's "System of Legal Medicine,"

† "System of Medical Jurisprudence."

"nearly three-fourths of the inmates were responsible and fit subjects for capital punishment as the law now exists." (See his report for 1896.)

Dr. John B. Hamilton, superintendent of State Lunatic Asylum of Illinois, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, says :

"The legal standard of responsibility (knowing right from wrong) given in the famous answer of the judges to the House of Lords in connection with the celebrated McNaughten case, . . . which has been adopted in this country, has always, from the first, had the disapproval of competent alienists, those who of all men are best qualified to estimate the responsibility of the mentally defective. They have used every argument against it; have proved that it is a false criterion in almost every possible way, have shown clinically and pathologically its incorrectness, but have not as yet been able to thoroughly eradicate the belief in its validity from the legal mind."

He stigmatizes it as "irrational barbarism." The celebrated alienist Dr. Morel was seized with an irresistible impulse to throw a working man into the river, and fled from the spot to prevent doing so. Numerous cases are recorded illustrating this lack of power to resist an impulse, knowing it to be wrong; no fact is better established in the whole science of criminology. In works on medical jurisprudence a case is related of a woman who had an impulse to kill her children and asked to be locked up. Such cases are innumerable.

To many persons the sight of a sharp instrument prompts the desire or impulse to kill some one; and there are persons who dare not carry such weapons for fear they may do themselves or friends harm. Burt, when arrested, asked the sheriff to take his knife, "for fear he might hurt some one." There is, indeed, a form of insanity called "reasoning insanity," in which the person understands what he is doing and the true relation of the act in its social and legal aspects. "He, however, prefers the consequences to the restless, unhappy state of mind that exists until it is done." (Dr. Hamilton, *ubi supra*.)

The greatest advances in the study of mental diseases have been made within the last quarter of a century. Within that period medical science has realized that insanity is a manifestation of disease of the brain (though disease of the brain is not necessarily insanity); that the brain, the organ of the mind, is the seat of the disease; and that there can be no such thing as partial insanity. A man is insane or he is not insane, as he may be sick or well; but it is a matter of degree. Thus for the first time in the history of medicine has there been a scientific basis for insanity; and the study suggested by this view has enabled alienists to formulate a rational classification of the disease. In that time, too, a new science has been born, the science of criminology, or criminal anthropology; and those cases known to alienists as "borderland cases," so-called moral insanity, a condition between insanity and depravity, and barely distinguishable, if at all, are now recognized as forms of congenital madness. Gorofalo was the first to differentiate them, and to him belongs the credit of defining their characteristics. Lombroso, Gorofalo, Ferri, and others of the new school describe these as "congenital delinquents," "degenerates," "natural insane criminals;" and with painstaking care Ferri* has pointed out the distinguishing features of each class. Lombroso and his followers have even formulated a set of physical defects or marks — "stigmata" — as distinctive and diagnostic.

This new school classifies criminals into: (1) The madman born (the born murderer is a born madman); (2) The homicide by occasion; (3) The homicide by passion; (4) The habitual homicide. None of these concern us except the first, the natural criminal, who is always mad. He is born to kill; and, given the opportunity and the impulse, he can no more help killing than a stone can help falling when thrown into the air; he kills in obedience to an impulse for which he is not responsible, and which he cannot control.

In the congenital criminal insane (mark the distinction between "criminal insane" and "insane criminal," the one being born insane with homicidal impulses; the other being a criminal who has become insane.— Flint) the most marked

* Enrique Ferri on "Homicide," vol. 2.

psychological characteristics, as pointed out by Ferri (who uses for this class the synonym, "congenital delinquent," or "born delinquent," that is, the victim of an hereditary predisposition to insanity, with homicidal impulses), are : moral and physical insensibility ; insensibility toward the victim, toward the sufferings of others ; a cold ferocity in the execution of the crime ; an apathetic impassibility after committing the crime, and even at the sight of the victim ; quiet sleep after the deed ; impassibility to their punishment, and indifference to death, often resulting in suicide. This ferocity, this indifference, says Ferri, this insensibility of the born homicide, serve as a psychological explanation of other characteristics conjoined to these. The indifference is chronic, manifesting itself in preoccupation with most trivial things, which cannot be attributed to corruption during confinement. (Note Burt's trifling conduct in prison : his putting on a mask and charging a fee to show his face, etc.). They feel no repugnance to the idea or to the act of homicide ; they have no moral sense ; they have no remorse concerning their offence. "To this absence of remorse must be added stubborn denial, indifference as to escaping punishment, and the easy adaptation to prison life."

"Altruistic sentiments," says the author, "such as love, family affection, etc., are not lacking in the congenital mad homicide. They are not even incapable of noble actions, but their immoral temperament renders them unstable, contradictory, and thus that same altruistic sentiment may find expression in their very crime."

The fundamental psychological characteristic he defines thus : "An abnormal impulsiveness of action, for lack of, or owing to weak, power of resistance to criminal desires ; a normal man subject to such impulses can resist them." He cites also the case of Dr. Morel and other cases. The congenital mad homicide cannot thus defend himself. These facts are due, he says, to congenial weakness or arrest of development ; such defectives are not apt, not educated, to resist. Of the psycho-pathological symptoms of the congenital mad homicide, Ferri says : "The deliberations of this unhappy person are due to either a slow invasion of the

homicidal idea" (which he calls "homicidal obsession") or "momentary impulse." Hence two distinct generic types of psycho-pathological characteristics.

In the first type the desire to commit crime "springs from a slow and reflective process, which increases from the weak or static state (obsession) until it becomes an irresistible impulse and takes violent and dynamic form, finding vent in the criminal act. Sometimes he has a perfect cognizance of his own madness, of the act he intends to commit, and of the punishment due to it; nevertheless this will not, cannot, deter him unless external or fortuitous causes intervene." The madman affected by homicidal obsession is incapable of restraining himself. This author cites the case of a man who, unable to dominate the violent force impelling him to murder his wife and children, consigned himself to the police and had himself locked up.

In the second type the determination to homicide "proceeds from a spontaneous impulse" (as was Dr. Swearingen's opinion in the Burt case), the "transitory mania" of the old school of psychiatry; "impulsive insanity" (homicidal) of the newer; "impulsive vertigo," without a real motive.

Perhaps the most significant characteristic distinguishing the born murderer (congenital mad delinquent) from the murderer by habit or occasion, as pointed out by Ferri, whose work may be taken as the exponent of the latest teachings on insanity and crime, is that, whereas the latter has always some selfish purpose or benefit in view, antisocial in its nature, murder being a means to that end, with the congenital criminal insane (of which class I regard Burt as a striking illustration) the murder is itself the end; killing to kill, impulse without motive, or as "a means to an end more often social or juridic;" that is, "as a defence of the victims from misery or want, or a worse fate."

Still another characteristic of the born insane homicide which Ferri names, is that he is possessed with the idea (obsession) to sacrifice the victim for his own good, or for the good of both self and victim. I have not the slightest doubt that Burt intended to complete the tragedy by suicide, but that either he was interrupted by some circumstance,

or the obsession passed off before he effected his purpose. Ferri also says of the congenital mad murderer, that his previous conduct is often regular, when suddenly, some time before the murder, a change of life and character takes place. Striking characteristics are: his attitude during trial; his protests that he is not mad; the dissimulation of his insanity, or even his simulating another form of madness than that from which he suffers; non-resistance to arrest; no attempt, or a silly one, to escape.

"The absence of any real motive," says Professor Fisher,* "the history of hereditary taint, a neurotic disposition, seem to establish proof of mental weakness, at least approximating the confines of insanity."

Mr. Louis E. Binsse says: †

"Evidence of the want of motive on the part of the accused for the perpetration of the deed is considered to be a strong corroboration of the fact of irresponsibility."

Chief Justice Hornblower (*State vs. Spencer*, N. Y.) says:

"I do not say that the absence of apparent motive invariably exists in cases of homicide committed by insane persons, but I say it generally is the case."

"Motiveless homicidal ideas occur to husbands and wives and parents with reference to those dearest to them, under conditions of prolonged mental strain." (Witthaus and Becker.)

"Statistics show that killing of near relatives by the congenital mad homicide occurs eight times oftener than that of any other." (*Ibid.*) "A crime performed without accomplices, with no plan or a silly one for escape, and no sane motive, is usually itself evidence of insanity." (*Ibid.*)

The last rational act Burt is known to have done on the night of the tragedy was to take his baby from the arms of the nurse, while the mother took the elder child, fill its bottle with milk, feed it, undress it, and get it to sleep. Within an hour or so he brained it and the others with a hatchet. Was that the act of a sane man? He packed and shipped the bloody garments and the hatchet to Houston;

* Witthaus and Becker's "System of Medical Jurisprudence."

† "Theory of Criminal Responsibility."

he went to Chicago and mingled with the people in the most public place, the Board of Exchange, meeting there acquaintances who recognized him, yet returned there again and again, knowing that a reward was offered for his arrest. Was that an effort to escape? The State asserted that there was a motive, but the best they could offer was "the proceeds of the sale of the furniture, \$65." That is too absurd for serious consideration.

2. The most unjust and pernicious feature in our system of jurisprudence in the adjudication of cases like Burt's is that which leaves to a jury the determining of the question of the existence of insanity in the accused, the degree of impairment of will power, and his responsibility to the law. Where the opinions of the medical experts as to the existence of insanity clash, as they almost always do, it is left to the jury to decide. As the average jurymen is not usually of a high order of intelligence, — indeed, in some cases the jurymen is selected because of his want of knowledge, ignorance being a qualification to serve, — the absurdity of the law is apparent.

A fact is something that can be demonstrated. The best informed alienist cannot state as a fact that insanity exists in a given individual; its existence is a matter of opinion, of judgment, the result of a process of a *posteriori* reasoning, a conclusion arrived at from weighing all the evidence, from comparing the relation of facts one to another, and their bearings. The average jurymen has not the faculty to thus reason, because, no matter how high his native intelligence, his mind has not been trained by study. The differences of opinion between medical expert witnesses mark the differences in their grade of intelligence and learning, as well as in their power to reason from effect to cause. The medical man with an analytical mind, vast learning and experience, is not liable to reach the same conclusion on a metaphysical subject, even with the same facts before him, as one of a different order of mind, or of less experience or reasoning power. Hence the differences between expert medical witnesses, so often ridiculed, are not so illogical when looked at in the light of cultivated intelligence. It is peculiarly

the mission of medical science to discover the cause of disease. Insanity is a disease, and, as such, is as much the exclusive province of the medical man as is smallpox. It requires more ability to recognize occult mental disease than any other pathological condition, and yet our system of jurisprudence relegates these intricate questions to the verdict of jurymen profoundly ignorant of everything pertaining to the case. It is as illogical as to call in a layman to decide a point of diagnosis when two medical consultants have differed. "If left in doubt," says Dr. Sachs, "the jury generally decides on its own impressions; and, if in time of general excitement, usually decides against the accused whose defence is insanity." They have no other method of deciding.

When, then, shall the plea of insanity be considered valid in extenuation of crime? "The only proper answer to this question," says Dr. Sachs,* "in the light of the present condition of psychiatry, is that no person shall be considered guilty of crime if, at the time the crime was committed, he was suffering from any form of mental disease." New York has practically made her statute accord to this. The statute says: "No act done by a person in a state of insanity can be punished as an offence." Again says Dr. Sachs (*loc. cit.*): "All nations agree in absolving from responsibility a person of unsound mind." In pursuance of the amended law, Judge Gildersleve, in the Appellate Court of New York, charged the jury in the case of *People vs. Mrs. Lubinaker*: "If a reasonable doubt exists as to whether the prisoner is sane or not, she is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, and to acquittal." And this is the law in most States. In Burt's case, Judge Brooks gave the jury the law to that effect.

And here I will ask, can any rational man, acquainted with the facts in Burt's case, say there was not a reasonable doubt of his sanity on the night of July 24, if, indeed, his insanity were not established by a preponderance of medical opinion? In Hamilton's "System of Legal Medicine," Dr. Sachs says: "The medical expert should be called upon to state whether the accused is or was sane or insane; and if insane he should not be held responsible for his acts."

* Hamilton's "System of Legal Medicine."

There is a unanimity of sentiment on this head. Hence, the important point to be established is, the existence or non-existence of insanity in the accused. As any departure from a physiological state, however slight, is pathological, so, given a standard of mental sanity, any deviation from that standard, however little, is an abnormal state, that is, insanity. Hence there are innumerable shades of mental unsoundness, merging the one into the other, ranging from slight alienation to violent, raving mania. No doubt there are hundreds of insane people amongst us, walking the streets and attending to the affairs of life, who are liable to an explosion of insanity at any moment, but who, until such explosion is brought about by developing causes, are never suspected of any unsoundness. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," said that the worst cases of insanity are those outside of the insane asylum. Haslam, in his day one of the first medical experts in England, declared in open court that he had never in the whole course of his life seen a sane person. And there is a growing tendency on the part of the medical profession to regard all crime as manifestations of mental alienation.

It is absolutely essential, therefore, that a midway position should be determined upon, a line drawn, where responsibility ceases. But to make any such line hard and fast is an absolute impossibility; it must needs be, in the very nature of things, more or less flexible; no rule of the kind can apply to all cases, or to all forms of insanity. Common sense, reason, and justice demand that the determination of such a question should be left to the ablest and most experienced students of mental disease.

Observe the inconsistency of the law. It is universally held that sanity is an essential requisite to crime. It is a maxim of law that an insane person cannot commit a crime. Said Judge Hurt, of the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, by which the Burt case was finally decided, in the case of *Levi King vs. State* :

"What sane mind can comprehend the possibility of a crime being committed by an insane person? If the prisoner is insane, there is no crime. If there be crime, there

is no insanity. Insanity cannot excuse crime, for the fact that, if insane, there is no crime to be excused."

That is the law. It is unqualified. Nothing is said of any degree or kind of insanity; it is sufficient that the party is insane. It is the province of the medical man to prove the existence of insanity, and yet in every State except New York — and that in consequence of recent reform — it is the rule for the court to charge the jury to determine the degree of insanity, the degree of impairment of will power, and the responsibility of even a person proven by unanimous medical opinion to be insane. And to do this they are instructed to apply the antiquated and misleading test of knowing right from wrong. In effect the law says: "True, Mr. Expert, you say the accused is insane; admitted; but hold on; let us see *how* insane he is. Is he so insane that he does not know right from wrong? It is for you, Mr. Jurymen, to determine that point." In the name of all that is consistent, how can a jury of often ignorant laymen determine such a question?

In Burt's case it was objected by the State that to leave the determining of the existence of insanity, the degree of will-impairment, and the responsibility of the accused to medical experts would have been tantamount to an acquittal: "insane," *ergo* "irresponsible," *ergo* "not guilty." Be it so. It would be a wiser and more just course than that now pursued.

A solution to this difficult problem would be to have a Medical Court in every State, paid by the State, to whom should be left the adjudication of all points of medicine in its relation to law; just as we have courts of law to settle all legal points. Trial by jury is a relic of barbarous ages, and has degenerated in a large number of cases into a travesty of justice. If accused of crime I would rather trust my fate to the toss-up of a penny than to stand trial by a jury to whom is given the determining of questions so far beyond their powers of comprehension.

3. The courts do not exercise proper discrimination in permitting medical men to testify as experts.

"Much of the disrepute into which hired testimony has

fallen," says Dr. Hamilton,* "is undoubtedly due to a kind of partnership which many men find it difficult to avoid; for the engagement of their services implies a bid for help in advancing a side by the building up of theories for the support of a more or less tenable position. . . . If an expert be careless of his reputation, or weak or corrupt, he will lend himself to the side of the case upon which he has been retained, and in reality he becomes a pleader."

Again, Dr. Hamilton says :

"That there is need for reform is undeniable, and that the courts do not exercise sufficient care in fixing the status of medical witnesses is equally true. The strictures of medical writers, courts, and others are just, so far as the existence of demoralization goes. As the law is administered many persons can be found who are ready to arrogate knowledge and position they do not deserve. The dignified alienist of experience and reputation is confronted by the impostor, whose glib manner and bizarre 'popular-science' learning sometimes impress the susceptible juryman as does the proprietary-medicine advertisement, and whose experience of medicine and its exponents is confined to the quack or cure-all. The law is largely responsible for this."

Says Dr. Sachs on this subject (*loc. cit.*) :

"Psychiatry is a very special branch of medicine. It does not constitute a part of the regular medical training in this country ; yet, in some of the most important trials of recent years, any medical man has been accepted as an expert, and his opinion has been held to be fully as valuable as that of a man who has devoted years of study and practice to this special branch."

There is something strangely illogical, arbitrary, and absurd in a rule which excludes the teachings of the ablest alienists and the latest conclusions of investigators in the field of mental disease, — books in which are vividly drawn the clinical features of each type of insanity, — and disallows the citation of authorities as to the distinguishing characteristics of the disease ; yet allows totally inexperienced medical men, who have never treated or observed a case of insanity, — "sopho-

* "System of Legal Medicine."

more experts," Major Walton calls them, — "to read up on authorities there is no telling how old, and then rattle off their interpretation of the text as their 'opinion.'"

It is difficult for a medical witness not to share in the sympathy for or against a prisoner, and to be uninfluenced by popular prejudice. In a case like Burt's, where the feeling against the unfortunate man was so strong, it required a brave man to run counter to popular clamor. Such a man makes himself unpopular, and unpopular means loss of patronage. One feature of rank injustice done to the prisoner was permitting men to pose as experts who had never even seen a case of insanity, and were by no means expert in ordinary medicine, much less in mental pathology, and giving to their opinion equal weight with that of the alienist by profession and experience. Some of these witnesses, moreover, seemed influenced by the popular prejudice manifested by the audience, for part of their testimony was given in such a way as to appear to be intended to meet popular approval, and to suggest "playing to the gallery."

A review of all the facts connected with this sad affair forces the conviction in my mind that the defendant Burt was at the time of the murder, and had been for years, insane. His case corresponds in every detail to that form of hereditary insanity which is developed gradually until it overpowers reason and leads to crime. That the verdict in his case was not just, and not in accord with the evidence, I firmly believe. O Justice, how many cruel wrongs are perpetrated in thy name!

Had the symptoms and all the acts of the defendant been detailed to the medical witnesses, the better-informed of them could hardly have failed to diagnose a well-marked type of the criminal insane degenerate of Lombroso, a born criminal of the class demonstrated by him to be always morally insane. Almost every feature in the case tallies with the characteristics of the natural criminal insane with homicidal impulses, as described by most recent writers. Its counterpart could have been found in many recent works, had the court permitted them to be cited. Had counsel been allowed to read to the court and jury the clinical picture of the born insane homicide, so forcibly drawn by Ferri, and quoted above, no

man of ordinary intelligence, knowing the facts in the case, would have failed to recognize Burt in the picture, as a striking illustration of that type of the insane.

A parallel case, to which I have referred, is that of Mrs. Lubinaker. Poor, in very bad health, a widow, eating, and feeding her three children only as she was able to earn money to buy food, pregnant and shortly to be confined, she thought she was going to die, and the thought of her children starving prompted her to kill them. No remorse, no concern for the consequences; she realized that she had committed a crime in law, but her only idea was that they would be better off in another world. She intended to commit suicide, and dividing the poison, "rough on rats," in four parts, one for each child and one for herself, she gave it to the children. Two of them died, but the sufferings of the other one diverted her mind from killing herself. She went for a doctor, not to save the child, — she did not think of that, — but to relieve its sufferings; and in that way she was prevented from completing the tragedy. At the trial she was convicted, being pronounced "sane" by the jurors. But in the higher court, expert testimony — Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton and other equally celebrated alienists — pronounced her insane, of the type here being considered, and she was acquitted.

Ferri describes a type of the insane, as above cited, who have killed their children to save them from want, in whom one strong characteristic is lack of emotion, indifference even at the sight of the corpse of the victim. In this connection is recalled the stoic indifference of Burt during the trial, when the bloody hatchet and the garments of his murdered innocents, stained with their blood, shed by himself, were exhibited to the jury. He sat as one dazed, as senseless as a stone. If he were "acting a part," as was said by some of the "experts," it was a masterpiece of acting. His stoicism would have done credit to a savage. By most of the experts he was said to be "simulating," *itself a distinguishing feature of a now well-recognized form of insanity*. The alleged experts were unable to interpret the signs, and attributed his insensibility to a display of "nerve;" and it added to the prejudice of the populace,

So flagrant was the deed, so horrible; so seemingly rational was the conduct of the unfortunate man, both before and after the deed; so methodical seemed all his acts, that few would believe but that there had been a deliberately planned murder, notwithstanding no one could even conjecture a reason or motive for it. Prejudice ran high, the people were strongly arrayed against him, and the plea of insanity was fairly laughed at. The audience were in sympathy with the State witnesses. When damaging testimony was elicited a visible throb of exultation ran through the crowd. Their desire for a conviction and death sentence was so manifest that they were threatened by the court with expulsion.

There was something like cruel irony in the judge's charge to the jury, "If you find that there was malice," etc. Malice towards his devoted young wife, his companion in misery, who with him had breasted the storms of adversity without murmur! Malice towards his innocent prattling babe, whom a short hour before he had lulled to sleep on his distressed bosom! One medical witness was asked: "Do you understand the workings of the human mind?" He replied, "I do." He is doubtless the only human being thus gifted, and he should have been asked to analyze the thoughts that passed through that miserable creature's mind, the emotions that struggled in his breast, that night, as he gazed upon his sleeping innocents and realized that on the morrow grim want would thrust them from beneath the roof that sheltered them, out into the streets — beggars; he, their father, a man of some education and refinement, who had been raised in comfort, if not luxury, ostracized, denied work, without money to buy bread, without friends, without resources of any kind, momentarily apprehensive of arrest and imprisonment. Ah! it would not require the genius of our gifted medical mind-reader to divine that the thought dominant in his mind was, "What will be the fate of my loved ones, my two little daughters, when I am sent to prison, perhaps for a long term?" "Cast into this breathing world scarce half made up," mentally deficient and morally weak, heir to a propensity to evil, hedged in by a combination of most distressing circumstances, enough to have dethroned a reason more firmly

seated, is it strange that the impulse seized him to end, then and there, the unequal struggle? to kill his loved ones to save them from a worse fate — kill them *because* he loved them? Say, O righteous judge; say, ye cheerful and willing “experts” who found him “sane”; say, ye jurors — fathers, sons, brothers — who condemned him to a felon’s death; say, ye human vultures who flocked to the trial as eagles to the carcass; ye women — mothers of sons — who, neglecting home and duty, feasted your morbid curiosity, visibly exulted at every seeming evidence of guilt, and by your every act cried “Crucify him, crucify him!” — similarly circumstanced, what would ye have done?

Our penal system is based upon the ancient law, “an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.” Vengeance appears to be the chief end; retaliation rather than justice. The basis of our system is a police regulation formulated to meet the exigencies of a barbarous nomadic race two thousand years ago, and not adapted to the requirements of a latter-day civilization. The law should have for its object something higher than revenge. “Our system of jurisprudence,” says Dr. Wines, “should not only be humane, it should be intelligent.” The protection of society, the deterring of criminals, and the lessening of crime are the ostensible objects of capital punishment. It is a demonstrated failure. The ends can be secured by means less revolting.

It is argued that, from an economic standpoint as well as for the protection of society and future generations from the evils of the hereditary transmission of criminal propensities, it would be best to exterminate this class of offenders; they are worthless to the world and to themselves; their lives are blighted. Why not hang them? To do so would be most expedient — *if we were savages*. But humanity revolts at the idea of executing an irresponsible creature; it is inhuman. The escutcheon of this free and enlightened government is already stained indelibly with the blood of too many irrational creatures, imbecile paranoiacs. In lieu of death, it is suggested that emasculation and perpetual confinement at whatever labor they may be capable of performing would be much more rational and humane, and would effectually

cut off hereditary evils, thus affording the protection aimed at by the more brutal method in vogue.

In estimating responsibility it should be borne in mind that the warp in the physical, mental, and moral make-up of a defective antedates even his intra-uterine life. We have heard the saying that, "To reform a drunkard, you must begin with his grandfather." The blight is in the germ that fertilizes the ovum, which becomes, first embryo, then child. Hence we have born into the world everything human, from the acephalous idiot to the godlike Robert E. Lee or Gladstone. Thus are the sins of the father visited "upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation," and all successive generations. Such defectives are no more responsible, morally at least, for their character and actions than they are for being here at all. The true philosophy of the situation is that, as far as possible, such defectives should be *prevented*. A decent regard for race integrity, to say nothing of present protection, demands it; and if our marriage laws were properly amended and enforced, and the services of the surgeon were utilized as above suggested, there would, in a short while, be fewer Guiteaus, Prendergasts, and Burts to puzzle and confound our learned jurists.

I am well aware that any hope of instituting radical changes in a system so universal and so long established is utopian. But were everybody content with existing conditions, there would be no progress in any department of human activity, — in law, medicine, art, science, literature, finance, or commerce. No errors would be corrected or evils eradicated. Hence, when a human life so often depends upon rules of court based upon an antiquated conception of insanity, it is needful to insist that the voice of science shall be heard, and that the great truths revealed by laborious investigation and experimentation — truths vital to the dearest interests of mankind — shall be utilized in medical and criminal jurisprudence. Our system needs to be remodelled, made more comprehensive, and adapted to the changed condition of the knowledge of insanity and to the demands of an advanced civilization.

THE MISUSE OF INJUNCTIONS.

BY JAMES W. STILLMAN.

IT must have been evident to the most casual observer of current events that for some time past there has been a growing dissatisfaction among many of the people of the United States in regard to what they consider to have been the assumption of unwarranted and unconstitutional authority on the part of the various branches of the Federal judiciary. So important has this matter appeared to one of the great political parties of the country, that it has deemed it to be its duty to express its opposition to this action on the part of the United States courts by a formal statement on the subject in its declaration of political principles. The Democratic party, which held its National Convention for the nomination of candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States in the city of Chicago, Ill., beginning on July 7, 1896, incorporated the following plank into the platform adopted by it on that occasion:

"We denounce arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the Constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions; and we especially object to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which Federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the States and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners; and we approve the bill passed at the last session of the United States Senate, and now pending in the House of Representatives relative to contempts in Federal courts, and providing for trials by jury in certain cases of contempt."

The Hon. William J. Bryan of Nebraska, the candidate of this party for the Presidency of the United States, in his letter of acceptance of his nomination for that office, treated separately the relation existing between the Federal and the State governments, and took occasion to denounce in strong language the alleged recent abuse of the power of injunction as

exercised by the United States courts. He also declared that his party was already committed and pledged to the policy of protecting and of defending the dual system of our government as "an indissoluble union of indestructible States." As this question has been made a political issue by the action of this convention, it is proposed in this article to inquire whether or not there are sufficient grounds on which to justify this severe accusation against the proceedings of the Federal judiciary mentioned therein.

Before referring to any of the injunction orders which have been issued by the Federal courts, and which have excited severe opposition among that portion of the population of the country which has been principally affected by them, it will be important to consider the nature and the purpose of injunctions in general. In the first place, it must be clearly understood that this proceeding is always an equitable and never a legal one. In other words, it is a remedy for the prevention of wrongs, and one which can be obtained only from courts of equity and not from courts of law. This being true, it becomes necessary to ascertain the distinction between courts of law and courts of equity, and to understand the difference between the powers and functions of the former and those of the latter. The word "law" is thus defined by Blackstone in his "Commentaries": "A rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." It is also defined by Bouvier in his "Law Dictionary" as follows: "That which is laid down; that which is established. A rule or a method of action or an order of sequences. A rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state. The doctrines and procedure of the common law of England and America as distinguished from those of equity." The word "equity" is thus defined by the same author: "A branch of remedial justice by and through which relief is granted in courts of equity." In the sense in which the term is generally used at the present day, it is a system of jurisprudence collateral to, and independent of, law properly so called, the object of which is to render the administration of justice more complete by affording relief where courts of law are incompetent to give it with effect, or by exer-

cising certain branches of jurisdiction independently of them. One of its most important functions is to supply a specific and preventive remedy for common-law wrongs where courts of common law only award damages in civil actions or inflict punishment in criminal ones. One of the principal differences, therefore, between law and equity, is that the former takes cognizance of past acts only, while the latter may, and often does, take cognizance of future ones. This being true, the granting of injunctions which have reference to the future only, and never to the past, is always an equity, and never a law, proceeding.

The word "injunction" is thus defined in "The American and English Encyclopædia of Law," vol. 10, p. 779: "An order of a court or a judge commanding the defendant to do or to refrain from doing a particular thing." As all of the injunctions which are to be considered in the course of this article were preventive and not mandatory ones, it will be unnecessary to treat of the power of the courts of equity to issue the latter; and so these observations will be confined exclusively to the former.

Having thus indicated several of the principal differences between proceedings in law and proceedings in equity, the next statement to be made is, that one of the most common rules of the latter courts is, that they will not take jurisdiction where the plaintiff has a complete and adequate remedy at law. Neither will they issue injunctions against individuals or corporations whose acts which it is desired to prevent are not in violation of either the common or of the statute law, and do not cause substantial and irreparable injury to the plaintiff or to others (*Rogers vs. Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad Co. and others*, 28 Barb. [N. Y.] 539). Consequently, in order to enable an equity court properly to exercise this remedial power, the petitioner for an injunction must clearly show that the defendant is intending, or has actually begun, to commit an illegal act, that is to say, one which has been expressly forbidden by law. These tribunals have even refused, in some instances, to enjoin the commission of such acts merely because they were illegal, on the ground that, if committed, no serious injury would result

therefrom either to persons or to property (*Head vs. James*, 13 Wis., 641). Were it otherwise, such a court might issue an injunction against acts which have never been prohibited by legislative enactment, or which have never been illegal according to the common law. In this manner all courts of equity, if they were to choose to do so, might usurp the entire function of the legislative department of the government by inventing new crimes and by affixing thereto such penalties as in their opinion might be necessary to render their orders effectual; and in exercising their power to punish for contempt those persons who should disobey their injunctions, the former might fine or imprison the latter without a criminal trial, which action on their part would be in violation of Clause 3, of Section 1, of Article III of the Constitution of the United States, as well as of those of the several States which contain similar provisions in regard to trial by jury in criminal cases. This practice would work a radical change in the nature of the government itself; and the judicial department thereof, instead of being coördinate with the legislative and the executive ones, would become supreme; and the others would also become subordinate thereto, if indeed they would not be rendered entirely inoperative.

Such being the nature of injunction proceedings, courts of equity have generally refused to consider and to award damages in actions of trespass and of other torts; and they have always declined to forbid the commission of crime, except in the cases to which allusion will presently be made. In support of this proposition, Bishop's "New Criminal Procedure," vol. i, section 1415, may be cited, where it is expressly stated that "Equity will not by injunction restrain one from committing crime." As authority for this assertion the author cites the following cases: *Gee vs. Pritchard*, 2 Swanst., 402, and *Babcock vs. New Jersey Stockyard*, 5 C. E. Green, 296. So far has this rule been extended that the St. Louis Court of Appeals in Missouri has affirmed the refusal of the St. Louis Circuit Court to forbid by injunction the keeping of an unlicensed dram-shop, although it was a public nuisance (*State vs. Uhrig*, 14 Mo. App., 413). If further authority on this point be needed, it may be found in the following sen-

tences, which are contained in a standard legal treatise entitled "The Law of Injunctions," by James L. High, and in the cases cited by the author therein in support of his propositions on this subject. In vol. i, section 20, of that work, the law thereon is stated as follows:

"The subject-matter of the jurisdiction of equity being the protection of private property and of civil rights, courts of equity will not interfere for the punishment or the prevention of merely criminal or immoral acts, unconnected with violations of private right. Equity has no jurisdiction to restrain the commission of crimes or to enforce moral obligations and the performance of moral duties; nor will it interfere for the prevention of an illegal act merely because it is illegal. And in the absence of any injury to property rights it will not lend its aid by injunction to restrain the violation of public or penal statutes or the commission of immoral or illegal acts."

These are only a few of the authorities which sustain the proposition for which the writer has contended and still contends, that courts of equity have no common-law jurisdiction to restrain by injunction the commission of crime. It has also been held that even in cases where the wrong sought to be prevented is less than a felony or a misdemeanor, a mere apprehension that the act is about to be committed is not sufficient to authorize the court to issue an injunction against its commission. In the case of *Lutheran Church vs. Maschop*, 10 N. J. Eq. 57, the Court of Chancery of the State of New Jersey has decided that

"The court cannot grant an injunction to allay the fears and the apprehensions of individuals. They must show to the court that the acts against which they ask protection are not only threatened, but will, in all probability, be committed, to their injury."

These authorities clearly establish the proposition that in the absence of an express statutory provision authorizing the issuance by the courts of equity of injunctions against the commission of crime, they have no authority to issue them. The writer has been able to find only four cases reported in the books in which injunctions of this character

have been issued by these tribunals; and these were each in pursuance of statutes expressly enacted for that purpose. They are the following: *Eilenbecker vs. Plymouth Co.*, 134 U. S. 31; *United States vs. Alger*, 62 Federal Reporter, 824; *United States vs. Elliott*, 64 Federal Reporter, 27; and *United States vs. Debs et al.*, 64 Federal Reporter, 724, the last having been heard by the Supreme Court on a motion for a writ of *habeas corpus* by said defendant, and reported as "*In re Debs, Petitioner*," 158 U. S. 564. In the first-mentioned case, the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court of the State of Iowa that the District Court of Plymouth County in that State is empowered to enjoin and to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors, including ale, wine, and beer, and that disobedience of the order subjects the guilty party to proceedings for contempt and punishment thereunder, the injunction in this case having been specially authorized by an act of the legislature of that State. In the next two cases it was held by the United States Circuit Court for the District of the State of Indiana, and by the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of the State of Missouri, that under the act of Congress approved by the President of the United States on July 2, 1890, declaring illegal and punishing combinations in restraint of commerce among the States and conferring jurisdiction on the United States Circuit Courts to prevent and to restrain violations of the act, these courts have the jurisdiction and the power to issue their injunctions against the wrongdoers. In the last-mentioned case an injunction was issued against the defendant Debs and his associates, by the Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois, on July 17, 1894, to restrain them from the violation of certain provisions of the act of Congress approved by the President of the United States on February 4, 1887, commonly known as the "Interstate Commerce Act," by obstructing the carrying of the United-States mail, and commerce between certain States, by the railroad companies mentioned in the injunction order, they being found guilty of contempt of court by the same judge who issued the injunction against them, and sentenced to imprisonment in the jail of

Cook County, Illinois, for a period of six months. According to the decisions rendered in these several cases, these courts had no equitable jurisdiction to restrain the commission of the acts complained of, except in so far as these acts were in direct contravention of the above-mentioned statutes, and also except in so far as that jurisdiction had been expressly conferred upon them by those statutes.

In the light of these general principles, concerning the validity and the truth of which there can be no question, the reader is the better prepared to consider one of the other injunctions which have been recently issued by the Federal Courts, and to determine whether or not it was authorized either by the Federal statutes or by the common law of the United States. This was the preliminary injunction granted by Mr. Justice Jackson of the United States Court for the District of West Virginia, to the Monongah Coal and Coke Co., against Eugene V. Debs and his associates, the same having been made perpetual by said justice on September 20, 1897. It was designed to prohibit the defendants and all others associated with them "from in any wise interfering with the management, operation, or conducting of said mines by their owners or those operating them, either by menaces, threats, or any character of intimidation used to prevent the employees of said mines from going to or from said mines, or from engaging in the business of mining in said mines.

"And the defendants are further restrained from entering upon the property of the owners of the said Monongah Coal and Coke Company for the purpose of interfering with the employees of said company, either by intimidation or the holding of either public or private assemblages upon said property, or in any wise molesting, interfering with, or intimidating the employees of the said Monongah Coal and Coke Company so as to induce them to abandon their work in said mines.

"And the defendants are further restrained from assembling in the paths, approaches, and roads upon said property leading to and from their homes and residences to the mines, along which the employees of the Monongah Coal and Coke Company are compelled to travel to get to them, or in any way interfering with the employees of said company in pass-

ing to and from their work, either by threats, menaces, or intimidation; and the defendants are further restrained from entering the said mines and interfering with the employees in their mining operations within said mines, or assembling upon said property at or near the entrance of said mines.

"The purpose and object of this restraining order is to prevent all unlawful combinations and conspiracies and to restrain all the defendants engaged in the promotion of such unlawful combinations and conspiracies from entering upon the property of the Monongah Coal and Coke Company described in this order, and from in any wise interfering with the employees of said company in their mining operations, either within the mines or in passing from their homes to the mines and upon their return to their homes, and from unlawfully inciting persons who are engaged in working the mines from ceasing to work in the mines, or in any wise advising such acts as may result in violations and destruction of the rights of the plaintiff in this property."

To render this order valid and binding upon the above-mentioned defendants, it must be shown that the acts complained of were in violation of Federal and not of State law, as a United States court has jurisdiction to issue its injunctions to prevent the disobedience of the former only and not of the latter. If the acts of these parties were contrary to either the statute or the common law of the State wherein they were committed or were about to be committed, the plaintiffs had an adequate remedy in the State courts. So far as the writer is aware, there was no pretence on the part of the plaintiffs or of anyone else that the conduct of Mr. Debs and of his associates in this particular case had been in any way prohibited by the Federal law. This being true, if any law had been or was about to be violated by these strikers, it must have been a State and not a Federal one; and as Congress had never passed an act authorizing the District Courts to issue injunctions in cases of this character, this court had no jurisdiction to do so in this instance; and if such a law had been enacted by Congress it would have been of doubtful constitutionality, as each State in the Union is presumed to possess ample power to enforce its

own laws without aid from the Federal government except in cases of invasion or of domestic violence.

If any injury to the property of the Monongah Coal and Coke Company had been done or was threatened to be done, the State law was amply sufficient to restrain or to punish the offenders. It was not contended that interstate commerce had been in any way impeded, that the carrying of the United-States mail had been in the least degree obstructed, that the property of the United States had been, or was, in danger of being injured, or that any act of rebellion against either the Federal or the State government had been, or was about to be, committed. The Governor of West Virginia had not certified to the President of the United States that there was an insurrection or domestic violence within the State which it had not sufficient power to suppress, as he was authorized to do by Section 4 of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States, simply because no such exigency as is therein provided for had arisen. There was no claim by the plaintiffs or by anyone else that any offence against the Federal government had been, or was to be, committed; nor did the fact that some of the stockholders in this company were then citizens of States other than the State of West Virginia render this controversy a Federal one so long as some of them were citizens of that State. There being no Federal question involved in this proceeding, therefore, there was no justification for the intervention of the Federal court to restrain the actions of the strikers in this instance; nor should a remedy for the alleged wrongs committed or to be committed by them have been afforded to the plaintiffs by that court so long as they could have obtained it in one of the State courts.

But conceding for the purpose of this argument that the Federal District Court of West Virginia had ample jurisdiction to issue the injunction under consideration, the next question to be considered is, whether or not its discretion was properly exercised. It will be perceived that it had reference principally to alleged acts of trespass committed by the defendants upon the property of the plaintiff. It was long a disputed question whether or not injunctions might be granted to

prevent trespasses to property; but that question is no longer an open one; for it has been settled by numerous decisions that such jurisdiction exists only where there is insolvency on the part of the trespasser, or where the injury, if committed, would be irremediable, and that both of these facts must be clearly proven before the injunction can be properly issued (*Musselman vs. Marquis*, 1 Bush. 463; *Hopkins vs. Caddick*, 18 L. T. 236). In this case, neither of these alleged facts was established; nor, so far as the writer is aware, was any attempt made to do so. Besides that, it is not every possible injury resulting to persons or to property which a court of equity has the power to prevent in this manner. In order to justify such an order as this was, it must be proven that the injury will be immediate and direct, and not remote or consequential (*Morgan vs. Binghamton*, 102 N. Y. 500).

Both persons and property may be indirectly injured in many ways without illegal or criminal conduct on the part of the persons who cause the injury. If, for instance, a new manufacturing establishment were to be located near an old one, the former might seriously interfere with the business of the latter by drawing away from it a large number of its patrons, particularly if it were to produce superior articles of the same kind and to sell them at a lower price than its rival had been receiving for its products. In such a case there can be no doubt that the last-mentioned factory would be seriously injured by the first-mentioned one. In like manner, the invention, the manufacture, the sale, and the use of labor-saving machinery may, and probably does, injure many wage-earners by throwing them out of employment. Many similar illustrations of this truth might be given were it necessary to do so; but these are sufficient for the purpose for which they are used. Will anyone seriously contend that in such cases as these the injured parties would have sufficient reason to justify them in applying to courts of equity for orders of injunction to restrain all persons engaged in each of these different industries from conducting a perfectly legal and laudable business on the ground that their own was suffering injury on account of it? And is it reasonable to believe that

any one of these courts would issue an injunction under these or similar circumstances? Manifestly not.

In the present instance the strike of the coal-miners might have worked, and probably indirectly and remotely did work, an injury to the property of their employers; but that fact, if it was a fact, did not in any way impair their right to resort to a strike and to make it as general and as effectual as possible; and the resulting injury to the company did not justify the court in restraining them from so doing, because it was too indirect and too remote to warrant that proceeding, particularly as there was no evidence tending to prove that there was any intention or desire on their part to injure the property of their employers, as the object of the strike was not to do that, but merely to obtain an increase of their wages.

In support of the writer's position on this subject he refers to the judgment of Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, sitting in the Circuit Court of Appeals of the Seventh Circuit, delivered in the case of *Arthur vs. Oakes*, and reported in 63 Federal Reporter, page 311, which is as follows:

"In the absence of evidence it cannot be held, as a matter of law, that a combination among employees, having for its object their orderly withdrawal in large numbers, or in a body, from the service of their employers, on account simply of a reduction of their wages, is not a 'strike' within the meaning of that word as commonly used. Such a withdrawal, although amounting to a strike, is not illegal or criminal."

While an injunction against an attempt to trespass upon an employer's property or to *compel* his men to leave their work is manifestly in defence of rights, this order restraining men from public speaking on the issues of the coal strike or from endeavoring to enlist sympathy and support for the miners is quite another matter, and is utterly wrong and indefensible. Here was an injunction in restraint of the constitutional rights of free assembly and of free speech. The injustice of such injunctions will tend to increase popular contempt for judicial proceedings and to confirm the belief which is becoming quite general, that judges are merely agents of wealth in its oppression of poverty. It would not require many judicial orders

like that under consideration to create a public feeling which would destroy all confidence in the justice and the fairness of our courts of law.

It is a fundamental principle of the common law that every person accused of a crime is presumed to be innocent until his guilt is proven beyond a reasonable doubt. It must also be held by all criminal tribunals that no man proposes to commit an offence in the nature of a crime against the majesty of the law; nor can a man be justly punished for an act which he has not yet committed, and may never commit. Therefore, so far as criminal conduct is concerned, it is time to restrain a citizen after he has violated the law, and not before he has done so. The decision in this case was neither more nor less than an unwarranted restraint of the undoubted liberty of every citizen to give public utterance to his convictions upon all subjects which he chooses to discuss; and to punish him before he has committed any criminal act is not only a travesty of law, but is also against the provision of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law" (Article V of the Amendments).

The only other point to be considered in regard to this extraordinary injunction is this: If the court had the jurisdiction to issue it, in so far as it was designed to prevent the commission of merely illegal and injurious, as distinguished from purely criminal, acts, it was strictly just and proper, and should have been rigidly enforced; but in so far as it restrained or prevented these men from holding public meetings for the purpose of delivering or listening to addresses on the matters in controversy between the mine-owners and themselves, thus depriving them of their undoubted rights of free speech and of public assembly, it was, as has been already asserted, utterly wrong and indefensible; and for this reason the writer does not hesitate to denounce it as an unwarranted and inexcusable exercise of authority. For an assemblage of this character alone, even if held on the property of the plaintiff, although a trespass upon it, cannot be an irreparable injury to it, and therefore is not properly subject to prohibition by an injunction. As it is not and cannot be a crime for any man to

refuse to continue in any employment or occupation which is not agreeable to him, so it cannot be a crime for others to do likewise; and if striking is not illegal or criminal conduct, it must be legal and proper; and whatever any man has a perfect legal and moral right to do himself, he has the same right to recommend or to induce others to do also.

Many more observations on this important subject might be made were it necessary to do so; but enough has been written to show that in at least one instance the power of a Federal court to issue injunctions in labor disputes was and is entirely unauthorized and unjust. This being true, there can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent and unprejudiced person that there are sufficient grounds to justify the declaration made in the platform of the Democratic party, and quoted at the end of the first paragraph of this article; and in the opinion of the writer, it behooves every true patriot, every friend of the laboring man, and every lover of liberty and of justice, to enter his decided protest against the arbitrary and unconstitutional action of the Federal courts in controversies of this character, to the end that our government may be one of law and not one of men; for such a government as this would be is neither more nor less than the quintessence of absolute despotism, which ought not to exist anywhere in the civilized world.

THE CHURCHES AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

I. MANHOOD IN THE PULPIT.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BUCKLEY.

EACH age is confronted with some issue of justice that becomes the paramount issue of that age. At first ignored with a laugh or a sneer, then entertained as possibly worth considering, it finally commands the earnest attention out of which comes some satisfactory, or approximation to satisfactory, settlement, by means peaceful or otherwise. The social force called the church is ever a decisive factor in determining the settlement. In these days of much cheap invective against it, might it not be well to remember how many great reformers and prophets of righteousness, from Isaiah to Theodore Parker, have sprung from its loins? In each new phase of progress toward liberty and social justice some preachers have played the divine role of "scourge and minister" for the extension of human rights, before these rights gained any general recognition on the part of either the church or the state. In adjusting these latter agencies to sociological problems it is their fatality that they must move slowly, since they can take no step without the concurrence of divers wills more or less at variance. Until they have in sight such concurrence, most of the politicians and the clergy take no positive stand for any cause, however righteous it may be. The heroisms and sacrifices of the leaders of the once "forlorn hope" of some cause at last triumphantly established—these draw from them the most impassioned eulogies. If only they had lived in the anti-slavery days would not they have thundered against the "crime of the age" with Sinai's thunder, even as Garrison and Phillips? So eager to play the hero where no danger is! In retrospect how heroic the part we act in freedom's hard-won conflict! With what beautiful reverence we bow ourselves before the picture or statue of those our fathers slew!

Should we have been prophetic, heroic, manly in the genera-

tion of Garrison, of Jefferson, of Christ, in any past generation on this whirling planet? That depends somewhat on whether we are prophetic, heroic, manly now. We have our "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery, between justice and injustice. The disappearance of one sort of bondage, the chattel-bondage of colored men, does not guarantee us against the coming of another sort of bondage, the industrial bondage of white men. The fall of a landed aristocracy in the South does not insure us against the rise of a commercial aristocracy in the North. So true it is that often when the sons of light face forward to vanquish one iniquity, the sons of darkness slip in behind to build another.

Quite other slaveries than theological and ecclesiastical now challenge the attention of the minister who would be on the side of the future. The divine seal of the hero and prophet no longer lies in preaching rational religion. It has grown too common. The seal lies much more in speaking well-considered, manly words upon sociological questions, which have as vital a relation to the humanities as ever negro slavery had. Touching temperance and civic virtue, selfish luxury and pleasure-mongering, justice and charity, the relation between the creation of wealth and the equitable distribution thereof, between the rights of property and the greater rights of man, the rights of the individual and the greater rights of society—touching these does the attitude of the minister, or his want of all attitude, enroll him either as a fossil or a coward? Does he speak with muzzled lips, through fear of one or more wealthy pewholders receiving all utterances on the new problems through a dense medium of prejudice and conservatism of vested interest? For there are rich patrons enough acting the part of mortgagee toward both the press and the pulpit; and editors and preachers enough to acknowledge their mortgage. The widespread passion for gain and physical gratification, the serfdom to pies and cakes, soft beds and easy-chairs, lie at the root of a vast deal of trimming and truckling by the teaching agencies of the land.

It is plain to see that the logic of events is drifting the church into a broader human province of work. That logic will compel the clergy, standing at the summit of the teachers

in Israel, to deal more directly and frankly with the practical social problems which vex the men and women of this generation—to so deal, or else to witness the sceptre of their proper leadership depart, and the toiling masses turn away from the church, even to a greater extent than now. There is still in the orthodox churches too much of the theological homily, and in the so-called liberal churches equally too much dilettanteism and beautiful indefinitism—æsthetic sermonizing which convicts no sinner, rather breeds self-complacent people, a very poor species to be bred by any teachers of men.

In the face of so much in our civilization which is cruel and disheartening one may be pardoned for growing weary of a certain dulcet strain of optimism about our wonderful progress in liberty and well-being. Behold our railroads, manufactories, inventions, national wealth, etc., etc.! Down with the Jeremiahs and Carlyles! Down with the prophets of evil who make life so unæsthetic and uncomfortable! Ah, be it remembered, there is a pessimism divine and an optimism devilish. And of the latter quite too much is in the pulpit and elsewhere, graceless for its want both of sympathy and manhood. Jesus was not at all times content with uttering sweet beatitudes that few, indeed, would dispute. "Woe unto you!" formed some part of his preaching. Woe unto you who "lade men with burdens grievous to be borne"! Love-angers and "heroic angers" in season may be as righteous as "sweet reasonableness" and sweet patience.

Let it not be inferred, however, from what is said, that the writer's conception of duty and manhood on the part of the minister requires him to strike the attitude of a campaign beligerent or of an oracle of wisdom on all the problems of the day. While no one should touch life at more points, he has to reckon with the great fact that this is preëminently an age of specialists and experts. The wisest are not wise on all subjects. It is truly lamentable sometimes to witness the teacher of the pulpit teaching in reference to matters the teacher knows nothing about. Concerning sociological problems, therefore, if he is not willing to give to a reasonable degree conscientious study and investigation of the same, I suppose the more he confines himself to generalities, "glittering" or

otherwise, the better. But, so far especially as relates to the younger clergy of the land, are not precisely such study and investigation incumbent on those who would faithfully discharge their obligations to the new era now upon us? Knowledge both of physical and social science is possibly as serviceable to human needs as the knowledge of Hebrew roots, the follies of Jewish kings, or, perchance, even the "higher criticism."

Manhood, then, in the pulpit demands more thorough study of sociological problems, and speech concerning the same which truckles not to individuals or classes. In the spirit of the old Mosaic commandment, "Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor." Interpreted specifically for present use, the pulpit should scorn, on the one hand, to flatter the ignorance and prejudices of the multitude, and, on the other hand, to gloze with honeyed speech, or to hide in timid prudential silence, the selfishness of the rich and powerful. Let the preacher speak the word that comes to him in honest wedlock with truth, speak it with love in his heart, yea, with common sense and tact withal, but speak, fully persuaded that he does not confound these with skulking prudence. When doubtful, if he say what he is afraid to say, seldom shall the future prove him wrong. He shall not bring the message of a church-treasurer; he shall not play the part of dancing puppet to a constituency, or any fraction of a constituency; but be the leader and prophet of his people, to spread righteousness in the land, and upbuild the spiritual selfhood of man.

II. THE RELIGIOUS PRESS AND SOCIAL REFORMS.

BY REV. ROBERT E. BISEE.

THE American people are in trouble. It matters not that stocks boom and wheat advances. These things settle nothing permanently. The profit system, usury, and monopoly still have their deadly clutch on the nation. Uncertainty, insecurity, haunt everything. The farmer is permanently sure of neither crop nor price. One year he can-

not sell his produce, the next year he has none to sell. He fixes the price of nothing, but asks with the abject humility of the slave, "What will you give for the results of my labor, and what will you take for yours?" The wage-worker is equally helpless. The merchant is oppressed by competition and poor debts. The manufacturer cannot be sure of the demand. There are too many lawyers, doctors, ministers; and too much injustice, disease, and sin. There is too much education, and too much ignorance. Money lies idle, and business fails for the lack of it. Gross extravagance and extreme want occupy the same street. We cannot pay our national debt, and yet consume in intoxicating liquors more than its value each year. Hard times send the children from the school to the factory, and compel ambitious youth to turn heartbroken from college to a life of hopeless drudgery. Strikes, evictions, starvation, suicide, murder, why repeat the ghastly tale? Worse and more frequent than the starvation of body is the starvation of soul. The unceasing round of toil, the want of leisure and security, dwarf mind and heart.

In the preface to his "Law of Civilization and Decay" Brooks Adams says:

"Nothing is commoner than to find families who have been famous in one century sinking into obscurity in the next, not because the children have degenerated, but because a certain field of activity which afforded the ancestor full scope, has been closed against his offspring."

This, plainly stated, means that the noblest and most intellectual characters may be crushed out by the relentless forces of civilization. This process is now going on in the United States. Forces are at work annihilating the best, and leaving the land to shysters and to serfs. Unless these forces are met by greater and nobler ones, our civilization is doomed. If history has burned any lesson into the soul, it is that we should leave our groping in the dark, cease blind submission to apparent fate, and begin to shape our own destiny by entering upon a new and higher life.

It is for the purpose of thus leading us that we have a church and a church press. Religious papers are turned out by the million. Every denomination has them, and many are

conducted as private enterprises. They publish much that is good. I make no indiscriminate assault upon them, but in certain important respects they are failures.

The religious press reaches and influences a majority of the people of this country. Our Sunday schools, our young people's societies, our pulpits, and our homes are largely under its sway. It claims to bring to us the teachings of Jesus, to inspire a love for truth, and to show how man may regain paradise; and yet the average American seeking to better his earthly condition would as soon search Alaska for orange groves, or hades for an ice crop, as turn to the religious press for help in a crisis like the present. The religious press has failed to get a grip upon that part of humanity which is most earnestly working and praying for more Christ-like social conditions.

The reasons are obvious. The real needs of the people are too largely ignored. The columns are crowded with church "news." Somebody has preached a great sermon, is accorded a delightful reception, is taking a vacation. Somebody is somebody's father-in-law. Some perennial globe-trotter has started for Europe, and will send us back inane descriptions of foreign scenery, will tell us how European potentates sneeze, and will astonish us with the latest vagary of the university pedant. All this finds room, a hundred columns of it for every one which tells our people how to escape the dominion of the plutocrat, how to save our national character and advance our civilization.

There is no lack of information about how to reach heaven when we are dead. The woes of the heathen are painted in darkest hues, and powerful appeals are made for their relief; but the fact that the same forces which have brought the woes upon the heathen are at work among us is quietly passed by. Mediæval arguments on the second advent and the millennium, discussions of such weighty matters as whether or not Paul preached on Mars Hill, vociferous assertions that man did not descend from the monkey, as if this proposition were in dispute, debates on minute points of ecclesiastical law and constitutions, are worthy of prolonged consideration; but when it comes to the very stake of Christian influence, the

application of Christian ethics to the state, this is politics, and the church must not meddle. An attenuated and perverted gospel is a sufficient remedy for all social ills. How to add converts and save and extend the church is matter of ceaseless solicitude; how to save civilization from a fate worse than a mediæval hell is of less concern. The tranquillity of institutions must be preserved at all costs, even at the expense of truth and the right to think. As I write, the church papers are thundering at the Rev. B. Fay Mills. It is evidently very important to save the church from Mills, even if humanity goes to the devil while this is doing. The disturber of the existing order is a walking pestilence, and must be suppressed. Because of these things the reformer has come to feel that organized Christianity is not his ally, but is at best neutral, and at times his bitterest foe. I am glad, however, to note that one leading church review has thus far in the current year (five bimonthly issues) published one helpful article on "Christian Socialism," the closing sentence of which I earnestly commend for consideration: "The least that an earnest Christian can do is to familiarize himself with the organization and ideals of social Christianity." Will religious editors note this, and remember that in this country are vast areas where not a single ray of economic light penetrates? In heaven's name, give the people a chance!

When the religious editor does speak on social or political questions he too often follows a partisan press. He is too busy or too indolent to search out truth for himself. The metropolitan dailies are his political Bible. Famine reigns and wheat rises. This is cause for rejoicing, a "satisfactory" sign of returning plenty. Strange condition, when we pray for the misfortunes of others that we may sell our breadstuffs and live! One year ago we were told that a rise in prices without a corresponding rise in wages would be a "calamity." Now that it has come the same partisan press tells us it means "prosperity." We are taxing ourselves rich. We destroy that we may find work and not starve. We shall soon shut the daylight out of our houses in order to stimulate the oil trade, and put a screen over the sun to raise the price of coal and settle the miners' strike. Follies as great as these the religious

press endorses, sometimes by silence, sometimes by open assent.

In the campaign of 1896 the church papers followed the partisan press in all its false assumptions. The simplest principles of finance were ignored. Not even the Gresham law or the law of supply and demand could gain a correct statement and application. Plain historic facts were suppressed or perverted. It was assumed that a certain dollar would be worth only fifty cents, that certain men were "repudiators," "anarchists," and at the same time by some strange trick of words "socialists." In the sacred name of "national honor" a thousand errors were propagated which should have made a school-boy blush, and the people were advised to tax themselves and posterity in the interest of a class. Thus dishonor was made honorable, and robbery was gilded with the name of justice.

To-day the same stupidity obtains. Socialism is misrepresented, maligned, held in abhorrence. It is stated to be what it is not, and then demolished in true Quixotic style. In the holy name of Jesus men are warned not to coöperate, not to love one another in business, but that their true development demands that they should bite and devour one another. Perhaps no editor means to say this, but he does say it through his inability to grasp the principles involved.

In their zeal for what they deem a righteous cause, or possibly in their obstinacy or imagined independence, some editors of the church press are guilty of what seems a wilful perversion of facts. They use a subterfuge and suppression which amount to falsehood. I will specify.

Mr. Edward Bellamy, then a modest, unassuming citizen of Chicopee, Mass., wrote a book called "Equality." The book was the result of many years of thought, study, and observation. It is a deep, thorough work on socialism. It is the latest and best expression of all for which the socialist stands. Its fundamental principles are coöperation, freedom, and economic equality. The book is perfectly pure, and written in a most Christ-like spirit. There is no railing accusation against any class, no hint of any impure relations. It breathes the sublimest optimism, the most genuine good-will. It abounds in masterpieces of argument and illustration, and

is on the whole one of the most uplifting books ever issued from the press. It doubtless has its faults, but they are not prominent; its objectionable fancies, but they are not obtrusive. And yet the editor of one of our religious papers has discovered in this book little but evil. He has found the author pessimistic, a suggestion of something "loose" in the relation between men and women, a danger of arraying class against class, a general violation of true human relations.

Now, all this may be ascribed to the editor's ignorance, his inability to analyze correctly, to discern between right and wrong; but something follows which cannot be thus ascribed. In order to convey the impression that the book is generally condemned by the press, the editor quotes from other journals condemnatory opinions exclusively. He omits all commendatory criticisms, of which there are legion, and, with the evident purpose of depriving the author of his due meed of praise and the book of its due influence, deliberately quotes only those opinions which condemn; and when a criticism is found which partly commends and partly condemns, he garbles it, and publishes only that part which condemns. The evil one could go little farther in an attempt to deceive. This same editor has no word of rebuke for a thousand sins in high places. Reed, McKinley, Hanna, Platt, with all their autocracy, double-dealing, misrepresentations, economic falsehoods, villanous appointments to office, and corruption of voters, go unscathed; but he follows the labor leader Debs with a venom born of perfect hate; and having exhausted his own vocabulary of denunciation, he gleans invective from the partisan press, and quotes it week after week with a malice that ought to make the fiends laugh. One would think such an editor to be owned body and soul by plutocracy were it not impossible to conceive of anyone foolish enough to buy him. It is useless for him to claim that his paper contains much of good. A loaf of bread with arsenic in it contains much of good, but we do not for that reason feed it to our children. His paper's influence with laboring men who think is forever lost.

It is but fair to say, however, that this editor is in some degree an exception. There is no one else within the realm

of my investigations who has not something more of sense and dignity, but even those who are evidently inclined to treat reforms and reformers with consideration, too often fall into a habit of carping criticism. To every proposition for the benefit of mankind they find objections. They seem to delight in pointing out the mistakes, shortcomings, inconsistencies, and disagreements of labor's and other reform leaders. They employ the very methods which they condemn when used against the pulpit and themselves. At best they "damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer."

There are noble exceptions. There are those who understand that the religious press has no right to exist except in the struggle for freedom, truth, and right. Such papers should, and will, be held in lasting honor. There are exceptional articles in all papers. There is a movement within the church which I believe will eventually elevate, refine, and purify both itself and its press. May the day hasten.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss books. An agent of one of the largest denominational publishing houses of the world is quoted as saying that he wished the concern with which he is connected might publish a few really valuable works. This implied confession is all that needs be said.

A majority of the songs issued by the religious press are rubbish. They are as false to theology and the poetic art as to manhood. They have not one redeeming feature, and still they are poured out and inflicted upon a long-suffering world by the thousand. There is a crying need for at least one hymn which expresses the present hope of humanity.

The reason for the present general attitude of the religious press toward social reforms, it is hard to decide. I count it an undue conservatism, the binding and blinding influence of tradition, a dislike of change, a false judgment of the needs and interests of men, a misapprehension of the real character of Jesus and his gospel, a fear to trust people with the truth, indolence, indifference, inability; possibly in some cases a fear of the power of wealth or of a loss of position.

I am glad of a conservative press. Every movement professing to be for the benefit of the world should be able to give a convincing account of itself. Let us have conservatism,

but let it not go to the point of crucifying the world's best men.

There is no objection to a religious editor freely expressing his opinion, whatever it may be. No one can reasonably ask him to descend to partisan strife or enter into all the conflicts of human society. There is no demand that he should give the greater part of his space to any propaganda, however important. He is, however, expected to investigate thoroughly for himself, and to state fairly, all questions he touches upon, to be earnest in the pursuit of truth, to be careful of the reputation of his fellow men, to recognize the awful perils of civilization, and to warn against them with the pen of the true prophet. He is not merely to criticise and condemn proposed methods of reform, to find flaws, mistakes, and inconsistencies, but is to help discover the best way. In general, on a lofty and noble plane he is to lead humanity to victory. A timid, timeserving, vacillating religious press neither God nor humanity has any use for. Anything that is afraid of the truth, let it perish from the earth.

III. THE CHURCH AND THE MASSES.

BY T. S. LONERGAN.

IT is now a well-established fact that non-churchgoing is steadily on the increase. It does seem from recent investigations that the great majority of farmers and workingmen are alienated from the churches. Representatives of the church and representatives of labor agree that for various reasons the churches have lost their hold on the masses of the American people.

A few years ago Mr. Moody said: "The gulf between the church and the masses is growing deeper, wider, and darker every hour." That is a sad commentary on a Christian country, and is unquestionably true. Men who have given close study to this subject admit that less than one-half the people of this country profess to be churchgoers, and half of those who profess to be churchgoers have not darkened the doors of a church for years. It is estimated that only thirty-three per cent of the population attend church of any kind. It is com-

monly said that if the churches and ministers would exhibit a broader spirit of humanity and keep in close touch with the people, there would be no alienation from the churches.

The masses still believe in Christianity, but not in churchianity. Some of the old theology may be out of date, but the old religion is ever new. Anything born of divinity is immortal.

The working classes are indifferent if not decidedly hostile to our fashionable churches, and our fashionable churches in turn seem indifferent to the temporal and spiritual welfare of those classes. Yet there are many noble exceptions.

Two years ago four Brooklyn clergymen met, and, discussing informally church matters, one of them, a rector of one of the largest Episcopal churches in that city, said: "Gentlemen, I should like to know if my church is exceptional. We have not a single workingman in our membership." The pastor of a Dutch Reformed church said: "That is true of mine." The pastor of a large Congregational church said: "We have one carpenter in our church, but not a single serving man or woman." The pastor of the Presbyterian church said: "We have some master workmen who employ labor, but of what would be called a workingman we have not one in our church or congregation." Those statements represent the same denominations in every large city in these United States to-day. "How to reach the masses" is now one of the great problems of our time. It is a problem that the statesman, the churchman, and the philanthropist must grapple with. Class churches can never solve the problem of our civilization.

Recently at a certain prayer-meeting a prominent member said: "I want your prayers for a man who has been a slave to drink. Pray for him; he is a gentleman. He is no bum. He is worth \$200,000, and is worth saving." We see that money is a power, even in the church, God's own temple.

A church committee in Massachusetts a few years since sent out circulars to over 200 labor leaders throughout the State to find out if possible the attitude of workingmen towards the churches. Only a small number replied, and those who did reply expressed the opinion that the workingmen were almost entirely alienated from the churches. Mark

you, that was in the land of the Puritan. Out of fifteen counties in the State of Maine containing 133,445 families, 67,842 reported themselves as not attending churches of any kind, Protestant or Catholic. Puritan blue-laws do not thrive in New England any more than in New York.

Prof. R. T. Ely writes: "The Secretary of the Journeymen Bakers' National Union sent out appeals to the clergy of New York and Brooklyn to preach against Sunday labor, and help them to abolish it. Out of 500 circulars sent only half-a-dozen came back." Such discourtesy tends to prejudice the minds of workingmen against churches and pastors.

The writer has heard churches and pastors hissed in Cooper Union and elsewhere. "The churches," said a labor orator on one occasion, "are a mammonized institution, in league with capital and controlled by plutocrats. Cooper Institute did more good in a week than all the churches in a year, and the *New York World* did more good in a single issue than the Christian ministers, the parasites of society, could do in an age." The meeting cheered those sentiments to the echo. The majority of laboring men believe that the churches are engaged against them in their struggle to ameliorate their social condition. They say that the pillars of the church are the hardest taskmasters.

The ministers charge the Sunday newspapers with keeping men away from church. If a man has a desire to go to church, the newspapers will not keep him away. The Sunday newspaper is not an enemy to the church. The pulpit frequently denounces the press. There ought to be no conflict between them. They should go hand-in-hand in instructing and uplifting humanity. The pulpit preaches to thousands, while the press preaches to millions. As an institution the press is human and of course has faults, yet it possesses a good deal of the milk of human kindness. The press can never usurp the magic power of the spoken Word. Eloquence in or out of the pulpit is divine. It is God's greatest gift to man.

Greater New York has a population to-day of almost 3,200,000, and only 250,000 go to church on Sundays. The farmers and workingmen do not complete the list of non-

churchgoers. Unfortunately many of our educated young men pose as agnostics and follow the teachings of Robert G. Ingersoll. We all admire the brilliancy and eloquence of Col. Ingersoll, although he is neither a great scholar nor a profound thinker. His slings and arrows at the Christian religion have made him very unpopular among the public at large. In his newest lecture there is nothing new. His argument is ridicule. His ammunition is a rehash from the arsenals of Voltaire, Paine, and Bradlaugh. True, people flock to hear him simply because he is eloquent and nothing more. If the Christian religion consoles the troubled mind and helps millions the world over to bear the trials and troubles of "a weary life," it is a blessing to human society. In what does the common weal consist? It consists in the interest of the whole community. Civil society and religious society are two distinct empires. Christ himself separates the two jurisdictions. Yet they are closely connected: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Religion and morality are the safeguards of our free institutions. Irreligion and anarchy are twin sisters. The masses and classes hating each other is a menace to free institutions. We may discard some of the old theology, but the old religion the American people will never discard. The workingmen feel that the churches do not sympathize with them in their struggles.

The Founder of Christianity was a workingman. He preached the gospel to the people from a heart overflowing with human sympathy. There is no true love without sacrifice. Christ died for the redemption of mankind. The masses of the Christian world are religious to the core and as devoted as ever to the true teachings of this divine Mechanic.

Now, what are the principal causes why we have so many non-churchgoers in our large cities? The following causes are respectfully submitted to a candid public: 1. Superfluous sects; 2. Extreme individualism; 3. Class distinctions; 4. The rented pew system; 5. The War of Creeds; and 6. Dry and artificial sermons. The last, perhaps, is one of the chief causes. Preaching has sunk into sermonizing. True eloquence in the

American pulpit seems to be a lost art. We have now no Summerfields, no Simpsons, no Beechers. True, we have yet a Ryan, the Lacordaire of America, whose eloquence and learning are recognized on all sides. A great orator is the product of divine hands. God alone can make him. Of course we have good and learned preachers all over the country, but they are wedded to their manuscripts. To use the language of a great preacher and scholar:

"Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading; a practice which of itself is sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ridiculous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervor a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passion written out in goodly text."

It is really tiresome to sit for an hour and listen to some preachers read off a theological essay. An eminent English divine once said to Garrick: "How is it that you actors make such an impression on people and talk only fiction, while we fail although talking divine truth?" "The reason is," replied the great actor, "we actors talk fiction as if it were truth, while you preachers talk truth as if it were fiction." That is the explanation in a nutshell.

The rented pew system is a libel on our boasted equality. There are no rented pews in St. Paul's, London, or in St. Peter's in Rome, and never have been. Almost any Sunday you can see six or seven thousand workingmen under the dome of St. Peter's. Prince and peasant, rich and poor, high and low mingle within the walls of that famous temple. That magnificent edifice is free to all without distinction of class, race, or color. There at least we can see thorough equality.

The wealthy support our fashionable churches, and they have a perfect right to exclude or at least to show that they do not want the common crowd. Some of these churches pay their pastors \$10,000 a year. Some more, others less. Then it is said that some churches are too exclusive. But could we expect a Vanderbilt or an Astor to sit beside a common laborer from the fourth ward? Could we expect a fair and cultured society lady to sit beside a factory girl from the Bowery? So,

you see, there are two sides to this question. Yet the religion of Christ was intended for rich and poor alike. Within the temple of God there ought to be entire equality. God must be recognized as a living power embracing all human relations. Religion has a material as well as a spiritual side, which is of vital importance to the state. God speaks in every age and nation. Let the churches keep in close contact with the people. Let the pastors of every denomination preach in season and out of season the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. There is no room for class churches in free America. Our fashionable churches to-day are social clubs pure and simple. Organized charity in the churches is a beautiful thing, but the working people have no faith in that kind of charity.

Below Fourteenth Street, New York, we have very few churches, but any number of saloons. In the borough of Manhattan there are 555 organized churches and over 7,000 licensed saloons. The liquor question, the labor question, and other social questions come within the domain of morals. Theological doctrines can be applied to these questions from every pulpit in the land. Every church is doing good, but separated and divided by intolerance the good results cannot be as effective as they might be. It is not necessary to turn a pulpit into a political rostrum. The pulpit is yet a power. It can aid the working classes to better their social condition. The rich are eminently capable of taking care of themselves.

When the ministers of every creed and denomination open wide the doors of their churches, preach fearlessly the gospel of Christ, and apply it to the social problems of our day, espouse the cause of labor, extend their sympathies to the poor and the unfortunate, do away with carping criticisms, and teach the classes the duties they owe to society and religion alike, then the working people will return to the churches of their fathers, worshipping at the sacred shrine of holy religion, purer patriots and better citizens.

THE PROPOSED FEDERATION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON NATIONS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

NO question which has arisen since the close of the Civil War is fraught with such momentous and far-reaching consequences as the proposal looking toward the federation of the Anglo-Saxon world through an understanding, more or less definite, by which the civilization of the English-speaking people will be a controlling factor in shaping the destinies of the future. It is safe to say that no other proposition flashed upon modern civilization has so profoundly stirred the world as this new proposal which has been made possible by England's bold and firm stand from the time that Spain, Austria, Germany, and France tried to force the United States to submit to European intervention. Indeed, since the opening of the war, England, and oftentimes England alone, has stood between the United States and the humiliation planned by the powers of continental Europe with the hope of bolstering up a tottering throne, holding a province subject to a foreign despotism, and thwarting the United States in its effort to foster free government and to succor the oppressed and fulfil her manifest destiny. This, perhaps, was at no time more noticeable than after the splendid victory of Commodore Dewey, when the continental powers sought to meddle in a way that would have placed our government in an extremely embarrassing if not a humiliating position. The friendly attitude of Great Britain has wrought a wonderful change in public sentiment throughout the United States, which the more or less thinly disguised hostility of the other great European powers has tended to greatly strengthen.

This question is fraught with possibilities so far-reaching and stupendous, it involves so much and offers so many points of view, that it calls for careful and serious consideration. Furthermore, beyond all questions of interest, this proposition appeals with peculiar force to philosophical students of his-

tory, because the suggested alliance is manifestly a logical union, and as such would possess the elements essential to permanency and strength. It would be along the lines of the destiny which is being worked out by both peoples; therefore the bond of union would in all probability grow stronger and closer as time passed. This would be impossible were there less real community of interest between our nations. We often see governments bound together merely by ties of self-interest, while there exists no other bond of union; when, indeed, the aspirations and ideals of these friendly governments are diametrically opposed. Such an alliance or friendly relation, in the nature of the case, lacks the element of permanency, and therefore is far less interesting than unions based upon common interests, ideals, and aspirations, and where the genius or spirit of government is in each case the same.

The specially amicable relations which were supposed to exist between Russia and the United States up to the breaking out of the present war afford an illustration of a friendship based on supposed self-interest, but where the ideals of the two nations were diametrically opposed. Russia has long claimed to be a special friend of the United States, and though there has been no close alliance between the governments, the friendship of the United States has been shown on at least one notable occasion, when the Senate ratified the treaty containing the obnoxious and un-American provision relating to our surrendering refugees accused of political offences. This treaty was passed in secret session, and when its contents became known it was so clearly repugnant to public sentiment that it was almost universally condemned. Russia on her part has never ceased to protest special friendship for us. Her press, which more perfectly than the press of any other nation reflects the sentiments of the government, has never tired of dwelling on "the hereditary friendship" of the nation for the United States. With the opening of the Spanish war, however, all this was changed. The Russian press began to speak in another voice, and the world received a fresh illustration of the fact that any bond which is composed wholly of self-interest is necessarily much like a rope of sand, liable to disappear at any moment.

There can be no question that the amicable relations between these two governments rested solely on self-interest, and subsisted largely on the bitterness of feeling felt by the United States for Great Britain, on the one hand, and the deep-rooted antagonism of Russia toward England and Russia's ever-present dream of some day possessing all Asia, on the other. Russia found that we cordially disliked our kinsmen over the sea, and she had no desire to see the wound healed; her friendship cost her nothing, and ours might some day prove of great value. On our part, the hostility of Russia to England tended to draw us toward the great Eastern empire, for the old animosity toward the mother country, which antedated the Revolution, had been greatly intensified by the war of 1812. The adoption of free trade by England also tended to widen the breach, by placing two commercial theories in opposition. The marvellous growth of the United States, on the one hand, and the commercial supremacy of England, on the other, further increased the jealousy between peoples who cherished resentment for each other. These and other similar causes made the United States friendly rather than otherwise to England's foe; but any careful student of political science would have known from the outset that there could be no enduring alliance or lasting friendship between the government of the Tsar and that of the United States, because one was the embodiment of absolutism, the other the personification of republicanism, and sooner or later these antagonistic ideals would necessarily clash, whereupon all semblance of friendship would disappear.

With the proposed Anglo-American alliance, however, the circumstances are far different, as here we have, in addition to considerations of mutual interest, the elements of permanency and strength found in a common language and a common blood, two factors of real strength, despite the ill-natured sneer of Prince Bismarck, whose dislike for England and fear of popular government embitter his thoughts and blind his mental vision. But beyond a common blood, language, and mutual interests, rises the factor which above all others is fundamental, and which more than aught else makes such an alliance worthy of serious consideration, and that is the

common ideal or goal to which the moral energies of both peoples are moving, the spirit which permeates all English-speaking nations, namely, popular sovereignty, or self-government; that is, republicanism in essence. While Russia and Germany personify absolutism, the English-speaking world stands in a real way for free government, or popular sovereignty.

Let me here note the principal factors which have led continental Europe to range itself on the side of Spain. In Austria there is the bond of common religion. There is also the natural desire on the part of the reigning house to preserve the throne of Spain for its kinswoman, the Austrian queen regent, and her son, as well as the desire to protect all neighboring thrones from overthrow. On this point the emperor has a very real interest, as his own throne has recently been threatened, and the sleeping volcanoes of social discontent are liable to break out at any time with more disastrous consequences than those which marked the upheaval of 1848, and which sent terror to every potentate in Europe.

In France we find the bond of a common religion, much as in Austria. Here, too, though we have no crowned head, we find a republic very unrepublican in many respects; and, instead of an imperilled throne, there are imperilled bonds. The dynasty of bondholders and capitalists is menaced; at least a part of their holdings is in jeopardy. Then again, it is to be feared that the conclusion of many close observers who have lived in Paris and made a careful study of the political workings of the nation, is correct, that the spirit of the empire, rather than the republican ideal of Lafayette, lives, thrives, and blossoms in the France of to-day.* There is a strong

*Mr. Theodore Stanton, writing in THE ARENA for October, 1891, pointed out some of the essentially monarchical features of the French Republic. He had resided in Paris since 1873, and discussed these weak spots as a friend of the republic who viewed with alarm the monarchical tendency. His opinions have been confirmed by late observers. "It is astonishing," said Mr. Stanton, "how many monarchical customs have been preserved by the present government. The military household is one of the Imperial institutions which the third republic has accepted and continued. . . . This same military parade is seen in the senate and chamber during the sitting of either of the bodies; a company of infantry is kept under arms in a room adjoining the legislative halls, and when the president of either house enters the building, he advances between two files of soldiers presenting arms, and is escorted to the chair by the commanding officer. The President of France is allowed 600,000 francs for entertaining and travelling, and his balls and dinners at the Elysée, and especially his official tours through the country, smack of royalty to an extraordinary degree." These are but a few illustrations cited by this and other critical observers which show how essentially monarchical is the spirit of the so-called Republic of France, at least in many respects.

tendency toward centralization; and the autocratic, not to say despotic spirit seems present so often as to make an American or an Englishman in France thankful that he is a native of a free country.

With Germany, the religious sentiment is not a factor in the government's attitude, nor is the holding of Spanish securities sufficient to influence public opinion on political action. The same is true of Russia. Yet in the case of Germany we find not only an unfriendly attitude, but that she has been only second to Austria in seeking to meddle and thwart the United States; while the press of Russia has been only second to the French press in outspoken hostility to the United States. The action of Russia in seeking to draw Austria and Germany closer to her, while she has maintained an attitude but little less aggressive in its opposition to us than that of Austria and Germany, has been far from that of friendly neutrality. In Germany and Russia one great factor involved is opposition to republicanism, a sentiment which carries with it a strong desire not only to uphold the Spanish throne in Europe, but also to preserve its foreign possessions. In other words, it is the spirit of absolutism pitted against that of republicanism. It is the theory which holds to the rule of one or of a few against the ideal of popular sovereignty. This element, as we have seen, is present in all the unfriendly continental nations, unless we except France; and if, as I hold, even France is more under the spell of monarchical ideals than those of pure republicanism, then no exception need be made. The genius of absolutism is pitted against the genius of free government as represented in a very large way by the Anglo-Saxon world.*

To nations like Russia and Germany, even England is scarcely less odious than the United States, for there the peo-

* The following press despatch from Berlin contains views which have been expressed more or less boldly by numerous continental writers in close touch with monarchical Europe, and it indicates the overmastering influences which lead the despotic or centralized powers to side with Spain: "Berlin, Germany, May 16.—An evidently inspired editorial in the *Post*, treating of the question of European intervention in the American-Spanish war, says: 'The time for a decision upon the question is rapidly drawing nearer. If the powers eventually intervene it will only be on condition that the Spaniards shall remain loyal to the reigning dynasty. If they show a disposition to change the government and place themselves under the control of the Republicans or of mutinous generals they need not reckon on the sympathy of the monarchical powers.'"

ple are so largely the rulers, and the genius of the government is so essentially republican, that the proximity of a government where there is so great a measure of freedom, and such content and prosperity, is a constant menace to the antiquated ideals which the Tsar and the Kaiser stand for. Indeed, to those who are more influenced by a name than by the reality for which it stands, and who fail to see the genius of free institutions in the government of England, I would point out the fact, that the British sovereign is in some respects less a factor in lawmaking than our President. England's sovereign has not the veto power, so potent a weapon in the hands of the President of the United States. There is to-day greater freedom of speech and action among the working people of England than has been possible among our laborers since the advent of what is aptly termed "government by injunction." True, England has her House of Lords, but we have the Senate, composed largely of corporation attorneys and very rich men, and in which complacently sits to-day a member whom the senate of his own State has charged with securing his seat by bribery. Moreover, the influence of the Lords is not nearly so great or so baleful as that of the trusts and corporations of the United States. The telegraphs and the postal saving banks are two examples of public utilities which are owned and operated by the people for their own benefit, a policy which, though truly republican in spirit and in the line of progress, it has been impossible to introduce into the United States because of the opposition of the un-republican corporations. Again, in municipal government England has progressed much more rapidly than the United States. Indeed, if we study the history of the two governments since, say, 1840, we shall be compelled, if we are fair and unprejudiced, to admit that Great Britain has progressed more rapidly along the highway of republicanism than have we. True, she had further to go in some respects, but we have retrograded in more than one instance, notably so since the rise of corporate power and its ascendancy in political life. In view of the progress made toward republicanism in England during the past century and the freedom and influence exerted by her citizens in political affairs, it is idle to claim

that the ideals and aspirations of Great Britain are monarchical or retrogressive. Indeed, the more one examines into the great political currents which unerringly indicate the trend of government, the more he becomes convinced that the genius or spirit of each government, despite periods of depression, leads toward a constantly broadening liberty, a truer freedom for all citizens; in a word, toward the goal of ideal democracy or progressive republicanism.

In the present war we have a striking illustration of governments obeying their natural instincts, and ranging themselves on the side of despotism or republicanism according to the spirit which consciously or unconsciously dominates the national life of each. The great powers of Europe which are permeated with the spirit of absolutism, in siding with Spain, simply gravitated toward their own; that was all.

The sudden change in national feeling in America and England would, indeed, be surprising if there were real and fundamental barriers preventing an amicable understanding between the two nations; but such is not the case. At the present time, above the prejudices which we have inherited, and which have been aggravated on the part of both nations, we find two great powers of the same blood, speaking the same tongue, and animated by the same spirit or ideals, being drawn together by common interests into a friendship which should be enduring and mutually beneficial. Such a sudden change of public sentiment would hardly have been possible twenty years ago. During recent years, however, great changes have been silently wrought in the public mind. For example, high protection was the law and gospel of the Republican party, and to be even suspected of having a leaning toward "English free trade" was to commit a cardinal sin in the eyes of the simon-pure Republican. James G. Blaine, the most far-sighted statesman of the later-day Republican party, threw a bomb into his own camp when he spoke for reciprocity, or "limited free trade," as his astonished fellow Republicans called it. The most effective arguments in the free-trade armory were called forth to support the new evangel of reciprocity, and from that date high tariff has not been popular. The McKinley bill cost the party its political prestige, and

Mr. McKinley's managers shrewdly kept the tariff in the background in the last campaign in order to save their ticket. The old animosity of the Republicans toward England has greatly diminished during recent years.

The Democratic party, on the other hand, which holds to free trade, is equally determined to secure free silver; and so long as England was supposed to be a unit for the gold standard, there was little chance for the voting millions of the West and South favoring any measure that would bring this nation into more intimate relationship with England. In Great Britain, however, a very strong silver sentiment is growing up, championed by many of her ablest statesmen, and undoubtedly favored by a very large proportion of the agrarian and laboring classes. The Parliamentary Report on the causes of depression among the English farmers gave so much importance to the demonetization of silver as a factor, that the document has been used extensively for campaign purposes on this side of the water. It was specially valuable as being one of many striking illustrations of a decided reactionary tendency, which, if aided by the growing silver sentiment of the republic under the condition of mutual amity, would in all probability soon predominate; for when the Anglo-Saxon is once convinced and aroused, even the most cunning conspiracy of financiers is powerless against a people's opposition. It is reasonable to believe that, with cordial relations existing between England and the United States, the gold standard would soon share the same fate in England that befell the corn laws and the high tariff in the forties. From the two great parties, therefore, I believe there is a fair chance for the favorable reception of overtures looking toward a better understanding and more cordial relations between England and our country.

There are two elements in American political life which already have had something to say on this subject, the socialists and the Irish-Americans, or the Irish element of our population. Socialists who are distinctly progressive and American in spirit will be likely to regard closer union of these nations favorably, as their methods of propaganda and work in general are largely patterned after those of

the Fabians of England, to whom they are much indebted. They are very intelligent, and well understand that socialists and laboring men enjoy quite as much or more freedom of speech in England as in America at the present day. They know that an active and systematic campaign is being pushed with good results in England, and that anything which would bring the two nations closer together would tend to bring these two armies of workers into more intimate relationship, and would help rather than hinder their work. On the other hand, it will be interesting to observe whether the German-American socialists will allow the opinions of the champions of absolutism in Germany to influence them.

The Irish-Americans dislike England so cordially that at first thought they naturally opposed any consideration looking toward an alliance; and this prejudice is fostered by such voluble Irishmen as Mr. Michael Davitt, whose enmity towards England leads him to make statements so reckless as to greatly impair any opinion he may offer, as, for example, his assertion that continental Europe is not antagonistic to us. Does Mr. Davitt think we have been asleep during the past few months? It is unfortunate that passion and hatred often blind reason and sober judgment, and lead men to go against their best interests. With the United States in the position of one whose friendship is valued and desired, would she not be able to exert a moral influence far greater than is possible now for the cause of Ireland? It certainly would seem so, and I am inclined to believe that a large proportion of the more dispassionate Irish-Americans will appreciate this fact and will favor more intimate relations between the two nations.

The word has been spoken; the two great nations with common language, blood, interests, and ideals have broken the ice and moved toward each other. Both peoples begin to realize how childish and puerile it is to cherish the animosity and prejudice bequeathed to us by our grandfathers. A union is proposed which is natural and logical and in the line of progress. Moreover, events are so shaping themselves as to render such a union desirable for the best purposes of civilization, as will be seen if we contemplate the trend of affairs in continental Europe.

During recent years the diplomacy of Russia has surpassed that of any other nation. She has an alliance with France, and it is supposed that there is also an understanding between her and Germany; she has a formal understanding or agreement with Austria; she has her eye on Constantinople; and she has her paw on poor China. She is, in short, the most formidable personification of absolutism in the world. Her ambition is insatiable; she has looked with hungry eyes toward Asia Minor, Persia, India, China, and Japan; she is intriguing even in far-off Abyssinia. Many believe she is also casting longing glances across the Pacific. Russia has silently but with great rapidity drawn to herself the nations which represent the imperial spirit. She desires Asia, and is willing that France and Germany may take England's possessions in Africa and Australasia if in the general division contemplated she receives the lion's share in Asia. She is the natural foe of England and the United States, for the vital reason that these liberal governments are a constant and a growing menace to the most absolute despotism of Europe's civilization. *Once dismember the British Empire and break the power of England on the seas, and all free governments the world over must feel the shock.* Why? Because England is progressive and liberal, and thus opposes all reactionary influences in European civilizations. She stands for constitutional government as Russia stands for autocracy. A blow to England would be a blow to all English-speaking nations, and, what is of greater moment, a blow at progressive and constitutional theories of government everywhere. Let the British Empire be destroyed and carved up, and the United States would not have long to wait for her turn.

We now come to notice the nature of the proposed union. Unless continental Europe should seek to humiliate the United States and prevent her from receiving reasonable terms of settlement from Spain, it is not probable that there will be any formal alliance between the United States and England for some time. Indeed, English statesmen and publicists do not as a rule seem to favor an alliance; they desire rather the cultivation of amicable relations, the drawing of each nation closer together, the mutual exchange of

those benefits which would mean much to each nation in case of war, but which would not necessarily involve either nation in the contentions of the other, unless, through a combination of hostile powers, the existence or integrity of either country should be threatened, in which case the other country would be expected to come to her assistance. This, in all probability, is the extreme extent of any alliance likely to be considered; it is all that a majority of friends of a united Anglo-Saxon world desire.

With commendable enterprise, the *New York Journal* has obtained the opinions of some of England's leading men on this subject. Below are a few of these, all of which, except Mr. Chamberlain's, are from the *Journal*.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in his recent Birmingham address, said: "Our first duty is to draw all parts of the empire into close unity, and our next to maintain the bonds of permanent unity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic." (Loud cheers.) "There is a powerful and generous nation," said Mr. Chamberlain, "speaking our language, bred of our race, and having interests identical with ours. I would go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance." (Prolonged cheers.) "It is one of the most satisfactory results of Lord Salisbury's policy that at the present time these two great nations understand each other better than they ever have done since, over a century ago, they were separated by the blunder of a British government."

The Duke of Argyll said: "Undoubtedly where there are common interests there ought to be common action between us and America; and the Far East just now seems to be a case in point."

Herbert Spencer was moved by the deep importance of the subject to break his usual rule of reticence and say: "If the present crisis should bring about a cordial understanding between America and England, the benefits to themselves and to the world at large will far exceed all the evils now impending."

The Duke of Fife, the son-in-law of the Prince of Wales, conveyed the friendly sentiments of the English royal family in these hearty terms: "I cordially share the desire for peace and amity among nations. There is nothing which can conduce more effectually to that happy result than a hearty and complete understanding on all international questions between the two great peoples which have sprung from the Anglo-Saxon race."

Baron Russell, Chief Justice of England, had this to say: "As to the relations between these islands and the United States, I do not see how two peoples, speaking the same tongue, sharing in the same ideals, and having no substantial antagonistic interests, can fail to be on amicable terms; and I think that this feeling should be promulgated not by any contract of alliance, but as a result of the natural feelings which stir two nations situated as we are."

Mr. William T. Stead said: "The guiding, controlling intelligence and conscience of the British nation will remain steadfast to the present movement for unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. The real Great Britain, which lies beneath the surface and stands by its convictions and its friendships, will continue to give moral support to the United States and to strive for a closer relationship of ideas and policy between the two peoples. . . . Unity of the race is the dream of my life."

The Earl of Kimberley, the Liberal leader in the House of Lords, expressed his feeling toward America in these words: "I value as much as any man a good understanding and close friendship with the United States."

The Duke of Westminster, the greatest landowner in England, expressed the sentiment: "I can hardly conceive anything more conducive to the interests of civilization and of the general well-being of the world than a cordial understanding and more between the peoples of the British Empire and the United States."

The Marquis of Lorne, the son-in-law of Queen Victoria, and formerly Governor-General of Canada, said: "About two months ago at Sheffield I spoke in favor of an alliance with America. I have for many years done my best to strengthen our friendship for your country, for our joint trade

interests with foreigners point to such a policy as natural and grateful to both English-speaking countries."

The Marquis of Ripon, whose experience in connection with the settlement of the Alabama controversy has given him an insight into Anglo-American relations, said: "I earnestly desire to see the bonds of friendship between the two nations drawn ever more closely together, and I believe that their growing intimacy will be productive of the greatest advantage, not only to your country and mine, but to the world at large."

The Duke of Newcastle said: "I have always felt great admiration and affection for the United States, and should gladly welcome an alliance between them and my own country; but the difficulties in the way of this most desirable combination appear to me to be considerable. However, sooner or later, the alliance will be accomplished, and, in order that the time of waiting may not be unduly prolonged, it is earnestly to be hoped that the governments of both countries will carefully avoid everything which could give rise to misunderstanding."

The following extracts from representative English papers reflect the editorial opinion of the nation:

The *Times*, commenting editorially upon Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham, said: "Mr. Chamberlain was assured beforehand of the approval of the whole body of the unionists when contending that we must draw closer the ties binding us to the colonies. It was almost as much a foregone conclusion that the opportunity should be seized of establishing permanent relations of amity and something more with the United States, whose success in the operations that have lately taken place has been welcomed here as not only justified by the goodness of her cause, but as a tribute to the practical capacity of the Anglo-Saxon race in the business of war, even when no adequate preparation for the struggle had been made."

The *Daily Chronicle* welcomed Chamberlain's "brave and historic plea for an Anglo-American alliance."

The *Standard*, applauding Mr. Chamberlain's stand, said: "There is not the smallest reason to suppose that his convic-

tions are not shared by every member of the cabinet. They had been anticipated by most men who have tried to look below the surface current of diplomacy; and the special quality which he has imparted to the declaration was the emphasis of concentrated and unadulterated truth. We are liable at any moment to be confronted by a combination of all the European powers. The contingency should not be dismissed as impossible merely because it would be startlingly unpleasant. Already we have endeavored with no small success to draw all parts of our vast empire together in the firm determination to coöperate for the common defence; nor can it be said that there is anything lacking in our feeling of regard and friendship for the great kindred community on the other side of the Atlantic."

The *Birmingham Post*, Mr. Chamberlain's organ, said: "Two nations are already at war, and Mr. Chamberlain foresees that circumstances may arise which may involve other nations in a perhaps still more serious struggle. His allusion to America drew the utmost enthusiasm from the audience, and reflects not only the spirit of the meeting, but the spirit of the whole British race."

The *Yorkshire Post* said: "The duty of the moment imposes upon us the obligations of a neutral power; but nothing can prevent an interchange of sympathy at such a time between the peoples themselves. Mr. Chamberlain shows sound statesmanship in taking advantage of the present feeling on both sides of the Atlantic to indicate the great part which the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes may play if the two peoples are wise in the new conditions which are rapidly creeping over the world."

And what would be gained by such a union? Among many desirable objects that would result, we would mention:

1. The union of the English-speaking world in one mighty phalanx, to secure the realization of the aims of liberal and progressive governments, to further the best interests of civilization, to oppose by influence and education the reactionary currents of despotism, and to foster free thought, free speech, and enlarged suffrage.

2. With such a union, England and the United States

would be so nearly invincible that there would be little danger of war, while the Anglo-Saxon would have a voice in the political and commercial affairs of that larger life which affects civilization, second to that of no continental power. Such a union would be able to secure for civilization, progress, and humanity the authority which the English-speaking races should exert, but can only exercise in the event of such a union as is proposed.

3. Coaling stations all over the world would by special agreement undoubtedly be open to the ships of England and the United States. This would be a great saving in expense and an immense factor of vantage in time of war.

4. With such cordial relations existing, the people of United States, Canada, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India would touch hands in one mighty federation of brotherhood, whose bonds of friendship would grow as time elapsed; and in every English-speaking port our people would be at home and among friends.

5. Nothing else could so foster commerce. With such a union and such amicable relations existing, our commerce would move forward with giant strides. Between England and the United States there would doubtless be rivalry in this domain of activity, but it would be a friendly rivalry, and one that would soon cause the Anglo-Saxon peoples to enjoy the lion's share of the world's commerce, as Spain and Portugal enjoyed it in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

To recapitulate, these things may be put down as results which would be achieved by such a union: The supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon world; the spread of constitutional government, based on an ever-broadening suffrage; the checking of the threatening aggressions of absolutism; the fostering of free speech and free thought through the world; the union of peoples so formidable as to make war almost impossible; the commercial supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon world; the placing of the United States second to no commercial power; and, lastly, the securing of an ally which would prevent any continental power from meddling with American affairs.

Many Americans would oppose such a union, if for no other reason than that Washington and Jefferson did not

favor alliances in their age; as though changed conditions did not change the needs of nations, just as the demands of manhood differ from those of childhood. On this point the lines of our own Lowell are to the purpose:

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo! before us gleam her camp fires; we ourselves must pilgrims be.
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future portal with the Past's dull, rusted key.

In a letter to the *New York Journal*, Rev. Lyman Abbott expressed the same thought in the following very suggestive words: "The time has passed when the United States can say, 'We are sufficient unto ourselves; we will go our way; the rest of the world may go its way.' The question is not, 'Shall we avoid entangling alliances?' We are entangled with all the nations of the globe: by commerce, by manufactures, by race and religious affiliations, by popular and political sympathies. The question for us to determine is not whether we shall live and work in fellowship with European nations, but whether we shall choose our fellowship with wise judgment and definite purpose, or whether we shall allow ourselves to drift into such fellowships as political accident or the changing incidents of human history may direct. It is for this reason I urge the establishment of a good understanding between the United States and England, in the hope that in time it will grow to a more formal alliance—civic, commercial, and industrial, rather than naval or military—and yet an alliance that will make us, for the purpose of our international life, one people, though not politically one nation."

There will doubtless be much objection in the United States, and perhaps much time will elapse, before the proposal will be acted upon; yet I believe that it will be realized some day, and that its realization will mark one of the most notable and far-reaching victories for enduring civilization.

JAPANESE HOME LIFE AS CONTRASTED WITH AMERICAN.

BY CHUJIRO KOCHI.

IN studying natural history we may be surprised to find great peculiarities in the distribution of life in the world, that both flora and fauna in Japan resemble those of distant America rather than those of the nearer Asiatic continent or Europe. In studying the nature of the people, we may be interested to find that the physique and characters of the Japanese are more like those of the American Yankees than of the other nations. They are both heroic and enthusiastic as well as ambitious and progressive peoples, but we find that the Japanese and Americans differ from each other in the details of their daily life, like the variations found in a single genus or species.

In Japan the households are managed with a view to the comfort of the husband. Whether they may be the homes of the rich or the poor, the wife as a rule aims to make in every possible way the life of her husband happy. In America the house is carried on with a view to the comfort of the wife. The husband works and saves every dollar for the purpose of making his wife as happy as possible. Consequently the Japanese have better wives, and the Americans better husbands.

Americans living in Japan, whether men or women, are struck by the fact that the Japanese husband has more power to control domestic affairs than his wife. Likewise the Japanese in America are impressed by the fact that the American wife has more to say in the management of the home than her husband. If the man in America is not degraded by the woman, the Japanese woman is certainly not degraded by the man. The Japanese woman is always treated with a respect and consideration beyond the conception of the common people of America. History shows that of one hundred and twenty-three Japanese sovereigns, nine have

been women. From ancient times the custodian of the divine regalia has always been a virgin priestess. The chairs of public and private schools are occupied by the women to the exclusion of men.

It has ever been a maxim in Japan, that the direction and scope of the wife's duties are altogether internal, while those of the husband are external; and she is not yet ready to take the political suffrage or to interfere in public affairs with her American sister, even though the latter laughs at her ignorance. But she is more contented in looking after the domestic affairs of her home.

It is not to be pretended for a moment that the Japanese woman excels her American sister in intellectual capacity. But in maternal affection, tenderness, anxiety, patience, and long-suffering the Japanese mother need fear no comparison with those who know the sorrows and raptures of maternity in America.

How sweet and how bright the American woman is! She can entertain her husband with her charming talk, and she can assist her husband with her intellectual thought; but there is one point in which the Japanese woman is above and beyond all American women, and that is her superior devotion to her husband. She loves and encourages him, and never neglects to show her tender affection for him even after his death. Remarriage of Japanese women among the higher classes is not very common, although it is not forbidden by law. The widow usually lives alone, and visits from time to time the tomb of her husband, to place there fresh bunches of flowers, and to see that the little resting-place is kept neat and clean. She has no other wish in mind except to be with him again, happy in the other world.

American writers have often said that marriages in Japan are always arranged by the parents, and that their children marry without love, hence there arise so many divorce cases every day. I do not deny this, but does the American girl always marry for love? If she does, why does she not keep her love forever? She loves so easily, hence she forgets so easily. The Japanese love may not begin until the wedding day, but then the husband and wife love each other dearly

and affectionately, as Edwin Arnold has shown in his translation of a popular Japanese song :

First 'twas all a jest,
Then 'twas dally duty,
Now 'tis at its best,
True faith, tender beauty —
Both quite love-possessed.

The marriage ceremony in Japan is of a purely domestic nature, weddings invariably taking place in the groom's house at his expense instead of the bride's, as in America. At the ceremony they would use a ring and kiss each other if the couple were Americanized, but they have neither ring to exchange nor the custom of touching lips. Kissing is as unknown to the Japanese as waltzing, and they consider it, as they observe it in America, to be a very debasing and low-minded way of expressing attachment.

I have an anecdote to relate from my own experience illustrating this fact. A few years ago, when I started upon my journey to America, a young and pretty American woman, who was a friend of mine, asked me, with an earnest appearance, whether I knew how the people greeted each other in America. I felt ashamed at my entire ignorance as to how they did so, but I frankly told her that I had never been informed on this subject, and asked for instruction.

"If you go to America," said the young lady, with a smile, "you will see that the people over there do not lower their foreheads to the floor as the Japanese do, but they stand straight and shake their hands, or kiss whenever they are very intimate friends."

"My friend," said I, "will you be kind enough to show me how to shake my hand as you do in America?"

She stood up and shook my hand slowly two or three times, meantime giving me a little lecture upon this American custom.

"Well," said I again, "I know now well enough how to shake anybody's hand in the American way without any fear. Show me, I pray you, my dear friend, the salute which you termed the kiss."

But unfortunately she did not teach me what it was, and

I did not know how Americans did this until I landed in San Francisco, where many men and women, both young and old, met their friends on board the steamer when she was anchored, and they kissed each other like the birds. At this moment I thought, how can the Americans be so foolish as to transmit contagious diseases to each other in this fashion?

The moral education of Japanese children is conducted partly at home and partly in school, and is based largely upon Confucianism. Courage, valor, zeal, sobriety, directness of speech, extreme courtesy, implicit obedience to parents and superiors, and deferential reverence and regard for old age, — these are among the chief characteristics looked for in the boys; while industry, gentleness, faithfulness, and cheerful demeanor are required of girls.

It does not necessarily follow that because Japan has not adopted Christianity she must be lacking in moral character; far from it. If we can rely on recent statistics, Japan is far more fortunate than any Christian country on the earth in regard to the number of criminals. On an average only one in seven thousand of the entire population is confined in prison.

Never do Japanese children leave or return to the house without prostrating themselves before the tender mother and softly asking permission of absence. Never does she return, but all the children and servants throng to the threshold, and, with forehead upon mats, greet her with soft ejaculations of welcome.

Little or no importance is attached to the religious training of children. Whether the parents be Buddhists or Shin-toists matters not, for in either case the children rarely take any part in the religious life of their parents. It must be borne in mind, however, that Japanese morality is not based on religious doctrine. In America the case is quite different, because Christianity is only a lighthouse for the moral life of the people, therefore when they lose sight of this light, they are like a ship floating in the misty ocean. Look at the students in state institutions where there is but little religious influence, and compare them with the students in some denominational colleges, and we can easily find that

there is a great difference in their morals, and then we see how important Christianity is for the young men of America.

Many American friends of Japan are working together trying to elevate the moral ideas of the Japanese by introducing Christianity. No doubt it makes them immeasurably higher than those principles of Confucianism which have held sway for centuries, but, as matters stand, it is safe to say that they do not gain as much from Western learning as they lose in old-world tranquillity and sweetness of manner.

According to the recent census, nearly nine thousand young women have completed their higher education at the various colleges in America. Of this great number of well-trained women it is probable that about five thousand are at the heads of homes, or will finally find their career to be domestic. Besides these a great many thousands of refined women are found scattered throughout the country. Whether these women are good home organizers or not, I will not venture to say, but they are certainly fine educators of their children.

In this respect the Japanese women are not yet advanced enough to be compared with their American sisters, because they have only begun to attend higher institutions of learning during the last quarter of a century, although in literature, art, poetry, song the names of women are among the most brilliant of those on the long roll of fame and honor on whose brows the Japanese, at least, have placed the fadeless chaplet of renown. Their memory is still kept green by recitation, quotation, reading, and inscriptions on screens, rolls, memorial stones, wall fans, cups, and those exquisite works of art that delight even alien admirers east and west of the Pacific.

I do not know whether the rapid progress of Japanese civilization will tend to produce the so-called new woman or the bloomer girl in the future or not, but I am afraid that the Japanese woman, both through heredity and training, walks with contracted chest and lily-like droop of the head, and may not be able to stand the hard studies of the colleges. Tests by the pedometer tell that young men in Japan walk every day from twelve to twenty miles for a

week without feeling tired, while the strongest woman submitted to the test could hardly exceed five miles. This is largely due to the inconvenient dress and to the custom of sitting down on the floor and of turning the knees, so that greater physical endurance is necessary for her before the higher education can become more general. Nevertheless I do not say which is healthy or which is inconvenient in comparing the Japanese woman's dress with that of the Americans. Perhaps they both need reforming.

Now, if we advance a step further, and watch the customs of these two nations very closely in their minor details, we may be surprised to find that their ideas are often developed in opposite directions.

In the first place, the Japanese people have a deep-seated love of nature. Even an ignorant peasant has an almost incomprehensible love of the picturesque. Therefore all their houses are constructed so as to admit an ample view of the country, to keep them in a more cheerful mood; while in America this desire is but little developed, and there is no real sympathy with or understanding of it.

In the Japanese house we usually find a parlor or the best-furnished room in the rear, and placed there are a few works of art or a vase with flowers beautifully arranged. The Americans have their parlors in the front of the house, where the various ornaments are spread all around the room just as though the children had opened their boxes of playthings, and had placed some of their possessions at the windows to exhibit them to the public.

Japanese women generally wear a bright-colored undergarment with a dark shabby one outside, and they use more expensive silk and cotton for the former than for the latter; while in America women even fifty years of age often have a red bonnet on their heads, and seldom or never use any bright-colored cloth or expensive goods for their underwear, caring as they do only for external appearances.

In America there is not only a peculiarity in the making of clothes and houses, but it seems queer to the Japanese that Americans, when giving something to their friends, never forget to speak of or praise its usefulness or its scarcity, or

even its price; whereas Japanese give their presents with an apology.

What do you think a Japanese man would say if you asked him whether he had studied art or science or something else? No matter what you asked, he would surely say "No" or "Very little" at first, even if he were a noted scholar. Unless he had been Americanized, he would never tell how many years he had studied it or claim to be well posted on the subject.

Each of these two nations is distinguished by characteristics that have slowly crystallized into national idiosyncrasies, more or less antagonistic as regards one another. These differences have become fixed expressions of customs and habits, and attempts to transplant such things are not generally successful. For instance, about ten years ago, when the wave of Western fashion washed the shores of Japan, everyone, both men and women, put their old silk garments aside and dressed themselves in the Parisian modes. The European dress, however, especially woman's, could not lessen the personal charms of feature, voice, and gesture, but it hampered her movements, and she endured agonies through the tight shoes which she insisted upon wearing. So, too, when American players dress themselves in the Japanese style, and appear in "The Geisha" or "The Mikado," they look very funny to the Japanese, who can hardly keep from laughing at these poor imitations, though their natural politeness forbids such an expression of opinion.

The long, tranquil isolation of Japan, due to her exclusion of all foreign influences, was favorable to the growth of her own natural tendencies and to the establishment of forms of civilization which have their germs deep in ancestral blood; and it is more probable that Japan will keep the beauty of her own originality than that she will make a poor imitation of another country. She will not play the part of the ancient warriors who attempted to deceive their enemies by clothing camels with elephants' skins.

The Japanese woman has often been misunderstood by Americans. She is not only a gentle, graceful, and self-sacrificing creature, but she is not lacking in moral courage and

bravery. I heard of a beautiful girl, beloved and sought in marriage by two young men at the same time. It was of course a difficult thing for her to settle this trouble without hurting the feelings of one of the young men, as some of the fair maidens in this country have no doubt already experienced in their youth, but she finally decided to wed one of them, who treated her very well, and to whom she became fondly attached.

A few days after her marriage, while she was visiting at her mother's home, the young man who had been rejected by her came in suddenly with a sword in his hand to assassinate her mother. She saw her mother's danger, and sprang before him, shielding her mother by her own person.

"How cruel and dangerous you are!" said she. "But for the sake of my mother's peace, I consent to what you demand on condition that you first kill my husband."

"Will you then be mine after your husband death?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, certainly I will," replied she. "Come to my house," she added, "in the dark to-night; I will give a sleeping draught to my husband, and saturate his head with water to make you distinguish him from the others."

The wicked lover eagerly agreed, and the mother was too terrified to intervene.

At the appointed hour of the night, when all was still, having cut her own long hair and soaked her head in water, she lay down to await with splendid fortitude and self-abnegation the visit of the murderer. The young man made his way to her home, felt head after head among those of the sleepers in different rooms, came at last upon the wetted one, severed it with a quick stroke, rolled it in his cloth, hurried forth into the street, and proceeded to unfold his dreadful burden under the moonlight. It was not a man's head at all; but the lovely face of the woman whose peace he had ruined met his affrighted gaze.

I have noticed in America that young men pay great attention to the young women, and are often willing slaves to them, and that for the sake of their sweethearts they sometimes do not object to change their occupation or even their

religious belief. When I was travelling in New England during the time of the last presidential election, I heard a young lady say to a young man, with the most charming manner: "Dear me, I will not marry you if Mr. McKinley wins in the next election, but I will marry you if Mr. Bryan becomes President." This was not a mere joke; and I have found that the women often move the men's minds with their smiles in America more easily than they do in Japan.

The women in Japan generally dislike soft manners in the men; and the men also hate to flatter the women. The young men, especially the students, dress themselves in coarse clothes, and face cold and heat in short, scanty apparel. The women would laugh at them if they cared for their external appearance too much. Perhaps this is due to the old monarchical spirit still swaying the mind of the people, and they think that the young men must be made to live a vigorous life to fight with hardships before they accomplish their life work.

Although there are so many minor differences in the daily life of these two nations, their national characteristics or heroic spirit can be considered as being of equal rank in the world's esteem. Japan fought with China for the purpose of making Korea independent, just as the United States is now warring against Spain in order to free the starving Cubans from tyranny.

May the sun of Japan shine with the stars of America, and give their lights of civilization to the world forever and forever.

AMHERST, MASS.

THE EXTIRPATION OF CONSUMPTION.

BY LINCOLN COTHRAN, M. D.

THERE are myriad cures proposed for consumption, from the rank concoctions of shameless quacks to the really valuable remedies emanating from the man of science. With our present knowledge, advanced consumption is incurable. While the disease may hereafter be arrested by other means discovered, inevitably as gray hairs and wrinkles come with age, the patient cannot be cured, that is, restored to a condition of perfect health and strength. A portion of the lung has been destroyed. The air cells have been obliterated, and their place is occupied by scar tissue, like the disfigurement resulting from smallpox upon the face. But unlike smallpox a permanent disability remains, because vital tissue has been destroyed. An aerating portion of the lung is gone, and the rest of the body must ever after suffer from an insufficient supply of oxygen.

Though this cruel disease that wreaks its slow, sad havoc among men cannot be cured, what is infinitely better, it can be prevented. The civilized governments annually spend millions to prevent the introduction and spread of Asiatic cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox ; and humanity shudders at the contemplation of these diseases ; yet in the presence of this plague that is always with us and ever spreading with insidious and remorseless march, there exists a spirit of apathy and supineness that is a reproach to our intelligence, and eclipses the light of this age.

There are more deaths annually from this disease in California — the consumptive's paradise — than have been occasioned by yellow fever throughout all of the United States during the last seventeen years. There are more deaths from consumption in New York City alone in two years than have been caused by smallpox in the entire country since the foundation of the government. In any town of five

thousand inhabitants there are yearly more deaths from consumption than have been caused by Asiatic cholera in all of the United States for the past twenty-three years.

These statements, which can be substantiated by health records, are made not to minimize the evils of smallpox, cholera, and yellow fever, but with the purpose, on the one hand, to show the immense service to human life which quarantine has rendered in these diseases, and to arouse some intelligent action in dealing with the immeasurably more dreadful disease, tuberculosis.

Since the discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Robert Koch of Berlin in 1883, the knowledge has been at hand whereby the disease could be eradicated from the miseries of the world. A few words as to the nature of this malady will make the foregoing more intelligible to the general reader.

Consumption is not an hereditary disease in the sense in which medical men use the term heredity in such troubles as gout, insanity, and various nervous complaints, which are transmitted from parent to offspring. Tuberculosis is an infectious disease. It is "catching," like measles, whooping-cough, and diphtheria. One member of a family gives it to the others successively, until it often wipes out a household.

The tubercle bacillus is an exceedingly small, low form of vegetable life which grows best upon animal tissue, thriving only at temperatures near that of the normal human body. Its invasion, lodgment, and growth in the lungs of man or other animals cause the disease consumption. This germ is also the cause of fistula *in ano*, scrofula, lupus, spinal diseases, hip-joint disease, and certain incurable malignant ulcers resembling cancer. The tubercle bacillus contains the seeds of its own life in the form of extremely minute bodies called spores. It multiplies with almost inconceivable rapidity.

Professor George Nuttall of California, now teacher of bacteriology in Heidelberg, Germany, has invented a method of counting the bacilli. He estimates that a person with moderately advanced consumption will expectorate from one to five billion tubercle bacilli in twenty-four hours. With these myriad million seeds thrown broadcast by the wayside, is it

astonishing that a few should survive and take root in another person's lung?

There is no danger from the bacilli so long as the sputum is moist, but when it is dried and the bacilli float around on dust particles, then they are breathed into the lungs of healthy people. The germs are not only found in the apartments of consumptives, but are borne along by the winds on the streets. They invade the schoolhouses and theatres, street and railroad cars, factories and workshops, the mansions of the rich and the tenements of the toilers, the dens of iniquity and the houses of God. They are found on the dipper at drinking fountains, and even on the sacred communion cup. They lurk on the lips of those we love, and forbid affection's claims. They spare neither childhood nor age, seer nor simpleton, the just nor the unjust. They are found wherever man penetrates.

The query will be made, "Why does not everybody take consumption, since these germs are nearly omnipresent?" The answer is, Nature can overcome them so long as we are in good health. Once, however, let the health sink a little below par from other diseases, if there is a slight abrasion in the respiratory tract, as from a cold, and the inhaled bacilli will find lodgment, and consumption is inaugurated.

There are two ways of preventing the spread of consumption: private and public measures. Since the germs are harmless while contained in the moist sputum, patients should be required to expectorate in a suitable vessel. Either the sputum should be burned or the germs should be destroyed by pouring upon the sputum a solution of corrosive sublimate not less in strength than one to five hundred. If this plan is carried out where a consumptive is cared for at home, most of the germs will be destroyed, and other members of the family will probably escape infection.

But ordinarily consumption proceeds with such slow, treacherous strides, protracted over many months and even years, that the patient keeps about; and such is the prevailing unconcern that he goes everywhere unchallenged, spreading pestilence every time he coughs. For this class, and perhaps for all cases, public measures only would be sufficiently

comprehensive and effective in meeting all requirements. The plan here advocated, so far as I know, has never had publicity. In plain terms, it amounts virtually to the establishment of a national Molokai for the segregation and treatment of tuberculosis. Physicians of intelligence everywhere have recognized that residence in a suitable climate is of far more service in saving consumptives than any or all of the systems of medication.

There are vast tracts of land in Southern California and Arizona where the air is dry, free from irritating dust, and with uniformly high barometric pressure. These are the climatic conditions most favorable to prolong life or restore health to a sufferer from consumption. I would urge that such a place be selected, large enough to accommodate all, and that all cases of consumption be transported thither. Means must of course be provided for their residence, subsistence, and employment. Competent medical attendants could be procured. During the greater part of the year life in tents or out-of-doors would be most enjoyable. All forms of recreation, horseback riding, caring for stock, and tilling of the soil would make existence bearable if not pleasurable.

The importance of such procedure can hardly be calculated. It means lengthened life and possibly recovery to an innumerable throng of otherwise doomed human beings. It means the saving of inestimable wealth wasted in worthless nostrums, doctor's bills, and travelling expenses. It means ten or fifteen years added to the average span of human life. Grandest of all, it means the extinction and obliteration from our country of this dread disease, which kills with untold suffering more persons than wars and all other pestilences combined. Other governments, seeing our good results, would take up the work. To the few possessed of wealth sufficient to travel in the hope of improvement, such isolation as I have outlined might seem a hardship; but when considering the danger to their friends from infection, and subtracting the injury accruing from aimless and mistaken travelling, it would be a boon to even these sufferers. Such a sweeping measure as here urged, however, should be put upon the broad ground of public health and necessity, just

as seemingly harsh restrictions are imposed in quarantine against smallpox and yellow fever.

The segregation and isolation of lepers has long been practised, with results of immeasurable all-round good. So rare now has this disease become, that not one physician out of a hundred in the United States has ever seen a case of leprosy. Largely because of the manner of isolating cases of leprosy, arise the popular horror and dread of it. In reality, consumption is a hundredfold more infectious, or "catching." Leprosy is communicable from one individual to another only by the closest, most intimate, and long association, such as that of husband and wife. Yet people associate, eat, drink, and sleep with consumptives all heedless of their deadly peril. Let consumptives be treated by isolation, as our knowledge demands it, as just and beneficial to all, and this popular indifference would very soon vanish.

It is undisputed that leprosy has been practically effaced from civilization by the isolation of the afflicted. Through the agency of quarantine, smallpox, yellow fever, and Asiatic cholera have lost their terrors and no longer reap their rich harvest of death. In the case of these diseases the infection acts quickly and soon spends its fury. In tuberculosis, which runs its course slowly through months and years, the infection is perpetually given off, and a consumptive patient is therefore a never-ceasing menace to the lives of everyone about him. Until Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus, and the knowledge flowing from it, no one understood these dangers. Physicians knew nothing of the infectious character of the disease, and even now many are still behind the times. The general public is yet in almost absolute ignorance on the subject.

Let Koch's tuberculin test be applied to all the lower animals, and have those suffering from tuberculosis killed; let the human victims be separated and treated away from their kind, and man's greatest enemy will have been conquered.

These thoughts have been inspired by no idle chimera. We are confronted with a grim problem upon whose solution depends the physical welfare of the human kind. Through all the long generations we have been pained and perplexed

spectators of this sad tangle of destiny, whereby one-fifth of the race of man is enwrapped in hopeless meshes and abandoned to perish and die. How absorbing the interest, how fervent the hope with which has been heralded the announcement of some new "cure," such as Koch's tuberculin and Edson's aseptolin!

In spite of medical progress, consumption is increasing faster than increasing population should warrant. The reason for this is that the drift of population is toward cities, where people live closer together, the germs are more confined, and hence opportunities for contracting the disease are more numerous. The mortality list from tuberculosis of children in the cities is appallingly long, and is growing longer as time extends.

Let no disparagement be made against scientific efforts to cure this disease in individuals, still the melancholy fact remains that no cure has yet been discovered. The mournful train ever travels toward the cemeteries. Failure is written upon the tombstones. From the knowledge that the great German investigator gave us of the cause and nature of tuberculosis, it is manifest that it can be erased from the list of human ills by the segregation and isolation of tuberculous patients.

Shall we continue to live in the shadow which former ignorance threw over existence? Shall inactivity make science and knowledge a meaningless farce and travesty of progress, or shall these simple means be adopted to check the ravages of the world's greatest scourge?

SAN JOSE, CAL.

THE AMERICAN GIRL: HER FAULTS AND HER VIRTUES.

BY MRS. RHODES CAMPBELL.

IN our schools, our homes, on the street, and in travelling, we are confronted by our descendants, those who are to help make the world's future history: in other words, American children. In this wonderful age, when improvements on old methods are the order of the day, we look to the younger race with eager anticipations and proudest hopes. We do not expect perfection, but we fancy that our mistakes and faults are not to be perpetuated, and that a finer type of individuals are to be "turned out" than in the unenlightened past.

And what do we find?

On the street—generally the chief and most public one of the city or town—we meet the schoolgirl overdressed and in the worst possible taste. A jaunty velvet cape, hat with nodding plumes and flowers, and at an angle which challenges our wonder and admiration as to its "coherence of parts," kid gloves, perhaps laces. She is generally pretty, with a most evident consciousness of the fact, and carries herself with the self-possession and cool assertiveness of a woman of the world. Her mind is feeding far more upon the boys and beaus, or planning how to coax a new dress or wrap from mamma which will far eclipse Jane's or Emily's. This is deplorable even among girls whose fathers are amply able to afford it; but how often do we see emerge from some shabby little house a young girl arrayed like the Queen of Sheba, while in the background stands a woman overworked, untidy, wearing the meanest of clothes—the admiring but mistaken mother of the departing "lady of leisure." This girl is wretched until she can ape the dress of the class above her. Our boarding-schools are full of types of girls whose dress and habits are those of wealthy women, yet whose parents are drudging at home so that Eliza or Edith may "get learning."

A young man over twenty-five—and far from a prig—assured me that out of a large set of schoolgirls (whose ages were from thirteen to fifteen) there were but two or three whose whole apparent thoughts were not on the opposite sex. These girls are often bright and shrewd, with some excellent qualities, yet simplicity and naturalness are utterly lacking.

A mother, in speaking to me at a reception, of her little girl of three, observed smilingly that she was already a young lady, and entirely too fond of dress; that she spoke constantly of her beaux; adding that, being with her young aunts, aged fourteen and sixteen, she naturally heard much of such things. Think of a little creature of that age defrauded of rights and privileges which could never be made up to her in the future,—the freshness and happy *abandon* of childhood.

And this is no solitary exception, although possibly carried to a greater extent; for I know of many other tiny maidens whose relatives, among whom are numbered the mothers themselves, encourage their prattle about beaux, sweethearts, and dress. They think it sounds “so cunning.” A little girl of seven or eight was with her grandmother in a store the other day, and was genuinely unhappy because she was teased about a certain gentleman having “another girl” whom he was to marry, and “leave her out.” Everyone about the child seemed to think the affair extremely funny, so that I came to the conclusion that I should not feel otherwise were it not that I was hopelessly “old-fashioned.”

Look at the girls standing behind counters in the large cities, and note how few are conspicuous for simplicity of dress and dignity of manner. Among the vast army are some who deserve all honor for their efforts and often noble self-sacrifice; but in how many instances the position is sought merely to have a fuller purse with which to purchase finery to add to their already overstocked wardrobe, crowding out those whose wants are needs. How then can we feel surprise when this class of American girls wait upon us in our shopping tours with exasperating indifference or glaring ill-breeding? Hurried, with home duties awaiting us, how interesting

to be compelled to listen to snatches of conversation similar to the following:

First girl (chewing gum and holding out a box of handkerchiefs with one hand, while her eyes are turned away from the customer and towards her fellow-clerk): "Say, what did Belle know about that?"

Second girl: "She caught on; he won't speak to me now. Going to-night?"

First girl (to customer): "Yes, thirty-five apiece." (To second girl): "Indeed I am; got a swell suit. He'll have to look out."

A mother, talking to the head of a select and small boarding-school, deplored her young daughter's aversion to shopping. "I hope that being away from me, and in a city, she will be obliged to overcome her dislike," she added. The teacher, from a wide experience with schoolgirls, startled the other by her vehemence. "I cannot echo your wish, Mrs. Ferguson. If you had seen girls as I have, making the pretext of shopping the occasion to flirt and 'make eyes' at strange men clerks, you would be devoutly thankful that your daughter is averse to it, and pray that she may continue in a like spirit."

Many fine teachers complain of their girl pupils' lack of thoroughness and real interest. "It is not inability so much as that their minds seem so full of other things besides study," they complain.

When mothers strive to stem the current and insist on their daughters dressing more plainly and living simply, their task is rendered doubly hard by the cry: "They all do it, mamma; why must I be so different from the rest?"

In opening so many avenues to women hitherto closed, in the deservedly famous chivalric attentions of our men to their countrywomen, in the liberty allowed to children by their parents, are there not very real dangers to our girls? Are they not fast becoming less modest and sweet, more self-asserting and impatient of control? The slang in common use among our girls no one can doubt is on the increase. We hear "kid," "corker," "stuck on himself," "in the push," "he's chasin' Miss So-and-So." Some one has suggested that

for much of the latest if not choicest slang, Chimmie Fadden is responsible. To use slang is far from being a crime, and is at times expressive; but the increase of its use must be deplored, falling from the lips of refined, lovely young girls. It is most affected by the "bachelor girl" and the new woman, *bona-fide* types of whom are dashing, independent creatures, who, with all their vivacity and "go," are often a great trial to their elders. They think everyone but themselves narrow and old-fashioned. Yet Time, that great teacher, tones them down and often makes fine women of them. While we may deplore the repression and the narrower horizon granted to children in foreign countries, are there not some lessons we American mothers may learn from them?

Madame Blanc ("Th. Bentzon"), who is a very fair writer on any subject, wrote a recent article on "French Girls in Domestic Life," for *The Outlook*. It was really an answer to a Chicago mother's question: "Foreigners often reproach our women with the lack of domestic virtues and accomplishments. I have, myself, a daughter (now fifteen, and still a mere schoolgirl), and I am much puzzled to bring into her life the love and admiration for household duties. I am set to wondering how and when you do it in France."

Madame Blanc's reply is much too long to quote in full, but I give a few of her remarks. In answer to the above, she says: "Without hesitation I should say we do it all the time, and almost unconsciously, by contact and example. . . . The young girls take notes of the *cours* which they attend, which they enlarge at home. [A *cours* is something between a lecture and a lesson, for the student must furnish proofs that the statements heard have been understood and retained.] In this way young girls spend very little time away from home. Perhaps no one in foreign countries suspects the authority exercised over a French girl by her parents. . . . The art of cooking is held in high esteem; Carême has named it the 'fifth fine art.'

"Paris is not the whole of France—far from it, indeed; it is even becoming less and less typical of France, transforming itself into a cosmopolis. The provinces, on the contrary, remain obstinately true to themselves; and an enthusiastic Eng-

lishman, Mr. Hamerton, said of the provincial gentlewomen that they formed 'a class of ladies who apply to everything which concerns the management of a country house exactly the same spirit of scientific intelligence and well-directed personal energy which an educated and zealous officer will give to the welfare of his men, and the duties which he and they have to perform together.' "

Madame Blanc closes her articles thus: "One cannot excel in everything. The extraordinary activity of the women in the United States, although devoted to admirable things, seems to take them away from home a little too much; and lately I have read in some articles signed by Dorothy Maddox, what I should never have suspected, namely, that two-thirds of the American children—not the richer, of course—are suffering from lack of good food because the mother assumes too many unnecessary duties, 'the entire family waiting very often until the head of the house comes back at night before it can hope for a square meal.' If this be true, then indeed American women have something to learn from the old-fashioned French ones, who are, however, learning much more from them. Do not let the spread of knowledge of sociology and of general ideas among the girls of the future prevent their devotion to the many small duties upon which the happiness of those nearest to us depends. Now, to sum all this up for my correspondent. What has constituted the superiority of our girls, hitherto, in the matter of household work, is the limit fixed to the instruction usually given to women; the submission to duties keeping in check that individualism which is too apt to develop at times into egotism and self-sufficiency; a taste for domestic life; the generality of limited incomes; the respect paid by those around her to the possessor of this kind of accomplishments, while the value of other kinds is more or less questioned or denied. Nothing of all this can be imitated; one cannot retrograde towards simplicity. The future of the domestic life of the American woman seems to me to lie in the application of scientific methods, in the excellent results obtained by their technical schools, and in a certain culture, which must include a return to the humble and

natural duties by force of will and reason, in default of what comes to us by obedience, willingness, and inherited instinct."

And indeed we would not have our American girls fac-similes of their French sisters. We want them to keep certain traits peculiar to them, only adding thereunto other gifts, which, as they do not seem inherent, must be acquired. In reading letters from French children, or in closer observation of them, one is constantly struck by their manners. There is a pretty deference to their elders, a thoughtfulness in regard to the little needs of life, a charm of manner, which, if sometimes too much on the surface, might well be adopted by our American children.

And now we turn to a pleasanter and quite as true a picture of the American girl—her virtues.

Where else could we find such a large number of highly educated, bright, attractive young women who enter college settlements and perform daily such acts of self-denial, good fellowship, and love towards others less fortunate, than in our own land? Certain societies of nuns will perform noble acts of charity, but they have taken vows, and it is their life vocation. The English girl works among the poor, but generally with a self-consciousness and constant sense of patronage in her doing; the French girl as a rule confines herself to almsgiving. The American girl, on the other hand, does good with a disclaimer, or with a light manner and sense of humor which may mislead a stranger, who concludes that she is lacking in earnestness. I am now, of course, referring not to the schoolgirl *per se*, but to the young woman graduate, or to the society girl whose two or three years of social gayety have satiated her taste for such things and created longings for a more elevated and more satisfying existence.

I know of one such girl among my acquaintance, who, with everything in life to charm her, devoted her winters to a thorough study of the kindergarten system, and later taught it to the children of the slums. I know of another young girl who determined to learn a trade so as to be prepared for emergencies; and, following her bent, chose that of milliner. She practised her art in her father's establishment for some time, only giving it up to take the burden of housekeeping

from her mother's tired shoulders. Three young American women, friends of mine, spent some time abroad for study. One made a specialty of organ culture, a second devoted herself to three years of art study, and a third devoted herself to the cultivation of her voice. If James's Daisy Miller is one type of our American girl abroad, certainly there is another, truer and quite as common. These girls, entirely without chaperonage, led the most blameless of lives. They were, with all their love of fun and adventure, studious, hard-working, and sensible. If their Parisian friends looked askance at the freedom allowed them, they learned not only to respect, but to love them.

The American girl's adaptability is too well known to need mention here. We see her every day called to fill positions of trust, to perform the most difficult of social functions, to help her father, perhaps, in his business; and seldom is her effort a marked failure. Her grace and beauty of person are also self-evident facts, as well as her vivacity. With all her love of pleasure, look at the number of fine records as to scholarship at our women's colleges. If she is often loud and fast in manner if not in reality, if her girlhood is prominent for a certain light frivolity, how often do we see this same girl, after marriage, become the most conscientious of mothers, the most faithful and devoted of wives!

These are not all the known admirable qualities of our young women; and yet, while among my friends are numbered many sensible, interesting ones, I must reiterate my plea for a different *régime* for our children, especially our girls. We must open our eyes to the fact that the mass of American children are exacting, ill-mannered, rulers at home and abroad. Our young schoolgirls—perhaps far more in towns than in cities—are fast losing the peculiar heritages of youth and leaping with too great strides from childhood to womanhood; they care less for home life. Must we await a possible reaction, or shall we take the remedy into our own hands?

SOCRATES: PHILOSOPHER, SEER, AND MARTYR.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE life of Socrates, the most illustrious of the Stoic philosophers, was a protest against the moral degeneracy and the artificialities of his age. The rich legacy of his thoughts was emphasized by a pure and simple life.

He was the son of a statuary, and was himself a worker in marble during that moment in the world's history when sculpture reached the acme of excellence; when Phidias and his fellow workmen were making stone almost breathe, and crowning Athens with fadeless glory. This noble art, however, inspired little enthusiasm in Socrates, for he was lacking in that imaginative quality which is the love of creative genius. Indeed, he was as matter-of-fact as was our Franklin, a circumstance which did not bar him from hearing and being guided by a voice which he believed to be divine, any more than the stern practicality of the American printer boy precluded his daring belief that lightning could be caught and utilized for the benefit of man. But though possessing so little imagination, it is probable that no man of the golden age of Greece has wrought so powerfully and beneficently upon other brains, or has directly or indirectly impressed the world's thought so profoundly as this humble Athenian teacher; for virtue, like genius, possesses a divine potency. It affords food for the soul; it quickens life on the plane of its higher emotions; it appeals with irresistible power to every nature which amid the doubts, darkness, and perplexities of life is consciously reaching upward to the Divine.

In speaking of the influence exerted by Socrates I am not unmindful of the fact that he lived in one of the most luminous centuries known to history,—an age in which art and philosophy rose full-statured before the dazzled imagination of a wondering world. Nor am I forgetful that this period brought forth Plato; but we must not lose sight of the fact that, had it not been for Socrates, it is more than probable

that the world would never have possessed the Plato whom we know, for it is stated that the great Stoic, then sixty years of age, dissuaded Plato from entering military life and so charmed him with his sincerity and simplicity of life and his wonderful magnetism, together with that remarkably subtle intellectual penetration for which Socrates is justly famed, that he not only abandoned his cherished dream of winning renown on the field of blood, but thenceforth became a devoted disciple of the greatest of the Stoics, remaining steadfast till the death of Socrates ten years later. Emerson held that Socrates and Plato must ever be considered as double stars, and it is largely to Plato that the world is indebted for the high and fine philosophy taught by his master.

Not only did nature deny to Socrates the heaven-born gift of poetic imagination, but his physical appearance was far from prepossessing. Indeed, to beauty-mad Athens he must have appeared grotesque, with his short, stout body, thick neck, protruding eyes, upturned nose, broad nostrils, and thick lips. To look upon his marble effigy one would judge him to be the embodiment of stupidity and animalism. And yet he was not only the keenest thinker of his day, but no man of his age ever succeeded in mastering every passion, appetite, and desire as did this iron-willed philosopher, whose thirst for knowledge was only exceeded by his desire to do good. It may be helpful to know that Socrates reached his wonderful self-mastery and perfect poise only after a titanic battle against inherited tendencies, and where nature was reinforced by the appalling prevalence of vice in every walk of life. Cicero tells the story of Socrates in which a well-known character-reader is described as stating in the presence of the philosopher and his disciples that the physiognomy of Socrates indicated a man of strong passions and depraved character. The imputation was angrily resented by his pupils, who ridiculed the character-reader's want of knowledge, until Socrates reprimanded his friends, stating that the physiognomist was correct in so far as nature was concerned; and he further stated that it had been the one great object of his life to subjugate or eradicate all violent passions. The victory won by a man under such circumstances is ever an inspiration to those

tempted. It infuses courage into the mind; it stimulates the wavering will; it says to the tempted one, "If Socrates, endowed with strong animal nature and born into the world in an age of almost unparalleled vice, rose superior to all temptation, as he did, you can follow his footsteps; you also can conquer." Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a more inspiring picture of moral heroism than that of Socrates as he conquers and subdues every appetite and desire, making them at all times subject to reason; while, with a simplicity of habit which boldly contrasts with the wealth and luxury on every hand, he mingles with all classes of Athenians, ever ready to teach and to learn, and at all times living in accordance with the highest principles of right as he understood them.

The father of Socrates was a poor man, and his son was compelled to follow his father's vocation for a livelihood. To work in marble when the heart is in the work yields a joy equal only to that of the master painter who beholds the wonderful dream which lived only in his brain blossoming on the canvas under his brush. Such must have been the joy of Phidias and Praxiteles and Angelo; but not so with Socrates. He lacked the imagination of both painter and sculptor. His was no creative genius; he saw no soul within the marble; he chiselled as he had been taught, working by rule rather than by inspiration. His work was doubtlessly conscientiously wrought, for duty and faithfulness in the exercise of any work he had in hand was ever part of his living creed. Yet, had it not been for a happy chance such as sometimes comes to man, and which, under a wise and just social order, would be the heritage of all, Athens would have had one more sculptor whose work at best would have been fairly good; but the world would have been denied the thought, the life, and the glorious death of one of the greatest philosophers ever sent as a voice of God to call man back to virtue, integrity, sincerity, and sympathy. This happy chance which enabled Socrates to cast aside the chisel and become a teacher of ethics was found in the interest of a wealthy Athenian named Crito, who was attracted by the fine thought and the sturdy ideals of the youth. He learned his heart's desire, and from his abundance gave him sufficient to enable him to fol-

low the dictates of his desire, or rather the admonitions of the voice which seemed to have been his ever-present guide, monitor, and friend. It is said that from time to time during his life Socrates repaired to his workshop and plied his trade, so it is probable that he was unwilling to draw much from the bounty of his friend.

His life was always marked by great frugality and temperance. His clothes were of the simplest; he wore no sandals; he ate little, and seemed to regard gluttony and all excess in eating as scarcely less a sin than drunkenness. He counselled temperance in all things, and the only times he was ever known to depart from his rule were when he was engaged in asking questions; indeed, he was a living interrogation point. He asked no idle query; behind the most insignificant question lay a fact or a truth which the philosopher wished to impress or elucidate.

His manhood fell among the most thrilling years in the history of Greece, and though few men have lived who disliked war, strife, and the infliction of pain more than did Socrates, yet when his native land was imperilled no man was more ready to fly to her defence. He served in three different campaigns during the Peloponnesian war. His example was infectious, and his pupils joined him with enthusiasm, each desiring to fight near the master's side. In the first campaign he displayed superb courage and an indifference to death which inspired those around him to such a degree that they remained facing the foe after prudence warned them to retire. It was at this time that young Alcibiades was overcome by the onswEEPing foe. To attempt to rescue him was courting death. There was little probability of success, and many chances in favor of the would-be rescuer being himself overpowered; yet no personal consideration weighed in the mind of Socrates. One of his pupils, a brave youth, was down, his place was by his side, and like a fabled fury we see the transformed philosopher dashing to the rescue. His courage and impetuosity were irresistible; Alcibiades was saved, and Socrates was tendered a prize for bravery. This he promptly refused, requesting that the youth he had rescued, who had shown a high degree of daring, should receive the

honor. Socrates cared nothing for military glory and little for the praises of men. In a subsequent campaign Socrates excited the wonder and admiration of the enemy by his dauntless bravery. On this occasion he saved the life of another pupil, Xenophon, who afterwards preserved for posterity one of the most trustworthy descriptions of Socrates and his teachings that we possess.

To face death on the battlefield calls for courage of a high order, and yet there are far severer trials of essential heroism than this. One of these trials fell to the lot of Socrates. In 406 B. C., when a member of the senate, the trial of the victors of the battle of Arginusæ occurred. Socrates was president of the prytanes at the time. He resisted an unjust and unconstitutional demand made by the fickle and inflamed populace, refusing to judge in an irregular manner a question upon which the life and death of the eight generals depended. The mob became furious, and after the shout had been raised demanding that the refractory prytanes should be punished for failing to obey the demands of the populace his colleagues yielded. But the philosopher was granite: he feared not death or the ill-will of the people so much as he loved justice and the constitution which he had sworn to faithfully uphold. This experience proved, however, that a man who proposed to follow his highest ideals, to be just and law-abiding, could not long remain in public life in the republic of Athens, which was so largely influenced by rich and unscrupulous demagogues. His supernormal voice was warning him to retire to private life and teach such as desired to find true wisdom. Thus his political career was given up that his integrity and principles might be preserved.

There was, however, another occasion before his last trial when the powers that ruled almost compassed his ruin. It was during the domination of the thirty tyrants that he, together with four other prominent citizens, was ordered to go to Salamis and bring Leon to Athens for the purpose of having him put to death. Socrates alone refused to be a party to the proposed crime. Had not the tyrants been overthrown shortly after this refusal, it is probable that his life would have paid the penalty of his loyalty to the right. Here we

have sublime illustrations of true heroism in action and repose, the dauntless bravery which unflinchingly faces death at the point of the spear, and that still nobler courage which refused to do wrong even at the command of an infuriated populace or a merciless oligarchy. In the life of a scholar and a man of peace who was always conspicuously devoid of desire for glory or power, such exhibitions are very striking. After retiring from public life Socrates devoted his time to teaching the citizens of Athens those ethical principles which underlie good character, and on the presence of which the greatness and permanence of civilization so largely depend. He invariably refused money for his instruction, and in this respect, as well as in the utter absence of selfishness, the beautiful simplicity of his life, and his single-hearted devotion to truth, duty, and what he conceived to be the requisites of good citizenship, he strongly reminds us of the great Nazarene.

Socrates was above all practical. Few historical characters have cherished a firmer belief in the existence of higher powers and their personal concern for the children of men, yet his speculations were confined almost entirely to the present life and man's duty to his parents and relatives, to his friends, his neighbors, the state, and society. His one great passion seems to have been to raise the working ideal in each individual and thereby make him sincere, noble, and true in all his relations of life. His supreme aim in life was to raise the standard of morality among his people. He saw his country plunging into an abyss of moral degradation; he appreciated the peril which confronted Athens, arising from the frightful voluptuousness and indulgence which were permeating life in all stations; and his chief concern was to check the excesses which were destroying the invincible spirit of earlier days, degrading society, sapping morality, undermining virtue, and inviting the downfall of the city of Minerva. Of Socrates Emerson says: "He was not, like other men, the sport of circumstances, but by preserving habits of forbearance and self-denial he had acquired that control over his whole being which enabled him to preserve that even, unchangeable temperament in all the extremes of fortune."*

*"Character of Socrates," in two essays, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 20. Published 1896.

Xenophon, in describing the life and habits of his illustrious master, says: "Socrates was not only the most rigid of all men in the government of his passions and appetites, but was most able to withstand cold, heat, and every kind of labor; and besides he was so inured to frugality that, though he possessed very little, he very easily made it a sufficiency." * In another place Xenophon says: "He disciplined his mind and body to such a course of life that he who should adopt a similar one would, if no supernatural influences prevented, live in good spirits and uninterrupted health. He took only so much food as could be eaten with a keen relish; he never drank unless he was thirsty; he ever guarded against overloading the stomach, and warned those who were so inclined never to take anything to stimulate them to eat when not hungry or to drink when not thirsty, holding that these things disordered stomach, head, and mind. He used to say in jest that he thought Circe transformed men into swine by entertaining them with an abundance of luxuries, but that Ulysses, through the admonition of Mercury, and through being himself temperate, forbearing to partake of such delicacies to excess, was in consequence not changed into a swine." †

Socrates abhorred idleness. He was too close a student of human life and too keen a philosopher to fail to see how much sin, misery, and want are directly traceable to idleness. Xenophon tells us that he ever maintained that "To be busy was useful and beneficial for man; and that to be unemployed was noxious and ill for him; that to work was a good, and to be idle was an evil. He at the same time observes that those only who desire something good really work, but that those who gamble or do anything bad or pernicious he calls idle." ‡

On one occasion Antiphon, a well-known Sophist, sneered at Socrates because of the simplicity of the clothes he wore and the plain food he ate, and because he taught the truths he believed to be conducive to virtue without remuneration. Socrates replied in a thoroughly characteristic manner: he preferred not to be a slave to gluttony or sleep or any other

* Xenophon's "Memorabilia," Book First, chap. 2, verse 1.

† Xenophon's "Mem.," Book First, chap. 8, verse 7.

‡ Xenophon's "Mem.," Book First, chap. 3, verse 57.

animal gratification, holding that he derived far more true pleasure from the consciousness that he was growing better than would be possible from the passing pleasure of a slavish appetite. This last observation gives us the point of view from which the philosopher regarded life and its pleasures at a time when Athens was drunken with pleasure; when voluptuousness was only equalled by gluttony and intemperance. While these pseudo-pleasures passed current for real enjoyment, Socrates, seeing the madness which infected his fellow-citizens in consequence of the imagination being weakened and stimulated on the lower planes of sensation, strove to elevate the ideals and arouse the higher impulses of the people. In these words of the master, as recorded by one of his most conscientious disciples, we are brought into close rapport with the mind of the teacher: "Indolence and pleasure, enjoyed at the moment, are neither capable of producing a good constitution or body, nor do they bring to the mind any knowledge worthy of consideration; but exercise pursued with persevering labor leads more to the attainment of honorable and valuable objects. As Hesiod somewhere says: 'Vice it is possible to find in abundance and with ease, for the way to it is smooth and lies very near; but before the temple of virtue the immortal gods have placed labor, and the way to it is long and steep and, at the commencement, rough, but when the traveller has arrived at the summit, it then becomes easy, however difficult it was at the first.' " * On another occasion Socrates said: "If when a war was coming upon us we should wish to choose a man by whose exertion we might, ourselves, be preserved, and might gain the good mastery over our enemies, should we select one whom we knew to be unable to resist wine or sensualism or fatigue or sleep? How could we imagine that such a man would either serve us or conquer our adversary? Is it not the duty of every man to consider that temperance is at the foundation of every virtue and to establish the observance of it in his mind before all things. The philosopher should turn the attention of men from regarding the weakness of their fellow men to a contemplation of themselves." On this point he says: "Be not ignorant of

* Xenophon's "Mem.," Book 2, chap. 1, verse 30.

yourself, my friend, and do not commit the error which the majority of men commit, for most men, though they are eager to look into the affairs of others, give no thought to the examination of their own. Do not you neglect this duty, but strive more and more to cultivate a knowledge of thyself." * He spent much time in striving to inculcate high ideas of right and justice in the minds of youths who aspired to political honors. "Do not," he said, "be regardless of the affairs of your country if any department of them can be improved by your means, for if they are in a good condition, not only the rest of your countrymen but your own friends and yourself will reap the greatest benefits."

Here is a beautiful and suggestive story of one of the many good things wrought by the philosopher. It emphasizes a lesson very much needed to-day touching the dignity of labor. One of his disciples, Aristarchus, complained to Socrates that he had fourteen free-born relatives at his home; his resources were at an end; he found it impossible to borrow money; he was greatly distressed and downcast, not knowing what to do. Socrates pointed out to him that others, by engaging in useful vocations, such as spinning, the manufacture of garments, and the making of barley meal, were earning more than a comfortable living. Aristarchus replied that such persons were artisans, while his relatives were persons of liberal education. Socrates desired to know if they knew how to do useful work, such as spinning, for example, and was informed that they did; but his disciple maintained that his relatives were free-born. Socrates replied: "And because they are free-born do you think they should do nothing but eat and sleep? Do you find that idleness and carelessness are serviceable to mankind? In what condition will men be more temperate, living in idleness or attending to useful employment? If indeed they were going to employ themselves in anything disreputable, death would be preferable." These and similar questions and considerations were advanced by Socrates until his disciple was so thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of the master's position that he forthwith laid the facts of his position before his relatives, and suggested how they could

* Xenophon's "Mem.," Book 3, chap. 7, verse 8.

be relieved of their embarrassment by engaging in some productive employment. To his gratification his relatives entered joyfully into the plan, whereby all could be self-supporting by engaging in productive labor. Wool was bought, and work was commenced. Soon, he afterwards informed Socrates, the household became cheerful of countenance instead of gloomy; and instead of regarding each other with dislike, they met the looks of each other with pleasure. "They loved Aristarchus," Xenophon says, "as their protector, and he loved them in return as being a help to him." This beautiful incident not only illustrates the views of Socrates in regard to honest toil and his abhorrence of dishonest pursuits and deeds, but also shows how his life was ever a blessing to others,—how joy, goodness, and virtue sprang up in his pathway. It also gives us a hint of a profound philosophical fact: where all persons are engaged in honest and productive toil, sooner or later a feeling of independence and a consciousness of usefulness and of deep inward satisfaction come into each life. A state or society in which all persons labored according to their ability would be a state in which we should find a maximum of happiness as well as of service, provided the spirit of the golden rule vitalized national life.

At one time Socrates said, "Do not imagine that the good is one thing and the beautiful is another." In selecting a friend, he suggested that "Only such a one should be chosen as a companion who was proof against the seductions of bodily pleasures, and who was upright and fair in all his dealings." A maxim of Socrates, "Perform according to your ability," calls to mind a similar idea in broader application, as used by Mazzini when he said, "From each according to his ability." When someone asked Socrates what object of study he thought best, he replied, "Good conduct." At another time he said, "Those live best who study best to become as good as possible." His strange lack of imagination and the absence of any pleasurable sensations arising from an active fancy and a creative mind were illustrated in the opinion, advanced on one occasion, in which he held that colored decorations on the walls deprived us of more pleasure than they afforded. This also suggests a fact which it is well to bear

in mind: reformers are ever prone to go to extremes. The age in which Socrates lived was beauty-mad, if I may use that term. The vigor and the robust quality of art in a simpler state of society had given place to an art which was very sensuous in its nature, and which tended to chain the imagination too much to the physical form and to sensual concepts. With rare and notable exceptions, it lacked the suggestions of noble endeavor and the presence of ideals which would arouse fine and exalted thought. With this hothouse art came moral enervation and the lowering of ethical standards.

This, doubtless, had something to do with influencing Socrates's opinion, as it has led many great philosophers and theologians since his day, to regard art itself as sensual and enervating. They have failed to realize that in times past art has been able to blossom freely only where there was great wealth, which enabled the artists to throw their undivided energy into calling forth the wonderful dreams which dwelt in their imaginations. And in societies where there is great centralization of wealth, without proper ethical culture, we shall ever find ease and idleness, with vice creeping at their heels. Socrates, like Savonarola and the leaders of the Protestant Reformation, seems to have failed, in a measure at least, to appreciate the potential power of art as an elevating as well as a refining factor in life. Yet we must not suppose that the great stoic took no interest in art. His ideas were pronounced and eminently correct in regard to the kinds of pictures best calculated to do good. Thus, Xenophon describes a conversation on art, held by the philosopher with a young artist named Parrhasius, who later became a distinguished painter, in which Socrates sought to impress the artist with the idea that he should represent that which was fair and lovely instead of that which was revolting and repulsive. From close observation he evidently appreciated the fact, which probably his lack of fancy failed to make him feel in an overmastering way, that the mind is more or less influenced by those things which the eye constantly sees.

The marital relations of Socrates were unfortunate. The temper of his wife was notorious, and it is probable that their union was one of those seemingly unhappy marriages in

which persons of entirely different tastes and temperament are yoked together. That there was much that was un congenial in their thought-worlds is doubtless true, but there is no good reason to believe that Xanthippe was the shrew she has been represented to be, notwithstanding the fact that Xenophon describes Socrates's oldest son, Lamprocles, as excusing his disrespect to his mother by declaring that he could not endure her temper; that she said such things that no person would endure to hear them for the value of his possessions. Socrates, however, speaks kindly of her; and we know that she manifested deep affection for the philosopher during his imprisonment prior to his death.

The great stoic ever cherished a profound faith in Deity. Kuhner says: "Socrates and those who came after him, Plato and the Stoics and Cicero, were advocates of the opinion that, besides the one supreme God, there were others, far inferior to him, but immortal and of great power and endowments, whom the supreme God employed as ministers in the government of the world." Their conceptions, evidently, were not materially unlike those of the authors of the Bible, who believed in angels and archangels,—inferior beings, but immortal, and some of whom were far more powerful than others. Xenophon tells us that Socrates considered that the gods knew all things—what was said, what was done, and what was meditated in silence—and were present everywhere.* On another occasion the philosopher said: "The mind within your body directs your body as it pleases, and it becomes you, therefore, to think that the intelligence pervading all things directs all things as may be agreeable to it, and not to think that while your eye can extend its sight over many furlongs, that of Deity is unable to see all things at once; or that while your mind is able to think of things here or things in Egypt or Syria, the mind of Deity is incapable of regarding everything at the same time."

Socrates spent little time speculating upon the probability of a future life. Indeed, if we accept the words which Plato puts into the mouth of the sage the hour before his death, there is little among the recorded views of Socrates which can

* Xenophon's "Mem.," Book 1, chap. 1, verse 19.

justify us in assuming that he held any positive belief in another life; and it is doubtful whether we are warranted in regarding the views attributed to Socrates in "Phædo" as being other than Platonic arguments. Certain it is that the conceptions there set forth are entirely at variance with the statements which Plato and others attribute to Socrates in his defence before his judges. Thus, in the "Apology," Plato, who, it will be remembered, states specifically that he was present and heard Socrates deliver the defence, represents the philosopher as saying, touching the subject of death: "Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for, one of two things,—either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as many say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now, if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, death is an unspeakable gain; . . . but if death is the journey to another place, and there, as many say, all the dead abide, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus, Musæus, Hesiod, and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again! Therefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. The hour of our departure has arrived, and we go our ways, I to die and you to live. Which is better, God only knows."

There are many reasons for regarding the "Apology" as representing the ideas of Socrates as given in his defence, for: (1) so far as Xenophon refers to this address, his references are in perfect keeping with the thoughts here given; (2) it was a public utterance, and Plato would not have been likely to take the liberty with it that he undoubtedly did take in other works, when he put his subtle metaphysical philosophy into the mouth of plain, practical Socrates; (3) the address is in perfect keeping with the lifelong teachings of Socrates, which have been preserved; and (4) Plato distinctly states that he was present and heard the "Apology." Now, in "Phædo" he goes out of his way to state that he was not

present at the last memorable interview of Socrates with his sorrowing disciples, and even Phædo's story was not told until some time after the master's death. Thus, we are not justified in attributing to Socrates the Platonic arguments in favor of immortality, which are so radically different from the views advanced by Socrates in the "Apology." For the same reason I have refrained from quoting from "Crito" and other works of Plato. In all cases except the "Apology," it is difficult to separate the Platonic from the Socratic thought; or, rather, it is not safe to attribute to Socrates words which the great disciple puts into his mouth, unless we know from other sources that they were at least in strict keeping with the views and teachings of Socrates.

We now come to notice one of the faculties connected with the life of this remarkable man—the power or gift of the seer, present with the most hard-headed, unimaginative, and sternly practical thinker of the Periclean age. Indeed, I know of no distinguished philosopher who affords so interesting a psychological study as Socrates. Painting and sculpture had few charms for him; the glories of mountain, sea, and plain never wooed him from the crowded throngs of Athens; neither the wonders of nature nor the glories of art stirred or thrilled his being as they move even men and women of ordinary imagination. While he abhorred metaphysics and had no love for new ideas or speculations relating to physical science, he was a believer in the gods, and in love with his fellow men. Above all else he was practical, and yet, beyond all the philosophers of his day, he was a dreamer. It is stated that he fell into profound reveries at times; he beheld visions, heard voices, and was in intimate relationship with the invisible. According to Plato, Socrates beheld a vision of a beautiful woman, who correctly predicted to him that he would not pass from life for three days, when all his friends, and he himself, supposed that he would surely die in two days. In his "Apology," when speaking of his life-work, teaching the people, he says: "It is a duty imposed upon me by God, and has been signified to me by oracles, voices, and in every way in which the will of Divine Power was ever intimated to anyone." Of the divine monitor, or voice, which was ever

present, he thus speaks in his "Apology:" "This sign, which was a kind of voice, first began to come to me when I was a child. It always forbids, but never commands me to do anything which I am going to do. This is what deterred me from being a politician, and rightly, I think." Xenophon says that, "Socrates spoke as he thought, for he said that it was the Divinity that was his monitor." He also told many friends to do certain things, and not to do others, signifying that the Divinity had forewarned him. On several occasions it is related that the philosopher's power in this respect was very wonderful. The last words of Timarchus were, "I am going to my death because I would not take the advice of Socrates," the sage having warned him of his fate.

It would seem from the evidence which we possess that Socrates was clairaudient, clairvoyant, and at times possessed prevision. The clairaudient faculty was most marked, however. The strange voice was so constantly with him that it became as a loving monitor and guide. Because it did not remonstrate during his defence, he felt convinced that the higher powers had decreed his death. And this brings us to his apprehension, trial, and execution.

The sage was seventy years of age; his life had been spent in uplifting and ennobling his people, but his frankness, and the direct manner in which he exposed the shallow claims of pretenders by ingenious interrogation, raised up many enemies. The upholders of vice and artificiality naturally shrank from the man of all men whose consistent life and keen penetration complemented a brilliant intellect. Like Jesus, he was a disturber of the peace; and, like the Pharisees, the corrupt demagogues raised the cry of "infidelity," and also charged that he corrupted the youth of Athens. Socrates refused to flatter the judges, after the manner of his time. He would not belittle himself nor demean his manhood, even to save his life. He defended himself, and put his accusers to confusion by his series of questions. He vindicated himself nobly, but the majority of the judges voted to condemn him. Then, as was the custom, Socrates was given the opportunity of proposing a penalty less severe than capital punishment. To the amazement and disappointment of his friends, the

philosopher delivered a dignified and somewhat haughty reply, which cut off all hope of a light sentence coming from a judiciary which represented the corruption and artificiality which then permeated Athenian life. In the course of his defence, Socrates said: "God only is wise. A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chances of living or dying. He should only consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or of a bad. Wherever a man's place is, whether that place which he has chosen, or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain. In the hour of danger he should not think of death, or anything but disgrace. Men of Athens, I honor and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting anyone I meet, and saying to him after my manner, 'You, my friend, a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all?' My great and only care in life has been lest I should do an unrighteous act or an unholy thing. The difficulty, my friends, is not to avoid death, but to avoid unrighteousness, for that runs faster than death. No evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death."

Such were some of the thoughts uttered by the sage in the course of his defence, which was characterized by indifference to death, and at times rang with a note of defiance and contempt for the craven natures who would yield to popular demagogues and condemn a high-minded and just man. Thus we find him referring to his condemnation and to his accusers in these words: "I depart hence, condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death; they [his accusers] to go their way, condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villany and wrong." Xenophon states that Socrates said: "I have never wronged any man, or rendered any man less virtuous. I have always endeavored to make those better who converse with me." He further said that he had gone through life consider-

ing what was just and what was unjust; doing what was just, and abstaining from what was unjust.

But the fickle populace of Athens, who had been led by the constant words of designing demagogues to believe that Socrates was not a friend of the republic, had set its heart on the punishment of the venerable philosopher. The judges were the creatures of the mob, and the sentence went forth that Socrates should die.

It was the custom in Athens that the condemned should suffer death on the day following the sentence; but it was also a law that no person should be put to death during the time when the sacred vessel had gone on its annual mission to Delos, and therefore Socrates remained in prison thirty days. Crito and other disciples who possessed means devised a plan to rescue Socrates, but the philosopher refused to leave his prison. He spent his days prior to his death conversing with his disciples, who visited him in his prison. At this time he gave his final teachings, dealing chiefly with the graver problems of life. When the hour of his death arrived, his wife and children and followers were distracted with grief; Socrates alone remained serene. His tranquillity in the supreme hour of death was in keeping with his life. Xenophon says that "No man ever endured death with greater glory."

Socrates was one of the noblest men that Athens gave the world. Dr. Joseph Thomas says, "He has been regarded as the most perfect example of a wise and virtuous man that pagan antiquity presents to us." He was, above all, a practical ethical teacher; he was not touched by the subtle metaphysical concepts of the far East, nor had he much of the searching scientific spirit of the present-day Western civilization. He stands midway between the ancient Oriental and the modern Occidental thought-worlds, and contented himself with teaching virtue, temperance, integrity, kindness, and doing good. He voiced the higher law; he spoke the truths of God; his life was noble, his death was sublime; and his teachings have been an inspiration to the Godward-striving souls of all succeeding ages.

A TRAMP'S EXPERIENCE.

BY AMELIA C. BRIGGS.

WHO does not number one or more tramps among his personal friends or acquaintances? He may be a religious individual, who browses, now here, now there, taking choice intellectual morsels from many fields, but not content with any single one.

Now the sermon is too long, the music discordant—operatic or of inferior quality. Again, the congregation is cold, unsocial, or indifferent. Elsewhere the pews are uncomfortable, the ushers awkward, or indiscriminating in the choice of sittings assigned.

Perchance the preacher is given to proclaiming the destruction of the rebellious or unrepentant in too strong terms, or he may be unsound in his theology. He may permit too many utterances which seem attacks on one's petted practices; or there may be too much of ritualistic form, too much attention to outward observances.

What can a poor mortal do but keep on trying to find perfection?

It does not occur to him to look within, where profitable research might well begin. To his mind the church, though composed of men and women, should be perfect—just suited to his thought and desire.

Your friend may be a Sunday tramp. No other day affords him time for a social call, or furnishes the opportunity for an urgent visit at his remunerative farm, where he must needs inspect the details of work assigned. He must examine the fences, the ditches, the buildings; in fact, all features of the work need his care. Surely he must know how the cattle, sheep, and fowls are treated there. Living in the city he must see the latest improvements in roads, street bridges, and walks. He must keep up with the times, be well informed, and possibly effect a sale of property. Yes, Sunday is the only time when he can be sure of meeting the man he wishes to see. It

is also his only time to enjoy the parks, to test his bicycle, and to procure needed recreation.

We do not refer to the poor man whose every weekday must be given to work from early dawn to set of sun, to provide the bare necessities for himself and his household, and who on Sunday goes quietly to the park with his family to drink in inspiration which God has provided for him, and to reap the harvest which, through Nature, is in store for him—a love of the beautiful, the pure, and the exalted—not a restless roving for Sunday sport, but a response to an appeal of Nature for pure air, real rest, and quiet which will elevate, recuperate, and ennoble the real man.

Possibly your friend is an excursion tramp. Never does the word excursion reach his eyes or ears but he is alert. The cost, the distance, who are going?—these are the items of import. The place does not so much concern him; it is cheap, and he needs rest and a change. He must improve this opportunity for travel.

The business tramp and the social tramp are so familiar as to need no description. The hero of our story belongs to the great army of unfortunates who appeal to us for aid or alms. This class has almost innumerable subdivisions. Now a trust or a syndicate has forced his employer out of business; a factory has discharged its employees; or personal illness has driven him from the field. Thus by no fault of his own he becomes one of the army who tramp to find an opportunity to earn an honest living. He advertises, answers advertisements, petitions for work. All efforts fail, and the man is crushed. Our daily papers record many tragic results. Perchance, in an unguarded moment, one has fallen into temptation; he is ignored, snubbed, rebuked, but no helping hand is reached out to him; down, down he goes to desperation; at last a thief or a demon is born within him.

Mrs. White was a native of New England, educated in the strictest school of morals, and she became like the pine which represents her State, strong, gentle, generous, and helpful.

In her early married life, with her husband and little one she migrated to the Far West. She knew all the trials incident to a frontier life: the home a hastily made log cabin; the

neighbors distant and uncongenial. She knew poverty and sickness; but perseverance and unyielding faith brought their fruitage, and when, after many years, Mr. White was called to his reward he left a beautiful family, five boys and two girls, each of whom had been given a liberal college education. Mrs. White has a most desirable home, supplied with all modern conveniences, situated in one of Iowa's most flourishing and charming towns, with a snug little farm near by, besides a competent money income.

The sons still conduct the thriving business established by their father, which, by their push and energy, has been greatly augmented. The daughters are settled in fine homes of their own. With their mother, two sons still reside.

Ed was a manly fellow who intended to care for himself, but was overcome by a weakness. Early one Monday morning in May he rapped at Mrs. White's kitchen door. The maid, Mary, was busy with the washing. Mrs. White, on opening the door, was asked:

"Please, lady, may I saw wood from that pile in your yard to pay for a breakfast?"

Mrs. White was touched by the voice, the manner, or by something that spoke within her.

"Yes," was her reply, "you may come into my dining-room and eat your breakfast; afterward you may saw some wood."

The family had just dispersed; plenty was left on the table for a good meal. Ed's quiet, modest manner, his skilful use of table utensils, and his evident embarrassment arrested Mrs. White's attention. After finishing his meal, Ed went to work industriously at the wood, and continued steadily until Mrs. White told him that he had paid an ample price for his breakfast.

"Will you, then, let me continue to work and earn enough to buy another meal?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. White, "you may work all day, if you choose, and I will pay you fifty cents and give you your meals." Ed did a faithful day's work. After that Mrs. White told him he might remain through the week if he chose; she would pay him fifty cents each day, give him his meals and a place to sleep.

His work was so well done that it was decided to employ him for a month, during which time the flower-beds were made, garden planted, trees trimmed, and the various items of work required skilfully done. Ed had been with the family a month, and was engaged to work for the summer, on the farm if necessary, when it became known that Mary had decided to establish a home of her own. One day she said to Mrs. White:

"Ed wishes you would employ his wife to take my place when I go away."

"Ed's wife! What do you mean? Has Ed a wife? I thought him a boy. Are you joking?"

Soon Ed appeared and was questioned. "Mary tells me that you have a wife. Is it true?"

"Yes, Mrs. White, I have, and I wish you would allow her to try to do your work."

"I have written to two competent girls and hope to secure one of them," was the reply.

Neither of these girls was at liberty to accept the position. No one seemed to be found for the place. Against the advice of her sons, who suggested all sorts of possible complications, including the fear that their mother would suffer from too much work and care, Mrs. White finally allowed Ed to send for his wife. She would give her her board, try to teach her, and, at the expiration of one month, would give her wages or ask her to return to her parents. If she found her really capable she would give her wages at once.

"Thank you," replied Ed; "she will come."

Three days later he announced that Lucy would arrive the following morning at 10 o'clock.

Nine o'clock found Ed with neatly brushed hair and clothes, a happy face, and the well-kept family horse and carriage at the door. After taking Mrs. White for a short drive, he started for the station. The train arrived on time, and Ed lost no time in taking Lucy to his newly found home. He was happy and full of hope as he drove into the yard, which only a few weeks before he had entered for the first time in sadness.

"This, Mrs. White, is my wife, Lucy." And there stood a

delicate, frail-looking, fair-haired young girl, with blue eyes; too timid to speak aloud, and too much like a frightened bird to know which way to fly.

Mrs. White's heart failed her. Poor delicate child, thought she, she cannot do the hard work to be performed here. I must look out for some person to do washing, ironing, and other hard work, and see how we can get along.

Lucy, after days of struggling, became calm and quiet. Little by little she developed courage to assert herself, and prove that she had the ability to do many things. All were pleased with her serving at table and with her efforts at cooking; finally she was recognized as a helpful, efficient woman in all lines where her strength was sufficient.

In early winter it seemed best for Ed and Lucy to have a home of their own. A few suitable rooms were procured, Mrs. White and many of her friends each contributing some useful things toward its furnishing.

If the long list of articles for larder and house which Mrs. White purchased for \$15 were published, the reader would become incredulous, and the purchaser's veracity would be questioned.

The first visit was to her son's store, where she announced: "I have \$5 to expend here if I can buy at my own price; if not I must go elsewhere." A clerk was called and instructed to wait upon mother and to let her have her way about things. She pursued the same plan with dealers in other lines of goods, with similar results.

Toward spring a messenger came from Ed's home, and he was questioned as follows: "How much does she weigh? Whom does she resemble? What is the color of her hair? Is she a healthy child?"

April came again, and Ed had, as we sometimes hear said, taken a farm for the year. He was enabled to do so when Mrs. White loaned him the money required for the purchase of a cow, and had taken his note as security for the payment.

Ed had often wished to express his gratitude, but words failed him. Now that he was to go away he must speak. With tearful eyes he told Mrs. White that she had saved him

from ruin, helped him to be honest, and that he never could repay her or show her the gratitude which he felt.

She replied: "The only pay I want, and the greatest I could desire, is that you become a good and useful man, and always be true to your highest convictions of duty."

With streaming eyes and a hearty shake of the hand he faltered: "I'll try, I'll try."

After a little he told her that he once had saved \$100, that he fell into bad company, and that when he was not quite himself the money had disappeared. He dared not longer trust himself near those false friends. With money and credit gone, with none to befriend him, he started out he knew not whither.

Then Ed's promptness in transacting all matters of business was fully explained. He had never given a moment to making acquaintances about town. He had, from the first, spent all his leisure hours in reading. He had made himself familiar with the daily papers, as well as with the books in the family library. No months now pass without the exchange of letters between the two families.

Since all tramps are not worthy of such confidence, and could not be developed into such men as Ed became, and all women have not the tact and skill requisite to guide others aright, this incident will not serve as an indication of proper action in all cases; yet no thoughtful Christian does not sometimes ask, in sincerity and earnestness, How can the unemployed be cared for? How be furnished with an opportunity to help themselves rise out of their miserable condition, thus to encourage industry while correspondingly decreasing idleness?

THE EDITOR'S EVENING.

IS THE PROPHET DEAD?

A MAN curious to inquire into the secret things sat one evening at a séance. There was what seemed to be a materialization. After several questions had been propounded and as many answers given, the Man said to the Spirit, "Are you going away?" "No," said the spirit; "not going away, but disappearing."

When a prophet dies he does not go away; he disappears. The real presence of the departing seer remains behind and expresses itself evermore in his works. It is for this reason that we speak always of the bards and prophets as being still alive. They are always in the present tense. They are so identified with their works that by an easy metonymy we put the book for the man; we say that we read *him* when we read the book; we say, though he be dead, that he *says* so and so, not that he *said* so and so. It would be a queer critic who should refer to anything that Shakespeare *said*.

Edward Bellamy was a prophet. Dying, he did not go away; he only disappeared. Nature must indeed be an immoral fact to spare a prizefighter and send a consumption after Edward Bellamy. Let us inquire briefly how this prophet should be regarded by his fellow mortals who have *not* disappeared from the arena of visible life.

In attempting to estimate the career and work of this man, other men are placed in a certain attitude towards him and his work. Whoever has read the two principal productions of Bellamy has taken a certain stand with respect to him and his theory of civilization. In the first place, he who believes in the Existing Order can have no part or lot with Edward Bellamy. He who does not believe in the Existing Order, but fears to disturb it, has no part or lot with him either. He who disbelieves in the Existing Order, but who thinks on the whole that it were better to let it alone than to go forward to some new social and economic condition which has not yet

been tested and proved by the experience of men, may have something in common with Bellamy, but not much. He who disbelieves in the Existing Order and is willing to patch up the structure with expedients and makeshifts, eking out a little here and plastering a little there, may have vaguely before him the same end which Bellamy sought to reach; but he does not have Bellamy's method, his inspiration, or his hope. He who disbelieves in the Existing Order—who puts it from him roughly in the insurgent spirit and with revolutionary methods—who hews and hacks little regardless of what he scars or where his splinters may fall, has Bellamy's object in view, but he does not have his spirit or his method.

Edward Bellamy was on the whole one of the gentlest and most humane revolutionists that ever lived. He was so mild-mannered in his innovations, so peaceable in thought and life, so sympathetic even with the distorted conditions of human society, that we scarcely know how to classify him. Was he really a rebel, an insurrectionist? Certainly he carried neither axe nor torch. Certainly he contemplated no such revolution as that which once set ablaze in a single fortnight hundreds of chateaux all over France. Certainly Bellamy did not wish to carry any rough and bloody reform with sword and vomiting cannon—carry it in such manner as to drive forth from their luxurious strongholds of ease and greed the idle nobility of our American empire. Bellamy sought not to squeeze out any—not to set thirty thousand emigrants a-flying across continents and seas—but rather to squeeze in many; to give the millions a chance; to set the weak and the fallen on their feet again; and this to the end that individuality under a sort of public socialism may to this extent assert itself, that in the final assizes every human being shall attain to "the dignity of the unit and count one."

It is very far from my purpose to trace the course of Edward Bellamy's life, or to enter into a critical analysis and estimate of his two great books. They are with us; he is gone. They remain to speak to us of the purpose of his life and the nature of his philosophy when he himself is as far away as Gautama and the generations of Japheth. What I have to say of him and his work relates only to his general

attitude with respect to human society, such as it is at the close of the nineteenth century.

Bellamy, being an American, lived to see with most penetrating vision the evil conditions into which we have come. He lived to discern this, that the abuse of property and of property rights under organization is the origin of the greater part of the unhappiness of the modern world. He perceived most clearly that it is not original sin, but aboriginal robbery that has undone mankind. He clearly perceived the difference between the book-made, traditional sin, against which the theologians are wont to thunder, and that deep-rooted, awful human harm which undoes the world and leaves the fairest hopes prostrate in the dust.

In considering this dreadful harm, done by man to man, by man to society, and by society to the individual, Bellamy discovered that nearly all of it has its root in the property condition, or, as we have said, in the abuse of property rights under organization. He therefore studied profoundly the state of inequality in society, diagnosed our diseases, and in his higher moods went so far as to suggest certain practical remedies by which a reform, as he thought, might be carried in every civilized nation. No doubt he began with the fact that in the first stages of social development the *individual* acts for himself and by himself in the acquisition of property. He saw that the next stage of the economic evolution introduces the principle and fact of association, or *copartnership*. In this stage men associate together in order to do and to have what they cannot do and have singly, or individually.

To this day the individual acquisition and possession of property continues. To get property is now the bottom motive in the struggle for existence. Occasionally we still find a rich miser in his seclusion, who, acting silently by individual methods, has amassed a fortune, and at the same time by self-denial has brought himself into moral atrophy, intellectual paralysis, and bodily ossification. Copartnership also survives in the business world, and its methods are still known and employed by men in association; but this form of association is weakened; it gives place at length to the *corporation*, which is the third stage in the economic evolution. Of

the corporation we have had in our own times ample and baleful demonstration. We have seen it rise on the ruins of partnership. We have seen it attack civil society and compel that society to give it the right to flourish and to reign.

But beyond the corporation there arises a still greater and more abusive fact, and that is the *trust*. Edward Bellamy saw the trust rising above the corporate life and drawing into its own circle of power, not one corporation, but hundreds and thousands of them, making them the materials of its own life.

It is at this point that modern society has made a pause. Bellamy, however, perceived that the pause is only temporary. He perceived clearly that there is no finality in the human evolution, but only an ongoing and new development for ever and ever. He therefore *looked ahead* and anticipated somewhat the possible state of society to come. He looked beyond the corporation and the trust, beyond the prodigious development of modern commercialism and municipality, and saw something higher and grander than these rising in the distance. What he saw towering in dim outline was the Social Trust of which all men are to be the beneficiaries. He imagined the possibility of seizing upon the present order and converting its gigantic evils by a gentle curve into the way of the greatest good. He saw beyond the existing order arising in dim outline the COÖPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH—a sort of socio-industrial, intellectual, and moral commune of associated interest, of mutual support and counsel.

It was at this point that Bellamy made his splendid leap. In doing so he was perfectly rational. He knew that society is not going to stop at its present stage of development. He knew that something else besides the present order must arise and stand in its stead. Disbelieving in the present order, he attempted in an ideal way, very gently and humanely, to put the present order aside. His effort was made with the pen. It was made in right reason and with the virtue of a great moral purpose. It was made in a manner so interesting as to draw the sympathetic attention of the whole world to this weak-bodied but great-souled man. The common folk among the nations took up his first book and saw reflected in it something of their own dreams and hopes. The leaders of society

took it up, followed the argument, and admitted its truthfulness so far as the disease and the diagnosis are concerned, but refused to follow further. After their manner they yawned and laid down the volume. Indeed it may be said in a general way that all of Bellamy has been accepted *except* his remedial agencies and his prophetic indications.

This is the manner, however, of the English-speaking race. The man who speaks English never accepts anything until it is thrust upon him. Generally he does not accept it until it is forced upon him by revolution. Afterward he will say that he likes it very much and that he was always striving to get it. There is a strange admixture of cowardice and courage, of daring and conservatism, of reformatory tendency and stolid reactionism in the Anglo-Saxon constitution. If the race were practically as adventurous in the direction of ideal betterment as it is in the way of geographical adventure, seafaring, conquest, colonization, and government, then by the agency of this courageous but immobile division of mankind the world would long ere this have reached a millennium.

But the English-speaking people hold back from any rapid approach towards ideal conditions. The whole product, therefore, of the civilization which the Anglo-Saxon stock has produced is essentially like an old English cathedral, which, beginning in a shanty, has never demolished anything, but always added to it and covered it up; and to this day should anyone search in the heart or remote wing of the cathedral for the original hut, and should he propose to remove it with its rat-holes and bat-haunts, the whole race would be up in arms for fear the Existing Order might be disturbed, religion injured, and society be visited with the vengeance of heaven on the score of sacrilege!

Had we the courage to clear away sometimes, to lay a new foundation, to bring in a new architecture that shall be consistent with itself and equal to the aspiration of the age, then we should all become apostles of Edward Bellamy. In that event we should take up and carry forward, if not complete, the building of that exquisite and humane structure which the author of "Looking Backward" and "Equality" beheld in his visions and dreams.



HON. WILLIAM M. FISHBACK,
EX-GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into *the arena*,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—Heine.

THE ARENA.

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THE GREAT QUESTION IN RETROSPECT.

BY HON. WILLIAM M. FISHBACK,
Ex-Governor of Arkansas.

TO assume that the more than six and a half million men who voted on whichever side of the question in November, 1896, are knaves or fools would do violence alike to common sense and to decency. One or the other side was simply but honestly mistaken; and now that, nearly two years after, the partisan prejudices and passions which a presidential election invariably arouses have so far subsided that men can consider the subject as a question of political economy rather than as one of partisan politics, it would seem a propitious time to ascertain which side *was* mistaken.

Those who followed the discussions of the campaign of 1896 must have remarked that the advocates of the gold standard almost without exception spoke or wrote of monometallism and bimetallism as if the existence of either or both depended upon "circulation." It was alleged that the "free coinage of silver would drive gold out of *circulation*, and that we should be upon a single silver standard; that we now have both metals in *circulation* and therefore have a true bimetallic standard."

Than this nothing could be more confusing and even misleading. Indeed, just as the chief merit of a modern pendulum consists in the fact that the two metals of which it is composed never contract or expand in equal degrees at the same time, so the chief merit of a bimetallic standard lies in

the fact that the two metals of which it is composed never circulate in the same quantities at the same time. Whenever either metal becomes cheaper than the other, however slightly, and whether from increased supply or lessened demand, or from whatever cause, at once men who have money for the payment of debts, for embarking in commercial or manufacturing enterprise, or for any other of the many purposes for which money is needed, naturally seek the cheaper because more easily obtained. This increases the demand for the cheaper and lessens the demand for the dearer metal, and, under the inevitable laws of demand and supply, this not only has a *tendency* to increase, but does actually increase, the value of the cheaper and lessen that of the dearer metal, until their values are brought to an equilibrium at or near the fixed legal ratio. This automatic regulation is the economic principle which under a bimetallic system prevents disastrous variations of values or prices. On the other hand, when we have a single standard, and the value of the metal of which it is composed is altered by variations of demand or supply, there being no such automatic regulator, disastrous variations in all other values are the inevitable result.

Hence it is that during the four hundred years prior to 1873, as far back as we have any trustworthy statistics, the variations in value between gold and silver were merely nominal, and this notwithstanding the two metals were never for a day "circulated" in equal quantities, and for part of the time (during and immediately after the Civil War) neither metal was in circulation in the United States. Hence, also, is it that since the adoption of the single gold standard in 1873 there has occurred the most disastrous shrinkage of values (as expressed in prices) that the world ever saw. And this shrinkage must continue, in the very nature of things, as expanding business and growing population increase the demand for gold. This condition is profitable to England and other creditor nations, but is it good for this great producing and rapidly developing country?

Already we are reaping the harvest of this kind of sowing. Money is congested in a few centres. Except where it can find national bonds for investment, it is hoarded; and it pays

to hoard it. The manufacturer is afraid to borrow because he knows prices must decline; the farmer is unable to consume manufactured goods because the prices of his products are so low that he cannot "make both ends meet." The want of consumers, not the want of a tariff, is shutting down mills, cutting down wages, and paralyzing industry. And this state of things will continue more or less acute until we reinstate what experience has proved to be an automatic regulator of prices—the bimetallic standard.

But apart from the question of money, there is another aspect of the question, which, I am apt to think, has not been sufficiently considered. All commerce is built upon the products of the soil and the mine. Whatever affects injuriously this foundation must necessarily affect the superstructure built upon it. The United States is the largest producer not only of agricultural products, but also of silver in the world. Instead of coining this silver and sending it out into the arteries of trade to give life and vigor to commerce, we have reduced it to a mere commodity, and strangely enough have, by destroying the more important half of its demand, reduced its market value nearly or quite one-half. England in the mean time purchases every ounce of her silver which is to be devoted to the purposes of money, and at half price, and then sends it to India, the Argentine Republic, and other silver-using countries, and purchases farm products at half price (measured in gold), and thus fixes the price of our farm products all over the world.

Nor does Great Britain stop here. She stimulates the production of our staple agricultural products in these countries by this same process, thus forcing our farmers to fight a constantly increasing competition with cheap labor and cheap money. Is it not a spectacle painful to every lover of his country to see a rival nation, by sheer force of superior diplomacy, thus reaping the benefits of both the silver products and the agricultural products of this the greatest nation of the earth? It is with a blush of shame that I read the following extract from a recent letter of an Englishman, Mr. Moreton Frewen, in the *Washington Post*: "It is this very fall in the prices of your staple products which, by giving us, your cred-

itor, cheap raw material and cheap food, both secures our manufacturing supremacy and enables us to flourish inordinately as a nation notwithstanding the paralysis of our agriculture."

Yet there are not wanting men of sense and reputation who still profess to believe that England will at length consent to engage in an international conference for restoring international bimetallicism and surrendering her immense advantages from the existing conditions! I am aware that the excuse for this wretched policy is that the United States is powerless to maintain by herself, unaided and alone, a bimetallic standard at a ratio of 16 to 1. This conclusion is not justified either by authority, by experience, or by existing facts. What is the testimony of all three?

Such experts as directors of the Bank of England, as Gibbs, Grenfell, and Faraday, have all testified that any first-class nation can maintain a ratio of even $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The royal commission of 1886, composed of twelve English statesmen, unanimously reported in 1888 as follows:

"Looking then to the vast changes which occurred prior to 1873 in the relative production of the two metals without any corresponding disturbance in their market value it appears to us difficult to resist the conclusion that some influence was then at work tending to steady the price of silver and to keep the ratio which it bore to gold approximately stable. . . . Now, undoubtedly the date which forms the dividing line between an epoch of approximate fixity in the relative value of gold and silver, and one of marked instability, is the year when the bimetallic system which had previously been in force in the Latin Union ceased to be in full operation. And we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the operation of that system, established as it was in countries the population and commerce of which were considerable, exerted a material influence upon the relative value of the two metals. So long as that system was in force we think that, notwithstanding the changes in the production and use of the two metals, it kept the market price of silver approximately steady at the ratio fixed by law between them; namely, $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. . . .

"Nor does it appear to us unreasonable to suppose that the

existence in the Latin Union of a bimetallic system with a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 between the two metals should have been capable of keeping the market price of silver steady at approximately that ratio. The view that it could only affect the market price to the extent to which there was a demand for it for currency purposes in the Latin Union, or to which it was actually taken to the mints of those countries, is, we think, fallacious. The fact that the owner of silver could in the last resort take it to those mints and have it converted into coin, which would purchase commodities at the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ of silver to 1 of gold, would, in our opinion, be likely to affect the price of silver in the market generally, whoever the purchaser and for whatever country it was destined. It would enable the seller to stand out for a price approximating to the legal ratio, and would tend to keep the market steady at about that point."

The conclusion of these gentlemen was based upon the experience of France and the Latin Union; but existing facts, of which they were then ignorant, render their conclusion if applied to the United States absolutely irresistible. The value of money, like that of all other commodities, is determined by demand and supply. Now, what constitutes the larger part of the demand for money, if not the amount of business to be transacted through its agency? And what is the extent of this demand in the United States?

In the year 1889, nine years ago, there was manufactured in the United States, according to its last census, \$9,372,000,000 worth of goods. According to Mulhall, the great English statistician, this is nearly as much as was manufactured by Great Britain, Germany, and France combined. There are in the world about \$7,500,000,000 of both gold and silver used as money or bullion. So if every ounce of gold and silver in the world were brought here and given to us, the gold and silver would not pay cash for one single year's output of our factories, even eight years ago, by nearly \$2,000,000,000.

In a recent article in the *North American Review*, Mulhall said: "The United States possesses almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany, and France collectively." In this same article he said that, "The merchandise transported by

rail in the United States is shown by official returns to be double the amount of land carriage (at least by rail) of all other nations of the earth collectively." In 1889 there passed through St. Mary's canal (only one of our internal canals) nearly one million tons more of freight than passed through the Suez canal, which is the great highway of all the nations of the globe. And this too although the St. Mary's canal was frozen up more than four months in that year, while the Suez canal was open every day. In this same year there passed through the Detroit river (only one of our rivers) nearly three million tons of freight more than the combined entrances and clearances, foreign and coastwise, of both London and Liverpool, the two great commercial marts of the world. The United States produces nearly \$800,000,000 worth more of agricultural products than any other nation on earth.

When we add to our enormous manufacturing business our transportation by land and water, our mining business, our real-estate transfers, our agricultural products, and all our other vast and varied and rapidly increasing business, it is doubtful if all the silver and gold in the world would transact five per cent of it on a cash basis payable in gold and silver. Any share of these metals which this country could get would not transact one per cent on such a basis.

Yet France, a fourth-rate power, which manufactures less than one-half as much as Great Britain and less than one-fourth as much as the United States,—the comparatively little France, which could be carved out of the single State of Texas and yet leave nearly territory enough to make eight States as large as Massachusetts,—for seventy years, from 1803 to 1873, part of the time unaided and alone, and part of the time aided by the Latin Union, maintained her own ratio and fixed the price of silver all over the globe, by simply opening her mints to the free coinage of both metals at her own ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1.

If Gibbs, Grenfell, Faraday, and the royal commission, in the light of the experience of France and the Latin Union, concluded that any first-class nation could maintain a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, what would have been their opinion of the United States if they had known of her immense business as gathered from statistics since compiled?

It seems to me that, instead of rendering herself ridiculous by sending commissioners to beg England to surrender the vast advantages which her superior sagacity has secured for her, the United States should assert at once her independence, her greatness, and her sense of justice to her people, if not to mankind, by *forcing* all the other nations to come to her policy of reinstating silver to its lost monetary functions.

Nor does either the experience of mankind or right reason sustain the contention that with free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, the United States would be unable to secure gold enough to meet international exchanges. Surely it will not be contended that under any circumstances we could not get all the gold we need as we do now by buying it with bonds. But under free coinage we should need no such wretched alternative.

Just as the closing of the mints of India sent the price of silver down 25 per cent within five days, so would the reopening of the mints of this great country send it up to par within six weeks. If a country like France could keep silver at par with gold at a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, by simply opening her mints to its free coinage into *legal-tender* money at that ratio, surely a country which does many times as much business as France could keep it at par at a ratio of 16 to 1, as long as she kept her mints open to its free coinage at that ratio.

What would be the result of reopening our mints to the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1? England would no longer be able to purchase either our farm products or our silver bullion at half price, but would be compelled to purchase them at double what she now pays. Yet our agricultural products are necessities of life. England must have as much under the new policy as under the old; and the balance of trade would be so largely in our favor that all our international balances would be paid in goods without the aid of a dollar in gold.

The people should look this matter in the face at once. For, view this question as we will, enact tariffs in whatever shape we see fit, amuse the people with whatever theoretical remedies we may, there will not be, cannot be, any permanent prosperity in these United States until we shall have restored that automatic regulator of prices, the bimetallic standard.

HENRY GEORGE.
A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. C. F. MCLEAN.

LIKE the flowers placed on his casket, many and various will be the tributes offered to the memory of Henry George. Of the latter, those brought by friends who knew him well in the days before he became the world-wide famous philosopher, orator, and writer, will have a peculiar value at this time, as proving, not his incomparable ability, but the Spartan-like uprightness combined with the lovable gentleness of his character.

To abler pens the task of assigning him his place in the Temple of Fame; to them the discussion of his philosophy, the prophecy of the fulfilment of his hopes. Mine is a humbler task, and if in this article the pronoun I oftentimes obtrudes, let it be pardoned, for this is a sketch of some of the many delightful personal recollections of Henry George, a brightening up of a few of the links of a chain that extends from the time of his life in California through the years to his visit to Cincinnati during the last Presidential campaign. Of these I think that the circumstances of my first meetings with him disclose some of the lovable traits of his character, which inspired that consuming enthusiasm in his followers which the ordinary political worker can no more comprehend than he could compass the character of Henry George himself.

I was a teacher in the public schools of San Francisco, when there arose a question of the reduction of the salaries of the teachers in the lower grades. Picking up the *Evening Post*, I noticed an editorial protest, which inspired me to write a communication to the editor, which I signed with an assumed name. When the article appeared it was with an editorial request that "Susan" call at the office. Saturday came, and with it the first visit of my life to a newspaper office. The place was up two flights of stairs, where I found the name of "The Evening Post" on the door. To my knock there came

a cheery "Come in," and on opening the door I came face to face with Henry George. He was seated at a common table piled high with papers, while all about on the small floor-space were other newspapers, all, to my unsophisticated eyes, piled in mournful confusion. I can also recall that as I entered, Henry George held aloft an immense pair of shears, while a paste-pot and an ink-bottle barely raised their heads above the papers on the table. I was embarrassed, almost frightened, but in an instant my breath was fairly taken away, for the man in front of me said: "Come in, my little girl." However, I gasped out that I had sent the article signed "Susan," and then, as I turned about, I noticed another man standing before a case of type, which as I learned afterwards he was taking out of "pie." Although he was laughing almost aloud, I told him I wanted to see the editor. "There is the editor," he answered, pointing to the little man, who, his face crimson with confusion, was then standing at the table. "Now, come sit down," he said at last. "You must excuse me, but you are so small, and you look so young; do sit down."

There was but one other seat in the room, and that a high stool; however, I sat down, and before I knew what I was saying I had told the editor before me all about myself. Even then I noticed his large head and bright eyes, and at once compared them with a picture of Henry Clay that had been familiar to me from childhood, and thought the head before me was the finer of the two. I remember now that my first interview with Henry George was brought to a close by a boy who, I thought, rather imperatively demanded "copy"; and then the man at the case said it was near time to have all copy in, therefore I hastily rose to go, but not before I had promised to call again soon.

Before long I again made my way to the upstairs editorial room, and with less confusion opened the door. And now, good reader, what do you think I found near the editorial table? A low rocking-chair! "Now," said Henry George, "you can sit down here with some comfort. My partner and I noticed, when you were here before, that your feet did not touch the floor, so we concluded we ought to have a rocking-chair before you came again. This is your chair, and I don't

believe I shall ever allow a man to sit in it." Even then I could not refrain from contrasting that chair with the common deal table at which sat the man destined to be one of the two great Americans of the century. Now, was there ever any little action so kind, so truly generous, as was that purchase of a comfortable chair for a visitor when the purchaser contented himself with the plainest necessities?

It is needless to say that that was the beginning of a friendship with Henry George and his family which has been the greatest satisfaction of my own life, and in the succeeding years the source of the deepest pleasure to my husband.

Not long after my first interview with Henry George I became a student at the University of California. There one evening, when I went to pay a visit to Professor Swinton and his wife, I was permitted to enter the professor's study, and there I found Henry George. Therefore when a new president came to the University, and there arose trouble between him and Professor Swinton, and the professor was opposed to coeducation, I had abundant reasons for stopping in the office of the *Evening Post* on my visits in San Francisco. The quarters of the *Post* were first enlarged, and then the paper was moved across the street to its handsome new building, and was in possession of those marvellous Bullock presses in which Henry George took the deepest delight. After he had taken me to see the presses at work and had climbed to the composing-room to show me how many printers he could then afford to employ—and others used to say he had twice as many as he needed—he conducted me to the cheerful editorial rooms, and in great glee pointed to my rocking-chair.

John Russell Young has written as though Henry George was little appreciated in California; that is not the right impression, at least as regards a goodly number of friends. Of course the public at large did not appreciate him, for how could they then? And although even those who did know him well could not foresee that the crown of immortal fame as well as the cross of the martyr awaited him, yet, even in those Californian days, no one knew him who did not have some conception of his greatness or acknowledgment of his supe-

riority; and in all soberness and truth can it be said of him, that no one knew him well who did not love him.

In the new building of the *Post* he had two editorial rooms, one of them an inner office, where he was supposed to withdraw from visitors. But at that time and always Henry George was the most social of men; he loved to know people, not to hear himself talk, but to listen to others, to learn from their daily experience, to argue with them when questions for argument were brought up, so that very seldom did he shut himself in the inner office, but wrote at the desk in the reception-room. In those days he wrote always with pen and ink on long narrow slips of paper, and almost invariably under greatest pressure. It was not until after the publication of "Progress and Poverty," and indeed not for several years after moving to New York, that he used the typewriter for composition.

While writing his editorials and correcting proof he would receive any and all who, with or without an excuse, "dropped in to see the editor"; and when the boy would come to ask him for "copy" he would turn round in his chair and dash off his articles, seemingly without losing the thread of conversation of those about him. Once in a while the efforts of the boy were futile to close the editorial columns in time, and on such occasions Mr. Hinton would wander upstairs, and, standing at the door, with the greatest good humor and sly fun would remind Henry George about that "early copy" he had promised, for he was always promising to have the forms closed earlier; but so many people delighted to obtain a hearing from him, and were always so sure of a warm welcome, that it was almost impossible for him to break away without hurting the feelings of some visitor, and that he disliked of all things to do. Occasionally, but only occasionally, the door of the inner office was closed, and then his friends knew that the editor was trying that oft-talked-of "reform."

When he added the labors of editing a morning paper to his work on the *Post* his friends wondered when he took time to sleep; he was usually the last to leave the office at night, and an early hour in the morning found him again at work. When he first published in pamphlet form his views on "The

Land Question," I think he stopped the sale when the expense of publication was met, because he always had a number of copies on his desk, and when the talk turned on that question he always gave one away with the kindest manner possible, as though the recipient were doing him a great favor to promise to read it.

At that time Henry George was a happy, joyous man, who took the deepest interest in everyone he met, who loved to laugh and to hear others laugh with him; seldom could anyone find a man who enjoyed so many things and so thoroughly. I recall that once, after dining with his family, we went to a small hall where a club gave a dance, and Henry George went through the waltz with me with a determination to conquer the step, so out of proportion to the end to be gained, that his wife was greatly amused thereat. He particularly liked to meet young people, to talk with them, to ask them what they were studying and what they liked to read. Once he met a high-school friend of mine with me, and he expressed the greatest delight that she was reading Mill's "Political Economy." The writers on his paper had not only the deepest respect, but real affection for him. The printers were proud that he was of their guild, while the Irish scrub-women and the errand-boys fairly adored him. It is certain that to his employees he never gave an impatient, an unkind word, and the unaffected hearty greeting he gave to every stranger made him a host of friends at that time, who are among the sincerest of his mourners to-day.

Nothing roused him to anger but cruelty and injustice, and, above all, fraud. One day a man went to the office of the *Post* and, after insisting on a private interview, told Henry George a long story of persecution by some rivals in business, who had gone so far as to have him sandbagged to insensibility in Oakland, near his own door. In proof thereof he uncovered his wounds. Of course Henry George promised to bring the matter to public notice, and the perpetrators to justice. He was, however, too keen an editor not to desire a "scoop," and the man readily promised to say nothing further on the subject till the story of his persecution came out in the *Post*. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I

stopped in the office, and to my utter astonishment I found Henry George in a towering rage; his face was flushed crimson, and his whole frame quivered. "There," he said most angrily, "read that"; and he thrust that evening's *Post* into my hands. Glancing over the headlines, I read of the persecution of the man in question. "Well," I remarked, "that is too bad; but why are you so angry?" "Angry!" Henry George exclaimed, "what man would not be angry? Do you hear the boys crying the paper on the street? Think of it, this whole article is a horrid, wicked lie; the wretch made those wounds himself—it's all a fraud, all a lie. The paper was just off the press when some friends from Oakland came here and proved to me that the story was false, and even brought the confession forced from the wretch. Think of his getting me to publish such a lie!" And the indignant honest man was not to be pacified. As I started from the office, Henry George went down the steps to go to his evening dinner. There at the foot of the stairs, his hat in his hand, and his little boy at his side, stood the man who had so cruelly imposed on Henry George. He held a *Post* in his other hand, which was like flaunting a red flag in the arena. He had the audacity to step up as we appeared, and attempt to speak; he was a heavy-set man, though not very tall, but Henry George pushed his own hat back on his head—a way he had when he was excited—and putting out his elbow toward the man, the latter stepped back out of the doorway, and thus partly escaped a vigorous shove. I noticed at the time, that Henry George was careful not to push the boy. "That was the man!" he said, as he strode out on the pavement, and began to walk rapidly toward home. The next day the *Post* came out with an explanation of the imposition practised on the editor, and there was no suit for libel as the morning papers had promptly predicted.

I belonged to a literary and debating society in San Francisco, and one Friday evening I had the pleasure of presenting to my fellow members, "My friend, Henry George." Even at this time I can recall just how he looked, how his face lighted up when the members said complimentary things of his paper and his editorials, and how quickly he turned the subject to

listen to all they had to say about the society and themselves. From that gathering were recruited many of the most prominent and earnest workers of the followers of Henry George, the first believers in the Single Tax. In their hands to-day will be found the only extra copies of the author's edition of "Progress and Poverty." Occasionally they give a copy to a new convert; but even a millionaire, should he make a money offer for one, would learn that there are some things even now that money cannot buy. One of the members—the bright, witty Irishman of the organizers—after spending his surplus income in purchasing copies of "Progress and Poverty" and much loving labor in their wise distribution, on his deathbed told an equally ardent follower that his only regret in leaving the world was that he could no longer work for the triumph of the principles—nay, religion—Henry George had taught him.

Another member of the society, Miss Kate Kennedy, was the first woman principal of a grammar school in San Francisco. She was an Irishwoman of finest mind, keenest wit, and widest culture. When Henry George first heard her debate he said he envied her her ease of manner and facility of expression. She became one of his first, his most enthusiastic converts; and when she preceded him to the great beyond, she left a large property to a friend with the provision that the income should be used in distributing the writings of Henry George and in advancing what she deemed a holy cause. Needless to say that the members of her family, as devoted to the cause she loved as she had been, have given their aid in carrying out the provisions of the will.

Once on going to the office of the *Post*—as I have told—I found Henry George angry; once I saw him there with tears in his eyes. He closed the door of the outer office, and with a backward toss of the head brushed the tears from his eyes, and then in a choking voice told me that he "must give up the *Post*." In his straightforward way he gave his reasons. When Senator John P. Jones had bought the beloved Bullock presses and set up the *Post* in its new quarters, he had promised Henry George he would never ask him to advocate any measure he did not firmly believe in. "And now," said Henry George, "he has asked me to do that very thing, and I will not

do it." And he put his hand firmly on the desk. "But your own money that you have put into the paper?" "Oh! that is all gone—all gone—every penny of it." "But what are you going to do?" "God knows; I don't," came the quiet answer. "And your partner?" "My partner? Bless him," he said; "all right." "And Mrs. George?" I asked very timidly. And then I knew where Henry George had drawn some of his strength, for he gave another toss of his head and exclaimed with no little pride: "My wife? Ah! she says 'all right' too."

Let us pause and consider what that step cost Henry George. He had arrived at what was then the summit of his ambition. He was at the head of a newspaper to conduct and edit as he wished. To the end of his life he loved the work of a journalist; he delighted to listen to the throbbing of the presses as he wrote his burning thought and realized that within a few hours tens of thousands would read that thought, and of that number some portion would be led to think the same as he. He felt at that time that by calling daily attention to the changes in the financial and social conditions of California he could teach the lessons of his philosophy to those who had themselves followed the same changes from the "early days," when no man who was able and willing to work was without all the comforts and pleasures of life, when statistics proved that there was not a beggar on the street, not a pauper in the almshouse, to the altered conditions when the same gulf that elsewhere separated the poorly paid toiler from the rich landholder was there daily widening before their very eyes. And he felt obliged to relinquish all he had gained, to give up the work he thought was his best, and go back to the very beginning. Think what the world would have lost had he been governed by what the majority of people call "common sense." There was a man with a wife and three children, calmly giving up all he had saved in long years of unceasing labor, and for what? Would that we all could learn from him that it was the better, the truer part of all that makes life worth living—truth, and the right to live up to every ideal.

Years afterwards, when seated very near the golden head of his second daughter, at a meeting of the Anti-poverty Society, I heard Henry George describe the feelings of a man

of intelligence and one desirous of giving the best advantages to his children, who suddenly, by loss of his position, felt obliged to face poverty. Like a picture whose curtain is suddenly uplifted came back the scene in the newspaper office, when Henry George told me he "must give up the *Post*."

It happened that I was in Sacramento when Governor Irwin sent into the Senate the appointment of Henry George to the office in San Francisco that promised him a living for his family and a portion of each day to himself and his literary work. There were three parties in the legislature at that time, and of course two of them Henry George had opposed before election, yet to his appointment there was not a dissenting vote, and more than one Senator spoke of the choice of the Governor in terms of warm approval. After the adjournment of the Senate I heard Henry George thank those men, and his voice trembled with feeling, and his small hand shook as he held it out to receive the warm grasp of men then so prominent. Therefore it will be seen that, in so far as men could judge and understand him, Henry George was much admired by many, and deeply respected by all who met him, or even knew of him.

Soon after that time I left California, and in Paris I received a newspaper giving a full report of Henry George's first lecture on the land question. A letter from a friend told me that he read his manuscript and seemed much frightened. Years after, in an audience that crowded Music Hall in Cincinnati to the walls, I heard Henry George on the same subject. I recalled what the friend had written of that first lecture in San Francisco, when "he kept his eyes on the paper and seemed so nervous he was almost frightened." In Cincinnati that day there had been held a convention of Populists, but the Single-Tax people had not succeeded in having their plank adopted; in fact it was very evident that the Populists did not know what they wanted. That evening Henry George stepped lightly and easily to the front, looked about over the entire great audience that was lustily cheering him, and then at once caught the attention of every listener as he said, "We of the Single-Tax party *know* what we want." Then he paused and said: "We want the earth"—then the audience

laughed, every ear there was wide open, and then impressively he added—"not for ourselves alone, but that we may use it for the benefit of all mankind." It was a wonderful way of touching with readiness and refined humor the day's political situation, and then, with a laugh that cleared the atmosphere like an electric shock, and brought everyone *en rapport* with the speaker, to sum up in one sentence the philosophy he desired to teach.

In September, 1879, having had a previous business acquaintance with the Appletons, I called at the office when I returned to New York. "By the way," said Mr. William Appleton, "you have lived in San Francisco; did you ever know Henry George?" He went on to tell me that Henry George had sent him the MS. of a work on political economy, that he himself had found it so interesting that he had remained awake all night to read it; "but," said he, "it opposes and fairly tears to pieces Mill, Spencer, Malthus, all the recognized authorities on political economy, and I did not dare to publish it. However, it seems that, not discouraged by my refusal, the author has published the work himself, and he has sent me a copy, which I have now at home. You have no idea how different things look in cold type; the book does not seem near as revolutionary and dangerous as it did in manuscript." What I replied is not to the point now, but when I had ended Mr. Appleton added, "Well, I hope Mr. George will accept my terms for the plates, and that the book will have a large sale. It appears to me it will create some sort of a sensation anyway, and I don't think we shall lose anything by publishing it."

Arrived in Ohio, I wrote to Henry George congratulating him on the completion of his work, his finding so pleasant a publisher, and hoped that fame as well as fortune awaited him. Promptly came a long letter and a copy of the author's edition of "Progress and Poverty," accompanied with the mildly expressed hope that I would prefer that to the Appleton edition that was just out. As to the fortune I wished him, he wrote that he was not likely to have a large one from the sale of his book, but would be more apt to make money by lecturing. Even that hope did not come soon to realization.

In May, 1880, I had written an article for the *Cincinnati Commercial* that had received some praise, and I sent it with a letter asking the opinion of the man who had first of anyone in the world told me I might learn to write. The answer is in his fine but clear handwriting, dated San Francisco, May 16, 1880, and the following lines are extracts. They are given first to show the kindly encouragement and sympathy of the great writer, and also to prove that he was then almost in the slough of despond, not entirely discouraged, but not hopeful, and passing through a dark time, of which, alas! he had more than one. These are his words: "The style is very good, and very much improved. . . . I think writing will prove better for you than the lecture field. But remember that genius is the capacity for taking pains. As for the old maid part, I don't believe it. Of course, a woman as she grows older ceases to be attractive to younger men; but both men and women grow older together. As for myself, I am doing nothing save wait. I have neither paper nor anything else, and have not quite decided what I shall 'fly at next.' As to the life of George Sand, of course I am no judge. I only know it is a hard thing to write a book, a harder thing to get it published,—and then? If you write it in Paris bring it out in London."

The letter in its entirety fills nearly two pages, written, as I have said, in ink, in his exquisite handwriting; but at the end of the second page are the following lines in pencil: "Oakland, August 10th. I found this turning over my papers. I supposed I had mailed it long ago. Am on my way East by slow train. Expect to be in New York about the 21st to 23rd."

That date definitely fixes the time of the arrival of Henry George in New York on a "slow" train, an *emigrant* train, and the beginning of his struggle for recognition in the city whose greatest honor will some day be that he lived there, worked for its good, died for its betterment.

The struggle lasted for a time; how bitter it was only he and his wife knew. It is comforting at this time to recall that it did not last much longer than a year, and also that in New York two good friends, William and John Swinton, gave to

Henry George that intellectual sympathy which was always so dear to him. Even in personal matters Henry George was something of a prophet, for with the date of September 16, 1881, in answer to a newspaper, I received the following letter:

"My wife joins me in congratulations to yourself and husband on the birth of your daughter. I am glad it is a daughter. No better fortune could come to you. We have been to California and met many who enquired about you. . . . We are going to England, expecting to start in about two weeks.

"With best wishes for the whole little family,

"Yours sincerely,

"HENRY GEORGE."

Not very long after that, when Henry George was dining at our home in Cincinnati, another old California friend came to take him to the Literary Club. Henry George was to lecture the following day, and his friend thought it would be of great benefit to him to go to the club. He turned to me and asked, "Are not you going with us?" "No," I answered; "they do not admit women." "Do not admit women! That settles it; I don't go." And that literary club cannot claim that it ever had the honor of entertaining Henry George. In even the smallest way he never would compromise with his principles.

He was ever and always the soul of chivalry, and his manner to all women was the pure, undefiled essence of politeness that came from no outward polishing, but from his own noble nature.

On our visits to New York and on the occasional trips of Henry George to Cincinnati we greatly enjoyed meeting him and his family, although one of us had a morbid fear of intruding on the precious time of the busy writer and thinker. During a number of years, my husband, as manager of the Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens, would purchase animals in New York, and when Henry George would introduce us to his other friends, he would always ask what they thought of a woman of my size "coming to New York to shop for lions and tigers and elephants." For Henry George loved to laugh.

I think that was one of the many characteristics that made him resemble that other great emancipator, Lincoln. I never heard Lincoln laugh, but I imagine their laughs must have been much alike. Henry George's laugh began with the increased sparkle in his eye, and then, throwing back his head, the laugh would come with a musical ripple that did one's heart good to hear; nothing harsh or high or strident about it, but like the laugh of a child, the rejoicing of a mind at peace with itself; a soul that, as Goethe puts it, had ever been true to the dreams of youth.

Ever and always Henry George maintained his sense of humor, and the recollection of that fact is more keen to his friends to-day in that he did not write humorous articles. He certainly could have done so, for his conversation was punctuated with wit and pervaded by a most refined humor.

His devotion to his family and their devotion to him were simply boundless. More than once have I been the only guest at their table, and the tone of voice in which he would call "Anna," when he announced his arrival to Mrs. George, and the manner in which the children would speak of "My father," both proclaimed the perfectly ideal family relationship. Literally as well as figuratively there were heartstrings that stretched to almost breaking when there occurred the first break in that charming family circle.

When Henry George again became an editor, and of a paper of his own, devoted to the cause of his life, it happened that I reached the office of the *Standard* on publication day. On guard in the outer office was his elder son, whom he always called Harry, and a troubled look came into his eyes as he saw me. "Of course father will see you," he said, "but I beg of you do not stay long, for we are now holding the forms while he finishes his last editorial; you see, it is just as it used to be with the *Post*." Promising not to keep back that editorial, I entered the room. The face of the man at the desk was a study; it would have been impossible to find a happier face, and I thought it must be the delight of having again a newspaper of his own that gave him so great happiness. Almost as soon as he had greeted me he straightened himself in his chair, and putting his fingers in his vest—for it was a warm

day, and he was writing without a coat—in a mock melodramatic manner, he called out: "Behold in me a grandfather!" Then I knew why Henry George was so happy, for he dearly loved children, and no matter to whose children he talked, his voice was always lowered to flutelike tones that at once fascinated his young hearers.

Mrs. George has been the ideal woman for the wife of a man of genius, who just by reason of his genius needed such a companion for his trials and triumphs. She always knew when to leave her husband in the clouds, and when to draw him gently back to earth again. Once when dining with them in Harlem, Henry George noticed an unusual number of people passing the window, and when Mrs. George told him they were working people returning from a picnic, he arose from the table to watch them, and more to himself than to us hoped they had had a good day and wondered where they had been on their merrymaking. Mrs. George did not interrupt him for some time, but allowed him to muse at the window, and then gently reminded him that the dinner was growing cold.

When he lived in Harlem, at eight o'clock he would bring home a friend to a six-o'clock dinner, but Mrs. George never remonstrated, and only lightly apologized that the dinner was not better at that hour. She moved from Harlem to a house within walking distance of the *Standard* office, so that she would make sure her husband would eat his meals, for he frequently forgot that duty to himself, and would go so long without eating that the next meal would cause dyspepsia.

One great danger of the future—nay, it is already of the present—years ago Henry George plainly saw—or rather what did he not see? From the beginning of the syndicate method of publication he foresaw that the time was soon coming when those who held the accumulated corporate wealth of the country would own the newspapers, and thus fetter the free thought that would disturb any existing order by which they so greatly profited; for he more than anyone else knew that "the power of the press" is no idle phrase. One can now easily tell how generally attacks on his philosophy have been inspired for those very reasons of ownership; editors have been convinced of the justice and expediency of his views, but

the owners of the papers have been on the side of those who, possessing privileges through the existing order of society, will not relinquish them without a struggle. Yet read between the lines of the editorials on the death of Henry George, and the enthusiasm of a believer in his philosophy is easily discovered in the men who wrote the eulogies. Those of us, however, who believe that the Prophet of San Francisco preached the true gospel of humanity must not be too much misled in calling him a philosopher.

As the word politician is understood, he was not—the gods be praised—a politician; but in that, keeping ever in view the high aims to be ultimately reached, he knew the next step to be taken to reach those aims, he was a statesman; and such a title we should jealously claim for him. As to the politician, the “boss,” he will never again have quite the same standing in the community he held before Henry George gave the last work of his life to combat the blighting effect of his toleration in a community of free men—even though he takes a bath every day and, clad in purple and fine linen, sits in a handsomely appointed office and signs checks for his lieutenants to use for “campaign purposes.” No, he will never be quite the same, because Henry George dared to pull off the boss’ finely fitting kid glove and, holding up the naked hand, exclaim, “It is not clean! I will not touch it!” He pulled off the faultless silk hat from the boss’ head and cried out: “No, sir, you are not one whit better than the wretch whose vote you buy; not one whit the superior of the ward heeler whom you pay to do your dirty work.” It is now left to others to follow where he bravely led. His was the heart to first receive the shafts of the enemy; but the breach in their ranks remains open, and it is for us to move on.

It is to be hoped that the money given for a memorial to Henry George will not be put in a monument of brass and stone. We need no such temple to mark our Mecca. Like Mirabeau, Henry George believed that all the ills that have come from granting liberty to the individual can be cured only through even greater liberty, but with that liberty must come education. Like Mirabeau, he cried, “Educate, educate the people!” Give them the education that teaches duties as

well as rights. He would wish his monument to be raised in the hearts of his friends, their sorrow to be turned to renewed efforts to spread the knowledge of their Koran.

Henry George was like a man travelling with many others in a deep valley where the lights and the shadows so mingle that those standing in the light feel the chill of those remaining in the shadow. He alone discovered the path leading to serene mountain heights, and to some he was able to point the way to the end. They willingly offered to bear him company; others could not see the light shining afar, but believed they had discovered the path that led up the mountain; others with not even that clearness of vision were willing to go with him a short way through the valley. With all who walked his way, with all who even lifted their eyes to the heights he saw so clearly, he gladly kept company.

And now for those of us who from the lips of the great leader learned the way, for those of us who have seen his face raised to those serene heights, are we to falter and return to the shadows of the valley?

RUDYARD KIPLING AS A POET.

BY FRANK GAYLORD GILMAN.

LITERATURE, if it is to maintain its influence over men, must not only keep pace with their larger growth, but also declare unto them the vision of their "larger hope."

It must interpret their own life to them in terms of truth and beauty, so that they may know themselves as they are, and apprehend the higher selves to which they are destined. Literature is therefore a record and a prophecy. The real books of any age record the interpretation of the life of that age and the ideals which men hold dear. Homer, in his epic age, was exclusive. He depicted the gods and the chiefs, the wrath of Achilles, the devotion of Hector to his family and to his country, the fierceness of Agamemnon, the jealousy of the gods. He portrayed the people only in the mass, never as individuals determining their own life.

Christianity added a new force to the life of man, gave him new aspirations and introduced him to new realities that are not revealed in classical literature. Man was no longer the football of the gods. Life was no longer superhuman, but human and divine. The authority which had formerly been vested in the mythological deities and the forces over which they had presided, and which they had directed, was delegated to institutions—the church and the state. It was the church that assumed the responsibility of man's salvation or damnation, whichever contributed to the immediate interests of the church; it was the state that preserved the "life, limb, and property" of man, or wantonly sacrificed them to its own selfish interests.

This was a long stride away from the unreality of the ancients toward a truer reality; still, the individual, as an individual, did not become the great reality until the Renaissance in Italy and the Reformation in Germany taught man that the church could not save his soul, and that the state would not protect his life. Then, however, for the first time the in-

dividual became the arbiter of his own soul's destiny. When Luther declared unto the world his proclamation of independence: "*Hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders, Gott hilf mir,*" he not only freed himself, but made possible the liberty of all men when they should make themselves worthy of liberty. The individual became the great reality, and whatever determined one's individuality was interesting and important. The interpreters of that age began to break away from the bloodless formalism of the mediæval centuries and to reveal man in accordance with this new conception, to embody this new notion in literature.

Principles, however, are accepted in theory long before they are perfected in practice. It is a long time since the fall of Constantinople and the diffusion of Greek learning over Europe; a long time since Luther nailed his memorable Theses on the church door at Wittenberg. Human sympathy, it is true, has gone deeper and deeper into the strata of society; or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the individual has risen, century after century, into a larger comprehension of his duties and his powers. This growth into a larger vision has been the theme of English verse. Our master poets, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, have recorded it and have prophesied it. And the end is not yet; the story of the equality of men is not complete. To the contributions to this tale of the ever-widening circle of human sympathy which the older poets have made, Rudyard Kipling is adding fresh chapters; he is interpreting to us our own material, scientific, democratic life; he is expressing in poetry the more inclusive modern conceptions of the importance of every individual; he is a part of a world movement that makes for the exaltation of man.

We have for a long time adopted the theory that "the whole range of existence, or any part of it, when imaginatively apprehended, seized on the side of human interest, may be transfigured into poetry." This theory Rudyard Kipling has more completely realized than has any other poet,—than has Wordsworth, to whom this notion was as law and gospel. But Wordsworth, although he wrote delightfully and truthfully about the life of the common people, the peasants, did not

reveal the peasants in their own language. What we see in Wordsworth is his own interpretation of the peasant life, in which there is much more of the poet than of the peasant. Wordsworth imaginatively apprehended what he saw in the life of the common people; but he did not know many phases of common life, he did not see the whole truth.

Kipling is the fulfilment of the prophecy that Whitman made in his "Leaves of Grass":

"The prophet and bard
Shall yet maintain themselves in higher circles, yet
Shall meditate to the Modern, to Democracy, interpret
God and Eidolons."

Kipling has meditated to the Modern and to Democracy; and in interpreting to modern men their life he has spoken to them through characters they could understand and in language these characters use. In singing of the soldiers and sailors, he employs their thoughts and their expressions. These expressions are often the very refuse of language; yet out of this material—waste material it would be to many poets—he has been able to distil the fragrance of true poetry. You may say, as it has been said, that his material is coarse and his verse rough, that his world is not a beautiful world. Burns's world, too, was homely, and his material was coarse; but he touched this material to a finer issue. Kipling has made us see the truth of his world, and the beauty; for beauty is truth, and truth beauty.

Is there poetic beauty in the steam-engine, than which nothing is more characteristic of the modern age? There are good and wise men who believe that this ugly machine has destroyed the romance of life and blighted its poetry. Where is the ideality in the greasy machinery? Kipling declares to us in "McAndrew's Hymn," that the commonest things, when viewed with sympathy and insight, are instinct with poetry, throb with noble thought, and lead us up to God.

"Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime,
Whaurto uplifted like the just, the tall-rods mark the time.

The crank-throws give the double-baas, the feed-pump sobe an' heaves;
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note!—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the
guides.

They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel, where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt, an' every rate o' speed,
Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced, an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made."

To Kipling the engine is a sublime orchestra, a clanging chorus full of power, all of whose parts sing together for joy, as did the morning stars. Can we not say with him, "In all this I see thy hand, O God"?

Much of the beauty of his poetry lies in the meeting of extremes—the homeliness of the subject and the language, and the freshness, the boldness, and the suggestiveness of his imagination. "To make the common marvellous, as if it were a revelation, is the test of genius," says Lowell in his essay on Chaucer. This characteristic of poetic genius Kipling has shown in many of his poems. In his ballad of "Mandalay" these two extremes are present.

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say,
'Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?'
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!
"Er petticoat was yaller, an' 'er little cap was green;
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat-jes, the same as Theebaw's Queen;
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot,
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot she called the Great Gawd Budd;
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stud,
On the road to Mandalay."

This verse has elements of true poetry. The homely material is vibrant with fresh feeling, and under the power of the poet's imagination is transfigured into a new beauty. If we

stand very close to this word painting, it may seem to us that the colors have been thrown upon the canvas with carelessness; that the brush-marks obscure the idea expressed. But if we look at Kipling's work perspectively, out of the coarseness comes beauty, and out of the material comes the ideal.

"The wind is in the palm-trees."

"The dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay."

"A-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot."

"Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stud."

These passages have the gleam of real gems whose beauty is enhanced by the uniqueness of the setting. Tenderness, humanity, real feeling, far-reaching imagination,—these are all present, qualities of real poetry.

Kipling not only apprehends his material with imagination, but also sets his conceptions to a rhythmic music that is absolutely irresistible. The lilt is of course the life of a ballad. However excellent may be the other qualities of this poetic form, if it have not an inspiring rhythm, it is a poetic failure. Since Macaulay charmed us with "Horatius at the Bridge" no such forceful ballads have been written as are the best of Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." And even Macaulay's "Lays," although they may have greater dignity than Kipling's, have not the variety of metre or the flashing, dashing impulse that characterizes the work of the present-day poet. At times, in the sweeping, marching movement, there seems to be an almost miraculous power that makes the lame forget their crutches, and the old their staves. Kipling, more nearly than any of the other poets, has realized his own musical fable of "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas."

"I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun,
To stand before your face and cry;
I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel,
And over your head I ha' dusked the sky.
I ha' harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,
I ha' harpit your secret soul in three."

Only the inimitable "Marseillaise" is comparable in exhilarating lilt to "Mandalay," for instance, in the "Barrack Room Ballads," and the "Song of the Banjo" in the "Seven Seas." As you read this song you can hear in the lines the twanging

of the strings, and feel your pulse quickening to keep time with the running melody.

"Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—

I have told the naked stars the grief of man.

Let the trumpets dare the foeman to the proof—

I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran.

My bray ye may not alter nor mistake

When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things.

But the Song of Lost Endeavor that I make,

Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?

With my 'Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-rrrrrip'

(Is it naught to you that hear and pass me by?)

But the word—the word is mine, when the order moves the line,

And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die."

Moreover Kipling's verse, in the grasp and reach of its conceptions, has in it the immensity and breeziness of the sea. No one who reads Kipling can fail to be impressed by the force and vividness of his thought. Poetry, it has been said, is thought expressed in images; and Kipling's images are forceful and impressive in this age of re-threshing threshed straw. As we enter his world it seems as if we lived again in primeval times, and the poet was tilling virgin soil. Kipling's work is characterized by a vividness of presentment that must come from a most intimate contact of soul with object. How clearly he sees his *eidolons*! How completely he possesses them! How passionately he embodies them! There is hardly a poem in which this grasp of material is not in evidence. Sometimes it pervades the whole poem; sometimes it is revealed in lightning flashes. If we peruse his books of song, even in a cursory manner, we shall discover on almost every page passages like these, quickened with a mastering passion:

"Trailing like a wounded duck working out her soul,

Clanging like a smithy shop, after every roll;

Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the spray,

So we threshed the Bolivar out across the Bay."

"Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her strake."

"Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play."

"By night those soft lascivious stars leered from those velvet skies."

"The Angel of the Off-shore Wind,

He that bites the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee."

"Down to the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are."

"And the waters splashing hollow on the skin of the empty hold."

"And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a rain-washed bone."

Herein is imagery to which we have not been accustomed. In this verse there are a simplicity, a vigor, a freshness, and above all a vividness in the discovery of poetic relations between commonest things, that remind us of the very earliest poets, when man first began to see the relation between things. The human nature that he paints is elemental, and he paints it with elemental colors. His men are "Neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men." His strongest poems are portraitures, and the secret of the vivid impression they leave on our minds lies in the dramatic force with which he makes the character in his own words reveal himself. When we read "Mary Gloster," "McAndrew's Hymn," and "Mulholland's Contract" we do not feel that the poet is presenting a revelation of life, in which revelation there is more of the author than of his character; but, on the contrary, we forget the poet and listen to Sir Andrew Gloster tell of his hard-earned success, his contempt for his fashionable son, and the enduring tenderness for his dead wife; hear the Scotch engineer discover the romance of his engine, whose music he loves; and the cattleman reveal the abiding power of God where "the fear was on the cattle, and the gale was on the sea."

I have said that Kipling has been able to make a most forceful impression upon his readers because of a clear and simple conception of his object, because of the freshness of the images by which he expresses the poetic relations between things, and because of the power with which he reveals his characters or presents a thought through a character. But Kipling is also a master in the details of his art, in the power and suggestiveness of his use of single words, in the harmony which he establishes between sound and sense. And if we study his best work closely we shall discover that his devotion to little things, although somewhat concealed, is really a large element in his art, and one of the efficient causes of the fascinating power of his verse. Kipling has studied language, the material of his art, with the faithfulness and assiduity that must characterize a persistent business man in trade or an earnest scientist in the pursuit of truth; and he has wrung from language many a new secret, and, by unique combinations of words, has discovered in language new poetic beauty.

These qualities are in evidence in the lines that have already been quoted for the illustration of other characteristics of his poetry. A few more lines, however, in which are revealed these special qualities, may vivify the truth of these assertions as to the details of his art. In the following line from "The First Chantey," Kipling, by the prevailing "l" and softer sounds, has produced a sound-effect in perfect harmony with the thought:

"Lightly she leaped to a log lapped in the water."

The tripping effect and the alliterative music of the verse alone would justify the choice of the word "lapped," which arouses in our minds the true poetic surprise; but besides these qualities we discover also the artistic balance of the principal words, "lightly" and "log," and "leaped" and "lapped," and also the delightful cadence at the end of the line in the musical phrase, "in the water."

In the following lines from "Mandalay" the thought and effect are quite different, but there is still the harmony of sound and idea:

"Elephants a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek."

It mattered naught to Kipling that squidgy is not in the dictionary; it produced the effect he desired, and he created it. We must admit the fitness of the word; the word is really the thing itself. In the following lines from "Tomlinson" there is the sound of mighty waters, and at the end there is the waning of the sound:

"Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of the Milky Way;
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and drone and cease."

Some critics of renown have been able to find in Kipling's lines only the music of the brass band and the melody of the concert hall. It is too true that much of his verse resounds with this kind of boisterous melody; no poet, however, should be judged by his inferior work, but rather by his best. There is much subtle music in the best of Kipling's poetry. I know of no more delightful harmony in all modern poetry than there is in the following stanza from "The Last Rhyme of True

Thomas," a stanza in which the highest possibilities of language are realized:

" 'Twas nodding grass and naked sky,
'Twas blue above and bent below,
Where, checked against the wastrel wind,
The red deer belled to call the doe."

It is hardly necessary to direct attention to the beautiful and melodious combination of harmonious vowel and consonant sounds in the balanced expressions "nodding grass" and "naked sky," and the "blue above" and "bent below." One can readily perceive the change in the movement of the stanza as one feels the wind from the wastrel whirling through the third line, and still another change as one listens to the musical call of the deer resounding through the last verse. There is in this stanza a whole oratorio.

The boisterous, rollicking music of the camp and the barracks, with its common material and its realistic treatment, is to Kipling the low plane of his genius, from which he has risen to the height of subtle melody—a melody ever in harmony with the poetic conception of his *eidolons*. It is a long way from the "Cholera in Camp," with its heroic, rowdy fortitude, to the "Recessional," with its contemplative insight beyond the conventions of life into its verities. Between the valley and the heights of his Parnassus we discover "Bolivar," with its glorification of the virile and the vigorous; his "Rhyme of the Three Sealers," chanting the glories of action; his dialect verse; his "Fuzzy-Wuzzy;" his "Soldier and Sailor Too;" his "Back to the Army Again," with the humor and pathos so commingled that we hardly know whether to smile or to sigh; his "Tomlinson," with its stinging satire; his "Song of the English," with its condemnation of English insularity and a range of thought and feeling that finds its issue in a union of races; his "L'Envoi" and "Chantey," with their tender feeling and facile touch. Here are a wider range and broader scope, here are deeper insights and higher flights, than those short-sighted critics have discovered who have cared to see in him simply an apostle of the vigorous and the masculine.

Although it may be true that most of his verse lies nearer the base of the mountain than the heights, still no one after

reading the "Recessional" and the "Song of the English" will deny that he can be both strong and tender, vigorous and refined. It may be true, too, that he lacks the sustained power that alone belongs to the broad culture and the ripe genius. The quality of his power is comparable to that of Marlowe rather than to that of Shakespeare. There is in Kipling much of the impulse of "Tamburlaine" and "Doctor Faustus," very little of the mastery and sustained power of a "Tempest" or a "Hamlet." And in making this comparison we must remember that Marlowe died before he was thirty, and that Kipling is not yet much older; and that "Romeo and Juliet" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," written when Shakespeare was about thirty, did not give much promise of "King Lear" and "Macbeth," written when the dramatist was at the height of his power.

Kipling, as we all know, has come in close contact with the common people who operate the workshops of the world, and with the elemental races of mankind who live very close to nature, and has found in them material for his art; he has also risen to the height of a poetic interpretation of the higher life of a great nation. From this comprehensive and inclusive relation to divers phases of life he has discovered truths—old truths perhaps, but yet truths the discovery and the presentment of which are the mission of the great poets.

Recently the whole world had its attention called to the celebration in England of the Queen's Jubilee, a celebration that was mediæval in its display of military and naval force; a celebration in which the highest forces that make for civilization found no recognition. In this pomp and circumstance of armed men Kipling saw the peril; saw "the heathen heart that puts her trust in reeking tube and iron shard"; saw that all that is built on dust is but valiant dust; saw through the ostentatious show of kingly power, and had the courage to say that, after

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifices,
An humble and contrite heart."

There is in this "Recessional" a warning against the security

of success that reminds one of the Nemesis that is behind the Greek poetry; the retribution that is behind the Shakesperian drama; the feeling, embodied in all great literature and art, that there is a

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold dominion."

There is above all people—the cultured and the titled, the kings and queens, as well as the commonest of mankind—a force, a Providence, by which all, to a degree beyond comprehension, are controlled, and in accordance with which or in opposition to which all are working out their destiny or their fate. The ultimate destiny of man on the earth depends upon the courage or the cowardice with which each faces his life. What man shall at the end become depends on the destiny of each. This is what Kipling says. So to him courage, self-sacrifice, fidelity are interesting whether they are found in the jungles of India, in the hold of a ship, or on the throne of the mightiest kingdom of the world. To him the sordid, the petty, the sickly, the maudlin, the boastful, the soulless are hateful, because of the influence of all these qualities upon the immediate and ultimate destiny of men, and because in modern life men the world over are coming into closer contact with each other. There are now no irresponsible, isolated peoples; all are factors in the history of men; all are material for poetic treatment.

"Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still;
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young.
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There's alway, alway something sings."

FOUR REMARKABLE PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

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IT is a matter of congratulation to all lovers of truth that so much interesting evidence relating to mental phenomena is being collated to-day and published in high-class periodicals, and that the old prejudice against psychical research along certain lines is slowly but surely melting away. The Christian world is coming to see that all truth is sacred, whether found in rocks beneath us, in the heavens above us, in the human consciousness and experience, or in the teachings of the Book. All truths, when fully understood, must harmonize. Only error can perish. And so whether we number ourselves among the adherents of the old philosophy of mind and matter, or believe, as some do, that the revelations of psychical research will overthrow the current conceptions of mind and matter, we should still rejoice at the favorable attitude of the learned world to-day toward the new psychology. It is the duty of everyone to throw open the windows of the mind to the light from every quarter, to welcome truth in whatever guise, to contribute as far as possible to that vast accumulation of facts and experiences of to-day, which, when properly sifted and classified, may enable the philosophers to announce the broad inductions of the future.

I propose to give an account of four strange experiences bearing on the intercourse of mind with mind outside the ordinary channels of communication. The first is an experience in which I was directly concerned; the others are given to me by relatives or intimate friends of the persons whose experiences I relate, who gained all the facts directly from the persons themselves. The character of the witnesses and the nature of the circumstances are such as to leave no doubt whatever that the incidents occurred substantially as related. Following the excellent example of several former contributors of psychic studies to *THE ARENA*, I shall confine myself

almost solely to a narrative of the experiences, leaving others to offer explanations if they can.

I.

In June, 1893, I was passing through Detroit, and having to wait for connection, my eye caught a notice in a daily paper of a celebrated mind-reader who was then visiting the city. Having long desired to test for myself the reality of mind-reading, I determined to call upon him, which I accordingly did. After a short sitting the "conditions" proved unfavorable, and the gentleman expressed his regret that he could give me no test. After I had detailed to him my frequent disappointments from similar attempts and my doubt as to the possibility of mind-reading, he informed me of a lady resident in Detroit, a Mrs. C——, who possessed remarkable powers in this regard, and who would probably give me a satisfactory reading if I should call upon her. After some necessary information as to the character, address, and methods of Mrs. C——, who, it seemed, was an inspirational preacher, and held religious services every Sabbath in the city, at which she furnished the discourse and music, I was soon on my way to her residence. I was courteously received by Mrs. C——, whose address showed she was a lady of intelligence and refinement, and, on my stating in a few words that I was a student of mental science and came for a test of her ability as a mind-reader, she at once led me to the parlor, where she seated herself opposite me, and after taking my hand for a moment, closed her eyes and was in a very short time to all appearances fast asleep.

I have mentioned somewhat fully the above details to show how absolutely unpremeditated was my visit, and that as I had never heard before of Mrs. C—— until that hour, so in all human probability we had never before met, and my name and history were entirely unknown to her. I may add that my introduction of myself was the briefest and most general possible, and had been so framed as to give not the slightest hint as to my character, calling, etc.

"Sir," said she, "I perceive you surrounded by a great crowd of young people. Your work in life is among them." I had been twelve years principal of Alma College, with an annual

attendance of about two hundred young women. "You came to your present position from the East, where you were located by a great river." I had been pastor of the Methodist church at Prescott on the St. Lawrence for the three preceding years before assuming the principalship.

"You are associated with a number of gentlemen in your work, which is one involving great responsibility, and together you have a heavy burden to bear. You and your associates have been bearing, and are now and will for some years continue to bear, a heavy load which will gradually lighten."

How accurately this depicted the past and subsequent history of the institution in a financial sense everyone acquainted with the history of Alma College can testify. About that date the debt (increasing for some years to that time) began to diminish, and by means of the Relief Fund and a few generous donations of individuals the financial condition has much improved in the last four years.

"You are particularly associated with one of these men. He is a colleague and a warm personal friend." There followed a very accurate personal description of Professor Warner, who had been a college chum of mine at Albert University, and was appointed vice-principal of Alma when I was elected principal at the opening of the college.

"Madam," I said, "without questioning or sanctioning your statement as to a colleague in my work, can you mention the name of anyone associated with me in my work?"

"Sir," said she, "you have asked a hard thing of me."

"I came for that very purpose," I replied; "and statements of a general character will never convince me of the reality of mind-reading. Give me a name and I will be satisfied."

"I will endeavor to get you the name of your friend," said she, "though it is a difficult task for me."

"You must know there are those who see (clairvoyant) and those who hear (clairaudient). I see nearly all I relate to you in a sort of mental vision. I hear also, but my hearing is not developed and is somewhat indistinct. All the time I am in your presence I am hearing a confused murmur of names, but I cannot readily distinguish them. I will try, however."

She sat for perhaps a moment with a look of intense eager-

ness on her face and then, suddenly springing up, she shouted: "Professor—Professor W— I can't get the rest of it, but he is called 'Professor,' and his name begins with 'W.'"

I cannot predict the impression this will make upon the reader, but I well remember my own at that time and since, and anything more real and convincing as to the reality of mind-reading it would be difficult for the writer to imagine.

II.

I was sitting in the parsonage of a Methodist minister in the town of S—— last year, when the conversation turned upon the marvellous powers of the mind and the subject of telepathy, and upon a collection of psychical experiences I was making for publication. The minister looked more thoughtful than usual for a moment, and then said:

"My mother could give you many a strange experience if she would consent. She has for many years been well acquainted in her country home with any matters of special interest occurring to any of her family who may be distant. She seems to see as in a vision whatever takes place. I will give you one illustration.

"When I was fourteen years of age I got her permission to go to St. Thomas with the school teacher of our neighborhood and enjoy an excursion to Niagara Falls. I had many promises to make before I secured her consent, among them this one in particular, that I would not go from car to car while the train was in motion. I kept my promise faithfully on the way down and on part of the way returning. The cars were crowded, however, and I with many others had to occupy a car with hard, cushionless seats, and I became very tired and restless about two o'clock in the morning and thought I would like to move about and see some acquaintances in the next car, and possibly find a better seat. Accordingly I started, despite my pledge to my mother, to go to the car in front of us. The wind was blowing fiercely at the time. I had on a loose sack coat, and as I endeavored to step from the platform of our car to the next a sudden gust of wind caught my coat and so manipulated it that the pocket caught the top of the iron-guard railing, and I was thrown very suddenly almost

between the cars and in such a position that, but for the projection of a piece of timber, I should inevitably have been thrown to the rails and crushed to death.

"The suddenness of the fall, the appalling nearness of a horrible death, the sudden recollection of my promise, seemed to deprive me instantly of all strength, and, more dead than alive, in a half-swooning condition, I managed to raise myself from my perilous condition and drag myself back to my seat, from which I did not move until we reached St. Thomas. I should mention as an important part of the narrative that my coat was torn by the iron railing in the fall.

"On arriving home toward early morning I made special efforts to get into the house and retire to sleep without awakening my mother or giving any account of the day's adventure.

"I had opened the door I thought noiselessly, and was just proceeding to make my preparations for rest, when I heard my mother's voice from her room upstairs. 'George,' said she, 'where were you at two o'clock this morning?'

"Astounded by the question, and feeling overcome with shame and guilt, I had no reply to make. Nor was any necessary, for my mother proceeded to say, 'I saw you when you fell,' and then went on to give in detail the whole of the accident, even the tearing of the coat, which is kept in our family home to this day."

This seems to me a very convincing case of telepathic communication of mind with mind. It will be noted that the mother had not seen the son when she made the announcement of the accident. There was no possibility therefore of the son's appearance suggesting any unusual occurrence to her mind. Her waking condition at that hour is easily accounted for by the deep impression made upon her by the telepathic communication which she received at two o'clock that morning, the time having been noted by her as well as by the son.

This, with a multitude of other similar instances reported to the writer on unimpeachable authority, has convinced him that under certain conditions space is annihilated so far as the human mind is concerned.

III.

My third incident occurred in the town of M—— in northern Ontario in a family with most of whose members I have been acquainted for years. Two of the daughters were students for some time in Alma College; and with the father and some immediate relations concerned in this narrative I have long been intimately acquainted. It concerns particularly the wife and mother, whom I shall call Mrs. P——; and it relates to the death of her brother by drowning on Georgian Bay in the summer of 1895. The facts came to me directly from intimate friends of the family, who got the narrative from the father and daughters.

On the day of the drowning, Mrs. P—— was sitting quietly in her house in M——, and her daughters were engaged about her in household duties. It was about two o'clock, when suddenly and without the slightest premonition Mrs. P—— uttered a startled cry, threw up her hands, and said in the greatest possible alarm, "Oh, oh, George is in the water; George is in the water, and will drown." The daughters immediately came to her and tried to calm her excitement. It was of no use. She kept reiterating, "George is in the water," and then went on to describe his successive sinkings and risings. "There! there!" she cried in agony, "he has gone down"; and then again: "Now he has risen again! See how he struggles! Now he has gone down again!" In vain they attempted to attract her attention to her surroundings. She saw and heard nothing apparently but the scene then present to her mind, in which she saw the lad struggling in the waves, and the vessel near by. "He is risen again," she cried; "now—now he is sinking for the last time. George is drowned." And then she seemed in an instant to be deprived of all strength and consciousness. Mr. P——, who had been sent for, had by this time arrived, and as soon as Mrs. P—— was able to converse, he attempted to convince her of the folly of believing that she could see from her present position a vessel in Georgian Bay, or that her experience was anything but a mere hallucination. Nothing, however, could shake the firm conviction of Mrs. P—— that George was drowned, and that she had witnessed the actual occurrence.

This seemed utterly incredible to Mr. P—— and the family, as it was not believed at the time that the particular vessel described was on the Bay, much less that George was on it and had met his death in connection with it. "Why," said Mr. P——, "George is not near the Bay at all. He is in Toronto. I saw him there on Friday." To this Mrs. P—— had no answer. She offered no explanation, but remained unshaken in her faith, and constantly asserted that George was drowned, and that she had witnessed the scene.

The news of the fatality came in due time, from which it appeared that the young man met his death as described; and when the particulars of the accident were learned and the circumstances attending his death, there was, as far as could be traced, a perfect harmony between the real occurrence and the vision of Mrs. P——.

One circumstance particularly noted was that the watch which George wore, and which was found on his recovered body, stopped a few minutes past two o'clock.

The above story has been widely told among a large circle of acquaintances, for the family is one of the most widely and favorably known in this large province, but so far as I am aware it has never appeared upon the printed page. For obvious reasons I withhold the names.

Did Mrs. P—— see what occurred on Georgian Bay? Certainly not with the organs of sense. But to doubt that she saw in some spiritual fashion the real occurrence requires more credulity than to believe it.

IV.

My fourth incident is in some respects more wonderful than the preceding, as it involves some kind of mental telepathy between persons in Montreal, Toronto, and Urbana, Ohio, and should prove a most difficult nut for the materialist to crack.

It is given on the statement of a Mr. C——, of Nova Scotia, a bank manager in an important city, who was personally acquainted with the family concerned and had the statement from the lips of Mr. M——, whose experience I am to relate, who resided in Montreal, and who had a brother

in Toronto and one in Urbana when the strange occurrence took place. According to my informant, Mr. C——, Mr. M—— was long a very prominent figure in the business life of Montreal, having been a wholesale merchant there for years, and being well known throughout Ontario and Quebec, particularly among the Methodist people, of which body he was a leading member.

One morning just before daybreak Mr. M—— awakened from sleep with a most vivid impression upon his mind that his two brothers, from Toronto and Urbana, were in the room with him and were conversing with him. He believes he was awake, because he was conscious of his surroundings; and after the remarkable experience about to be described he remained in a conscious condition until he arose.

After a brief salutation, his Ohio brother, calling him by name, said: "I am dying, and I want you to dispose of my property this way." Then followed a brief outline of directions as to the property of the younger brother. The vision soon passed away, and Mr. M—— was left to reflect upon his strange experience. The impression produced upon his mind was most vivid, so that he had not then nor has he had subsequently any doubt whatever as to the reality of the communication made to him in this marvellous way. He fully believed that his brother was dead, and as soon as breakfast was over he mentioned the strange occurrence to his wife, as well as his belief in the message so received. She treated it as a dream, and endeavored to remove the sad impression from his mind, but could not, as Mr. M—— declared that he should soon get word of his brother's death. That news came by telegram within a couple of hours. His brother evidently had passed away about the time of the vision. Accordingly Mr. M—— arranged to leave almost immediately, and, arrangements having been made by telegram, he and his Toronto brother were to meet that evening at the station in Toronto and proceed to Ohio to attend the funeral. On meeting his brother at Toronto, and before acquainting him with the experience of the early morning, his brother said to him, "I had a strange experience this morning before daybreak." "And what was that?" inquired Mr. M——.

"Why," said the brother, "I thought I was in your bedroom in Montreal, and that C—— (the deceased brother) was with me, and that he said, "I am dying, and I want you to dispose of my property in this way." Then followed the same directions which M—— believed himself to have received in the morning vision. This, while confirmatory in one way of his own experience, was very perplexing indeed so far as any solution of the phenomena was concerned. They journeyed together to Urbana and interviewed the family with which the deceased had been stopping at the time of his death. From them they learned all the circumstances of his illness and death, and found that their experiences on that particular morning agreed with the hour of death. They learned also the additional fact that for some moments preceding his death he was in a semi-entranced condition, and perfectly oblivious to all about him, but appeared to be conversing with some one not visibly present; and *they heard him speaking to his brothers about the division of some property.*

Here, indeed, is a strange case for the philosophers. A man dying in Ohio at a certain hour is heard talking to his absent brothers about his death and the division of his property. A brother of his in Montreal believes that at that hour he saw him in his own room and heard the words spoken in Ohio. Another brother in Toronto believes himself to have been present at this interview in Montreal at the same hour, and to have heard the same words spoken in Ohio. Who will explain the many curious and complex problems involved in this incident?

CUBA.

BY JOSEPHINE RAND.

Antilles' Pearl! thou fairest sea-girl isle,
Woody by the ocean's waves, warmed by heav'n's smile:
How hast thou borne the strife of weary years,
While multiplied thy bonds and cruel fears!
What centuries of suffering and pain
Upon thy beauteous hills and vales have lain!
How have thy fertile fields been forced to bear
The devastating tread of them that wear
The uniform of tyranny and greed,
Unmindful of the homes and hearts that bleed!

Alas! dear God, and must war still obtain?
Is there no other way sweet peace to gain?
Must man go forth his brother man to slay?
Is there no ending to "the evil day"?
Yea, from the heav'ns a Voice proclaims God's will
That wars shall be no more, the earth be still;
That strife 'tween nations shall forever cease;
The meek delight themselves in lasting peace.
But for a time these things must needs so be:
The night precedes the dawn of Liberty.

O thou fair isle! scene of most awful strife,
Travailing long for liberty and life;
Gird on afresh thine armor for the fight;
Thy cause is just, thy plea for freedom right.
Thou, the oppressed, down-trodden, struggling land,
Shalt yet be freed from the oppressor's hand;
Thy fields shall drink no more thy martyrs' blood,
But feed thy famished ones, obey thy word,
Bring forth the wealth with which thy soil is stored,
And cause thy ransomed ones to praise the Lord.

WOMAN'S FUTURE POSITION IN THE WORLD.

BY LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

TO be strictly logical one should not treat of woman apart from the rest of the human race, for this is in a manner to admit that women are a distinct class, not affected by conditions, environment, etc., as men are. But we find a "woman question" actually existing. A great deal of discussion has been going on as to what is proper for woman, what her real nature is, and how many of the duties and privileges of man she should be admitted to. Women do not occupy the same position, socially, politically, economically, or intellectually that men do, and her powers are not equal to her brother's. She is daily reproached for trying to be other than she is, and reminded that her very nature forbids her presuming to climb out of the subserviency and inferiority which are now undeniably her portion. Thus a "woman question" is forced upon us whether we will or not. It is to discover, if possible, whether she may ever become equal to and like man without perverting her inherent nature, that this inquiry is made.

It is impossible to ascertain whether there ever was a time when woman stood an equally strong intellectual and physical being, on an equal footing with man, or not. If it ever existed, its memory is now very hazy. Yet there are writers who refer to it as a fact. August B  bel, in "Woman: Past, Present, and Future," refers to it thus: "We have no grounds for assuming that in this primitive state men were physically or mentally superior to women. . . . Certain savage tribes were governed by women instead of men owing to the superior strength of the former. . . . Primeval woman, although the equal of man in bodily and mental power, nevertheless became his inferior when periods of pregnancy, birth, and lactation forced her to look to him for assistance, support, and protection."

And in a more mystical sense Olive Schreiner refers to the

time: "And he answered: 'Listen and I will tell you. Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest book records that she lay here then as she lays here now. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the rocks of language, on the hard baked clay of ancient custom, are found the marks of her footsteps. Side by side with him who stands beside her, you may trace them, and you may know that she who now lies here once wandered free over the rocks with him.'"

Matilda Joselyn Gage, in her "Woman, Church, and State," lays great emphasis upon the days of matriarchy, when women, as mothers of the race, ruled the people. But we have no evidence that any such period ever existed. Letourneau shows that cases have been where inheritances descended and relationships were determined through the women of the tribe. Accompanying this usage, a certain importance adhered to the mothers of the tribe. It is true, women attained powerful and prominent positions in the old civilizations that have come and gone. The mythical lost Atlantis was peopled with great women of divine aspect. There were queens in the days of Solomon; and the Helens, Cleopatras, and Hypatias of history dot the dark pages with glints of a glory to come. A matriarchy never existed; cases of matriarchy have been known. Woman never stood beside man his equal in all things; women have ruled in isolated instances.

Be that as it may, woman's subordination came to be complete. She was first knocked down, dragged away senseless, and made a slave. She was bought and sold, or traded; she became a thing, a piece of property, a bond slave. Her degraded position among men became a custom, then an institution, then a tradition. There were centuries of "dark ages for her, into whose gloom no ray of light ever pierced, and from whose depths little has come down to us to tell the sombre story."

Slowly, very slowly man developed in intellect and acquired a rude knowledge of art. The woman in his tents could not remain very far behind him, and in time arose to

some degree of companionship. That he treated her with a little kindness, and even appealed to her in times of weariness or perplexity for sympathy or counsel, was due, not to his traditions and creeds conceived in another grade of civilization, but to changed conditions and his own developed nature. There might even have arisen a "woman's rights question" in those old Mosaic days, had not the priests, who feared any loosening of their control over the people, issued a "Thus saith the Lord," and so riveted her chains for another three thousand years. "Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," settled the problem for the time.

"Economic dependence is the basis of all slavery," Bébel says; and he is right. All forms of slavery had their inception in some kind of economic dependence, but the slavery often exists long after the dependent condition has passed away. A thing, once established, once made an *institution*, is very apt to outlast the economic phase which determined its existence, and become a very troublesome matter. Institutions are crystallized ideas; they stand still: people grow—grow beyond and outside of them. Yet there they remain, unwieldy, mischief-breeding; to get rid of them at all is to tear them out by the roots at great cost of life and suffering. The bonds made ages ago, by economic conditions prevailing at the time, have become sacred; they bear another strength than that which they possessed when first formed. Though no longer with any economical basis for existing, they are even more effective in power than when first established.

Individually men are not to blame for the inferior position of women. They accepted a condition, a chain of customs, as they found them. Though long past the time when constant danger from without rendered it necessary that his whole family give him implicit obedience, the habit of expecting filial deference is fixed. Though the days of absolute property in wives have gone by, the sense of proprietorship in and responsibility for wives still prevails. That sentiment which played upon the superstitious fears of woman, setting a sort of mental watchdog to guard the master's property in his absence as well as when present, still exists in a modified form in the demand for perfect chastity in woman not expected in

man. The old feeling of ownership, which led men to seclude their women, has softened into that modern sentiment which would keep women guarded from the public gaze in every respect. The stern commands of old are toned down into "what is expected of womanly women," but that expectation is as binding as any chain or title deed to person could be.

Thus, through ages of subserviency, of which there were many grades, women have come to be what they are: emotional, since any prominent display of other faculties has been unnecessary in that "sphere to which it has pleased God to call her;" deceitful, since deceit has been her only weapon; illogical, since the encouragement of her reasoning powers would have often placed her in direct opposition to her master; vain, since her personal charms were long the only qualities for which she was considered; weak-minded, since strong brains were not desirable in that function to which man wished to limit her. So from long persisting conditions woman has come to be the creature she is.

But the change in woman's position and in the manner in which woman is considered during the last fifty years has been a remarkable one. We scarcely realize its greatness until we begin to compare the prominent women of to-day with women of the last century. It is perhaps correct to say that Mary Wollstonecraft began the modern woman's-rights movement. Her work, "The Rights of Women," written toward the close of the last century, is read more widely now than at the time of publication. It was many years before an organized effort was made to secure political equality for women. The movement, which has lasted through the lifetime of some of America's noblest women, though a little too narrow for modern sociological students, has been a great element in the remarkable change. Unconsciously it has builded better than it knew, and helped to widen the field and elevate the aspirations of women far more than the originators ever intended.

The introduction of machinery has been the most potent factor in the transition. When the work of the world was done in the home, when the spinning-wheel, the loom, the

soap vat, the "pig-killing," the bake oven, and the slender needle were institutions in every household, naturally "woman's place" was at home. But spinning-wheel and loom turned into great cotton and woollen mills; the pork-barrel became the vast packing-houses of our large cities; the needle was reserved for mending, and great clothing establishments took its place; the old lye barrel gave way to immense soap factories; and family ovens were relegated to the past, for the bakeries that now supply the staff of life.

It was no longer profitable to make these things in the seclusion of the home; and women followed the machines and went in great crowds to the factories. The demand for women's work came at a time when a new restlessness was pervading the inner sanctum of the home. Secluded and protected, kindly treated though they might happen to be, women began to feel that they were not living full, true lives. They felt that all their faculties were not being developed, that all their powers for giving and receiving happiness were not being called out. Though the duties of motherhood might for the time being occupy all their time and energies, it was also true that not all women were mothers of children, nor were the mothers always mothers of *young* children. A woman's life stretches over many periods, as does man's. In a lifetime she is capable of being much more than a mother, as man is *expected* to be much more than a father.

The restlessness was natural. Women came out into the world and became acquainted with each other and with their working brothers; they took a broader view of life; and something of that feeling of fraternity to which men had attained in their clubs, lodges, and unions, began to take lodgment in their breasts. For the "old" woman had no conception of the brotherhood of the human race. She loved her *own* passionately, and she loved her immediate friends; she loved her church and believed in a vague way that she "loved all men," as a good Christian should. But of the real solidarity of the human race, of the truth that "an injury to one is the concern of all," she had no conception. The "new woman" has a very fair realizing sense of this great social truth to-day. And therefore, though she may be more of a slave in the factory

than she was in the narrow confines of home, she has come up higher. She has reached greater opportunities for full, well-developed existence; and though she makes some mistakes, she is far advanced in her evolutionary progress.

But as yet she is no happier, and men are not pleased. They think she has taken their places in the workshop, in the office, and at the business desk; they fear to lose the sweet, clinging, fragile, wheedling little creature they imagine they love; and they have not reached a conception of what the free, self-poised, capable, womanly woman of the future will be. They are not very well satisfied with the first crude sample of the "new woman;" and they are in a manner drawing away from her in the consciousness of a lofty superiority which never needs a transitional stage.

Women themselves are not happy, because they are not yet accustomed to the new order—an order that is as yet chaotic and undefined. Just out from the unwholesome hothouse air of their old seclusion, the atmosphere of comparative freedom and independence strikes too harshly upon them, and they shiver. They cannot go back, and they cannot yet breathe easily. They can do wonders in adaptation, but they cannot find their equilibrium in half a generation of partial freedom. The adjusting process hurts; it always does.

What is it that woman wants? What is it she hopes to attain? What is it she lacks that men are not willing to give? It is no wonderful thing; nothing preposterous or presumptuous. She simply wants to be a human being, not a slave, not a toy, not a queen. She wants the equal personal liberty that every man demands in order to become a fully developed, well-balanced, happy, and useful being. Only this and nothing more.

With this emancipation—this "liberty to do whatsoever one wills so long as one infringes not on the equal right of others to do as they will"—she needs not even the chivalry of old. Kindness, sympathy, love from equals she needs in common with man. She needs not that spirit of worship which some men who think they are "advanced" seem willing to pour out upon her; she needs not that undue devotion on account of her motherhood which many good people believe is right and

just; she needs not that right which Robert Ingersoll declared she must possess when he said: "Women should have all the rights that men possess and one more—the right to be protected." The right to be a human being includes that right when necessary. If every individual in the world possesses an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the right of opportunity at nature's table, the right to develop to the highest she is capable of becoming, the rights of motherhood and womanhood are conceded. No better protection is needed than that which any enlightened human being will naturally give to another if circumstances make it imperative. A free woman will not choose to be "protected" in the old sense. Protection has ever been an implication of weakness and a willingness to occupy a subordinate position. Nations which call upon other nations for protection must needs give up for that protection some portion of their independence; and industries that can flourish only under "protection" create slaves in their turn.

A great fear seems to exist that if women were perfectly free to become whatever they see fit many dire calamities would happen. Woman would become "mannish;" she would lose her delicate sense of morality; and she might slight that one great duty to which she has been almost wholly consigned for so many ages. But why do we hesitate to trust woman free, when she has fulfilled so many precious trusts in bondage? I have no fear that motherhood will be slighted by free women. The joy of motherhood and love is a great part of the sweetness of life, and free women are not likely to yield up any part of their happiness.

This one great fear seems to lie at the bottom of every objection to the full freedom and equality of woman—the fear that she will refuse to do her duty by the human race. It is the last prejudice, the last of the old traditions, that man is willing to let go. He will go so far as to admit the right of suffrage, to accept equal property rights, to grant equal opportunities in all the fields of human activity, but he cannot rid himself of that sacred old tenet: that a woman cannot be a good wife and mother if she have any other interest in life besides her home and children. Even very radical thinkers

still at times declare that "woman's crowning glory is motherhood;" and only insist on equal opportunities and *unequal* consideration that she may be more fully and perfectly the mother. I am aware that I am proving myself a startling heretic to generally accepted ideas, but I most emphatically dissent.

I am aware that throughout the realm of nature the one blind impulse of every living thing is to reproduce itself. Everything else seems to be sacrificed to this one object. In the lowest living organisms individual identity is completely lost in the separation which creates two where one existed before. A little higher up in the scale extinction follows reproduction; and for many degrees in the ascending gamut the sole purpose of existence seems to be simply reproduction. But as the higher forms of life evolve, in both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, more and more of life is utilized in other ways. Trees live to give shelter and shade, and they minister to our sense of beauty through many years; the higher animals have many uses, and many years of animal enjoyment, aside from the function of reproduction.

In the lower grades of human life the power of reproduction seems the most important part of existence. But as the race advances, develops, acquires knowledge, the existence of its members becomes rich and full with the wealth of life itself. The individual becomes an emphasized, distinct identity. It is something to the world that a bright, sound individual lives, acts, and thinks, even though it is never reproduced. The male portion of the race already feel as though fatherhood were a mere incident in their lives, and would be insulted were you to intimate that fatherhood should be the crowning glory of *their* lives. They know that they possess powers and capabilities that the world needs and appreciates, and that fatherhood, blessed though it be, is not the fullest and best manifestation of their existence. The idea is in every way as applicable to woman as to man. Why should *all* the faculties and energies of woman be turned to the fulfilment of this one function of her being?

It is flattering to man to think that it takes all of a woman's whole life to carry out her duty to him and his children. But

if he only knew it, the entire devotion of her powers to this one purpose is the poorest preparation for wifehood and motherhood that can be made. Even the man himself feels a sort of undefined contempt for the woman who is nothing but wife and mother. A woman becomes morbid who simply retires within herself to brood over her fitness or unfitness for her "crowning glory." It is distorting, dwarfish, narrowing. Her child is unfavorably affected by this intensity of thought centred upon its embryonic existence. It is like that unwholesome "self-analysis" which has ever made up so great a part of the old religious creeds, and which still crops up in modified forms in the "new philosophies."

Let the woman live for herself, not for unborn children. Let her fill her life to the brim with happiness, knowledge, mental and physical activity; let lofty emotions and vigorous thoughts fill her being; let her whole existence expand to its fullest extent; let her forget her motherhood; she will be the better mother for first being a perfect woman. And to be this she must first be free. It will not do to ask what she will do with her freedom, to criticise, to judge; one must only wait. "The cure for the evils of liberty is more liberty."

Do not fear for the result. The trend of human evolution is upward and onward. The plant allowed to grow freely, in the sunlight, with warm rich soil and pure fresh air, will develop to its very highest possibilities. Cramp it, interfere with it, abstract either light or warmth, and it becomes a stunted, pale, sickly growth. Looking upon it, no one could tell what it might have become under proper conditions.

Do not fear that woman thus freed would become a poor mimicry of a poor sample of a man. To become "mannish" is in the eyes of conventional society worse than to commit a crime. But what do we mean by this term? If it is anything reprehensible, believe me, it is as bad in man as in woman. Does it apply to the manners, morals, or the intellect? It is very vague at best. For those qualities which we call "good" are as beautiful in man as in woman. We love bravery, self-poise, strength, honor, truthfulness in one as well as in the other. We love gentleness, kindness, sympathy, tact in both sexes. We see to-day timid men and brave

women; weak-minded men and strong-minded women; deceitful men and truthful women; vain men and self-forgetful women. Under equal and similar conditions the virtues and vices would be diffused much more equally.

For I hold another heresy: that there is no sex in intellect, sentiment, or morals. The same environment, the same treatment, the same teachings would result in a similarity of characteristics. There will never cease to be variety, but we should not find a greater tendency toward any particular group of faculties in one sex over the other.

True, some scientific scholars declare that it is a physical impossibility for woman under any condition to become man's equal in physical and mental strength, or to become free from her emotional disturbances and sensitiveness of nerves. The shape, size, and quality of the brain, they say, preclude this; her peculiar functions, the time and energy necessary to the bearing of children and the nourishing of them, prevent a change from her present nature. Nevertheless this is not a demonstrated truth; no one knows by actual experiment whether it is true or not. The fact that all human creatures are the subject of environment and of hereditary conditions signifies that woman is no exception. There is every reason to suppose that under like conditions with men, women would develop in a manner as men do. Woman's peculiar functions should not create the sharp distinctions now seen. Weakness, dependence, emotionalism, vanity, deceitfulness have been cultivated in woman; these traits have been considered her greatest attractions; tradition, custom, public opinion have fixed them upon her, and it will take long to eliminate them.

There is no reason why woman should devote more of her time and energies to motherhood than man does to fatherhood. Work, activity, interest in other things, both while carrying and nourishing children, are better than idleness. No special training, no particular occupation or exercise of one's faculties, or the cessation of activities, are necessary as a preparation for motherhood. The life which makes a woman all she is capable of being as a human being is the only one essential to the rearing of good children. So little is required of a mother that need interfere with ordinary duties and occupa-

tions, that it is difficult to see how motherhood should have, in itself, such a wonderful differentiating effect.

Woman has been considered too much *as* woman, and not enough as a human being. The constant reference to her sex has been neither ennobling, complimentary, nor agreeable. Either as slave, toy, pet, or queen, this ceaseless thinking of her sex instead of herself has been degrading. To finally arrive at her best she simply needs consideration as a fellow member of society.

Do not fear liberty. Just now the results of the beginnings of freedom do not seem very satisfactory. Woman seems to be an intruder; she cannot overcome at once the prejudices that had their inception in the time of her complete economic dependence. She herself is dissatisfied. She is not as lovable perhaps. She has lost some of the charm of clinging womanhood which at best man only heeded in his leisure moments, and has not yet gained the poise and individuality that will draw him to her as a companion. She is dissatisfied with the old gallantry, and has not yet attained the spontaneous recognition and respectful love she longs for. But this will come. There will be a time when men and women, equal human beings, clasping hands and looking each other in the eyes on a level—not leaning on each other, but upright—will feel a true fellowship; and mutual admiration and respect will exist between them. Then will love be sweeter, purer, more beautiful than the world has ever known.

DENVER, COLO.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE EMPIRE.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

A REVOLUTION is at the door. It impends like a cloud on the horizon. Whether we shall accept it and its results remains to be determined; but that a great transformation of political society is in the dawn let no man longer doubt. What a few thinkers have been able to foresee and foretell, and what they have been ridiculed for foreseeing and foretelling, has risen like an exhalation of the night. The swift whirl of events, becoming even swifter, has brought the apprehended change upon us, and ere the century closes we are obliged, looking around upon what is virtually the wreck of our old-time institutions, to see arising over them the spectre of IMPERIALISM.

The proposition to transform the American Republic into an Empire is not only put forth, but it has the support of all the special interests in the United States and of the party in power as their organ. They do not openly propose, any more than the leaders at Rome proposed at the middle of the first century B. C., to cast aside the *name* of the republic and adopt the *name* of the empire; but they proceed insidiously to use the old terminology and to discard the facts. The democracy of the New World is to be deceived with the retention of the name of the Republic while the Republic is robbed of its character and substance.

I purpose in this paper to consider, first of all, the forms and disguises under which the ill-concealed spirit of Imperialism has come. This spirit expresses itself in several ways, the full exposition of any one of which is sufficient to startle the lover of liberty and independence from his dreams.

In the first place, the growing disposition towards Imperialism in the United States, involving the abandonment of the fundamental principles on which the Republic is founded, has come under the guise of an *insular ambition*—a craving for

the acquisition of territories in the ocean. This sentiment insinuated itself first of all among the commercial classes; then it took possession of the leaders of the dominant political party, and through them it has gained possession of the government.

Nearly half a century ago this morbid insular lust began to disseminate its poison. Why such a passion should come among the American people it were hard to say. Had we not enough? Was not the territory of the United States already of continental extent? Had we not, and have we not yet, limitless powers of production? Was there anything wanting aforesaid to the absolute completeness and perfection of the new American civilization without going beyond the almost measureless boundaries of the Republic? Could not the rapacity and greed of the English-speaking race in the New World be appeased without seizing upon other lands and thereby introducing conditions which a democratic republic could not accept and live? Was it not time that the predatory instincts of the Anglo-Saxon pirates should be checked and the passion for conquest and spoliation be finally cooled on the shores of the great American lakes? But no; the age had not yet arrived when the Old-World order should cease. We must go the dreary round again; we must abandon the half-cultivated fields of the new civilized life, and set forth once more on a career of intrigue, of conquest, of Imperialism.

I shall in this connection review with some care the fundamental facts in our insular ambitions. Let us look at the United States in relation with the great oceans east and west. How does this continent stand related to the islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific? and what does right reason indicate respecting the political policies which should govern the nation with regard to the acquisition of insular possessions? To acquire not only the adjacent but also the remote islands of the great ocean is a part of the Imperial policy. To do this is to transform the Republic of the United States into what will prove to be an imperial despotism. The insular relations of this country should therefore be considered in the light of geography and history.

The United States is by both nature and historical ante-

cedence a continental nation. Hitherto we have had no important insular possessions. Our littoral parts are mere fragments of the mainland broken by narrow shoals from the shore. The New England sea-border has a peninsular and insular selvedge outlying raggedly along the coast, reaching from the St. Croix to the even shore of Jersey. The Carolina islands are low capes, almost peninsular when the tides are out. The rest of our Atlantic border is comparatively smooth. The Keys are nothing, and the Gulf line curves evenly around as far as Mexico. The Pacific coast is almost wholly without islands, being one of the smoothest sea-lines in the world. Let it be marked with emphasis that the United States is by nature a *continental*, and not an *insular*, power.

Our farthest reach oceanward is in the extreme northwest. From Russia we get not only one of the greatest American rivers, not only the greatest American peninsula, but also a large number of islands. Some of these are farther west than the easternmost parts of Asia. The island of St. Matthew is $95^{\circ} 30'$ west from Washington. St. Lawrence reaches more than two and a-half degrees beyond the longitude of East Cape, Siberia. St. Paul is 93° west; that is, 170° west from Greenwich. Umnak, the central point of the Aleutians, is under the eighty-sixth meridian. The remotest possession of the United States is the island of Attu. It reaches the meridian of 110° west; that is, 173° east from Greenwich, being in $52^{\circ} 40'$ north. It is only ten degrees from Attu to the Asiatic mainland. The ocean greyhound *Lucania* could make the distance easily in twenty-five hours! The Aleutian group as a whole reaches far beyond the meridians that cross northeastern Asia. The most western insular territory of the United States is not as far from Kamchatka as Cincinnati is from New York. In that transaction with Russia thirty-one years ago we spread out in the direction of the Amur farther than the whole preceding progress of American civilization from east to west. This part of our acquisitions, however, may be disregarded in the present destinies of our country. International ambitions are not very hot in high latitudes. Politics and polar bears do not pull well together. Were it not for the seals the Alaskan archipelago would possess but

feeble charms for the adventurers and schemers of Imperialism.

Historically we should note that the fathers of the United States were not anxious for great territorial expansion. They were more concerned about freedom and independence than they were about mere territory. They thought that a little liberty is better than a vast estate. They thought that it was not so much a question of *how much* as it was a question of *what*. Grant us, they said, the independence of our Old Thirteen, and the world may take the rest.—Such was the sentiment with which the Revolution was finished and American nationality secured.

By the treaty of 1783, made on the basis of the conquests in the Mississippi Valley by George Rogers Clark, we obtained a territory of 809,378 square miles. That sufficed for American ambition at the close of the eighteenth century. Washington cherished no dream for great territorial expansion. Adams was satisfied with enough. A historical complication involving the greater part of the civilized nations forced on Jefferson, first the suggestion, and then the expediency of the Louisiana purchase. The Father of Democracy was embarrassed with this great opportunity. He was like a well-to-do farmer adjacent to whose estate another vast estate comes unexpectedly for sale at a merely nominal figure. Farmer Jefferson knew that he was able to buy; but he was doubtful whether it was good policy to buy, or if good policy, whether it was lawful. But he took the risk, and the estates of liberty were more than doubled in area at a cost of less than twice the amount which the young Duke of Marlborough recently got with his *Consuelo*. Prices were different then!

The territory thus obtained embraced more than a million square miles. The northern limit was fixed by the Webster-Ashburton and Oregon Boundary treaties in 1842 and 1846; the southern line, by various contentions, treaties, and wars. In 1845 we got the Texan increment of 274,356 square miles. The great Mexican cession—hardly wrung from Mexico by the treaty of 1848—brought an added empire. The little Gadsden addition of 1853 was greater than the state of Ohio. The middle of the century found us with an area of 3,041,742

square miles. Then, in 1867, came the purchase of Alaska, which brought us 531,410 square miles, more than enough for eleven Pennsylvanias! Mr. Seward bought it for less than a fifth of the sum expended in a single year on the American navy. We got an empire at a figure not twice as great as Joe Leiter's recent losses in the Chicago wheat pit. Prices, we repeat, are different at different times!

By the purchase of Alaska the north and south centre-line of the United States was carried from Leavenworth to San Francisco, and our western limit was laid beyond the confines of Asia. All this expansion, except the islands obtained with Alaska, was wholly continental. All this outspread has, therefore, been national in character and results. It has had nothing of the world-system in it. Until the present day internationality, so far as the United States is concerned, has ended with the land and begun with the sea.

It was after Alaska that the question first arose of the acquisition by the United States of foreign, that is, of insular or transmarine territory for international reasons. Before that date, however, a political and social condition in the United States had once and again suggested to a President and a party the policy of making an American sea-leap to oceanic possessions. But the reasons were domestic, not international. Before the Civil War the acquisition of Cuba had been carried into diplomacy by our government. President Polk made a pass in that direction. Buchanan was anxious to signalize his anæmic administration and to postpone the day of judgment by getting possession of Cuba, not so much for the commercial and military importance of the island, as for the possible addition of four new members to the Southern side in the Senate of the United States. Thus he would preserve the equipoise of freedom and slavery in that body. But the enterprise proved abortive. How inane the project now appears in the dim retrospect of that feeble and waning day! Already our eyes had seen the "glory of the coming of the Lord," who was trampling out the vineyards. The Civil War knocked with a clenched and bloody fist on the lintel of the ancient order, and the motive for the purchase of Cuba was blown from the cannon's mouth.

But afterwards another motive revived in its stead. General Grant on the whole favored the policy of making the United States international as well as national. It was because he favored this policy that he so earnestly sought the acquisition of the republic of Santo Domingo. That was our first general outreaching in the direction of making the American Republic a part of the world-system beyond. Washington wanted the Republic to be *in* the world, but not *of* it; Grant wanted it to be of the world as well as in it. His inexperienced mind was working, half-blindly, under the influence of historical forces. That he was sincere and patriotic let no man doubt; but that he yielded to a dangerous tendency let no man doubt either. He held to his favorite policy and pressed it until the irremediable break came between him and Sumner, the man of peace and independence.

Grant's strong desire to gain at least a foothold in the Atlantic was borne down by the strong opposition of the reform Republicans in the Senate of the United States. The President was disappointed; he was beaten. Under favoring conditions he might have been successful; we do not say that he would have been, for no man living can say what would have been. Had Grant succeeded, the first step would have been taken by the methods of peace to accomplish what has now been virtually accomplished by the method of war; that is, the first step for the direct acquisition of oceanic possessions by the United States—the first step towards substituting the world-system of government for the simple nationality and independence of our country.

After the Dominican fiasco of 1871 we rested for twenty-two years. This interval of silence, however, did not imply sleep. The spirit of Imperialism, latent for a season, was ready to revive with the opportunity. The sentiment of doing *something* imperial has existed in the mind of every President and every administration since the interregnum of Andrew Johnson. We may now see in the retrospect that the policy of reaching oceanward only awaited an opportunity to assert itself. If such a policy was not declared until it was suggested by the Hawaiian complication, it was nevertheless

ready for expression when the event should come. In the case of Cleveland, he did not desire the acquisition of foreign territory. He simply bristled up in the international manner over the British question in Venezuela.

After the Cleveland administration the insular lust came upon us in full force; we must get the Hawaiian Islands. By an extraordinary process of legislation this inchoate project of Harrison's has now been accomplished. In order that the readers of THE ARENA may know what we have obtained I will give a few statistics relative to the first achievement of Imperialism in the United States. According to the census of September, 1896, there were 109,020 people in the Hawaiian Islands. Of these, 31,019 were natives; 8,485 were half-breeds; 21,616 were of a race which we exclude from the United States—the Chinese; 24,407 were Japanese; 15,191 were Portuguese; 2,250 were British; 1,432 were Germans; and 3,086 all told were Americans. The remainder of the population was—as it still is—a *mélange* of 1,534 belonging to other nationalities! Of the aggregate population 13,733 were born in Hawaii of foreign parentage.

My countrymen, it is out of this miscellaneous mass of ignorance, foreignism, inexperience, and depravity, this mass of untried elementary humanity, that you are expected to produce American citizens! Can you do it? This is the first task imposed upon you by the new Imperialism—and you must face it. Your decision in the presidential election of 1896 made this thing possible; you must bear the consequences—and *this* in order that there may be a "Gentleman from Hawaii" recognized on the floor of the House of Representatives. It would require the services of Poor Richard to estimate the cost of the whistle!

It was a considerable increase of courage on the part of our revolutionists to make the bound from Santo Domingo to Hawaii. The distance of Hawaii from the United States measures the growth of Imperialism in the interval from Grant to Harrison. Haiti is not so far away; it may be regarded as an American island. Cuba may properly be defined as the sea-sole of Florida. But Hawaii is a true daughter of the ocean. Cuba might well be called America;

but Hawaii never. Hawaii is in the same longitude with central Alaska; but its distance from San Francisco is 2,100 miles of unbroken sea. The project of getting possession of these islands, which has now proved successful by the resolution of annexation, was the same geographically and historically as the project of annexing the Azores or Greenland!

When we reflect upon the undeveloped territory of the United States, the vast regions of our continental domain yearning for the civilizing hand of a great race to subdue them, we can but be impressed with the notion that there must be some tremendous general motive for the policy of this Hawaiian annexation. And there is. The motive goes back to the vague charm of internationality, to the mawkish ambition to be "international," to be a part of the world-system instead of a free and independent commonwealth.

There is a weakness in human nature of this kind. That which is far off allures the imagination. The conversion of a barbarian seems more picturesque and meritorious than the conversion of ten civilized criminals. To save an African, a Samoan, a Kamchatkan, or a Dyak provokes the enthusiasm of a thousand new-fledged missionaries. So in national affairs there spreads a halo of glory over distant and visionary enterprises. The project of getting Hawaii has excited the poetry of all simpletons, the oratory of all sophomores, the enthusiasm of all American veal.

Following still further the lines of our insular ambition we note the entering in of the commercial and industrial notion. We must be a great commercial nation, and this requires islands. The idea has sprung up that American commerce will flourish if we can only get some insular possessions. The imagination of incipient statesmen is inflamed with a vision of American steamers whitening the Pacific. Now they cluster around Honolulu; now they are at Manila; now they swarm in the Ladrones and the Bismarck Archipelago; now they settle along the coast of Ceylon; now they are at Brisbane and Auckland and Wellington. To such statesmen Honolulu and Bangkok are better than Liverpool and Glasgow. To such visionaries the Hawaiian sugar planters are greater than all the merchants of Amsterdam.

If the rising Imperialism could be satisfied with what is properly or even approximately American, it might be well enough. If the insular lust could be appeased with Cuba, which is virtually a detached portion of the American continent, we might consent to thus much, provided always that we can Americanize the island. Certainly the event of war has thrown the Queen of the Antilles into our clutches. Without doubt the island will be retained and presently annexed. The thing is done; we cannot to this extent reverse the process of history. The motive for which the war with Spain was undertaken has already been abandoned. The reasons given at the first had but little solid foundation in fact. The American invasion of Cuba has been a sad revelation of the truth respecting the prevailing conditions in that degenerate island. The Cuban Republic—where is it? The Cuban army—what is it? The Cuban cause—what has become of it? The Cuban prospect—who can discover it? We are victors over the Spaniards, and the event has made us victors over the Cubans also. Our allies in the island have materialized in a form that will make necessary a revision of the Litany. We shall have to say, "From these, too, Good Lord, deliver us!" The idea that we are in Cuba on a philanthropic and humane mission has gone to join the other misplaced, absurd, and hypocritical pretexts which history has flung with lavish hand into the limbo near the moon.

Now we have Cuba, and the necessity is upon us, under the machinery of the staggering Republic, to make the most of the situation. We must do what we can. We shall have to establish an American government in Cuba. The issue is forced upon us. The necessity has come because the new Imperialism demanded it. Behold what a nut the affairs of Cuba will henceforth be for those statesmen at Washington who are so capable of conducting the affairs of the world and so impotent before the smallest complications of American society! Given for the inchoate statesman the opportunity to govern something across the sea, and of a certainty he will reveal his genius. Given to the same statesman the strike of the nine thousand American weavers at New Bedford, or the woes of fifty thousand starving miners in western Penn-

sylvania, and he retires under the sofa to comfort himself with the platitudes of his creed and the consolations of his party platform. When he comes out he denounces the Mormons and reads an article in Mr. Stead's *Review* on the situation in Crete.

Thus much for the insular ambition, which is the *first* expression of Imperialism in the United States. Passing from this ambition, which is only another form of the lust of conquest, we come to the *political ambition* as an element which tends to replace the Republic with the Empire. The imperialistic sentiment demands not only added territories and dominion on the seas, but it also demands an increase of political power. The nature and degree of political power hitherto exercised under the Constitution of the Republic does not satisfy the desire of the Imperialists. The plain American democracy does not furnish food sufficiently stimulating to appease the increasing rage for power. It is because the empire is a larger expression of power, because it seems to offer greater glory and an increase of momentum to those who control it, that the empire is preferred to the republic. As we have said, we are not speaking of the names of things, but of the things themselves. There are not many of the devotees of the new imperialism who are in favor of an overt abolition of the Constitution of the Republic, or of the substitution of the *name* of empire, but they are in favor of the *thing*.

It is this yearning for an increase of power, this rage to be something greater than a representative democracy, that is at the foundation of the whole imperialistic delusion. Lucifer, son of the morning, has dazzled the minds of the weak with the offer of power and glory; and this he will give them if they will discard democracy for empire. The political life in the United States has been deeply inoculated with this poison. The political life wants to augment itself and to glorify itself by getting into a garb more splendid than the garb of democracy. The political life, in its coarse lust for added power, sees nothing sufficiently brilliant in the old civil society which was founded on this continent by our fathers in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The political life de-

mands stronger food. The unintoxicating ambrosia of liberty is not sufficiently exhilarating to satisfy the craving of the inflamed stomachs of the new Imperial aristocracy.

So long as the political life in the Republic was intelligent, so long as it was a spiritual rather than an animal force, so long as it moved to patriotism and the preservation of a measure of unselfish sacrifice in our citizenship, that life was satisfied with our democratic institutions. It was satisfied with the liberty and equality of men. It favored the simple rights of man as against the oppressive rights of property. It favored the individual and the local community as against the corporation, the social mob, and the commercial despotism. But as soon as the political life got the disease of power, as soon as ignorance and the caucus were confederated in the baleful enterprise of enthroning plutocratic tyrants, we began to drift towards the empire, and as the corrupting tendencies were increased our progress towards the cataract of Imperialism was accelerated.

Thus came the ascendancy of the metropolis over the country districts of the United States; thus came the degradation of the rural communities, and thus came the establishment of the corrupt despotism in the commercial cities. Then it was that the metropolis began to fortify itself on the new basis. It began to suck up the resources of the nation, and to give back to the nation no equivalent. It began to be a mass of stock exchanges and banks and trusts and corporate contrivances, ravening like wolves, making the land roar with their vociferations, plunging and storming in the maelstrom of spoliation, seeking to live by overcoming each other and by gathering from mankind the products of all legitimate industry. Then came the institution of new methods of defence for the few against the many. Then came the stone arsenal on this corner and on that, stacked full of murderous weapons, heaped to repletion with accoutrements and with shot and shell, not a single missile of which was ever remotely intended for the foreign foes of the Republic, but only for the suppression of mobs and the insidious overthrow of the people. Then came the noble New York Seventh springing to arms

at the country's call, rushing to the front and trampling down the minions of Spain!

Then came the alliance of all this with the political party; that is, with the party in power. It was an alliance of bargain and sale. The money centres would furnish the sinews of war, and the governing power would make the war in order to preserve the ascendancy of the money centres. The dictation of the latter was absolute. First this party and then that went down on its knees at every national convention and presented its humble petition to the managers of the stock exchanges, to the bond gamblers and the millionaires, saying to them:

"Behold, we are your friends; we are the supporters of 'the business interests.' We are the defenders of 'the national honor;' we are the upholders of 'the public credit.' Give us, therefore, the resources necessary for the prosecution of this campaign; help us to elect ourselves by corrupting the people, and we will stand by you. Discover our principles for us, and we will make oath that the platform is the embodiment of patriotism. Put what you please into it, but put it in ambiguously so that we may teach it both ways according to the exigencies of the campaign. Remember, however, O our masters, that in our hearts we are with you. The people may go their ways. What are the people for anyhow? They are nothing but a mass of gullible ignoramuses; but the odious law permits them to vote—a thing dreadful to contemplate, but none the less a fact! We must therefore control them; we must teach them how they *shall* vote in order that business may flourish and the empire be promoted."

And the stock exchange came down with the subscription fund; the banks poured out; the millionaires handed forth their certified checks; and all went merry as a marriage bell.

The scheme succeeded—not once, but many times. It succeeded in '88; it succeeded in '92; it conspicuously succeeded in '96; and the political beneficiaries have kept faith with their purchasers. The beneficiaries, having stooped to the humiliation of buying power, naturally desired to get as much as they might by their commerce. A purchased office ought to be as big an office as possible—this in justice to the purchaser!

Suppose, therefore, that we usurp new powers and glorify ourselves at the expense of the nation. Suppose that we cease to call our foreign representatives ministers and call them ambassadors. Suppose that we call our Secretary of State a premier. Suppose that we make up a cabinet of millionaires and conduct the affairs of the government in the manner of princes. Suppose that we enlarge the navy until we shall be a "first-class power." Suppose that we go strutting and hectoring among the nations, menacing this one and overriding that one in the manner of the governments of Europe. Suppose that we go out on quixotical excursions to rectify the manners and methods of half the world. Suppose, in a word, that we gradually insinuate the spirit and purposes of Empire in place of the spirit and purposes of the Republic until the former shall be noiselessly instituted and the latter shall be quietly done away. Suppose, finally, that if anybody shall criticise us, if any shall denounce us before the world, he shall be anathema maranatha; we will call him anarchist, disturber, croaker; and if these gentle epithets be not enough, we will placard him as a liar!

Around this central stem of political ambition the new Empire in America has arisen and twined like a poison vine. The vine is already as high as the oak. In the very topmost branches the leaves of the parasite are seen flourishing among the leaves of the immortal tree. It was thus in the latter days of the Roman Republic. The new growth clambered up around the old, embraced it, choked it, drew from it its life, strangled it to death.

It is here that the lessons from *Quo Vadis* should be recited for the benefit of the American people. One of the lessons, most salutary and, as it would seem, impossible for mankind to learn, is that every colossal despotism is planted on the extinct political rights and liberties of the people. The spectacular government of whatever kind, supported by force and glorified with panegyric, cannot coexist with free citizenship. It can only coexist with the suppression of that agitated life, spontaneous energy, and local independence which are the essentials of democracy. If, therefore, the American people will accept the Empire instead of the Re-

public, if they are determined to abandon their democratic institutions for the glory of a sceptre and a sword, let them know both what they are getting and what they give.

It is most instructive to note the sentiment of a people with respect to its past history. Some peoples are proud of their ancestry and of the ancestral deeds. Not a few believe in their fathers, and do them honor by following in their footsteps. Nearly every known nation adopts some means of commemorating its origin and the events of its heroic age. The love for the patriotic seers amounts, in instances not a few, to an inextinguishable passion. Admiration for the order of society and for the civil institutions which the men of a former day established, and for the confirmation of which they generally paid the price of their best blood and treasure, kindles in the heart of posterity. Altars are built and adoration is offered to the manes of the great dead. Only a few are sufficiently cold-blooded to turn away from the ancestral graves; from the monuments which the fathers built; from the spots where they gathered in humble assembly to take counsel for the welfare of the future; from the battlefields on which they drew their rude weapons and bared their breasts to the cohorts of a foe stronger than they, but not strong enough to prevail over their valor and heroism.

From the prevalence of these sentiments nearly every nation, however humble, finds cause to glory in the history of its past. Inspired with such thoughts, the Swiss peasant hears with swelling breast the story of the old-time heroic battles which left him as an inheritance the freedom of his eternal mountains. The patriot of Holland lays aside his pipe and his hoe to listen, with as much enthusiasm as a man of his race can feel, to the tale once more repeated of the seventy-years' struggle of his fathers against the despotism of Charles and Philip. Ever and anon the Suliote or the Albanian of Pindus flares up in insurrection under the memory of what the great Greeks did to the Persians and the Turks. What does the Highlander do when the name of Wallace or the Bruce is mentioned in his hearing? How shrill is the monotonous cry of the bagpipe, still shrieking out that ances-

tral music to which the Scotch soldiers have marched over a hundred batteries!

"How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

The Briton is proud of his history and his political structure. He will fight for the very memory or mention of what his fathers have accomplished. He has pride in his monarchy of a thousand years and in the established order of British society. If he do not believe in democracy, he at least believes in *what he has*, and he defends it with tongue and sword.

It would be a strange exception to the order of human nature and to the concurrent acclaims of history that the American people, of all the peoples of the world, should give away their past as if it were nothing. Have *we* no fathers? Did *our* fathers accomplish nothing for which we should have a manly pride? Were our fathers rebels and fools, or were they patriots and wise men? Were they heroes, or were they only insurgent jackanapes in rags? Were their deeds worth commemorating, or were they fit to be forgotten? Have we no monuments of a heroic past? Have we no insurrection in which to glory? Have we no rebellion against arbitrary power to which the pen of history and the pencil of the epic bard should be devoted as to the one thing worthy of preservation in the New World? Were our little States, thirteen in all, huddled together along the Atlantic border, something fit to be revered for all time as the nurseries of human liberty, or were they ungrateful provinces, disloyal and spiteful? Were the institutions which the Revolutionary fathers created on these shores worthy to be transmitted to posterity, or shall posterity now forget them and cast them off as outworn rags?

Will the American nation in very truth discard its past? Have we no more pride? Is patriotism dead? Is the new railway terminal in Boston worth more than Independence Hall? Are those three miles of stone palaces on Fifth Ave-

nue, New York, *with their twenty-eight voters*, better than ten thousand humble homes of our fathers, a freeman and a patriot in every house? Is America the only country known to history base enough to discard its heroic fathers and to set in their place a retinue of nabobs wearing the regalia of Imperialism? Has representative government become a thing so poor and mean as to be cast out on the fuliginous ash-heap of history, to fester in the sun, and to have its remaining substance sucked up by the bluebottles of a parvenu nobility?

In this world each nation must take its own course. Each people must do as it will; each must have its own standards and its own ideals. So also of communities. So also of the individual men and women who compose the nation; each for himself must mark out his own pathway and follow it. Even a fool, according to Mr. Kipling, "must follow his natural bent—even as you and I." All men must go their several ways to their destiny, and each in eternity must take his station according to the light and purpose in him. They, therefore, who will forget their fathers; they who think more of glory than they do of liberty; they who esteem riches and power above freedom and human hope, may accept, if they will, this new American Empire which the lust of conquest in league with the pride of power is building on the grave of the Republic; but for ourselves, we will have none of it, now or ever. "I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon" than to train with this miserable procession of spurious commercialism that is marching on in splendid raiment and idiotic glee towards the nearby maelstrom yonder which is to swallow the Republic and leave us only the glittering framework of a gilded Empire in its stead.

But the Empire expresses itself not only in the form of insular ambition and in the lust for added political power and glory; it also reveals its character and purpose in the attempt to establish *the rule of money over manhood* in our country and throughout the world. One may at least understand something of the spirit which reaches out to seize the islands of the sea; that at least is rational. One may understand how ambition can find food in the creation of political splendors.

An island is valuable, and splendors are dazzling. But as for the reign of gold, that is more difficult to fathom and comprehend. The Empire stands for the reign of gold. It stands for the ascendancy of wealth, the subjection of the poor, and the obliteration of free manhood.

The Republic, on the other hand, has nothing in common with the reign of gold. It knows nothing of the institution of any power over society other than the expressed will of the people. Democracy? Plutocracy? How can these two things be and abide together? They cannot. No freeman, whether he be democrat or some other, can hold office in the Kingdom of Gold. In that kingdom all men are subjects. In it citizenship is impossible. Never yet in human history has a nation yielded to the domination of wealth and at the same time preserved its liberties. Never yet in the past annals of mankind has a single example been afforded of a people at once luxurious and free. The moment that the acquisition of wealth becomes the prevailing motive of action with a given race or nation, that moment its vigor and its virtue begin to wane—that moment it ceases to be free and great. Under the circle of the sun there is not a single instance in which this deep-down law of human society has been set at naught.

And there is a reason for all things. There is a reason why the reign of gold is utterly inconsistent with the reign of manhood. The nation that follows freedom and maintains it has certain ideals which are radically opposed to the ideals prevalent in the empire of gold. With the free nation the first concern of civil society is to preserve the intellectual life, the moral force, and the spontaneous energy of its citizens. The intellectual life expresses itself in the discovery of new truth; in the restatement of the old truth in newer and more attractive forms, in order that men may love the truth and find it; in the dissemination of the truth by literature and art; in the creation of institutions having respect to the intellectual and moral betterment of mankind. The moral force of a nation is manifest in its robust virtues, in its courage, its heroism, its humane purpose, its devotion to the humanities, and in its scorn of falsehood, its contempt for perfidious prac-

tices, and in its intolerance of all cruelty. The spontaneous energy of a nation expresses itself in the development of sterling individual character. It makes men and women like the stars that dwell apart in the eternal space. It preserves the essential principles of human nature, its beauty, its sublimity, its singular unity of aim and end.

All these elements of life the Republic cherishes. All of them wither under the Empire. Under the reign of gold democracy is impossible. The reign of gold is an essential part of Imperialism. The Empire consists with the establishment of the despotism of concentrated wealth; indeed, the Empire *requires* the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few; for the Empire consists of a few, and not of the many. The Empire is a central sun with a limited number of satellites revolving around it and borrowing their light and heat from its effulgence. The light and heat of the Empire are supported by materials taken from the millions and thrown like fuel into the splendor of the furnace.

In America the new Imperialism is favored most of all by the plutocratic classes. The plutocracy has succeeded, by taking advantage of the conditions of American life, in accumulating the means out of which to construct the Empire. The few thousand millionaires and billionaires who have risen to more than princely rank by the spoliation of the American people know well that the democratic Republic does not furnish them with adequate means for defending and increasing their spoil. They have heaped up their enormous resources in the most defensible forms, but they show an ill-disguised dread of danger, and would fain have stronger bulwark.

Whoever has read the history of piracy will have noted with amusement the alarmed anxiety of the pirates to get into some situation where they can deposit their treasures without the possibility of disturbance or discovery. To this end they sail from one archipelago to another; they hide and burrow on unknown shores. Sometimes, dreading the exposure of the land, they establish a treasure house in the bottom of the sea. What a pity that these enterprising speculators could not enter into a union with some government that would go partners and furnish them the needed protection!

What a glorious thing if they could get control of a "strong government," enter into combination with it, take possession of its resources, and proclaim an Empire for the promotion of "business" and the dispensation of the principles of the gospel! The analogy would then be perfect.

Year by year in the United States the wealth created by the labor of the millions has been sucked up and concentrated in the hands of a few. Such a process can never go on according to justice or with any sincere regard for the rights of producers. Since the Civil War the class of nabobs has been constantly increasing in numbers and power. They all belong to one political party—the party of the Empire. There is not one of all the American nabobs who is not an Imperialist. There is not one of them who believes in the democratic Republic, or in the maintenance of the rights of the under man. There is not one of them who has not gone over body and soul to Imperialism; and there is not one who has not been forced into this abandonment of democracy and this substitution of the empire by the sheer stress of his situation!

Let it be understood that the Republic and the stock exchange do not consist. The liberties of mankind and the privileges of bond-grabbers cannot both be preserved. The spontaneous free right of the individual citizen and the necessary despotism of concentrated wealth cannot be maintained side by side; they can be maintained only with free citizenship in the bottom and the conscienceless despotism of concentrated wealth built upon it.

My countrymen, we thus have three facts in which Imperialism expresses its purpose. The first of these is territorial acquisition—for the empire must conquer and expand. The second fact is that inflamed political lust of power which seeks to create a government apart from the people, over them, without their consent, and pressing them down against their protest. The third fact is the institution of plutocracy, which demands the other two for its maintenance and promotion. Concentrated wealth seeks to secure itself and to perpetuate its reign by means of a political system which maintains itself,

not by free will, but by arsenals and armies and navies, in the manner of the European powers.

In these garbs and disguises the Empire has come. It has overshadowed the Republic, and its apologists are forth in all the avenues of public opinion. They stand in every porch where they may be heard. To this end the book is written; to this end the magazine goes forth burdened with contributions intended to poison and pervert public opinion and to insinuate new ideas of society and state, inconsistent with the preservation of Republican institutions. The forum and the pulpit resound with an acclaim which is either the vociferation of ignorance or the paid argument of an advocacy to which all truth and human rights are strangers. Imperialism is openly advocated in high places as though it were not rank treason. The Republic may be seen swaying and rocking under the stress like a shaken tower struck by the assaults of a powerful enemy who is in league with the keepers of the house. It may be that our strong tower will go down. It may be, on the other hand, that we shall withstand the assault and come forth from the conflict with the experience of ages concentrated in our thought and purpose for the battles and achievements of the new era of humanity and hope.

Certainly the century is in the twilight. It has been the greatest of the centuries, and the American Republic has been the greatest of its products. The centennial sun looks back upon us from the luminous clouds of his setting, and with stout hearts we, who still stand for the liberty and equality of all men, look upon the splendors of his couch, if by any hopefulness of vision we may discover the prophetic red shining through the curtains and betokening a fair to-morrow.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

I. PRAYER: A STUDY.

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ.

IN an article upon prayer in the July ARENA the writer says: "At this late date I am bound to confess that concerning the efficacy of prayer I speak with far less assurance than when, in confident youth, I stood on the other side of experience."

Yet even the confidence of youth must be sorely tried oftentimes, and the mother who assures her child that God will give him whatever he asks is undoubtedly setting his feet in a painful path, where lie in wait for him perplexity and doubt and agony of mind. Those who thus guide their children believe they have authority for so doing in the teachings of the Founder of Christianity, especially in that saying of His,* "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Un-counted little ones have leaned upon that promise in perfect faith, only to meet bitter disappointment; and these same boys and girls have grown into men and women who "speak with far less assurance" concerning the efficacy of prayer than when they "stood on the other side of experience."

The writer in THE ARENA testifies: "I have watched a man struggle" (against pecuniary losses) "with all the strength of a noble soul. And I have seen that struggle end in a broken heart and death." Like many another, she has also seen the righteous man himself begging bread, and the horror of a painful death visited upon innocent babes. Yes, and all the world has seen, in this day of ours, one hundred thousand Christian Armenians butchered by the unspeakable Turk. Did not these ravished women and these tortured men cry unto God for help, and was there worked any miracle in their behalf, or was any hand raised to save them?

Perhaps there is nothing so strange in the history of Christianity as the failure of its disciples to accept the sayings of

* John, xiv, 13.

their Master as He Himself interpreted them, both in his counter-sayings and in His own life; and this despite the fact that none has brought the charge of inconsistency against the Nazarene. "It is easier to preach than to practise" is a saying which has yet to be quoted concerning Him.

In studying the teachings of all philosophers and founders of religion the scholar invariably uses the comparative method, setting one saying against another, and reading obscure passages in the light of others more easy of comprehension. And in the case of no teacher is this method more essential to an intelligent understanding of his meaning than in that of the Founder of Christianity. Yet the same man who applies the most reasonable methods of study to his Plato, Kant, Confucius, or Koran, will read his Bible as inconsequentially and superficially as though he were a child.

A striking feature of Hebraic literature is the use of hyperbole, with the intention of emphasis and with the effect of a certain noble strength. This hyperbole is used in a spiritual rather than a material sense, and is readily understood. Thus Jesus commands: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—a command which, according to any literal interpretation, it is impossible to obey. Yet these words have proved an inspiration to generations of readers, have lent a new dignity to human nature, and have raised the Christian conception of duty to a height previously inconceivable. But let us demand a strictly literal injunction, and say the command should read thus: "Be ye perfect, in so far as this is possible, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Immediately the inspiration, the strength is gone. The glory is fled! We perceive that there is a truer interpretation than the literal, and remember that the Founder of Christianity did not deny the charge that His sayings were "hard." Indeed, taken separately, they sometimes proved incomprehensible to His own disciples. We have the immeasurable advantage of being able to survey the whole recorded body of Christian teaching and the whole recorded life of the Nazarene. If we refuse to avail ourselves of this advantage we assuredly cannot expect to fare better than those who followed the Master and heard His words for themselves.

To one of these hard sayings—one which has proved a stumbling-block to so many men, women, and children—let us apply the method of comparative study. As recorded by John,* Jesus said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Let us see whether we are justified in isolating this saying from others which serve to explain it.

In seeking counter-sayings of Jesus we find two which state conditions. One of these is, apparently, a faith so absolute that the reader feels baffled.† But again light is thrown from other passages, and we learn that "faith as a grain of mustard seed" will "remove mountains;"‡ two forms of figurative expression which doubtless trouble literal readers. All, however, can understand the case of the man who, on being told by Jesus that faith was necessary for the healing of his demented son, cried out (like any distressed but doubting soul): "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" Thus the condition of perfect faith is rendered into terms of a humble aspiration toward faith.

The other condition imposed is that the granting of the prayer shall prove compatible with God's will, a condition so inevitable and (from a Christian standpoint) so desirable that it seems strange to read such a comment upon it as that given by Mrs. Boalt in *THE ARENA*, who thinks that this condition ascribes to the Almighty "the character of one who, making a great ado over His promises, yet cunningly provides that nothing not in accordance with His will shall be expected of Him." How are we to know, asks the writer, what God's will is, when He has not expressed it? Presumably, by preferring our requests. Thus children learn the will of their parents, and soldiers that of their commander. And this is exactly the way offered us through prayer. No officer would care to have a subordinate instructed as follows: "Go and ask your captain for whatever you want; he will give it to you." Would that officer expect the soldier, upon meeting with a refusal, to declare that his request was "unanswered," and that he had no further "faith" in his captain? Yet thus do we instruct our children concerning prayer to God, and, as a result, they cry out against heaven when their requests are

* John, xiv, 13.

† Mark, xi, 24.

‡ Matthew, xvii, 20.

not granted. There is absolutely no authority for terming *granted* prayer "answered prayer," and claiming that a request refused is "unanswered prayer." Such terms are entirely misleading and illogical. They are doubtless the result of teaching children (and older people) to expect God to give them whatever they ask. Fancy your child, upon meeting with some refusal, crying out: "There, you won't answer me, and I have no further faith in you!" Assuming that God is in reality our Heavenly Father, we must seem to Him most unreasonable and perverse sons and daughters!

The only conditions imposed, then, upon the granting of prayer are such as are merely taken for granted in the human relation of superior and subordinate, that is, a sufficient amount of faith to insure the preferring of the request in the belief that it will be heard and considered, and the coincidence of the request with the (presumably) better judgment of the superior. As the man who prays would doubtless claim the belief that God's judgment is absolutely wise and His motives absolutely unselfish, the relation between the human suppliant and his Maker is infinitely more satisfactory than any human relationship possibly could be.

Pursuing our comparative study of Christian teaching, let us see whether, as the writer in *THE ARENA* seems to suppose, followers of the Nazarene have any right to hope for immunity from trouble. She has seen a man nobly struggle against losses, and yet die without regaining any part of his fortune. But the most superficial study of the Gospels must lead to the conclusion that the Founder of Christianity did *not* promise His followers the slightest degree of earthly prosperity. Indeed, He did not appear to consider wealth as a blessing, and had Himself "not where to lay his head." When a Christian attains wealth, he cannot with any reason regard his success as a reward of spiritual merit; but, according to gospel teaching, should rather beware lest it prove a stumbling-block in his progress toward the kingdom of heaven. The sayings of Jesus which bear upon this subject are too familiar to need quoting.

In regard to other forms of trouble we find the same state of affairs. To give but a few of many conclusive references,

Jesus declared, "In the world ye shall have tribulation;"* and the great exemplar of His teachings said "We must through great tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven."† The result is, instead of complaint and repining, that "We glory in tribulations."‡ And what reader has ever doubted the sincerity of Paul when he wrote those remarkable words? For the final outcome of the whole matter we read of the eternally blessed: "These are they who have come out of great tribulation." It is clear that the Christian cannot claim immunity from suffering, though he may, evidently, look for peculiar comfort in this world, and for an everlasting reward.

Since the praying Christian cannot find authority for demanding that his requests be granted, it may be interesting to discover, through a study of the New Testament, just what advantages he may claim as peculiarly and unquestionably his.

In the first place, the Christian is encouraged to pray for anything he desires, however personal, and is assured the request will be granted if this be possible in accordance with Divine wisdom. More than this, he is positively promised certain benefits from prayer, concerning which the uninitiated take, possibly, too small account. At all events, it is only fair to give heed to the testimony of those who claim the experience. Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The only manner in which His followers may now "come" is through prayer, and an uncounted multitude of these testify concerning the "rest" granted. Jesus also promised to His followers a peace which the world cannot take away. Now, if, despite tribulation, peace and rest may be had, the very sting of tribulation is drawn. Who fears the snake deprived of its poison, or who dreads the storm when in safe shelter? And, strange as these promises sound to the "natural man," they are supported by such a mass of evidence as no man can reasonably disregard. I have myself known one tried to the verge of utter exhaustion declare that the suffering, with the experience it brought of God's comforting presence, was infinitely preferable to any immunity from such pain without that experience. And those who have the experience have the right to testify.

*John, xvi, 33.

† Acts, xiv, 22.

‡ Romans, v, 5.

If possible, the example of Jesus concerning prayer throws even more light upon the subject than does a study of His verbal teaching. In one recorded instance He prayed for deliverance from trouble and pain, but added the words, "Not my will, but thine be done." And the prayer for deliverance was refused! Shall it then be quoted as an instance of "unanswered prayer"?

We must judge that the greatest desire of Jesus's life was to "convert" His hearers. In this, for the most part, He utterly failed. Yet what, to His mind, could have seemed more in accordance with the divine will than that He should win followers? What more bitter, more inexplicable experience is given to man than the apparent failure of some high and unselfish purpose, toward which has been bent every energy and hope of a lifetime? Yet this was the experience given to the Founder of Christianity. A study of His life must convince both followers and rejecters that, from any human standpoint, His were the saddest life and the bitterest death of which there is left any record.

This fact did not, however, diminish the Nazarene's faith. Yet the writer in *THE ARENA* fears that the apparently wayward course of many children who are subjects of prayer is in itself an unanswerable argument against the efficacy of prayer. It must be a comfort to those who pray for others to remember that Jesus evidently had some hope for the most hardened of His persecutors, for He cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If He did not despair of these, but with His last breath consigned them to God's mercy, there must be few parents who have the right to despair concerning their wayward children. "I have seen the child of many prayers commit every crime but murder," declares the writer in *THE ARENA*. But the subjects of Jesus's prayer committed the most atrocious murder in all history.

The Founder of Christianity, we see, met refusal of prayer without diminution of faith. Yet when weary or in need of strength or comfort He retired, if possible, to a secluded place to pray. Indeed, rest and prayer appear to have been in His case terms almost synonymous. In Luke* we read

* Luke, vi, 12.

that He continued all night in prayer; and this was very possibly but one of many such instances. From this we must judge that He found in prayer other benefits than the securing of His personal desires.

At the close of her article Mrs. Boalt calls for more evidence concerning "answered" prayer. She hopes that a great mass of such evidence might be adduced, and that faith in prayer be thus revived. It is a forlorn hope. For every answered (that is, *granted*) prayer there might perhaps be quoted an "unanswered" or *ungranted* prayer; and who can tell which class predominates? God evidently refuses as well as grants, and it is quite apparent that the value of prayer cannot be judged upon any such grounds. Rather let those who pray testify as to whether prayer offers a comfort in trouble, a guide in perplexity, a light in darkness; and also whether its benefits exceed those offered by worldly prosperity or immunity from trouble. Those who pray most know most. Let those who pray but little testify but little.

II. PRAYER: WHAT IT IS AND HOW ANSWERED.

BY ANNIE G. BROWN.

IN the July number of *THE ARENA* there appears an article on prayer which is truly remarkable in its utter confusing of spiritual and material things. It is in one sense a bold demand upon the Almighty to descend to the material plane and there explain all His dealings with the children of men; in another, it is the cry of one whose soul is struggling against the benumbing clutch of materialism. That such things can be written in the dawn of the twentieth century of Christianity is evidence of the gross worldliness into which the church of to-day is plunged; for it cannot be doubted that this writer voices the deepest feelings of thousands within her pale. And yet the soul-searching candor and agonized earnestness of the writer are prophetic of better things to come; for people in such soul frame there certainly is light ahead.

The errors of this article (errors of the head) are: first, that this material life and its environments are given first place in

importance, and the attempt is made to lower the promises of God to this idea; second, that the idea it gives of God, our Creator, Redeemer, and Saviour, is not only erroneous, but inadequate; and, third, that it overestimates the scope of our capacities in our present imperfect state.

If the Bible teaches anything, it teaches that we are *spiritual* beings destined to unending existence in a spiritual universe; that we are here only transiently, in a formative and reformatory state, building under God's guidance and through His power the characters which shall fix our destinies for eternity. If these things are true (and it is hard to see how even the most superficial believer in Holy Writ can doubt them) then God our Father must be principally concerned with our *spiritual* welfare; all His warnings and promises must be addressed to our spiritual and immortal selves; His providential dealings must relate to our spiritual progress *first*, and to our creature comfort and satisfaction as these latter bear upon and affect the former. What would be thought of an earthly father who, knowing the almost boundless advantages of education and training, weakly yielded them all to the whims and follies of his child? But that is just what we propose for God to do in our case when we beseech Him to yield to our desires. In the model of prayer given by our Lord, there is only one clause that can be construed as relating to material things, "give us this day our daily bread," but as He Himself had previously declared that "Man cannot live by bread alone" (material food), "but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (spiritual food), we can readily see that the spiritual side of this clause is its important part. But we are not to understand that our Father does not regard our temporal welfare or feel for our sufferings. He has made ample provision for all our creature wants, and He himself originates none of the sufferings of His children. All suffering of every kind and degree has its origin in sin, and from it all He shields us just so far as He can do so without bringing *greater* suffering upon us. His chief purpose, however, is to prepare us to live with and enjoy Him forever, and from that purpose He will not be turned aside even though its accomplishment necessitates every conceivable agony that both soul

and body can endure. It is good and right to carry our troubles to Him and lay our desires before Him, but when we have done all that we have not *prayed*.

As God is infinite love and infinite wisdom, it follows that all His purposes and plans must be infinitely good and wise, and therefore need no change; indeed they *could* not be changed except by being made *less* good and wise; and who but a fool in the madness of his folly would wish that? Our Lord assures us that what He is doing for us in this earth life we cannot now know; He means that our faculties in their present immaturity are incapable of taking in the goodness, beauty, and happiness that He is striving to lead us up to.

In view of the foregoing, to the question, What is prayer? we may answer, it is the soul's effort with the Lord's help to bring itself into harmony with His supremely good and wise plans for its own eternal happiness. It is our effort to see ourselves and our circumstances in the light in which our Father views them, and to *feel* "*Thy will, not mine, be done.*" And the conditions of answer? They are few and simple: that we trust Him; that we seek out and reject from our hearts and lives all evil, as sin against Him; and that we strive to keep faithfully His commandments. Strange it is that the conditional clause, "in my name," attached to the promised gift of "all things whatsoever," should be so almost universally misunderstood. "Name" in the Scriptures does not denote an arbitrary appellation, but always signifies the *character* of the person or thing named. So prayer in our Lord's name means to pray for His characteristics; to ask for love and wisdom, patience, meekness, and humility from Him. One who prays thus need have no doubts about the answer, nor will he have to wait long for it. Were one fraction of the breath that is wasted in fruitless efforts to change the Eternally Unchangeable but spent in *true* prayer, there need be no heartbreaks among the children of men.

As to the proposed prayer Testament, it would do no good. Life furnishes abundant proof that we may prate to each other of our experiences all our life long without effect; we must have experiences of our own. Each for himself must come into vital touch with the living, inspiring God of his soul.

THE SERVANT CLASS ON THE FARM AND IN THE SLUMS.

BY BOLTON HALL.

"IT is useless trying to help the poor; they love the tenements, and would rather have shop wages too low to live upon than take places as help. The lower classes are the lazy, the improvident, and the dishonest.

"'It's them as never knows where a meal's to be 'ad;
Take my word for it, Sammy, the poor in the lump is bad.'

"They are drunken, discontented, vicious, and will not go to the country. Theories are all very well, but the whole trouble is the wickedness of the human heart, and the only thing that is really effectual is to preach the gospel to them."

In the main, however, even the bad seek their own interest. Ill-doing without motive is rare—we call it some mania when it occurs in the rich. Evil is commonly done to obtain something which is, or at least seems, desirable. As the poor are not destitute of all intelligence, we may be sure that, apart from questions of right or wrong, they do what they believe to be most for their own happiness. Clearly they think it more for their happiness to stay in the shops and slums, rather than to take service or go to the country. Are they right for once?

We have charitable societies which would train some hundreds annually of New York's hundred thousand women servants; and first-class places offer high wages. As shop girls have to work hard and are not the class to whom wages are no object, let us see why those feeling so keenly the want of money do not avail themselves of such splendid opportunities. When we reach old age or even middle life, it is hard, often fatal, to change our habits. It would be unreasonable then to expect anyone but the young to do so.

Let us suppose then that an industrious girl has learned her duties in a Society, and under a matron so tactful that the pupil (not realizing that she is receiving charity) has lost none of her self-respect. She is a chambermaid or waitress, and

as such should get from sixteen to twenty-two dollars per month with board. Why does she prefer to provide for herself on six dollars a week in a shop, or on four dollars in a factory?

In the first place, an ordinary woman cannot get a first-class place. She must be neat, strong, quick, capable, willing, trained, good-tempered, nice-looking, well-mannered, strictly sober, and content to resign the visits of men. Many require her to belong to their own communion, to wear a cap, and to be religious as well. Are such virtues the natural products of the slums, or are they learned in a charity school? Such persons do not need your aid or anyone's else.

How many of your friends would you take for servants? One is delicate, another irritable, another indolent, another incapable, inexperienced, or noisy, another too fond of men's society, grim, pert, a little giddy, overdressed, dowdy, ugly, or "quite too pretty to have in the house." Most of us would sit for weeks in an intelligence office before we should get a place, and when we did, should leave it the same night.

But in the country, says some one, or in poorer houses, so much is not required, and yet it is almost impossible to get servants for flats or country houses. Naturally: you have horses, entertainments, study, books, art, and acquaintances with which to amuse yourself; the servant girl has nothing but her acquaintances. In a flat or in the country she is asked to give up the one poor pleasure that saves her from utter mental death, that sympathetic notice of what is going on, which, when we hear it, we call gossip; when we read it, news. The servant, moreover, must give up her liberty. From six in the morning till ten at night, always she must listen for the bell; from dawn to midnight always be at the disposal of other women, not always angels, not always even ladies. Such are the requirements. What are the rewards? Sixty or seventy cents a day, social degradation, and probably to die an old maid. There is no use blinking it; you might kiss a nice shop girl; you would not sit down to a table with a servant. They are not "help" at all. They are menials. The servant learns to know refinement, so that she will not marry a truckman; yet even the coachman thinks her beneath him;

a decent mechanic will marry only some one whom he can call a "lady."

The shop girl is her superior. The shop is hot and stuffy; is it worse than the kitchen? The shop girl's hours are long, but they have an end. Her food is poor, but it is seasoned with liberty. To take service is almost to take the vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience. Truly it is wonderful that there are any good servants at all.

Your butler drinks; they nearly all drink. When they do not, they save money, go into business, and generally lose it, and then, discouraged, come back to service. Yet butlers are ordinary men; no better, no worse, than others; there must be some reason why they drink. The reason is that their hours are long, they are not usually intellectual, and they have no amusement or recreation; they cannot even smoke except on their evenings out in the club or at the corner saloon. Perhaps they see wines drunk and hear them praised at table; what wonder if they taste and try to find a little stimulus in the bottle? Men fall on the side on which they are tempted. Good butlers are scarce. What good mother would wish to see her son a butler at double the wages of a clerk? She knows that unions shut him out from a trade, and that he must choose one or the other; that he cannot go to the fields.

Men are usually convinced only by themselves; if you are willing so to be convinced, it is easy to try it. Ask any poor person why he does not go to the country. The first question is, "Where should the like of me go?" "Oh, go West; go anywhere;" that is the usual philanthropic plan. But if you have a definite place in your mind, you must answer next, "What should I be doing out there, knowing nobody?" Farm? They have no land, nor money to stock it. Work for a farmer? They know nothing of farm work, and a farmer would not be bothered with a feeble, narrow-chested stranger. If a foolish or good-natured farmer gives him a job, what shall he do in the winter, or if employment fail? Here, when the bit and the sup are gone, his neighbors will always lend or give; to whom shall he turn in the strange and desolate country? Finally, how is he to pay fares for the wife and children, and freight for his poor little furniture?

The piteous great army of tramps is full of those who have tried the country for employment, and failing have fallen from the ranks.

Yet, after all, if the denizen of the slums loves the slums without a reason; if the tenement-house child, like the jail-bird, will fly back to his haunt, it is not with him that the difficulty lies. With the slums as they are we are prepared to deal. We have in New York City two thousand and forty charities. If our own country and other countries did not ceaselessly pour its youth into the towns, we might grapple with the pauperism which we have; but the flood of poverty rises only the faster as we build dams. It cannot be that these people coming from the country are also hopelessly corrupt, drunken, discontented, and vicious; but if they were, what would be the use of sending our own people out to the conditions which bring such results? If the life on the farms would so greatly improve our laborers, if work is so plentiful there, why, in spite of all our efforts, and in spite of the laws of demand and supply, does the current steadily set cityward? Because, however charming it may look at a distance, in the life of the farm are hardship, loneliness, and dulness inexpressible, with no prospect of end or improvement.

Is it not true that every generation brings up troops of honest, intelligent, pushing boys in the country as well as in the cities? Yet all over these Eastern States the farms are abandoned. The farmers, to the loss of help in the field, send their sons, first to the village, then to the city. They know by bitter trial that the best for which a farmer may hope as a reward for heavy toil is a bare living. Forced by the speculative value of land to a distance from the city, they know that the railroad, which takes their product for the market, takes their profit for itself; that to improve the farm is to invite the assessor; that of those things to pay for which they are taxed directly and indirectly, next to nothing comes to them; that as the joints get stiff and the soil wears out, the competition with machine labor and Western land becomes keener and yet more keen. So the bright boy decides that he, at least, will not travel that hard road which can lead only to failure. He will reach out for the great prizes gained in business, of

which he hears so much. What wonder if he does not see the thousands who, almost unnoticed, sink in the struggle into the city slums?

And the city lad, with no taste for nature, at work since he was able to mind the baby—what tastes, what capabilities, what desires has he that the quiet and loneliness of a country cabin could gratify?

Do you really wish, not to justify yourself in profiting by lamentable tendencies by maintaining that they are due to the wickedness of the "lower classes," but to find out what is the matter? If so, you must try to find out the motives which guide the poor, and so alter conditions that they will lead upward rather than further down.

When you say that the poor are naturally lazy, intemperate, and improvident, you but show your utter ignorance and disregard of the real want of the poor,—the chance to work; you but furnish proof, if proof were needed, that human nature is bad. We, who make the laws that shut the workers out from the land, bind heavy burdens, and when the weak fall under them we cry to heaven that our brother is unreasonable, vicious, and will not go to the country. O addle-headed, well-meaning, indefinite philanthropist, not because he is no good, but because he is no fool, does the man refuse to go to the country.

THE EXTINCTION OF ROYAL HOUSES.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

IN my historical studies I have noticed a fact which appears to me so singular, as well as interesting, that I will make it the basis of a brief contribution. I refer to the method which History seems to take in disposing of hereditary dynasties. The unstable character of royal and imperial houses is a thing which must have impressed itself upon the attention of many, for it has been much remarked; but the curious *manner* in which they are extinguished has not perhaps been critically examined by any author.

The subject presents another example, or forthshowing instance, of the unending conflict of the individual will and purpose with the general laws of history. Than this I believe no branch of inquiry will be found more replete with interest and instruction. In this conflict of the individual with the general course of events we see the *smaller* cause struggling with the *greater*—trying to deflect the historical tide from its destined end and way.

Vain, vain is every such endeavor! In this, as in all things else, there is one law; the weaker goes to the wall. It may be that here and there in the vast fields of history some man of the Granicus, some man of the Rubicon, some man of the Moskva will arise and, by his personal will, turn from its natural channel the river of events; but the rule is that both men and nations are borne along with the tremendous tide, on whose breast, as Swinburne says,

"All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present, that sweeps to the surf of the
past."

One interesting phase of this struggle of human will with general law is that which shows the upholders of hereditary dynasties and royal houses attempting to preserve them from extinction after they have passed under the forfeiture and condemnation of history. The spectacle is of frequent recur-

rence. A given house becomes criminal and profligate. By its course and purpose it breaks with the spirit of the age or the laws of humanity. It would fain live on in the wallow of depravity, or go back to the last camping-ground. It perceives not that such a thing as retrogression is impossible. It knows not that depravity of any kind is the beginning of death—that the watch of progress cannot be made to run backwards, or a running stream to ascend the mountain slope. The fated dynasty *believes* that it may pursue its own course and live. It believes that it may eat, drink, and grovel, and yet attain the end indicated by its own criminal ambition or caprice. Then begins the conflict of the individual will with a power greater than itself. Foolish and unequal is the struggle. The shadow of a hand comes forth and writes on the plastering over against the candlestick. The apparition passes, and there it is: *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*.

Many are the instances which might be cited of this attempted maintenance of royal houses after they have been tried and sentenced. But neither cunning subterfuge nor open war, neither the lawless bravado of rebellion nor the piteous appeal of innocence in tears, has ever availed to annul or mitigate the sentence. The decree goes forth that the offending dynasty shall perish, and it perishes. Nothing can avert the appointed doom; and history is thenceforth curious to know only so much as relates to the methods of extinction.

The methods are multifarious. Natural death, death by violence, extraordinary visitation, madness, blindness, fanaticism, sterility, impotency—every obstacle known to the cunning of nature or invented by the genius of man is thrown in the way of the forfeited house. Its fathers perish; its brothers are slain in war; its sons fall like stalks of unripe corn. And so the work of extermination goes on until the great historical purpose is accomplished.

Take for instance the dynasty of the Elder Capets in France. That royal house never stood a better chance for perpetuation than at the death of Saint Louis, in 1270. That monarch left two vigorous sons: Philip III, who succeeded him; and Robert of Clermont, father of the Bourbons. Let us look first at the regular line of succession. Mark the in-

sidious fates which began to overtake the House of Capet. Philip IV died in 1314. Never were the prospects of the dynasty more flattering. True, a great crime had just been committed. Fifty-seven of the Knights Templars, after being submitted to the mockery of a trial, had been condemned and burned alive in Paris. Jacques de Molay, Grand Master of the Order, had cried aloud, half choked in the flames of martyrdom, and had summoned Philip to meet him in forty days at the bar of the Eternal.

Let us follow the sequel. The crown descended to Louis X, surnamed the Fretful. Two years after his coronation he was out one day playing tennis in the Wood of Vincennes. Being thirsty and overheated he took a drink of cold water—and died. Why should a man die from drinking a cup of cold water? Here in any event is Prince Louis, the son whom we may crown instead. Not so. Before we get the crown on the prince's head he dies also. But here is his sister; we may crown her. Nay; there is a Salic law in France. A woman may not reign; therefore, *veto*. Here, however, is Prince Philip, brother of the late sovereign. He shall take the succession. Certainly there is no danger to the House of Capet. Philip V is king for six years. At length there is uneasiness; for Prince Louis, the king's son, is already dead. No other son is born. Four daughters are born; but here is the Salic law and—*veto*. When, in 1322, the king dies, the crown again descends by the line collateral, and rests on the head of Prince Charles, brother of the sovereign. Now certainly the House of Capet shall be safe. Charles IV, surnamed the Fair, takes a queen in marriage, and a daughter is born. Salic law again, and *veto*. Then the mother dies. The king at once takes another princess in marriage, but she dies without offspring. A third time a partner is found, and there is born another daughter. Once more Salic law, and *veto*. So in 1327, Charles IV, King of France, and last heir in right line of descent, dies without a son. The House of Hugh Capet is extinct after all, and the crown must go over to the descendants of Charles of Valois.

If we trace the destiny of the Valois line of French kings from the accession of Philip VI, in 1327, to its extinction at

the death of Henry III, in 1539, we shall be struck with the many resemblances of that dynasty to the older House of Capet. Especially is this true of the last reigns of the Valois princes and of the series of catastrophes in which the house went down. Passing over the first nine kings of the House of Valois, we come in 1547 to the accession of Henry II, son of that Francis I who, with the emperor Charles V and Henry VIII of England, divided the dominion of western Europe. This Henry II, while yet only Duke of Orleans, had taken in marriage Catherine de' Medici, the famous daughter of Florence against whom history has entered so dark a record. She was the child of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and was imposed on Henry of Orleans by the craft of her uncle, Pope Clement VII.

That pontiff, with the characteristic subtlety of the Medici, thus planned by seating a Florentine woman on the French throne to govern France through Italy. At first the scheme appeared to prosper. Everything seemed to favor the establishment of a Franco-Medicean line of kings. Four princes were born of the marriage of Henry and Catherine. That *all* of these should, within a brief space, perish, leaving behind no offspring capable of inheriting, seemed impossible. But mark the sequel. In 1559 Henry II was accidentally killed in a tourney. The crown at once descended to the dauphin, who took the title of Francis II. For his queen the Duke of Guise gave him Mary Stuart, the young queen of Scotland; but the interdict of nature was upon them. After a reign of less than two years Francis died without an heir, and the young widow returned to her fate in her own kingdom. The crown descended to Charles IX, brother of the late king and son of Catherine. It was this new monarch who, under the inspiration of his mother, planned and sanctioned the horrible atrocity of St. Bartholomew. For his queen he chose the archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, and in the eleventh year of his reign a daughter was born—under the shadow of the Salic law. In the following year came the massacre of the Huguenots, most atrocious of human butcheries. Gladly would the Queen Mother have cheered the spirits of her son to rejoice in their common crime; but his weak nature gave

way to terror, and with the blood oozing from the pores of his skin he died a miserable death.

By this time there began to be cause for apprehension if not actual alarm for the dynasty. The Duke of Alençon, fourth son of Henry II, had already died without an heir. Only the third son, Prince Henry, now reigning at Cracow as King of Poland, stood between the house and extinction. This prince, on the death of his brother Charles IX, was immediately recalled to Paris and proclaimed as Henry III. For him also a marriage had been contrived by the careful and now anxious Catherine; but the union was fruitless. Nature was inexorable. The inevitable became apparent. Before her death, which occurred in 1589, the infamous Italian woman was able to read the decree of fate against herself and her house. Her husband she had seen perish by accidental violence. Her eldest son, Francis II, had gone down to the grave childless. Her second, Charles IX, had done her bidding, and died in a sweat of blood. Her fourth, the Duke of Alençon, had perished without an heir; and now her third and favorite, Henry III, had left the society of his lapdogs and monkeys, with no offspring to succeed him. The case was hopeless; Catherine had been the mother of three kings, and grandmother of none. She who at daydawn had stood with her sons at the windows of the Louvre and watched with delight the inhuman tragedy of St. Bartholomew was now obliged to witness the irremediable ruin of that house from which her glory had been derived, the dissipation of all her ambitious dreams, the overthrow of the papal scheme, and the certain transfer of the French crown to the head of the hated Huguenot, Henry of Navarre.

At the very time when the walls of fate were thus closing on the House of Valois, a similar process was going on in England. The analogy of the two cases is indeed most obvious. In the insular kingdom the House of Tudor held undisputed sway. In no respect, save as a warrior, can Henry VIII be said to have been a ridiculous sovereign. In most things he was great; in many, bad; in some, weak; in one, peculiar—he outmarried the kings of half the continent. In this he

appears to have had equal respect to his own caprice and to the establishment of his house.

It might well have been thought that a sovereign of Henry's qualities, six times married—five times under the spur of his own will and passion—would leave an almost Jacobic progeny. But his dynastic programme went badly from the start. His marriage with the first Catharine brought him only a daughter—that so-called Bloody Mary whose fate was as hard as her reputation is unsavory. His second marriage (that of Anne Boleyn) also yielded a daughter; but the mother was sent to the block, and the child was declared illegitimate. Of the third marriage (that with Jane Seymour) a son was the issue; and things began to look better for the royal house. Of the marriage with Anne of Cleves there was no offspring; and the same was true of the king's union with the fifth Queen, Catherine Howard. The sixth marriage (that with Catherine Parr) was likewise fruitless; so that, on the king's death, he left in all three heirs to the crown—Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward. The son, though the youngest, took the throne. Brief was his reign, if reign that might be called which was little more than a regency of Protestant nobles for an invalid minor. Before the young king completed his sixteenth year he was summoned to that country where there is neither Salic law nor primogeniture.

Then came the accession of Mary. The loyalty of the English people was such as to overbear their prejudice against the religion of the queen. That good and smileless prince, Philip II of Spain, soon came a-wooing, and won her Majesty's hand. Ill-starred marriage! What had England or England's queen in common with that malign Spanish pessimist? It was a fortunate thing when he was called away to the Continent never to return. The heartbroken Mary was left to die childless. Then arose the star of Elizabeth. When she came to the throne half of royal Europe busied itself to find for her a husband. For years she dallied with the difficult question, and then decided in the negative. Ultimately all mention of the subject was forbidden at the court, and as the century drew to a close it became evident that the House of Tudor was destined to extinction. The approaching change of dynasty

was recognized by the queen, and on her deathbed she ambiguously indicated her preference for young James Stuart as her successor. Again had history presented the spectacle of *three reigns by childless children of the same father*. As in the case of Philip IV and Henry II, Henry VIII had been the father of three sovereigns and grandfather of none.

If we move forward by a century we shall find in the downfall of the House of Stuart still another example of the extinction of a dynasty by the action of general causes. From the time when Charles I broke with the English people and undertook to perpetuate a kind of government which had become intolerable, it would appear that fate had taken the hostile quiver against him and his household. The beginning of 1649 witnessed the king's execution at the hands of the Parliamentarians. After eleven years his family came home from exile to an inheritance of shame and sorrow, covered with a veil of jubilation. Charles II had taken for his queen the Princess Catherine of Bragança. She was by nature and education as much a prude as he was a profligate. Happy pair! What had sturdy English fatherhood and motherhood to do with such a union? It was accursed from the beginning.

On the death of Charles only the illegitimate Duke of Monmouth was left to claim the throne. The crown went to James II. Few sovereigns have taken greater pains than he to make sure of the succession. Monmouth was put out of the way. Princess Mary was married to William of Orange. Anne was given to Prince George, brother of Christian V of Denmark. As for the king himself, when his first wife died, he chose for a second Maria Beatrice of Modena, who became the mother of James Francis, the Pretender. Father and household were blown away together in the revolution of 1688. William and Mary came to the throne, and held it for six years. Then the queen died without an heir. Eight years afterward William himself perished, and the crown went to Anne. Seventeen times was she a mother, but only one of her children lived beyond infancy. This one reached the age of eleven, and died. James II, like his prototypes, had been the father of two queens and a Pretender; grandfather of nothing but shadows.

One more instance may serve in illustration of the law that general causes working against a given dynasty are more powerful than all human ingenuity working in its favor. The remaining citation is that of the downfall of the Bourbons. Few sovereigns have deserved less consideration at the hands of posterity than Louis XV of France. It might be too severe to say that he was devoid of all virtue and honor. History blushes at the mention of the two diseases of which he died. His long reign of fifty-nine years was a blotch on the record of the kingdom. In 1774 the crown of France passed to the head of his grandson, Louis XVI. This prince, while still Dauphin, had taken in marriage the daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria. The fate of Louis, his queen, and their unfortunate son, is known to all the world. The ruin of this branch of the House of Bourbon was complete in 1795.

After the Revolution, Louis XVIII, brother of the decapitated Louis XVI, received the crown. His reign extended from 1815 to his death in 1824. He died without an heir, and the third brother came to the throne with the title of Charles X. It had appeared that the dynasty was quite secure, for the king, before his accession, had a son, the popular Charles Ferdinand, Duke of Berry. Great was the shock given to the Royalists when, in 1820, the Duke of Berry was stabbed and killed by a political fanatic named Louvel. At the end of the decade the revolution came on, and the sonless Charles X, with the ceremonies of Bourbonism flying at his carriage wheels, fled to Rambouillet. The House of Bourbon had gone to join the extinct dynasties of Capet and Valois. Louis XV had been the grandfather of three kings of France; great-grandfather of spectres.

It is certainly a remarkable fact that the last years of the Houses of Capet, of Valois, of Tudor, of Stuart, and of Bourbon should present, in their *exeunt*, analogies so striking. The points of peculiarity are, first, that in each case there is in the royal succession a reign or epoch of profligacy or crime; and, secondly, that in each case, in the epoch *succeeding* the reign of profligacy, there is a threefold succession of brothers and sisters struggling to maintain the crown, suffering in peculiar and extraordinary ways in their own lives and the lives of

their families, dying without heirs to the royal honors, and leaving their inheritance to remote and unloved kinsmen or to aliens and strangers.

It does not always happen that the epoch of corruption preceding the epoch of disaster is covered by a single reign, or that it *immediately* precedes the cataclysm. Doubtless the forces that tended to the disruption of the House of Bourbon had been accumulating during the whole reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. Doubtless it was the tremendous and defiant wickedness of the second Charles and his administration rather than the brief and jesuitical reign of his brother James that did the work for the Stuarts. Doubtless many other circumstances exceptional to the two rules noticed above may be discovered; but in general the historical laws are as stated. Philip IV of the House of Capet, Henry II of the Valois, Henry VIII of Tudor, Charles II and James II of the Stuarts, and Louis XV of Bourbon, were the careful but unconscious contrivers of the ruin of their respective dynasties. They set the head of the royal ship straight against the rocks, and when their descendants in the coming age of disaster were left to struggle and go down in the breakers they might well have cried out in despair: "O crimes of our fathers!"

The following are the names of the royal triads who, in the last few centuries, may be said to have suffered conspicuously, and to have been extinguished as the result of actions committed before they were born:

House of Capet—Louis X, Philip V, Charles IV;

House of Valois—Francis II, Charles IX, Henry III;

House of Tudor—Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth;

House of Stuart—Anne, the Pretender, Mary;

House of Bourbon—Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, Charles X.

To this shall we add:

House of Hanover—George IV, William IV, *Victoria?*

It would seem not. Is it possible that the personal virtues of the British queen have arrested the historical decay of her House and by the help of the Saxe-Coburg strain saved it from extinction? If so does the exception prove the law?

What, then, shall we say? Was punishment visited upon these royal scions for crimes which they never committed? Is

the order of this world so vindictive, so charged with the lightnings of vengeance? Is history no more than a sort of constable and *posse comitatus* going about with clubs to beat into the earth the children and grandchildren of those against whom Nemesis has an unsettled score? Is the great drama of man's earthly life governed by a series of petty retributions and human spites, unreasonable, vengeful, and inextinguishable as the feuds of Montague and Capulet? Nay, nay; not so. Such a concept of history is degrading. It ignorantly ascribes to the sublime order of the world the idle whims and debasing passions of human life.

How, then, shall we understand and interpret such facts as those delineated in the foregoing paragraphs? Manifestly thus: All human actions *contain within themselves the conditions of their own rectification*—the germs of their own approval and the seeds of retribution. The time called the present is merely a planting-time; the future is simply a harvest—it may be of wheat, it may be of ergot or blasted corn. Each age grows out of the preceding. Each age is the parent of the next. It contributes the elements and conditions of the time that is to be. Virtue has in it the germ of perpetuity. Crime and depravity have in them the seeds of natural death; and when an age of disaster and inexplicable decay suddenly arises we are to regard it not as an epoch of retaliation, not as a day of vengeance, not as an exhibition of gigantic power—vindictive, merciless, wielding a bludgeon—but as the simple and necessary fruitage of a planting whose seeds were human cockle and poisonous blastema.

If a man enclose a bit of smallpox in a ball of wax and drop it for his grandchild, the grandchild dies; but he is not killed by the historic constable; he simply dies a natural death under the Reign of Law.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

IT is well for civilization that we have reached a point where it is possible to appeal to man's reason and sober judgment, instead of abandoning those things which intimately affect the progress and happiness of mankind to blind prejudice or the strange magic of words and phrases which no longer represent the things which once made them glorious.

To-day as perhaps never before society calls for the best services of the head and heart of all who "love humanity, who believe in progress, and who pray toward the Infinite." We are living in a period when the vital and moral thought of the world is in rapid flux. Never since the fivefold revolution which marked the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times have change and growth been so deeply impressed upon the world's thought along the great highway of human research and endeavor. Indeed, the signs which presaged the overthrow of feudalistic anarchy and the establishment of centralized government were less boldly outlined than those which are to-day heralding social and economic changes which are so fundamental and far-reaching in character as to amount to a transition from one order or stage of progress to another, demanded to meet the exigencies caused by the outgrowing of conditions.

At the outset it is important to recognize a fact no less obvious in the history of government than in the march of man from ignorance and primitive conditions of life to enlightenment and the complexities of modern civilization. The constantly changing conditions of a growing society require new adjustments in national life in order to conserve the best interests of all the people,—to foster progress and to bulwark liberty. What were ample provisions for the simple nomadic life of our remote ancestors would be altogether insufficient to meet the demands of modern civilization. Many laws and measures

which were not only applicable but wise and humane under the feudal rule of the Middle Ages, would to-day be wholly out of place, even when not oppressive. So also provisions for public good which were wise and in many cases necessary a century ago, when a vast empire of virgin forest and prairie land opened before our fathers, are inadequate to meet present imperative demands, which were not present when the earth had not yet been transformed by steel, steam, and electricity, nor society become the slave of corporate power based on special privileges.

The true function of government is to foster justice, freedom, and fraternity; to make it as easy as possible to do right and correspondingly difficult to do wrong; to promote the happiness, intelligence, and prosperity of all the citizens. But it is not a legitimate function of government to show favoritism by granting special privileges to a few, through which they are enabled to acquire vast sums of unearned wealth, while becoming masters of their fellow men, oppressors of the people, and promoters of vicious laws by which corporate power is further strengthened at the expense of the prosperity of the masses and the rights of the weak. When this condition prevails in government, we have despotism eating into the heart of national life. It matters not what label a government which thus fosters injustice may bear; it no longer meets the double demand of a true republic—*free conditions and free men*. People are often deceived by mistaking the name or symbol for the reality; and history is full of examples illustrating the amazing phenomenon of tyranny successfully masquerading under the robe and mask of liberty. It is a fact that cannot be impressed too frequently upon the public mind that despotism is not confined to governments ruled by kings, emperors, or dictators. Indeed, the most hopeless phase of tyranny which the melancholy annals of the ages afford is found where republics have been stealthily and subtly overthrown by an interested few, a class, an oligarchy, or a coterie which, while preserving the shell and the name of a republic, strangled liberty and seated oppression on the throne of freedom. History is very eloquent in its lessons touching this fact.

The struggles of the Romans to maintain a republican government after the overthrow of the Tarquins, though at first menaced by the threat of the reëstablishment of kingly power, did not pass into eclipse until the silent but determined aggression of the patricians reached a point where they dared to overthrow and crush the Gracchi.

Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, the mistress of the Mediterranean, was once a republic, but it gradually fell into the power of an hereditary aristocracy whose sway narrowed down to a Council of Ten and later to the Doge and three inquisitors of state; yet, as in ancient Rome, her masters shrewdly retained the popular name, and were ever extolling the benefits afforded by the glorious "Republic" of Venice even at the time when the three inquisitors of state were ruling with iron hand. To quote the startling language of Victor Duroy:* "They could, without giving an account of their decisions, pronounce sentences of death and dispose of public funds. These three inquisitors of state had the right of making their own statutes and changing them as they pleased, so that the republic was ignorant of the laws which governed it. Those who spoke ill of the republic were twice warned and then drowned. Every person who exported any commodity useful to the state was stabbed. All judgments and executions were secret. The mouth of the lion of St. Mark's received anonymous denunciations, and the wave which passed under the Bridge of Sighs carried away the corpses." Such is the picture of Venice given by one of the most authoritative historians of our time, after the republic had degenerated into a despotism, while still preserving its ancient title.

In the history of Florence we have another tragic story of the suffocation of liberty. Few people ever fought so passionately or valiantly for freedom as did the citizens of Florence. But though the power of force or the sword of the invader could not destroy the republic, it was finally overthrown by the craft and gold of the Medici family of bankers and traders. This shrewd, daring, and unscrupulous house won over the people by the liberal expenditure of money and profuse professions of interest in the general welfare, while abstaining

* "History of Modern Times," by Victor Duroy.

from any office at the disposal of the state, but carefully arranging matters so that only their tools or those under obligations to them were chosen to important positions. Thus, while seeming to be merely private citizens, they became the absolute masters of the so-called republic. Of the condition of Florence under Lorenzo de' Medici, Professor Vallari, of the Royal Institute of Florence, says:* "Florence was still called a republic; the old institutions were still preserved, if only in name; Lorenzo was absolute lord of all and virtually a tyrant. His immorality was scandalous; and the more oppressive his government, the more did he seek to incite the public to festivities and lull it to slumber by sensual enjoyments. He kept an army of spies, and meddled with the citizens' most private affairs."

These cases from authentic history emphasize the fact that the most dangerous and hopeless form of despotism frequently flourishes under the name of republic. It matters not whether a people be ruled by an emperor, a king, an hereditary aristocracy, or by a man or a family who rule without occupying any office, or by an oligarchy, or by many corporations banded together for a common end and whose iron grip is concealed from view, while their voices are heard chiefly in the private cabinets of politicians, legislators, and office-holders. In each and every such case, whatever else the government may be, it is not a republic in any true sense. The form or shell signifies little. The soul which animates its institution means much.

The Medici family were quite content that the people should boast of the possession of a republic so long as their own rule was absolute and supreme. The Council of Ten and later the three inquisitors of state in Venice never wearied in ringing changes on the charmed word republic, when describing the despotism which flourished under the mask of liberty; and as words once dear to the people and sacred by virtue of the glorious ideals and splendid realities they symbolized have a soothing effect, prudent despots, when not certain of their ground, have been accustomed to appropriate these magic words, much as they fulsomely indulge in protes-

* Article on the Medici family, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition, by Professor P. Vallari, Royal Institute of Florence.

tations of love for the people, while under the mask of these fine phrases they plot the subversion of justice and the assassination of liberty. Nor is this all. Even while thus engaged, they seek to divert attention from themselves by charging freedom's "ragged regiment" with being the enemies of justice, law, and order, thus following the example of the man who a few years ago entered a large bank in an Eastern city, seized a large roll of bills, and, running into the crowded street, began vociferously shouting, "Stop thief! stop thief!"

Words count for little; the reality is everything; and one of the most important lessons which the people of to-day have to learn from history and experience is the necessity of not mistaking the word for the fact. What does it profit us if the newspapers day after day weary us with monotonous assertions that prosperity has arrived, when prices for all those products now controlled by trusts rise above cost of production only when some staple crop fails in another part of the world, or when there are temporary advances caused by war or the machinations of stock-gamblers? Or what satisfaction is there in the assertion of politicians that the condition of our wage-workers is better than ever, when wages are being lowered, factories and mines are being closed, and in all branches of trade the numbers of laborers are being lessened, while women are taking the places of men, children those of women, and the heathen Chinese are supplanting the children?

It is idle to talk of prosperity when it is a fact perfectly well known to everyone competent to discuss these matters, that under the actual operation of present conditions the situation of the breadwinners is becoming more and more precarious; that the outlook, instead of brightening, is darkening with the passing years; while the gamblers of Wall Street, the bankers, the moneylending class, and the promoters of trusts and monopolies are becoming fabulously rich. The millions of toilers who are so largely the creators of the nation's wealth are not only not receiving what they earn, but are yearly becoming more and more dependent upon the non-producing classes. Under present conditions the average farmer is doing well if with tireless slavery which calls for labor from early dawn far into night he is able to make ends meet. It is impossible for

a vast majority of our agricultural population to save anything to support them when age steals upon them. With the day-laborer the condition is little better, even under favorable conditions and when he receives steady employment. The slums of our great cities—those Dead Seas of modern civilization—are year by year enlarging their borders in every great centre of life in this republic. One person in every ten who to-day dies in the opulent city of New York is buried in Potter's Field; and the great army out of work is swelling with appalling rapidity, thousands becoming tens of thousands, and the tens of thousands of a few years ago becoming hundreds of thousands to-day. The circumstance that at the present moment war has given temporary employment to large numbers does not alter the fixed conditions under the present order in any pronounced way. It may for a short time avert the downward pressure and relieve the terrible stagnation, but this result must of necessity be temporary in character. And what will the philosopher of a happier age say of a social condition which finds relief and betterment for the lot of hundreds of thousands through the horrors of war, with its attendant destruction of property and waste of human life.

The appalling social conditions of our day are largely the legitimate result of an unjust and monstrous economic order, in which we find too often that law and government are arrayed on the side of the few against the millions; in which not unfrequently those who have secured special privileges have become dictators in the halls of government. Far different were the conditions in earlier times, as may readily be seen by a backward glance.

A century ago men lived in another world. Then our people had before them boundless opportunities, while the free competition which marked that period was characterized by little or none of the savage spirit that has made the commercial history of the past forty years so tragic in spirit and in fact. The possibilities which opened before all our people were great; nor were they illusive. We had no very rich, and, as Lafayette observed when he visited our country, there were no very poor. A wise and conscientious statesmanship was reinforced by an intelligent and alert electorate very jealous

of its rights and liberties. The nation went forward with leaps and bounds; a sturdy independent spirit characterized the republic; it became the day star for the oppressed of all lands, and in a real way bade fair to be the leader of the world's best thought in political and economic affairs; while for humanity it was as a summer day, for hope sat smiling in the heart, and joy gladdened the firesides of the people. The poor became well-to-do, and the well-to-do became comfortable. Labor was rewarded with its earnings; nor were there any greedy monopolies or corporations standing ready to rob the producer of all he made save a miserable pittance barely sufficient for his sustenance. The people were still awake, and the blight had not yet fallen on the land. True, there were periods of cloud and shadow, short times of depression—April showers, which made the succeeding sunshine all the brighter; but the general effect was that of light and sunshine, as during the present generation the general effect has been that of increasing gloom. Then all the free people or a vast majority were climbing upward, as during the past quarter of a century the vast majority have found themselves being pressed downward; or, as Sidney Lanier puts it,

"Wedge'd by the pressing of trade's hand
Against an inward opening door,
That pressure tightens evermore."

The wonderful march of material progress was greatly accelerated by inventions, but the revolutionary change wrought through this new factor was not felt in an unfavorable manner. Indeed, to all classes invention seemed a universal blessing, as under just conditions it would still be. But the old order was to pass away. Internal strife culminated in the Civil War; and then entered into political life elements which are ever dangerous if not fatal to free institutions. With the war came the era of giant combinations of capitalists united for the purpose of reaping rich harvests from the nation's wealth. For such men the time was in every way propitious. The nation was distracted. The thoughts of men, women, and children were centred on the battlefields and the issues of the awful strife. Statesmen were too much engrossed with the immediate struggle to scan carefully the

countless measures advanced or acts proposed to meet emergencies. At this fateful period arose in formidable proportions the corporations—bodies without souls, organized appetites without conscience or even moral consciousness. These creatures of law had existed before the war; they were, however, for the most part timid, weak, and inoffensive. But now they began to exert a commanding influence; and they were destined to grow in power and to multiply in numbers until they became practically the masters of the government, which had neglected to properly hedge in their own creations with such restrictions that the people could not become enslaved by combinations backed with all the power gold could call forth.

The corporations, as we find them to-day, suggest the harpies of ancient mythology, those hideous creatures without souls, but with insatiable appetites, who seized and carried off all the food as fast as those who happened in the neighborhood could prepare it. It will be remembered how Æneas, during his wanderings, landed at a certain place, and, being hungry, his men killed oxen and prepared them for eating, when suddenly the harpies appeared and began snatching the food. The Trojans drew their swords and attempted to slay them, but it soon appeared that their feathers were like coats of mail, and the sword-strokes of the assailants glanced off harmlessly. The corporations are the modern harpies of commercial life; they seize the food earned by the millions, but when attacked it is found that they are protected by special legislation, while their unjust and presumptuous claims are supported by the ablest lawyers in the land, who are paid princely sums for prostituting their heaven-given talents in the service of injustice, oppression, and robbery.

The corporations, as I have said, became formidable during the war; they became prosperous when our nation was wrapped in mourning for its dead. Of the treasure so bountifully poured forth to preserve the Union and give a broader meaning to the word freedom, the commercial harpies absorbed a generous proportion. They also so entrenched themselves in the government as to insure success for their future plans, unless the nation should suddenly awaken to the new

peril. Moreover, conditions favored them, for with the end of the war came a period of unprecedented national prosperity. The greenback supplied the people with an ample amount of the medium of exchange; and, with money plentiful, all departments of productive energy were called into action. The moneylender was sad, it is true, but homes sprang up by magic over the Western plains; faith and hope nerved the hand of the young man, and love followed him as he made the desert blossom as the rose. Money was plentiful, prosperity was with the people.

Unfortunately, however, the people were no longer alert; indeed they were asleep, and the harpies worked on unheeded. There were the railroad harpies; and the *Crédit Mobilier* exposure of a later day throws a strong side-light on the corruption which even thus early marked the pathway of these plunderers. There were the telegraph harpies and the bank harpies. This last body, reinforced as it was by the gamblers of Wall Street and the interested capitalists of England, proved the most formidable enemy to the happiness and prosperity of the people; though it must be remembered that the banks were but one of the brood of corporations which collectively have enslaved the people and made the reign of the trusts and the money-changers a terrible fact, whose oppression has filled the nation with hunger, gloom, and growing discontent. At the demand of the money-changer the greenbacks were destroyed, and through the secret and corrupt efforts of the same person silver was surreptitiously demonetized before the people realized the crime that had been perpetrated.

Leaving the corporations for a moment, let us glance at the part which inventions, especially labor-saving devices, have played in the great industrial and social revolution which has brought us face to face with a new world and with conditions which call for new social and economic adjustments. The present is, beyond all other epochs, the golden age of invention. Go back in imagination to the not very remote period when the farmer's implements for harvesting and thrashing his grain were the sickle, the scythe, the cradle, the rake, and the flail, and from the comparatively modern instruments of

our fathers let us turn to the reaper, binder, thrasher, and to that still more wonderful new invention now being extensively introduced into the great wheat-fields of the West, the combined reaper and thrasher, by means of which vast areas of ripe grain are covered in a single day by a single machine, the wheat being cut, thrashed, and sacked ready for market. These and other equally wonderful creations of man for the use of the farmer have dispensed with the services of millions of toilers in agricultural life.

In the home changes are to be seen which are quite as startling and quite as potential in their influence for happiness and comfort or misery and suffering for the world of workers. One instance will illustrate this fact. When the century was young every stitch had to be taken by hand. A few years ago, however, the sewing machine worked a revolution in woman's labor, which under certain conditions would have been an unmixed blessing; yet, like other labor-saving machines, it is to-day making work more and more difficult to obtain by those who must labor or starve, and is thus cheapening human life. The sewing machine is but one of scores of inventions which have contributed materially to change conditions in domestic life.

The same phenomenon is apparent in everyday business affairs. The old carefully written letters which consumed so much time to prepare and often quite as much to peruse are now curiosities of the past. To-day the stenographer takes down the dictations of the business man, and the typewriter reduces them to fair pages as legible as print; while two persons in half a day are able to do what under the old method would have required many days to perform.

The change in regard to unskilled labor is quite as marked. Here are some typical illustrations. A recently patented mechanical device can paste labels on tin cans at the rate of 10,000 an hour. Fruit jars are now being blown by machinery, and thousands of workmen are thereby displaced. A new invention has been perfected by which, it is said, bricks can be expeditiously laid by electricity at a saving of 700 per cent. Steam-shovels are taking the place of workmen in excavating the earth and handling ore; and, wonderful as it may

seem, powerful magnets are now used in lifting tons of red-hot steel.* Sheep are being sheared by electricity at a great saving in cost, as one machine does the work of several men.† Dogs, goats, and sheep are utilized by dairymen by means of a new invention for separating cream from milk. A new scrubbing machine is being extensively introduced in great office buildings, thus displacing a small army of scrub-women. These are a few typical illustrations of recent inventions by which armies of unskilled workmen are being displaced by machines.

It matters not in which direction we turn our eyes, revolution is everywhere. The good old days of our fathers have vanished forever; the cheerful hum of the spinning wheel and the spindle has been drowned by the roar of ten thousand shuttles answering to the magic call of steam. A few years ago the shoemaker was a familiar personage in every village; to-day he is but a reminiscence. The printing-office affords another striking illustration of the displacement of the man by the machine. Up to a very recent date typesetting was done by hand; to-day our great dailies and much of our book-work is the product of the typesetting machine, which has thus supplanted tens of thousands of workmen. Some idea of what this meant to laborers may be gained from the fact that when the daily papers of one of our great cities introduced the typesetting machines, between 1,500 and 2,000 persons lost their positions within two weeks.

Invention is also combining many kinds of employments which have hitherto been separated, thus making it possible to reduce greatly the number of employees. The recently in-

*"At the plate mill of the Illinois Steel Company may be seen any hour one of the marvels of practical scientific achievement, namely, a magnet that will lift five tons of red-hot steel; and not only that, but a magnet that will pick up half a dozen huge steel plates and drop them, one at a time, with perfect regularity, quickly and quietly. One of the company's magnets is especially designed for handling the hot plates and ingots of steel, no difficulty whatever being found in handling a 6,000 or 8,000 pound ingot at a low red heat. As a labor-saving apparatus these huge magnets are declared to be beyond comparison, working quickly and silently, and saving an immense amount of time; in fact, the limit of their speed of action has never yet been discovered, because it has never been considered wise to test their fullest capacity, the ordinary, everyday rate of speed being found sufficient to fulfil all requirements. But previous to the introduction of the magnet the work which it accomplishes required a far greater expenditure of time and more men and machinery; nor was the work ever done so efficiently."—Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

† Last season more than twenty of these machines were successfully operated at Great Falls, Mont.

vented typewriter telegraph writes out a message at the receiving office, and it is reproduced at its destination as written. The speed is said to be three times as great as by the Morse method.

But nowhere has invention made such astounding strides or attained such dazzling success as in the larger life of the people, and in business and commercial affairs in their broader aspects. Here we find that the cart, the covered wagon, and the canal boat are giving place to the steam-car and the steam-boat, while the buggy is being superseded by the bicycle and the motor carriage. It took our fathers five to six weeks to reach the great cities of the old world, whereas now, by the aid of our palatial ocean steamers, but little more than a week is required to reach London, Paris, or Berlin; and the steam-car enables us to cross our own great continent in less than a week. Even steam, however, bids fair to yield in a great degree to a still more subtle agent, the greatest wonder of our age—electricity. This is rapidly gaining favor as a motive power, having practically superseded other modes of transportation for local passenger travel in our cities. It is also at once lighting the world and enlightening it. We send messages across the continent and hear from our friends while yet we wait; we girdle the globe with the speed of lightning, and know from day to day what men are doing and saying in remote parts of the globe. Then by means of the telephone we speak to our friends and hear the familiar voice, though removed hundreds of miles. But by the use of these instruments thousands of travelling salesmen are now rendered superfluous.

It remains to point out the significant fact that, while some devices have increased the demand for labor, the vast majority of inventions have been labor-saving and are thus year by year excluding from factory, field, and shop hundreds of thousands of willing workers, in effect so operating as to make these potential agencies for happiness instruments which immensely aggravate the sufferings of the toilers. Of course the fault lies not with the inventions which are reducing the world's necessary work to the minimum, for under just and wise conditions these would render radiant the sombre life of earth's

millions, giving to all the people a measure of joy and noble content never known before.

Corporate power and the achievements of inventive genius constitute the two leading factors in the stupendous economic revolution of our century, although here, as might naturally be expected in a transition period, other influencing agencies have entered into the woof and web of events. One of these factors calls for notice, namely immigration; though here again, had it not been for the stimulus born of corporate greed, it is not probable that this problem would have risen to serious proportions or in any sense have become a threat to the intelligent breadwinners of America, who are to-day vainly seeking employment.

The great steamship companies early found that vast sums could be realized by crowding the steerage with the poor from over the Atlantic, therefore the most poverty-stricken and wretched countries of Europe were flooded with alluring descriptions of America, accompanied by seductive pictures of a land of untold wealth. A veritable Eldorado was represented awaiting the poor man on his arrival. Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Italy, and indeed all centres where poverty, ignorance, and wretchedness abounded were literally flooded with these tempting descriptions of America. And the steamship companies were not alone. Railroad corporations and later the great mine operators and many manufacturers, especially those engaged in iron-works, aided the scheme so industriously promoted by the steamship companies. Through these artificial methods our nation has long been made a veritable dumping-ground for the most ignorant and in many cases the most degraded classes of Europe,—people who through many generations have been ground down to such hard conditions that life meant little more than existence, without proper food or decent clothes, time to think or the possibility of education. And these hordes of illiterates have been brought into this land to work at what to Americans meant starvation wages. So great at last became the menace from this influx of ignorance and degradation, that alien contract laws were passed to act as a restriction to the abuses from which we were suffering through the cupidity of capitalists.

But whoever has witnessed the ease with which corporate power entrenched behind great wealth circumvents when it does not defy laws passed in the interests of the people, can easily imagine that these restrictions have been but partially successful. In some seemingly unaccountable way even the heathen Chinese contrive to appear in our midst. Immigration, therefore, so far as it has been a dangerous and abnormally injurious influence, has been due chiefly to corporate greed, and therefore might be included under this head, were it not that the mouthpieces of the corporations seek to divert attention from such abuses by endeavoring to make it appear that the evil is a *major* cause of the widespread misery of the industrial classes.

The fact is, *the competitive system is irretrievably doomed*. Its day is far spent; its night is rapidly setting over the civilized world, and nowhere is the darkness more noticeable than in this country. It matters not whether we believe in competition, or whether we believe that competition is savage, brutal, and wasteful, the fact remains that competition has in recent years been giving way before the irresistible influence of the combination and centralization of power and business, much as feudalism yielded to centralized government in the morning of modern times. Competition has had its day, and the age of coöperation has been ushered in.

But here again we are confronted by another fact of vital importance to every man, woman, and child. There are two kinds of coöperation, the one the child of despotism, the other the latest born offspring of justice and progress. One springs from the genius of tyranny and oppression in government, whether it be monarchy, hereditary aristocracy, oligarchy, or class government calling itself republicanism. The other derives its life from all, including justice, as it receives its inspiration from freedom. One worships toward the past, and draws its weapons of warfare as well as its spirit from oppression; the other faces the sun-kissed future with a soul overflowing with love and a mind luminous with a wisdom that is the most perfect flower of earth and heaven. One is ruled by selfish interests; and for gold, power, or the gratification of passion, appetite, and desire recklessly disregards the rights

and interests of the masses. The other demands *equal and exact justice for all, and is as deeply concerned in the welfare of one citizen as in that of another.* The one kind of coöperation is thus characterized by Victor Hugo: "The whole of one side of actual society to-day is tyrant, and all the other side is slave." This is the selfish coöperation of the few for the exploitation of the many, a limited coöperation based on special privileges, in which groups of individuals are pitted against the interest, the happiness, and indeed the very life of the industrial millions. This is the coöperation represented by the trusts, the monopolies, and the organized money power of to-day; and the most tragic phase of the present is that this corporate power has become so great that it is now reenacting the history of other despotic ages.

The monopolization of those things which have been aptly described as the arteries and veins of any business and commercial life, by corporations that systematically and shamefully plunder the producers and consumers in order to provide enormous salaries for favored officials and to secure vast sums to be used to pay dividends on watered stock, is one of the startling facts which illustrate the actual working of the kind of coöperation which prevails at present, and which is essentially oppressive and immoral. Moreover, the baleful example set by the giant corporations operating quasi-public works is being extensively imitated by the trusts and syndicates which have flourished under the fostering influences of the last two administrations, until we find small groups of men in possession of vast aggregations of property representing the controlling interests in the various staples of life, and forcing the people to pay arbitrary prices for necessities. Many of the trusts are capitalized for many times the actual capital invested, yet the public is taxed not only for the running expenses, including enormous salaries to favored officials and a fair interest or dividend on actual capital invested, but also for enough to permit dividends on the fictitious capital, or "water," in the stocks.

The ultimate result of this kind of coöperation must necessarily be vast wealth in the hands of the few, with the enormous influence that such concentration of wealth makes

possible and a corresponding measure of misery and want suffered by the masses who are defrauded of a just proportion of their earnings. In a word, the result must be *the double slavery of government and people by the corporations.*

The other kind of coöperation is the opposite of this, and it is not surprising that it is engaging the attention of earth's noblest sons and of the most far-sighted statesmen of our age. Unlike the coöperation which benefits the few at the expense of the many, it blesses all alike, and makes for justice, freedom, and progress.

The demand for wise and equitable coöperation constitutes the programme of progress. It is the demand of the new age to meet the exigencies of the present civilization, and to enable the earth to produce a nobler manhood and a happier and better humanity.

"OUR WAR VETERAN."

I. THE MUCH-ABUSED WAR PENSIONER.

BY A. O. GENUNG.

I AM pained to see the pages of a noble magazine defaced with an attempt at wit at the expense of the remaining soldiers of the Civil War like that in your June issue, entitled "Our War Veteran." I also happen to be a "war veteran" and a pensioner from impaired hearing, and am in a position, I think, to offer a word by way of authoritative protest in defence of a greatly misjudged class.

It will be admitted, possibly even by our author, that the Union soldier, bad as he now is, was of some benefit to this nation at a critical time, and now at this late day, even if he may not be understood under all circumstances, he should not be ruthlessly made a target of for the lampoons of a thoughtless later generation.

At the very worst we pensioners are only the product of a system which at the time when it was adopted was thought to be the best available to secure justice and immunity from suffering for the injured soldier. To question the honor of the individual pensioner through buffoonery or otherwise is only to question the integrity of the government itself. And now, a generation after the historic events which supplied the occasion for the present pension system, judicious or injudicious, to treat with levity those who even yet constitute a small army of sufferers, is to display a feeling of ingratitude to both the soldier and the nation.

To make things clear to the reader who may not have read "Our War Veteran," I will explain that it was an effort to show in a humorous way that the pensioner, presumably as a rule, and especially if he be a pension beneficiary for partial deafness, is commonly a fraud, and is not entitled to his quarterly stipend. Our essayist begins her effort at jocosity by asserting that her war veteran "had been seriously affected

by deafness only of late years; hence the pension;" that "His deafness was not confined to different days, hours, or minutes. Periods of complete deafness were so closely followed by other periods of hearing better than most, that I began to look upon our war veteran as something of a curiosity." And then: "But it was when the news came of the blowing up of the Maine that our war veteran showed, for a while, to the greatest advantage. He glowed with enthusiasm, like an old war-horse that sniffs the smoke of the battlefield from afar off. He beamed and bristled and bragged, instantly overflowing with ardor and reminiscences," and other witticisms of equally as high (and coarse) an order.

We fear, however, that we shall never be able to appreciate adequately all the jocose situations in "Our War Veteran." The episode, for example, of the sick pensioner, his eye glazing with the near approach of death, where he says: "You can't fool me; I heard Sally tell you to tell me that," when Sally had whispered in his poor dying ear (the good one, presumably) that the war with Spain was over, is hilariously funny!

But, although we are willing to estimate at its true valuation the overwhelming humor of the effort in review, a fear haunts us that it is hardly a legitimate subject for mirth-making. The question constantly harasses us: Is it not possible that, after all, the writer has chosen for her poisoned arrows of ridicule a subject just a trifle too sacred for a Dewey effort at drollery and fun?

It is wholly impossible for those who have never felt the partial loss of hearing to adequately understand what that loss means. One learns, especially if he be of a sensitive nature, to go through life practically alone, semi-oblivious to those sounds in nature which most attract us to others. He soon discovers that it is useless to try to hear or take part in conversations on the street where more than one besides himself participate, or in any exchange of opinions in public places, for he is sure to lose the gist of the discourse and appear at a disadvantage. The auditory nerves are of such a character that position alone and not the force of air concussion enables him to hear or condemns him not to hear, as the

case may be. Consequently he devotes his attention solely to isolated individuals or to his family, and rapidly earns the recognition of being morose, uncommunicative, and destitute of social qualities; or, worse yet, like the character depicted in "Our War Veteran," actually dishonest. And this ignorant and uncharitable estimate serves, not to restore him to his fellows, but to intensify and embitter what might otherwise have been a sunny social nature.

Some years ago a distinguished New York lawyer—an influential man of affairs and a society leader—had the misfortune to partially lose his hearing. He was an ambitious, high-strung, sensitive man, and the misery of his condition, for the very reasons we have tried to point out, so rasped on his highly wrought nature that he gradually but permanently disappeared from among men. It was afterward discovered that, being a man of literary tastes, he had retired to the seclusion of his library and there remained, known only to his family to his dying day. Had he been a coarse-fibred person and devoid of the sensibilities of a man of genius he would have been content to remain at the front, sure of being misunderstood and unappreciated. In this case, especially had he been a pensioner, he would have made a shining mark to stop the shafts of wit and sarcasm sure to be aimed at him by the thoughtless, like Zoe Anderson Norris, who contributes to a periodical of wide circulation among fair-minded people what was doubtless erroneously intended to be a display of humorous literary art. For I prefer to believe that the communication was the product of mistaken judgment rather than that of malice.

And the injustice of being misrepresented is, of course, not limited to those pensioners who have sustained injury from loss of hearing. It is a hardship peculiarly common to those who suffer from impaired eyesight and from brain troubles. I have in mind one of General Grant's most trusted artillery sergeants at Vicksburg—so expert a gunner that when Grant was called to command the Army of the Potomac this soldier was specially selected to accompany him to the East. Owing to an injury to the brain received in line of duty this man has been a semi-invalid since the war, passing much of his time

in a hospital for the insane. And, to make matters worse, being incapacitated from establishing his claim, he was never pensioned at all until recently, when his name was placed on the government rolls under the dependent act. One would think that here surely is an instance where the "war veteran" may be spared malicious attack at the hands of the soldier-hating element; but not so. He has been relentlessly pursued along with the rest during his declining years for sharing in the nation's bounty.

Another case in point is that of a soldier who enlisted in Logan's gallant command at the age of nineteen, and who after having served well-nigh through the war was stricken with that dread epidemic, smallpox, which left him in a large measure sightless for life. He is fairly well educated, possesses an uncommonly bright mind, and belongs to a prominent business family. Think of this young ex-volunteer, condemned to struggle through a lifetime in a condition like this, handicapped from competing with others in the fierce warfare for social and material standing, and exiled forever from the blessed privileges of the printed page! Yet it is charged, first, that this man was well-nigh blind at the time of enlistment; second, that loss of sight was brought on by excesses since the close of the war; and, third, that he is not blind at all, but has in some way succeeded in deceiving or bribing the board of examining physicians. Certainly *all* of these accusations cannot in the nature of things be justifiable.

Those deep-rooted sorrows in the human breast that spring from being misjudged, misunderstood, or deliberately slandered can never be guessed by those who do not suffer from their infliction. Nevertheless, from the prejudices of the ignorant or the calumny of the thankless and vicious there is apparently no escape, except it be in the hospitality of the grave.

The pension system, it is true, contains error. It would be miraculous if legislation providing for the maimed survivors of so great a struggle as the Civil War did not. But it is wrong to hold the individual soldier accountable for the deliberative acts of this great and responsible American nation.

A composition, however, like "Our War Veteran" is calcu-

lated, even when not so intended, to cast opprobrium on the average American ex-soldier. He is made to feel that he and he alone is responsible, in some mysterious way, for the serious strain on the government which the pension laws necessitate; while the facts are, of course, that he had absolutely no hand in shaping the original acts of Congress.

There is something peculiarly distressing and difficult to understand about the quasi-persecution so long drawn out against this particular character in American life, more vindictive and more unrelenting during these later years of history. Must his few remaining days continue to be embittered by the rankling injustice? For even if these adverse criticisms are aimed especially against some undeserved beneficiary, every member of the ex-Union army feels the impact of the attack.

The Civil-War pensioner as we know him is simply a product of earlier political conditions, and should be so considered in any well-balanced estimate of his character. Added to this the pension disbursements, large as they are, are but a mere bagatelle compared with the millions that have been absorbed by the scheming rich from the common stock of wealth, and without having made any return to the nation whatever. If anyone doubts this let him lose no time in reading Ridpath's "The Bond and the Dollar," and be convinced.

But the drama of the Civil War, so far as the pensioner is concerned, is nearly at an end. A few more years and he will "lie down to pleasant dreams," unmindful of the blame, just or otherwise, that is heaped upon him. Ah, Zoe Anderson Norris, and all the rest of the traducers of the maimed soldiers of a generation fast disappearing, have a little patience. To slightly paraphrase your language in *THE ARENA*: Some beautiful spring morning not far distant we shall each of us take to our beds, and all your efforts to rally us will prove ineffectual. We shall slowly and gradually sink, failing day by day, literally fading away from your sight into that other world where wars and rumors of wars (and unmerited misrepresentation also) are, it is to be hoped, unknown.

CAMPBELL HILL, ILL.

II. ALLEGED PENSION FRAUDS.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

I LISTENED with much interest to the reading of an article headed "Our War Veteran," in JUNE ARENA, hoping to hear some suggestion for the correction of existing abuses of the pension system, but I must own that I do not comprehend the object of the writing, unless it be classed as fiction, in which the writer expresses contempt for the infirmity of deafness in particular and of pensioned ex-soldiers in general. Fiction should bear evidence of probability, but there are discrepancies in the article, revealing the fact that the author is ignorant of the laws under which a pension is obtained through the regular course of the Pension Department. No argument is presented against an authentic case, but by means of a hypothetical one an attempt is made to create or increase an unjust sentiment.

I congratulate myself that I do not live in the immediate neighborhood of so merciless a critic, lest I be subject to a repetition of tests required to prove that I am totally blind. I have fallen, been severely hurt, and my clothing nearly ruined by baby carriages, wheelbarrows, and other obstructions purposely placed in my path. And once a doubting citizen stood directly before me until I ran against him with full force—just to learn if I was not "pretending, so as to get a big pension." For, be it known, I too served my country.

When I enlisted "for three years or during the war" I was an exceptionally healthy, strong young man of nineteen years, coming from a family of Scotch-Irish farmers well known for strength, ability, and good habits. Over two hundred of my father's descendants are now living, not one of whom has defective vision or is obliged to wear spectacles while under fifty-five years of age. Nor have I had any illness since childhood other than a prolonged fever with delirium following a stormy winter night of exposure on guard duty while convalescent from a recent attack of mumps. Although to no other cause can my disabilities be traced, this great and glorious republic, by the edict of the Commissioner of Pensions, refuses to grant me more than \$17 per month for the

original cause, a sum which barely supplies the actual necessities of life for myself and wife (who can earn nothing by outside labor because of the attention I require) and the keeping of our little home.

I did not intend to mention my personal affairs, and begging pardon for the digression—which was given that it might be known how some worthy cases are neglected or rejected—I will return to the consideration of “our war veteran.”

Quoting: “He has been seriously affected by deafness only of late years, hence the pension;” and the question is asked, “Could the mighty thunder of cannon at so remote a date affect the tympanum after thirty years?” That depends upon the medical decision of various examining boards before whom the claimant must appear, and finally upon the wisdom of the Board of Review at the Pension Department. Frequently a special examiner is given charge of a case, when all evidence is reviewed, new obtained, and neighbors familiar with the everyday life of the claimant are called upon for such testimony as prejudiced persons enjoy giving. If the pension was granted on an original claim for deafness, thirty years after the incurrence of the disability, then continuous treatment for the same, or its causes, during all the intervening years must be furnished to the Pension Department.

Following the various tests of “our war veteran’s” deafness I am convinced that the writer was “sidetracked in her investigations,” and knows nothing of the actual ailment with which he was afflicted, for which he received a pension. Is the author of “Our War Veteran” ready to give on demand upon all occasions an exact report concerning her physical condition? Not all are willing to attract attention by screaming out all their private affairs, as the writer admits she did, on the street. There are rough aged men whose modesty forbids an exposé of actual conditions, and it is quite possible that “deafness” was the convenient name given a disability existing at the opposite portion of his anatomy. Chronic diarrhoea, caused by poor and insufficient food and foul water, was a common affliction among soldiers of the Rebellion; and many are afflicted with resulting piles and rectal ulceration,

making life a misery, which to the inexperienced is not indicated by the countenance.

"The next day he died, and his pension went to his widow, who has willed it to her oldest son," etc. Here the writer exhibits an ignorance of the pension laws that is inexcusable. No soldier's pension can be transferred to anyone; neither can the widow will to anyone that which expires with her. A widow is obliged to file a claim, as such, with the Commissioner of Pensions, giving evidence that she is the only lawful wife of the deceased soldier. If she gives satisfactory evidence that her husband died of disabilities incurred in the army service she will, after considerable delay and red tape, receive \$12 per month as a private's widow; but if he did not die of disabilities incurred in the government service and in line of duty, she will receive \$8 per month until she remarries, dies, or is notoriously improper in her conduct. If she be the widow of a commissioned officer, the pension is graded according to the rank of her deceased husband, probably for no other reason than that rank is not considered in the great Hereafter, and the title is left to the widow, who is understood to suffer grief according to the grade of office held by her ex-husband. If the sum is not sufficient to maintain her in the luxury and style of living to which she has been accustomed, then, by special act of Congress, without delay she is given from \$30 to \$50 per month, while the larger number of men who served three long years of hardship, and are now broken in health, receive from \$6 to \$12 per month.

The pension roll never will be open to the public, lest it reveal that to rank and official position is paid probably ten times as much as to the war veteran who bore the hardships of army life, carrying his belongings on the long marches, lying in mud and rain when the day's march was over, all for a sum per month which would not buy one barrel of flour upon his return to the North. No, that was not what he served for, but it was given to him; and in many cases justice awaits him only after the final muster out from life's service.

PERRYSBURG, OHIO.

III. THE MEN WHO FOUGHT THE BATTLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT seems surprising that after the full span of a lifetime there should still be debate about the merits and demerits of the veterans surviving from our Civil War. The only explanation that can be given of the occasional outbreak of the old animosity is that the sons and daughters of the survivors do, now and then, take up the deadly quarrel in which their fathers engaged thirty-five years ago. Feuds of this character are best when buried. They should be buried deep. I notice that some of the mildewed, time-eaten slabs, lying or standing aslant above the graves of the venerated dead in the old cemeteries of Boston, such as that on Copp's Hill, specify that the bones of the slumbering tenant lie *ten feet deep*. It seems to have been a point of honor with the fathers to bury their dead deep down. I have a notion that the dead are not buried at all, but only the bodies of them!

Recently in THE ARENA a little satirical sketch appeared under the title of "Our War Veteran." I take it that the author sought opportunity under her fiction to get even with the Old Boys in Blue for certain severe compliments which they paid to the Old Boys in Gray in that heroic horse-play which they had in the early sixties. Certainly Mrs. Norris has been taken too seriously by some of our friends who used to bivouac and to sing, after coffee in the evening,

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

Several manifestations of displeasure have reached us from representatives of our honored Union ranks. Two of these, Mr. A. O. Genung and Mr. George R. Scott, appear above in this symposium in the character of plaintiffs.

We do not blame them for their sensitiveness. Why should we? They were the defenders of the nation in that awful day when the earth quaked and the heavens were hid in sulphurous smoke. As a boy I remember to have seen old freight trains come in at the stations with box-cars filled with *other bores about six feet long*. The fathers and mothers were there to receive the boxes. Each took his own and put

it into a country wagon, and went silently away to bury it under the apple trees. There to this day—

"Elias takes his rest

In the orchard—in his uniform, and hands across his breast."

That the survivors should be held in honor, that they should be preferred in all civic stations, and be greeted with unabated applause while they live, goes with the saying. If a nation should forget its defenders it would better first forget itself.

Of a certainty, on the other side also there was a like heroism, a like glory, a like despair. The fact is that the outcome of the Civil War in the United States has borne like the hand of death upon the vanquished. What the proud old Southern planters and their descendants have suffered let no man presume to say. The cup of that woe has been full to the brim. And now, my friends, whether Union soldier or Confederate, whether surviving veteran of the Union army or daughter of some desolated homestead in the South, let it pass! Let it go! Let us have no more bickering. I say that on the whole the representatives of the lost cause have shown themselves to be worthy of greater causes that are not lost, and cannot be lost in the tides of time. I say that if there be a scene of inspiration in this world it is to witness a gray-haired veteran of the old Confederacy, with his sword out and his eye aflame with the fire of indignant battle, marching under the stars and stripes. It were not well for any enemy of the Republic to attempt to pull down or defile that flag before his face. That man is our friend and our hero!

As to the war veteran of the Union, he is preëminently our friend and our hero. If he be a pensioner, *let him have his pension*, and let it be paid with no grudging hand and in no cavilling spirit. Certainly there are pensioners who ought not to be pensioners. Certainly there are "veterans" who are not worthy to be adored and cherished by their country; but it is only here and there that the black sheep is conspicuous. Civilization can never work out perfect results. History is not logical, but only true. The state in which we live is not a state of perfection, but a state of approximate results. What we want is to accept these results in a spirit of patriot-

ism and peace. We want justice for all men under the circle of the sun. We want the rich and the poor to share, and share alike, in the benefits of free government and in the blessings which a grateful republic is able to bestow on those who serve her and worship at her shrine.

Musing a while this evening on our great national tragedy and the strange personal facts which it left as its results, I fell into some reflections about the youngest war veteran and the oldest. Will these thoughts interest the reader?

The man-child born in March of 1849 might enlist at the age of sixteen, a month before the end of the Civil War. He is now the junior member of the war veterans of our country. He is in his fiftieth year. He who was born in May of 1816 might enlist at the age of forty-four years and nine months,—three days after the fall of Sumter. That man is the senior of the veteran ranks. He is now in his eighty-third year. The medial line between these extremes is sixty-six, so that the *average* Union or Confederate veteran has now passed the grand climacteric of his life by three years. He who is now sixty-six would, if he enlisted at the beginning of the war, have been twenty-nine years of age. At Appomattox he would have been thirty-three.

In the nature of the case, however, the great majority of our war veterans range below the medial age of sixty-six; that is, the great majority enlisted under the age of twenty-nine. Perhaps the average age of enlistment for all might be placed *halfway* between the medial line and the minimum; that is, at twenty-two and a half. I suppose that approximately one half of all the Union and Confederate veterans were already soldiers when they were twenty-two years and six months of age. The great conflict was fought out by two tremendous armies made up of young men and boys. And these at the close of the century are the honored war veterans whom the Republic remembers as her defenders and her first citizens.

It is interesting to note how far into the past the memory of our veterans—the youngest and the oldest—may reach. The youngest veteran was born the year after the close of the

Mexican War, a year after the discovery of gold in California. He was going on five at the outbreak of the Crimean War. He was in his eighth year at the time of the Sepoy rebellion in India. He may remember the election of Buchanan. He heard his father disputing one day with a neighbor about the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He saw a Forty-niner who had just come back from El Dorado with some nuggets of gold in his pockets. He heard about the filibuster Walker. The first political speech which he remembers was devoted to Utah and the Mormons. When he was going on nine he heard his grandfather one day telling about a great debate between Abe Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. The old man called him *Dooglas*.

Our oldest veteran (because he was a bright boy!) can remember when Big Bonaparte died at St. Helena. He was a lad eight years old when the sixth president was elected. His father was "a Jackson man, sir," but his Uncle James was a Clay man; and the two old brothers used to have it out about the tariff. One time a newspaper came telling of Lafayette's visit to the United States, and the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. A year later another came telling how Jefferson and John Adams, the two Signers, had both died on the fiftieth anniversary of their immortal deed. Our oldest veteran lacked a few months of being old enough to vote for Van Buren in 1836, but he got in his first presidential ballot in 1840, and oddly enough he voted for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

And what of the finale, the last scene of the veteran's drama? The oldest veteran has not much farther to go. If he live to be a nonagenarian he must go away in 1906. But how much may fall out between this and that! He who lives to the year 1906 will see solved by the people of the United States such questions as were never solved before in human history. I trust that our oldest veteran will cast a patriot's vote in 1900! May it not be his fate to hear of a military Cæsar down at Washington ere he takes his departure. If he live to be ninety-five he will hear through his dull old ears the shouts of his great-grandchildren on New Year's morning, 1911. And if he should be a hundred?

"Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year."

As to our youngest veteran, he may yet have a long journey before him. He is not as old as the other by nearly thirty-three years. He may live to see the index on the dial of the twentieth century pointing almost to noon. And what will the world be then? For one thing it will be either Empire or Coöperative Commonwealth; and this man will see either the one or the other. He will see the present unstable equilibrium of society and state slip away. He will see decided the battle between the Man and the Dollar. I trust that the youngest veteran is for the Man. In 1925 he will be seventy-six years old. If he should by any possibility live to be ninety-six he will reach the vernal equinox of 1945.

Far, far is it, my veteran friend! But though you be the junior of all the host the final hour will come to you also; and that funeral of yours will be a scene indeed, for it will be the men of another age who will bear your body to the tomb. And there will not be left under the pavilion of the summer sky a single one of your old comrades of the Union War, whether in blue or gray, in all the world.

THE PUTTING AWAY OF THE McPHERSONS.

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

Author of "Your Little Brother James."

I.

IN an attic room in a wretched street, three children sat hugging a stove between grimy whitewashed walls, on which the dim light of a tallow candle threw awful suggestions of neglected childhood, in the shape of huge, tousled heads and cadaverous, stooping shoulders, vaguely but terribly outlined. At the other end of the room a woman lay in a drunken sleep, with her head on a mattress. A cheap pine table, a couple of chairs, and an old box completed the furniture of the room.

It was bitterly cold, and long past midnight. It was or had been Christmas Eve when these children came in from the joy and tumult of the streets to seek shelter for the night under the maternal roof. Their scanty bed-clothing had been pawned by their mother that afternoon to secure for her the blissful oblivion which had now developed into a deathlike stupor. The children were benumbed with cold and hunger, the candle had sunk to the rim of the candlestick and was a mere ghost of an illumination, and the one thing that seemed the most alive in that room was the old stove, for within its bosom a tiny handful of dying embers gleamed through the cracks of the heavy iron plates, and warmed their rusty surfaces to the temperature of a living human body. The children laid their faces on it and hugged its heavy unresponsive angles. When the palms of their hands became thoroughly warmed they rubbed them slowly over their chests and stomachs. The eldest of the trio, a girl of nine, sat on a broken chair clasping one of the little boys around the waist with a pair of thin arms, while he sprawled face downward on the stove. When opportunity offered, she loosened one hand from the other to lay it lovingly on the stove-lid, rubbing her cheek with it afterwards. It was not

a matter of much concern that the soot of the stove was transferred to the faces of these children until they looked as if ready to take part in a minstrel show.

"Hold me now, sissy," muttered the older lad, a trifle larger than his brother, whom he pushed forcibly out of the girl's arms.

The little fellow who was deposed fell to embracing the stove from the opposite side, but quickly finding a better way, he climbed upon it with a feeble shout of exultation. There he sat, lost in profound reflection; a pretty child, with tangled curls, his deep-set dark-blue eyes looking out from a pallid baby countenance. His chin buried itself in his ragged jacket; his hands sought pockets and found holes, which he had always taken to be pockets, never having known any other variety. His sister eyed him tenderly, and raised a hand to smooth the hair from his forehead. She knew that he was considering the situation in all its bearings, for he was a small philosopher from whose lips sometimes fell words of extraordinary wisdom.

"What's the matter now, Tahm-my?" she questioned deferentially, desiring him to speak.

After a pause he fixed his blue eyes on the blank wall opposite, and in a slow, childish treble addressed an invisible choir:

"Wunst we-uns had a big, big fire in er stove. A long time ago—four—five—six—twenty-five years ago, and sixteen days. An' we burned up all de coal to wunst. An' we never have no more big fire now—never no more!"

"That was when pappy was home," answered his sister, in a very grown-up, matter-of-fact tone; "an' now he's 'way agin. We was good and warm twict las' winter, Tahm-my; you 'member the big hot fire las' winter, when we had hash an' fried 'taters an' oysters, an' agin when we had ginger cakes an' onions an' liver?"

"I don't 'member no oysters, Mah-ty."

"Now me neither," chimed in the other boy.

"Nor ginger cake an' liver, Mah-ty."

"We ain't had 'em never," corroborated his brother, fiercely.

"Ye ain't got mem'ries like ye was big an' old! Little

chillens forgits things; but we had 'em, and ate 'em—wunst, twict."

"Was I 'lowed to set on er stove, Mah-ty, when we-uns had oysters, an' liver, an' ginger cake?"

"'Twould 'a' burnt ye; 'twas a blazin' hot stove—red hot, Tahm-my."

"I don't want no red-hot stove to burn me pants an' legs. I likes to set a-top o' de stove, Mah-ty—like I'se a-settin' now,—an' git warm froo and froo, Mah-ty."

The child looked up radiantly into his sister's face. He had forgotten what being warm was like, but his imagination was satisfied with the desperate expedient of sitting on the top of a stove that had a make-believe fire in its bosom.

"You ain't got no sense, *you* ain't!" cried the older boy, as he slapped the visionary philosopher.

Mattie interfered by dragging the scoffer back to her lap, where he continued to exhibit his displeasure by kicking Tommy's legs.

The younger child, pursuing the policy of non-resistance which was natural to him, relapsed again into his attitude of angelic contemplation. Mattie fixed her fond gaze upon him, and again waited for him to speak. His last observations had not been quite up to the mark, but words of deep import and beautiful baby cunning were doubtless hovering behind his lips, and her faithful heart was always ready to cherish them. Suddenly he raised a warning finger.

"Somefin's comin' outside—it's stopped!"

"A patrol wagon!" shrieked Jimmy, dashing from his sister's arms to the window.

Mattie was about to follow joyfully, but stopped awe-struck by the expression on Tommy's face. He sat staring, with eyes full of terror, his baby forefinger still uplifted.

"The Cru'lty's a-comin' up the stairs—for we-uns. It's a-goin' to put us away, to put us away!" The child's voice rose to a shriek, and Mattie with a scream flung her arms around him.

Jimmy, turning from the window, fled to his sister for safety, burying his face in her lap. The tramp of heavy feet was already on the stairway, the sounds coming nearer. The

children shut their eyes and cowered together. The door was shaken by powerful hands from the outside; in a second the bolt gave way, and two tall men in dark uniform burst into the room. In the agony of that moment instinct blotted out experience, and with one voice the three children screamed piercingly:

"Mammy—mammy—mammy!"

But their God-given protector slept on in profound peace. One of the men examined her carefully and made a note of her condition. The other addressed a remark to the children.

"A good Society's a-goin' to take charge of you and give you good homes and an education. Come along."

His strong hands grasped the arms of the little boys, who found themselves suddenly lifted to their feet with no power to resist. They stopped crying and stared at their sister in stupefaction.

"You come along too, sis," added the officer, in a tone that was not unkind,—“without you want to stay here and freeze to death. Say, do you mean to come along with these here boys or not?"

The girl's back was turned in an attitude of stubborn resistance, but she now sprang quickly to her feet.

"I'm a-goin' wherever Tahm-my an 'Jimmy's a-goin'," she answered shrilly, with a wild glance at her captor.

No further preparation was needed than to seize a ragged hood from a corner and thrust her arms into a woman's jacket many sizes too large for her. The party left the room hastily, one officer saying to the other that he would send immediately for an ambulance to convey the insensible woman to the hospital.

"This here's a nice job for Christmas Eve," grumbled the other.

"It's Christmas morning, my good friend. I was to trim a tree for my young ones to-night, but I ain't seen home since daybreak. Get in there, Bub; now you—there you are, sis! We will try and keep warm until we get to the Society's office. Say, this here's the last time you little kids is a-goin' to have this kind of a Christmas. It's the last time you-uns is to know what it is to be froze and starved and beat and ill-

used. Ain't that jolly? Say, ain't you glad there's good folks in the world willin' to take care o' sich little objects o' misery as you?"

No answer came from the small bundles by his side in the patrol wagon. Wrapped as they were in blankets, with not even their noses visible, speech seemed a futile and far-fetched experiment. The noise of the heavy wheels over the flagstones drowned Mattie's muffled sob. Her long-drawn prophetic sigh came from the depths of a logical little soul that could not see its way from the brutality of parents to the loving-kindness of strangers.

II.

After the children had recovered from the shock of anti-septic baths and clean clothing, Mattie waited in breathless suspense for the next development in the "putting-away" process. Ever since she could remember, this phrase had been sounded in her ears with bewildering variations of meaning. Very often it was used as a threat to awe disobedient children, but more frequently it conveyed the idea of calamity pure and simple, in which the innocent suffered with the guilty, and children were "put away" because their parents could not afford to keep them. Still again it signified a funeral and a big hole in the ground out somewhere in the suburbs.

The horrors of implacable fate, of dreadful retribution, and of icy death were combined in this terrible phrase, and all the children whom Mattie knew shook when they heard it, just as our primitive ancestors trembled when the motives of their gods and demigods became hopelessly mixed, and the innocent were in constant danger of bringing upon themselves the wrath of heaven. When little children disappeared suddenly from the neighborhood in which they lived, it was soon known they had been "put away." In many cases they were never seen again by their playmates; but occasionally they returned, wearing an altered look and a crushed demeanor, as if they had been put through a wringing-out process. They were always reticent in regard to their experiences, but if perseveringly coaxed they managed to convey

the impression that they had endured inexpressible hardships in a strange world. Their reticence was that of the shipwrecked mariner who dislikes to dwell on past sufferings, and it was respected accordingly. An organization known in the slums as the "Cruelty Society" was associated with these disappearances. Its ways of swooping down, vulture-like, upon little children who were known to be innocently happy in gutter games and midnight rambles produced a sense of being long shadowed by a mysterious and awful power, which was closely allied to some of the horrors that were abroad when the Nibelungen Lied was first sung in the halls of the Saxon warriors.

Mattie consequently found it impossible to enjoy the steam-heated rooms, the clean clothing, and the plentiful food which she found provided so liberally by the "Cruelty" Society. In old times giants fattened their captives for evil purposes; and although Mattie knew nothing of giants—never having heard a fairy tale in her life—her apprehensions of the Society's purposes were built on the same principles of distrust that govern the minds of all weak creatures who find themselves in the grasp of a power that has authority without limit and motives beyond comprehension.

She searched the faces of the Agents as they came and went in the building, and listened eagerly to fragments of conversation, in the hope of discovering what fate was in store for her brothers and herself, but much of their talk was impenetrably technical, being a jargon of cases, investigations, records, and commitments, having no relation apparently to anything human. As for the little boys, they ceased almost immediately to speculate on their future or on the mystery of the Society's control over their lives and fortunes.

Within a few hours after their capture they settled down to enjoy the present, and to forget the grim fact of their captivity. But Mattie's presentment of evil could not quiet itself so easily. An indefinable sense that present security was only transient took possession of her. The "Cruelty" was getting ready to wreak its vengeance upon them. It was sharpening its beak and its talons, so to speak. While she was searching the heavens for the flight of birds of ill omen

and listening hourly for the flap of a raven's wing—metaphorically speaking—nothing occurred to give her ground for uneasiness or to dispel her uncomfortable forebodings,—until the blow fell.

She was dusting the office one morning, being permitted to render little services occasionally of a kind that to her mind were perfectly meaningless, although she performed them always with cheerful alacrity. An austere-looking, gold-spectacled gentleman, who sat at a desk, raised his head and, addressing by name another man who sat at the other end of the room, said that the McPherson boys were to go to the Orphans' Home as soon as they could be got ready. The man nodded, and Mattie stared from one to the other with a quaking heart.

Nothing further happened for some minutes, during which she went on dusting and pondering. To have asked either of these dignitaries what was meant by the remark she had overheard would have been equivalent to demanding of a printed almanac what it meant by heralding an eclipse of the sun for the 12th of next February. The officials were not beings with whom a little child could hold speech, and it could scarcely be said that a common language existed between them. She went on dusting, and only her eyes pleaded and questioned while she argued with the fear that was in her heart.

It fluttered and grew still when nothing seemed about to happen. It fluttered again as the man at the desk closed his ledger deliberately and put it away. He then rose from his chair and walked to the door, Mattie's eyes following him. She noticed that he went upstairs, where her brothers were playing on the third floor. After a silence, she heard the footsteps of the man descending, and little feet accompanying his. Into the office came Jimmy and Tommy, with their hats and coats on. Her fear was now clutching her by the throat. Wildly she gazed upon the children, but they appeared to be stupidly unconcerned at this great crisis in their lives.

"We're goin' to ride in er trolley cars," said Jimmy, with a foolish smile.

"I want to go wiv' my buvvers," cried the girl in a loud abrupt voice, addressing nobody in particular.

"Hurry and get off," said the gold-spectacled gentleman softly.

The agent caught both boys by the hand and pushed them hastily outside the door before Mattie could utter a second plea. She flew after them and flung her arms around Tommy, who stood motionless and aggrieved at such behavior.

"I want to go wiv' Jimmy an' Tahm-my—wiv' my buvvers," she sobbed, in piteous accents.

Some one unclasped her hands from little Tommy's neck, and carried her back into the office, where she was placed upon a chair and held forcibly until the outside door was heard to close. Knowing then that she was separated from her brothers forever, the child broke from her habit of self-repression into sobs, yells, and curses of despair. Seldom had the Society's officers witnessed such an exhibition of grief and fury as this nine-year-old girl now presented. Their efforts to quiet her met with no success. She continued to scream the names of her brothers until her voice weakened from exhaustion and she could only repeat them in a husky whisper. They carried her upstairs and laid her on one of the beds in the small dormitory intended for sick children. An hour later they hoped she had cried herself to sleep, but as the Superintendent turned to leave the room, a tremulous moan reached his ear, and he carried it home with him that night in spite of his efforts to shut it from memory: "I want to go wiv' Jim-my an' Tahm-my—I want to go wiv' Jim-my—an'—Tah-m-my!"

III.

Six years later a middle-aged woman, with a hopeless look in her eyes, made her way into the office of the charitable association which rightfully, legally, and in the name of humanity and the tender needs of children, had deprived her of her offspring. She mentioned their names and begged to have them restored to her, claiming that she was now leading a proper life, and had remarried.

"It is impossible," was the reply.

She begged to know where the children were, that she might visit them.

"We could not permit them to be disturbed," answered the officer, urbanely; "it is against the rules, madam."

As the woman passed out weeping, a young, enthusiastic lady manager demanded eagerly, "Why not let the poor thing have them if she has reformed?"

The Superintendent opened a heavy record book and pointed to the last brief entry on the page devoted to the history of the three McPhersons.

"We really don't know what has become of those children," he said in a tone of gentle retrospection. "The family that took the girl to bring up gave her to relatives, who moved away, and we lost track of them. One of the boys was sent from the Home to the House of Refuge, and disappeared after being bound out to a farmer somewhere; the other contracted a contagious disease of the eyes in the Home, and went the rounds of the hospitals. He may be either blind or dead by this time—or in the poorhouse," he added as an afterthought.

"Oh, I see," responded the lady manager, with no loss of enthusiasm. "These poor people are so ignorant, it is impossible to reason with them. How many children did you say we had rescued this year?"

"Sixteen hundred and seventy-seven."

"And in the last ten years?"

"Twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-three," he recited with solemn emphasis.

"If the world could only know what that means!" she sighed.

"If it only could, madam!" echoed the Superintendent, wiping his spectacles feelingly.

But the twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-three children who had been "rescued" said nothing. They know what it means to be "rescued," but they have never told.

THE EDITOR'S EVENING.

CONCERNING THE UNION.

ONE day in the fall of 1878, Wendell Phillips said to the writer: "After all, is it possible to preserve the Union? Will it not sooner or later fall asunder? Is it not inevitable that we shall be broken into many by the conflict of interests?" I said—being young and fired with patriotism from the war-time: "Yes, certainly; the Union stands; we are one and will be one forever. *Esto perpetua!* Nothing can break or rend us."

Time has not, however, finally answered the great orator's question, for in history nothing is final—not even the death of Socrates. I know not how deeply seated was the doubt of Mr. Phillips about the perpetuity of the Union. He may have been using me as a foil—bless his memory!—as if feeling for some significant pulse beating to the rhythm of a possibility that was in his mind. Alaska had been purchased eleven years previously. By that act the central north-and-south meridian of our country had been at one remove transferred from eastern Kansas to San Francisco. We had been conversing about Mr. Seward's purchase and the territorial, social, and political results of it.

In the past twenty years many things have happened, some that have been reassuring. One thing has been fixed in history, and that is the unequivocal stretching of national authority over every foot of American soil. The Civil War brought its logical result. As to the old extreme doctrine of State sovereignty, that has become a reminiscence. There is hardly any longer an American so immersed in the past as to do that doctrine reverence. It belongs already to that museum of sacred relics in which the old biology and the Ptolemaic system of the universe are laid side by side with the Hindu Trimurti and the divine right of kings. There are men who still believe that the earth is flat, that men first appeared on its surface six thousand years ago, and that a State,

without violating the Constitution, may secede from the Union.

But is the American republic safe against the menace of disruption? Are we so unified by the establishment of national sovereignty as to be really what we are ostensibly, one people, with one destiny? Agreeing that the peculiar causes which occasioned the Civil War, and for a quadrennium threatened us with an eternal break-up, have expended themselves and are no longer existent among the living forces of society, are there not others, unfeared and unforeseen by our predecessors, that may gather head and shatter us into fragments?

The *territorial* unity of North America is by no means a settled fact. Our political geography is still at sixes and sevens. In the administration of Harrison some interested patriots became very eager to annex Hawaii, and that has now been accomplished. It also appears that the American Eagle has come home with Cuba and Puerto Rico in his claws. The dividing line between us and Canada is a historical and ethnical absurdity. Such a line is as difficult to find in right reason as it is in geography. On the southwest border there is between us and Mexico a broad, shallow river as big as the Wabash, but by no means as voluminous as the Tennessee. Otherwise, the seas are around us and the sky is overhead.

But, on the whole, there is not much ground for apprehending a disruption on the score of mere territorial enlargement. There should be more alarm on account of the populations that we may acquire with our several added farms. If our Uncle Samuel, of the goat-beard and striped coat, is able to make in his alembic self-governing citizens out of Hawaiians, Cubans, and Mexicans, it is more than any other historical alchemy has been able to effect. As to the Canadian Americans, they are like ourselves—even to the littleness and general absurdity of their politics. They have the same instincts of production and trade, the same English precedents of government, the same manners and usages of social life, and virtually the same derivation of race.

Another thing which is positively favorable to the Union is the splendid development of the means of transportation.

It cannot be doubted that in the last half-century the means of rapid transfer for both property and man have been improved more than commensurately with the outspreading of the national domain. The avenues of life, stretching everywhere, and the circulation of the vital forces are unobstructed. If the body has grown, the veins and arteries and nerves have grown and developed also, to the remotest capillaries of this vast entity called the United States.

The practical problems of governing, of administering, of sending out authority and recovering revenue, of making common the civil life of the American people, are on the whole simpler and easier of solution than they were at the establishment of the Union. They are much easier than they were at the period of the Mexican War or the Civil War. In fact, the organic life of the people is much more perfect in every part than at any previous period in our history. The symptoms of longevity are thus more distinctly seen in the features and movements of our country than they were forty years ago or thirty.

Another favorable fact in the great organic whole of America is the comparative oneness of character which has been established in all sections of the country. The man of Passamaquoddy and the man of San Diego are little distinguishable in features, slightly distinguishable in speech, and, let us hope, not at all distinguishable in patriotism. The man of Tampa and the man of Duluth are of like similarities and identities. It is true that the uniformity, the unity, is not perfect or entire; but the approximation is more noticeable than was ever before to be found in any country or dominion of the world of like extent and variety. Distinctions of race undergo a rapid obliteration in America. A new race-type is fixing itself in the United States, which there are good grounds for hoping will be one of the strongest, most high-minded, liberty-loving, and aspiring forms of human life ever known on the globe.

After all, there is not so much for us to fear on the score of the diverse products and industries of our country. To the mind of the writer, diversity of products and resources does not count, or if it count at all, counts for good. Within

certain limits variety in the productions and industries of a people is an element of strength and perpetuity. If America were *wholly* an agricultural country, the condition would be less favorable for the maintenance of a single form of government and a homogeneous civil life for the whole. If the country were all, from sea to sea, of the same constitution and resources as western Pennsylvania, that fact would not be favorable to the unity and maintenance of the common political form. A republic of forty-five States, consisting wholly of cotton-fields, would be dreary and inane. It would also be weak and inert. The industrial life would sink to a lower level, and the reaction on the political life would be feeble and ineffective. A republic consisting territorially of three and a-half million square miles of pine woods would not be good even for lumbermen. If we were physically constructed with five thousand rivers Merrimac, with six factories to the mile, the situation might be picturesque, but it would be socially vicious and politically absurd. Variety of product and of industry, followed with variety of manufacture and trade, conduces strongly to the solidarity of the Union and the maintenance of a common civil and political life. The United States as a nation has nothing to fear but much to hope and expect in its ever-variant resources and diverse developments, and in the healthful reactions which they produce on the nation and its tendencies.

But American institutions, and the Union in particular, have perils also. There are *two facts* in our structural life, either one of which is sufficient to cause alarm. The first of these is the gravitation of the people into the cities. All the sluices of our population run cityward. Every stream tends toward the metropolis; and in the metropolis a spirit of localization exists more dangerous than any form of outside pressure or sectional provincialism. How well-nigh impossible is it to maintain in a great city a government that has even the semblance of honesty and virtue—to say nothing of fostering therein a sentiment of patriotic devotion to the nation at large!

Where in America, or anywhere in the world, is there a great city that cares for aught but itself? Where is there

one that finds an interest in anything but itself or in some other city like itself? The city, as it becomes great, departs more and more from that civil simplicity which constitutes the essence of a genuine democracy. There is no great city in the world that is truly democratic or genuinely republican. Every great city is imperial. Nearly every one is under the dominion of an emperor, in comparison with whose absolutism the rule of the Tsar, the Mikado, or the Sultan is a model of frantic liberalism. The great city separates itself more and more from the country in which it is located. It develops a life of its own. It isolates itself and comes to look upon all the rest of the world as the outlying provinces from which it is to draw its corn and wine.

The thousand advantages of living in the city are not to be overlooked or despised. They are not to be denied. The scholarly Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *American Review of Reviews*, in his able book on "Municipal Government in Great Britain," has pointed out cogently the superior benefits of the city life and the tendency of enlightened people to seek them; but, to my mind, such benefits are weighted with conditions that neutralize the good, if indeed they do not convert the whole tendency into an element of disease and danger. The benefits are great, but they are purchased with conditions that seem to me to be intolerable in a democratic republic.

The American Republic has fostered on its breast a form of municipal life that has grown and fattened on the common life of the country to an alarming degree. If the process goes on for the next half-century as in the last the overwhelming preponderance of population will be found within the corporate limits of cities; and outside of that will be found only a weak and unambitious, if not a servile, peasantry, as unlike the robust democratic farmers and mechanics who made us and made this nation as though they were of another race.

The city as it exists is wholly unfavorable to the preservation of a common civil life in our country. The German Empire of the Middle Ages consisted of subordinate kingdoms, electorates, and free imperial cities. Of these last,

Hamburg was the type. The tendency in America seems to indicate a return to the mediæval condition. It has been openly suggested in the metropolitan press that in another century New York will be an Independent Imperial Municipality, having its own laws, and, I suppose, making its own treaties.

The great city does not want community and diffusion, but desires accumulation and localized dominion. The city tends to separation from the common body, and to independence socially, commercially, and politically. The city instinctively strives to become an entity. It augments its own life more and more by the absorption of the life of all things else. The city tends to become at the last an overgrown social and political tumor. It becomes proud and more provincial than any province. It organizes its own intellectual life and develops its idiosyncrasies into such vehement manifestations that the sympathies between it and the country States are cut off and obliterated. The city obstructs and annoys the Union, and threatens its perpetuity.

A second fact dangerous to the Republic is the Bond. The city and the bond are in league and amity. The country, as such, does not know the bond, but feels it. The bond came with our calamity, and is so well pleased with its reception as not to return. The bond and the crown go well together; but not the bond and the flag. The bond cherishes a chronic dislike of all democracy. If the bond accepts republicanism, it is only that kind that wears a plume, backs up against an arsenal, and instigates new wars in order to increase the bond.

The bonded debt of the United States was intended to subserve a temporary purpose in our economy, and then to go away by payment. Nobody wishes to repudiate a debt made necessary by the peril of the nation. What the people want is payment; and what the bond wants is eternal life. The bond knows that it has no permanent place among free institutions. The bond accordingly interests itself in the latest tactics. It promotes standing armies and great navies. It circulates treatises on the English system of finance and pronounces superfluous eulogies on the Supreme Court. As to the people, the bond utters the same profane wish which one

of our distinguished financiers in New York uttered about the public! The bond says that it is a part of the "national honor," and that an honorable thing ought to live forever.

The creation of a permanent fundholding interest in a republic is inconsistent with it. The bond is a part of the monarchical apparatus, but to a nation of freemen it is a thing of ill omen. Once admitted into the republic, the bond discovers that the republic is not strong enough for its purposes. The coupons of a perpetual debt become at last annoying even to Christians and patriots. However silently the coupons are clipped, and however patriotically they are paid, the time comes when the payer wearies a little of the semi-annual tribute.

A true people, such as the Americans, will never shrink from the full discharge of a debt that was contracted for the preservation of the Union. It is only when the holders of that debt propose to make it eternal and contrive that it shall be paid in a standard unit worth two for one; only when the bond is judiciously increased from time to time; only when the American Republic by such means begins to be manifestly Europeanized; only when a condition is cautiously prepared which must be maintained by a standing army and cities full of arsenals,—that the citizen of the Union begins to consider whether his inheritance is worth the having.

A bonded debt that grows larger as the people pay it; a debt that has swallowed the resources of the American people for thirty years and still has as much purchasing power as ever; a debt that intrrenches itself with false legislation and iniquitous judicial decisions, is a fact that may well be mentioned in the Litany with the usual words, "From this also, good Lord, deliver us."

An Imperial City and a free people do not harmonize. A perpetual bond and a perpetual republic do not consist.



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AMERICA AND THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

BY FRANK E. ANDERSON.

WHEN the United States were poor in money but rich in mind, their foreign creed was compressed into a domestic aphorism, profound in thought and polished in antithesis: "Friendly relations with all, but entangling alliances with none." At that time this policy was wise, for, less than three millions, scattered along the Atlantic, with hostile Indians hanging on our frontier, we were the sole republic in a hostile world of monarchies. North of us was England. South of us was Spain. Neither was our friend. Desperately poor, we earned our living from the soil and from the sea. We made some iron, but the cotton gin had just been born, and our woollen trade was taking its first step. Man had not yet stolen from heaven the lightnings and subdued them to his service. Our inland traffic jolted to death in the ruts of public roads or drowned in the floods of unsafe ferries. Our currency was a chaos of worn copper and depreciated paper, with no gold and next to no silver, and that struck at Spanish mints. But the struggle between France and Great Britain was shaking the continents. Here was our opportunity. Neutral and at peace, while the whole world was at

war, the carrying trade of Europe would be ours, which meant vast wealth; and wealth is power. Such was the dream of Thomas Jefferson.

Why should it not succeed? What to us was "the European concert," that satirical description of the eternal discord of the powers? Meeting its neighbors with a smile, each of these nations holds the assassin's knife behind its back, ready to use it upon all the others. Why should we meddle with this quarrel of the Montagues and Capulets? We had no possessions in Asia, no colonies in Africa, no dependencies in Oceanica. No despot ruled us with a rod of iron, scheming to increase the slaves over whom his son should reign. Why should we lie and call it "a polite evasion of the truth;" steal and call it "compensation" or "territorial expansion" or "spheres of influence;" kill and call it "pacifying subjects"? Let us keep aloof from a diplomacy which knows but one vice—weakness; and which recognizes but one virtue—strength. "Friendly relations with all, but entangling alliances with none."

A blind fate dogs the heels of Europe. There Apollo prophesies, but Cassandra speaks. Hence the history of that small continent is one huge blunder, which students recognize, but statesmen cannot see. The dust of conflict clouds the vision. In much of the story we, who are Americans, have but languid interest. Too powerful to experience fear, serene in the knowledge of our strength, and feeling that the future is our own, we bring to this blunder a critical analysis undimmed by apprehension. To us it appears incredible that Solomons of statecraft should urge the great republic from isolation into intervention. Yet such has been the case. As if the globe, contracted by lightning and by steam, had not already made of Washington a closer neighbor to Paris than New York was once to Brooklyn, they have shouldered into their arena the giant republic, whose existence is a constant menace to all monarchies. They have not allowed us to turn our back on their diplomacy. They should have known that, its imprisoning bounds once broken, the young eagle retires no more within its parent shell.

In 1815 three royal "Tailors of Tooley street" met to conspire at Paris: Alexander I, Tsar of Russia and mystic successor to a martyr; Francis II, Emperor of Austria, the dull betrayer of his brilliant son-in-law; and Frederick William III, King of Prussia, the husband of his wife. Partisans of the classes against the masses called the conspiracy, then and there cut out and stitched together, "the Holy Alliance." Doubtless it was so christened because of the startling piety of the three sovereigns, who had no need "to steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." One, a holy Greek; another, a virtuous son of Rome; and the third, a loving follower of Luther, the three tyrants called themselves "Christians." But why should they follow the Sermon on the Mount? The temptation on that other mountain was equally orthodox—and easier. They had forgotten the conclusion. "In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity" they would treat each other as Christian brethren and govern their peoples on Christian principles, but—"render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Legislation and administration must emanate only from the enlightened free-will of those whom God had rendered responsible for power. Singular, is it not, how every tyrant, if we take his word, has the Almighty as his silent partner?

How did the worthy three exercise those Christian principles? The freedom of the German press was stifled. Austrian bayonets stabbed to death the constitution of the patriots of Naples. Louis XVIII of France, valet to the Three Christian Brothers, "in the name of God and St. Louis," cast his army upon Spain and crushed the revolution there so that a fiend in the flesh, Ferdinand VII, might gorge himself with freedom's blood. And now it was proposed to reward this royal butcher with half a revolted hemisphere. South American sons of liberty were to be Spanish slaves once more.

But this Trinitarian decree of 1823 was vetoed. A solid statesman sat in the White House then. Men called him James Monroe. A brilliant thimblerrigger was British Minister of Foreign Affairs. His name was George Canning. He had learned a lesson from the United States in the War of

1812, largely brought on by Orders in Council due in part to him; and now, alarmed by the despotic Alliance's successful efforts, which, if unchecked, meant Europe against England, he suggested a joint intervention by his country and our own, should the Alliance intrude upon American affairs. Monroe consulted Jefferson and Madison, who were of one mind: to accept the *entente* to repel the encroachment. Better war for the sake of our sister republics than peace for ourselves at their expense. The cautious President next took the opinion of his cabinet. "America for Americans!" Not one dissenting voice marred its unanimity; and the next message, with its ringing thought in rugged English, rang the death-knell of the Alliance. But in that knell there was an additional note. The isolation of the United States was at an end.

Victors in the war with Mexico, we paid the vanquished for their provinces annexed to our republic. When before had conquerors indemnified the conquered? It was a great deed, worthy of a great people. Among those provinces was California. When gold was found there later on, we proposed to unite the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean through Nicaragua; but England, a country nothing if not commercial, forced our hand by a most ingenious manoeuvre. Pretending to be suzerain, by virtue of a certain cocked hat which, at some time or other, say two centuries or more before, she had bestowed upon some ragamuffin King Jeremy or other claiming to be King of the Mosquitoes, Great Britain took possession of the coast at the eastern mouth of the proposed canal. A Whig administration was at Washington; and in foreign affairs the motto of the Whigs was, "Peace at any price," as opposed to the maxim of the Democrats, "War, no matter what the cost." So the text was: "Come, now, and let us reason together," but not with "villainous saltpetre;" and the proposed *entente* of 1823 became an accomplished event in 1850. Bulwer outpointed Clayton; and, as a consequence, England and the United States were to exercise joint control over any canal, railway, or other practicable communication

crossing Mexico, Central America, or the Isthmus of Panama, since these negotiations had been intended not only "to accomplish a particular object, *but also to establish a general principle!*" The United States gained nothing, but lost much; while Great Britain lost nothing, but gained much. A second step had been taken in drawing closer to Europe; and a second time England had caused this increasing closeness.

Later on a conference at Berlin considered the status of the Congo Free State. President Arthur had previously called attention to the fact that the chief executive officer of that State was one of our citizens; and he had said further that "the United States cannot be indifferent to this work nor to the interests of their citizens involved in it. *It may become advisable for us to coöperate with other commercial powers in promoting the rights of trade and residence in the Congo Valley, free from the interference or political control of any one nation.*" What was this but a proposition for a joint protectorate by Europe and the United States? We had been first to recognize the new State; and our prompt action had saved its independence, menaced by both Portugal and France. Germany's invitation was accepted. American delegates took a leading part in the Conference, and, in common with the other plenipotentiaries, signed the general act resulting from its deliberations. It is true that, with that unselfish kindness which he ever manifested, either in sparing Congress all work which he could do for it or in keeping from it any subject on which he feared that it might not show his wisdom, Mr. Cleveland refused to submit that general act to our Senate. But his failure to respect the Constitution did not change established facts. The United States had participated, through their agents, in a European conference, on a subject outside of the Western Hemisphere, and had wielded an immense influence there. Moreover, significant fact! the British diplomats at that Conference had supported the propositions of the American delegates. What had become of the isolation of the United States? And which of all the powers was, for the third time, closest to us?

Prince Bismarck presided over this Conference at its opening, and was better pleased with its proceedings than he was with those of a later convention in the same city. This time the United States were face to face with the German Empire over the Samoan question. By treaty we had secured the coaling station of Pago-Pago, Polynesia's finest harbor, and as early as 1877 the natives had begged us to protect their independence and to assist them toward responsible government. American missionaries had christianized and semicivilized them. Hence the appeal to us was natural. But English and German commerce outweighed our trade, and the Teutonic empire took possession of the islands. Samoa besought the interference of our consul, who, being a believer in Bismarck's famous international tonic, "blood and iron," established a protectorate forthwith, from which, however, our State Department sidled rapidly, suggesting, instead, a conference at Washington, that some agreement might be reached by which Samoans might themselves say who should govern Samoa. This American idea of sovereignty through suffrage was naturally displeasing to a German aristocrat, who had violated the constitution of his country by the order of his king. Besides, his creature, no matter who, would fail of an election; for his amiable compatriots had treated the natives in the gentle German way, leaving them their lives, and only exacting their labor and their lands. Consequently the Conference worked with prodigious vigor at doing nothing, and then adjourned, but under an express agreement that the *status quo* should be maintained. What is the sanctity of an understanding in Latin to an unscrupulous falsifier of facts in German? Bismarck summarily dethroned Malietoa and speedily enthroned Tamasese. But alas! there was another conference, this time at Berlin; and when it was over, Malietoa had been reinstated as ruler in name, while in fact the three great powers governed by joint commission through their consuls. Does it take great penetration to guess that, on this fourth occasion, Great Britain and the United States were again together?

Partnership in commerce but not in politics! This rule of

the United States in regard to Europe has not been without exceptions; and exceptions are roots from which the law of nations springs. Shall we hold to the faith of the fathers or shall we follow the heresy of the sons? I believe that we shall prove to be nonconformists. Trade, which is the war of peace, needs navies and territorial expansion, which means collision with other countries. This territorial expansion is a necessity arising out of the mortality of man, the immortality of money, and that law of accident by which birth rather than merit determines the destiny of millions.

Trace the steps. Idleness hires industry at wages. A constant increase in the wage-workers causes intenser competition in that grim auction where the bidding is not upward but downward. Diminishing wages for the man mean increasing profits for the master, which, in the shape of machinery, take bread from labor to feed capital with cake. These increasing profits seek enlarging investments in lands, transportation systems, and means of communication, whence spring corporations and trusts, which are augmenting the wealth of the diminishing few; while the workingman stands almost as naked as Adam, but with the Garden of Eden stolen from him by the flaming sword of unjust legislation.

A starving son of God is a spectre of terror at any time; but when to his physical agony is added a spiritual anguish, born in his starving heart and brain from the tears of his patient wife and the pitiful sobs of his little children, stand back! For him no more swapping of this earth's substance for the shadows of the world beyond! He will break the tables of stone on Mount Sinai, and when the fragments fly, let the windows of the rich look out! Advanced thought would apply internal reform; but your brilliant radical is the predestined martyr whom your dull reactionist burns at the stake. Yet the instinct of even this inquisitor feels and fears the danger which his intellect cannot fathom. Hence his programme: external expansion at the expense of others to save ourselves! And you have the history of two thousand years, with Africa and Asia illustrating its insatiable law to-day.

Sharing this universal evil, we cannot escape its inexorable result. We too must expand or die. The vast extension of our territory since 1783 has relieved the pressure heretofore; but we have not annexed an inch of soil for over thirty years, and now the distant roar of an approaching earthquake can be heard. We shall have to enlarge our borders; and this, causing collision with one or more nations, produces, as its effect, alliance with one or more of the others. What becomes, then, of our dream, "Friendly relations with all, but entangling alliances with none"?

Left to ourselves, our proper sphere of action would be the Western Hemisphere, and our only foe upon the other side would be the kingdom of the Queen, which alone holds title to a dominion on our border worthy of the name. Yet since, in politics as in science, force seeks the line of least resistance, our natural course of growth is South, and years would elapse before we were at issue with our cousins. But those intermeddling principalities, which call themselves powers, across the way, have not left us to ourselves. From beneath the hypocrite's cloak they have aimed an assassin's blow at our commerce by excluding our products from their markets, on the false pretence that such products were injurious to their health, when the true reason has been that our competition killed their trade. And this, notwithstanding favored-nation treaties! Their newspapers breathe the most virulent hatred of us and of our institutions. When civilization speaks of barbarism, it never lies. Consequently, in their truthful books, transatlantic travellers portray the American man as a savage devoid of literature, art, and science, without manners, and a lover of money rather than of honor; while they picture the American woman as a mere mousetrap, set to catch their nobility with a bit of toasted cheese. Evidently the writers know the exact value of their aristocrats. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in our recent skirmish, we felt the hostile edge of Europe. Her Falstaffian army, otherwise known as "the great powers," dared to present to us a joint note, "in the interest of peace," which, being translated from Castilian

into English, reads "in behalf of Spain." Away with the Monroe doctrine! It is not a principle of international law. The Old World must unite to chastise the ambition of the New. They have threatened us with a joint naval demonstration and an armed intervention. We are not to be allowed, forsooth, to deprive the Pyrenean Kingdom of her possessions. The war must be "excluded from European waters," a diplomatic phrase meaning that Spain might have attacked our coast and invaded our soil, but that we were not to strike hers in return. Such are a few of the kind expressions of our friends, which we shall not soon forget, and which, later, they will remember with regret.

A united Europe against the United States gives us little grief, and alarms us less. The objection to our occupation of Cuba or possible annexation of the island comes with poor grace. We ask ourselves, with amused astonishment, where is their sense of humor that they do not see their own inconsistency? Was there once a Poland? What has befallen Russia's victim races? Is Alsace-Lorraine German now, or French? Has France evacuated Madagascar? Is the march of Austria along the Adriatic that of an altruist? And these are the nations which combine to coerce us on their own hypothesis! They know what they would do if they were in our place, and damn us for the theft which they would like to perpetrate. We do not steal; but if we did, their threats would not deter us. We laugh such Captains Bobadil to scorn. Let them interfere and—learn to play Bob Acres. Their soldiers who escape the grave will crowd our hospitals as patients or fill our ports as prisoners; for, while preferring peace to military glory, Americans fear nothing that can fight. We will return the compliment in kind. Their interference on our hemisphere means our intervention on their continent. When Rome tired of the attacks of Carthage she carried the war into Africa. America can teach this lesson should Europe need to learn it. Let her be wise and leave Achilles in his tent.

But if she do not, we will not spare the delicate mechanism of her balance of power. Careless of her existence, we will

enter into that alliance which may best advance our interests. With whom, then, shall we unite our irresistible forces? France would have been our choice, for heretofore we loved her for the sake of Lafayette, who bore her aid to Washington in the struggle for our freedom. We did not forget. When Alsace and Lorraine were torn bleeding from her bleeding breast, as wounded children weeping for a wounded mother, what other aliens sympathized as did Americans? And since her dismemberment we have visited her capital, read her literature, studied her art, and rejoiced in her achievements almost as though they were our own. We have been slow to separate. We laughed even at little King Alfonso playing with that ironclad of whose guns we were to be the target—that benevolent gift of the French Rothschild, a guileless Jacob, whose glorious escutcheon should be, if it be not, a red shield gaudy with three golden balls. We knew that Spain had sweltered in his sweating-shop, and that customers must be complimented, especially when the compliment will kill those who might shoot a silver bullet at the yellow witch of finance. But when we found the diplomats of France our foes in matters which concern us much, but their country not at all, and when the press of Paris gave a stuttering echo of the hiss of Spanish hate against us, we understood. Henceforth our paths must lie apart. The old love is no more.

If not France, what other continental power? Each demonstrates the same ill-will. Not one has interests in common with our own.

And yet, we are not friendless. England spurned the proposed joint demonstration of the allied navies, and refused to participate in the proposed armed intervention between the United States and Spain. Both of Anglo-Saxon lineage, and glorying in the same speech, literature, history, laws, institutions, and religion, we fought together in the colonial days, and we have negotiated since with common purpose when the United States have departed from their non-intervention in affairs external to their hemisphere. No hostile legislation has barred Great Britain's door to American products in viola-

tion of the law, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Our combined wealth, inventive genius, and material resources are overwhelmingly preponderant, and we supplement each other: the kingdom with her ships; the republic with her men.

We might, if necessary, include Japan in our convention, for our foes are her enemies also. When she had conquered China and had made most reasonable demands for moderate indemnity, Russia, Germany, and France, at the instance of the first, intervened to rob the Empire of the Son of Heaven of this legitimate reward of valor. Three great powers as highwaymen against little Japan! Brilliant courage! Wonderful diplomatic triumph through moral suasion! Lofty altruism, without one hint of force! There is much virtue in the color of a skin, if that color be the proper shade. White appropriators of another's territory are statesmen; but yellow are thieves of land. Why, they are only "Asiatic niggers!" The two are as wide apart, of course, as a capitalist and a coolie. But Japan remembers that Russia despoiled her of Saghalin early in this century. And now a second provocation! Consequently the Island Empire is strengthening the Son of Heaven's navy for very earthly reasons. Let Japan combine, then, with England and the United States, and settle together her grudge of a thousand years against China and her wrong of yesterday from Russia. In that event she might seek compensation in the Celestial Kingdom and in Oceanica, free from the interference of the Anglo-Saxon, and supported by his strength.

But even she would not be needed. Great Britain and the United States together would become the masters of the world. All Europe in coalition could not withstand the weight of their one hundred and fifty millions of people, thrown with joint purpose and with common aim against the balance of power now so delicately adjusted. With their two navies united, and with all the millions of the men of English speech pressing forward with the persistent pitilessness of a political law of gravitation, their fleets and armies wielding ter-

rific weapons of destruction born of the American inventor's swift and subtle brain, and, back of these fighting forces, the reserve energy of a wealth quintupling the riches of the remaining races, what would be the fate of the colonial empires of Germany and France? What would become of the expansion of Russia? The Northern Bear would cease to be a threatening constellation in the political heavens. Thrown from Manchuria, with India safe from his attack, his dream of Constantinople a nightmare from which he will be glad to wake, a reconstituted Poland, and a rehabilitated Turkey would teach him that one may occasionally devour what one cannot digest, and that a failure to digest is sometimes fatal. England would march with unimpeded foot through Africa and Asia, while the glorious stars of the American Union would shine undimmed, triumphant, and without a rival in the heavens of this Western Hemisphere. First of all our enemies would lose their possessions outlying on other portions of the globe. Next, they themselves would follow; since the mutual jealousies of Europe make of her continental powers soldiers of Cadmus, as diplomacy, that gentle art of fomenting discord, does its appointed work. The irresistible weight of Great Britain and United States allied would settle every quarrel in the manner most to the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race until at last the end would be a world governed by that race, speaking the English tongue, moulded on our institutions, and federated into one great earth-embracing commonwealth.

Let transatlantic diplomats interfere, then, between this republic and the Spanish monarchy, if they will. We can stand it if they can. Should their insolence weld together once more the separated nations of our race, the future historian, writing in English—when German, French, and Russian have become the patois of subjugated provinces—will appropriately borrow from a dead language the epitaph of departed races and sum them up in two words: "*Ilium fuit!*"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SPECTRE OF IMPERIALISM.

I. A MENACE TO FREEDOM.

BY SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN, M. D.

EVEN as ye do unto others, so shall it be done unto you. The tyrant and the slave are one in heart and soul; they differ but in the possession of power. A people that tamely submits to oppression, will, in its turn, oppress; and a people that seeks to oppress others will, in its turn, submit to slavery.

The people of the United States have come to the parting of the ways; nay, they have already taken steps that must be retraced, if they would keep their freedom; for none can maintain his own rights save he be jealous for the rights of others.

It has become fashionable among the learned to sneer at what are termed the "sentimental platitudes" of the Declaration of Independence. There is no natural right, they say; men have such rights only as they can win and hold from nature or from each other. The law declares and limits civic rights, and where there is no law, right and power are the same.

Without reasoning upon the subject, a large, if not the larger, portion of the unlearned act upon the same theory. Those who style themselves "laborers" or "working-men" (forgetful of the fact that there is labor of the mind as well as of the muscle) are painfully aware that their insecurity and suffering are the result of economic inequalities, largely due to special legislation in behalf of other classes; but, knowing this, they yet look for the remedy not to the abolition of privilege, but to their own admission into its lower ranks. They seek not equal freedom for the general betterment; but, thinking thereby to secure their special good, aim to put restrictions upon the freedom of others. Thus they have declared

that in certain trades only those who submit to the authority of the trades unions shall be permitted to work. Thus they have had enacted laws taxing "alien" laborers, laws forbidding the employment of aliens upon public works, laws excluding from the shores of America all men of a certain race, or those of any race who fail of certain qualifications. But in advocating legalized class distinctions in regard to taxation, employment, and immigration, the laborers have opened the way to class distinctions in regard to suffrage that must react fatally upon themselves.

The Declaration of Independence proclaimed that all men are created equal. Some of those who subscribed to it held black men as property. Nevertheless, the force of that declaration, albeit after nearly a hundred years, and through bloody struggle, struck off the black man's chain. Freedom-lovers rejoiced, believing that at last the truth of the declaration had been accepted, to remain a potent force in America and in the world forever. But they reckoned without the shortsightedness, the self-injuring selfishness of men. An agitation, begun by Californian laborers, excepted Chinamen from the declared equality of mankind. When the stress of competition with fellow men of European birth affected laborers in the East, a still further exception was made of those without a certain minimum of money; the new-comers but just safely through the gates being as anxious as any to bar the way against those that trod upon their heels. This restriction, however, was not enough. Wages still fell. Employment became even more difficult to find. A further amendment of the Declaration was needed to exclude from the equal right to go and come peacefully upon the earth those who cannot read and write. When this, too, fails to prevent the further decline of wages,* as it must, some new restriction will be proposed.

After the Southern negro had been emancipated, it was

* Within a restricted area, competition among laborers reduces wages; the remedy is not to exclude laborers, but to enlarge the area over which the competition extends. This can only be done by changing the rent line, as wages are in the last analysis fixed by the productivity of marginal land. To effect the indrawing of the rent line speculation in idle land must be prevented by the imposition of a tax upon unused land equal to its full ground rent if used.

believed by the leaders of the Republican party that to make his freedom real he must be given the suffrage and be protected in its exercise. The fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution were therefore adopted. Under the lead of unscrupulous white adventurers from the North, negro suffrage became a real or fancied menace to the welfare of the native white population of the South. There began a reign of profligacy known to history as the "carpet-bag government"—a profligacy probably thitherto unexampled, but since fully equalled at the North, and to-day in New York and Pennsylvania surpassed under the rule of native or resident whites, Republicans and Democrats alike. After a period of not bloodless struggle, marked by force and fraud upon both sides, and culminating in a bargain involving the stealing of the Presidency, the whites regained power.

To prevent the return of the negro to control, the whites feel that they must either neutralize his vote by fraud, prevent him by threat or violence from casting it, coerce him into casting it as they dictate, or deprive him of it by legal subterfuge. Fraud and intimidation, though successful in their immediate purpose, beget constant watchfulness and organized opposition at the North; nor can they always command unquestioning approval in the South. Their eventual failure is apparent.

But any injustice that may be sanctioned by law is acquiesced in, north and south, east and west. We are, above all, a law-abiding people. The legal method has been at last adopted against negro suffrage. By property and educational qualifications, enforced against the black, though not as yet against the poor white, some of the Southern States believe that they have successfully evaded the fifteenth amendment; and in the case of Mississippi, the Supreme Court of the United States has so decided.*

By means which the administration of President Cleveland did not hesitate to characterize as both unjust and illegal, and

* See editorial, "The Disfranchisement of a Race," *The Nation*, New York, May 26, 1898.

which senators and representatives at Washington have since denounced in similar terms, the government of the Hawaiian Islands—a native monarchy—was overturned, and a so-called republic of white men, American immigrants and sons of American immigrants, was set up. The pseudo-republic of Hawaii was established not with any hope or desire of permanently maintaining itself, but as a device whereby the possession and control of the Islands could, against the wish of the native race, be transferred to the United States. Baffled for a time by the uprightness of Secretary Gresham and the downrightness of President Cleveland, the annexation scheme remained in abeyance until the return to power of the influences behind President McKinley gave the expected opportunity for its renewal. The determined opposition of Messrs. White, Pettigrew, and others, forming more than one-third of the United States Senate, backed by Speaker Reed, Mr. Johnson of Indiana, and a patriotic minority of the House of Representatives, caused the virtual failure of the annexation treaty negotiated between the *de facto* government of Hawaii and the administration of Mr. McKinley; and save for the general loss of regard for principles of freedom, constitutional restrictions, and traditional policies incident to the war against Spain, would have prevented the success of the joint resolutions by which the scheme appears at last to have succeeded.

The annexation of Hawaii, and the possible annexation of islands conquered from Spain, bring us face to face with grave problems of individual and governmental rights. Upon their correct solution depends the stability of the American Republic, the welfare of the people of the world. Now indeed is it clear that the parting of the ways has been passed. "Governments," says the "platitudinous" Declaration, derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." Has anyone ever pretended that the governed in Hawaii have consented, or will consent, save under duress, to the sham republic or to the act of annexation? The proposition to amend the annexation resolutions so that the consent of a majority of the adult male population of the affected territory should be necessary

was incontinently rejected. The new and doubtful expedient of a commission to propose laws for the annexed province was adopted for the very purpose of preventing the governed from having any voice in the matter. What this commission will recommend, none can yet say, but what it will not recommend, can be asserted unhesitatingly. It will not recommend home rule;* it will not recommend universal suffrage or even manhood suffrage.

If the Philippine Islands pass under American rule, what form of government will there be established? Will the natives be treated as the American Indians have been treated—robbed, provoked into revolt, and shot? Will they be treated as the Hawaiian natives have been treated—degraded into a subject and disfranchised caste? Can we establish tyranny abroad and maintain freedom at home?

These are questions that intimately concern all Americans. They concern unselfishly those of any class who really believe in freedom and seek justice. They concern selfishly the self-styled "laboring classes." For if suffrage in Mississippi and Louisiana can be justly restricted by educational or property tests; if by similar tests Hawaiians and Filipinos—and perhaps Cubans and Puerto Ricans—may be excluded from the right even to determine their form of government; what, save power, is to prevent the unpropertied or unlettered from being deprived of political freedom in California, in New York, and in Pennsylvania?

Yet, as already intimated, such restrictions upon suffrage would be but the natural fruit of the seed sown by Californian laborers when they demanded the exclusion of the Chinese, by the miners of Pennsylvania when they sought to keep out the Italians and the Huns, by the labor unions of New York when they agitated against the Russian Jews. For, if we may rightly exclude men and women from our shores by reason of their race, their religion, their poverty, or their lack of

* Home rule is good and landlordism is bad for Ireland; that is, when the British lion's tail can be so twisted as to bring votes to the American twister. But home rule is bad and landlordism is good for American cities and American provinces. Perhaps the jingo alliance may reverse matters as to Ireland also.

learning, we may by the same reasoning rightly exclude men already here from participating in the making of our laws and the choosing of our rulers.* Nay, do we not now deny to the Chinese the right of naturalization? Do not the Federal courts in Philadelphia deny naturalization to Europeans upon educational tests? How does the Mongolian or the uneducated that comes into the atmosphere of America from his mother's womb differ from the Mongolian or the uneducated that comes hither on shipboard?

If a majority of the people directly or through their representatives in legislative assemblies or constitutional conventions may ignore natural right in one thing, they may do so in all things. If class distinctions may be made in one respect, they may be made in all respects. Nor, if once the making of classes be permitted, is there any limit, save that of power, to the making of classes.

It so happened that when the thirteen British colonies of North America revolted from foreign rule, established themselves as sovereign states, and for greater security formed a federal union, the question that was uppermost in the public mind was that of the form of government. A republic having been established, and the rule of the majority secured, under a declaration of the natural and equal rights of men, it was confidently anticipated that the further evolution of that government must be in the direction of enlarging freedom. History, however, has shown that to-day, as in the ancient world, and not only in France but also in America, even under a republican form of government, class distinctions may be made, unequal privileges be granted, freedom be restricted, and the will of the majority be made the excuse for wrong-

*In Louisiana a new constitution depriving negroes of the suffrage by a subterfuge like that of Mississippi was "proclaimed" by the constitutional convention without submission to popular vote. In Delaware, despite the pledges of both political parties, a new constitution was likewise "proclaimed," not against the negro in particular, but admittedly in an endeavor to prevent legislation on "single-tax" lines; "to gag," as one of the conspirators (just made a judge under that very instrument) expressed it, "the dangerous doctrine that God gave the earth to all mankind, even as He gave the light and air." This amendment of constitutions by cliques who can refuse to submit their work to the sovereign people gives a dangerous weapon to privilege.

doing. Salvation lies not in further devices of governmental machinery, but, even as Jefferson foresaw, in the firm establishment in the consciousness and conscience of the people of principles of right, apart from law or the form of government, to which the actions of government and individuals must be conformed.

Let us realize that the majority can do wrong, even as our fathers realized that the king could do wrong. Divinity hedges neither monarch nor legislature, neither executive nor judiciary, neither representative nor people. Divinity hedges Right and Justice; this—for Right and Justice are one—and this only. Either there is right in the relation of men to each other, antecedent to and independent of all law, or there is no right. Right is eternal, immutable. The expediencies, policies, and advantages which now dictate human laws are transient and changeable; and laws thus dependent are subject to repeal and violation.

If there be no right, then it is vain to reason; for reason appeals only to the sense of right. If there be no right, then there can be no justice; for justice is right made evident. If there be no right, then Tsar and Kaiser, King and Legislature, are equally without other warrant than power, and may equally lose that warrant. If there be no right, the strong hand only can save society.

If there be right, then it is natural, being of nature. Existing in the constitution of things, it depends not on parchment constitutions. Arising from the will of God, it is not subject to the will of man. But if there be right, then men have rights. Men have right claims to right relations to the universe. In right relation to nature* is the essence of the natural rights of man.

The natural rights of all men must be, as the Declaration affirms, equal. They must be equal in respect to other men, equal in respect to the world. If all men have an equal and

* Of these, the fundamental right (relation) is the right to the equal use of the earth. See Patrick Edward Dove, "The Theory of Human Progression," Chapter III, section 3; Herbert Spencer, "Social Statics," 1st edition, chapter ix, and the writings of Henry George.

inalienable right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness, then must every man be free to use his life and to pursue his happiness as he wills, provided that he infringe not the equal right of any other. To preserve this equal freedom are just governments instituted. But if governments seek to create artificial inequalities among men, by giving to one man or to one class of men greater liberty than to another, such governments are unjust, whether it be the will of one, of the few, or of the many that works injustice. Crimes do not become less evil because of the multitudes that do them.

Not sex, race, birthplace, religion, color, poverty, wealth, learning, ignorance, strength, or weakness lessens the right to equal freedom. What may not justly be done to a white man, may not justly be done to a black man. The Chinaman has the same right to go and come peacefully upon the earth as has the Irishman; the poor man* has the same right as has the rich man to change his residence; the Hawaiian and the Filipino have the same right as have the Yankee and the Briton to say how they shall be ruled and who shall be their rulers.

If we once concede any ground for distinction between men in their fundamental rights, there is no obstacle save force to the establishment over us of the most tyrannous oppression. Selfish interest, then, if naught else, should warn us against the progress of class distinction, which, beginning with Chinaman and negro, progressing to the poor and illiterate of foreign birth, and now about to oppress Hawaiian and Filipino, will not long spare the American "laborer." Would he defend himself? let him begin by defending others. Would he keep his own freedom? let him restore freedom to those whom he has deprived of freedom.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

* It is said that "paupers" must be excluded lest they become a charge on the community. It is obvious that if right relations be established between man and the world, no able-bodied person can become a pauper, as by applying his labor to the earth one can produce more than his maintenance. It is the unjust law standing between the man and the earth that makes paupers; and this, whether we use the word as laws and lawyers use it, referring to the dispossessed, or whether we refer to the real "charges upon the community," those who consume without producing — the possessors of special privilege, the class of landowners and monopolists.

II. OUR DUTY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY ELBERT D. WEED.

THE birth of the American Republic was a protest against despotism. It was a proclamation to the world that all men are created equal. It was a declaration that the tyranny of kings and queens over the minds and hearts of men was wrong. It was the beginning of that great march, the end of which shall be free institutions throughout the world.

It is to vindicate these principles that the American people went to war with Spain. The Declaration of War of April 21, 1898, was the logical outcome of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, the logical outgrowth of the principles declared by the founders of the American Republic. They declared that all men are, and of right ought to be, equal before the law. But upon that fundamental truth the kingdom of Spain has made unceasing war for more than three hundred years. The time has now come for the American people to vindicate the principle of human equality before the world.

The Puritan Fathers, before they landed on Plymouth Rock, formed on the deck of the Mayflower a simple compact of government. Their sons have made it a great world-force, which has civilized a continent, broken the chains of slavery, and is to-day overthrowing despotism and driving the last vestige of the Dark Ages out of the light of the twentieth century.

There are few instances in history where a great people have risen in unselfish defence of human rights. This country pours out its treasure and offers the lives of its citizens upon the altar of right, and in the defence of the weak and the oppressed. It wages war for the overthrow of oppression and despotism. It strikes down the mediæval assassin, and uplifts his fallen victim. God made no slaves and no tyrants. He made all men equal and free. The end of this war proclaims forever that in the western hemisphere no man shall be another's master, and no man another's slave.

Great problems to-day confront the American people. At the close of this war we are to mark out the course that shall be in accord with the spirit of American institutions and that shall best promote the cause of humanity and civilization. Bearing in mind that we have taken up arms for humanity and civilization, we must now face the question our victory has raised: Shall the conquered colonies be returned to Spain? shall they be turned over to other nations? or shall they be held in some form by the United States? These are the questions which must be answered.

The whole history of the kingdom of Spain for the last three centuries and more is an outrage upon the humanities and a reproach to modern civilization. The honor and knighthood of Spain, of which we have heard so much, have had no other business for three hundred years than the starving of little children and the murdering of old men and helpless women. This is true, not of Cuba alone, but of every possession of Spain on the western hemisphere and throughout the world. Read the history of the Philippine Islands. Read the history of Mexico, of Peru, of all the republics of South America, which were once under her cruel domination. It is the most pitiful story of wrong, of outrage, and of murder in all the annals of mankind. It has no parallel. You will search the history of six thousand years in vain to find equal atrocity.

Can we, then, acting in the interest of humanity and civilization, deliver over to the tender mercies of Spain these millions of inoffensive people in the Philippine Islands and elsewhere? They have made a splendid struggle for liberty, even though it has been in a primitive way. They have followed the light as God gave them to see the light. When Alexander ridiculed the weapon of the Scythian king, the latter replied, "If you knew how precious freedom was you would defend it even with axes." These people have been oppressed and plundered for centuries. Let it cease. Despotism has blighted the fairest gardens of the earth. They await now

the beneficent influences of liberty and of law. The "fairest land the sun e'er shone upon" has been made waste and desolate.

And are we, acting in the name of humanity and justice, to give these lands and these people back into the murdering hand of Spain? If we are to turn back to the tyrant the fair lands which have been and will be wrested from her cruel grasp, then this has not been a war for humanity, but is rather a crime against humanity. This will be the verdict of history. Nor can the American government turn these lands over to other nations. That would be to make an auction block of the nation's honor.

What, then, shall be done with them? The manifest answer is, Are these people capable of self-government? If they are, then let them go forward and establish republics under the protection of the United States. If they are not capable of self-government, then the American Republic must give to them a just and beneficent form of government.

We are told from certain quarters that we should not extend American institutions over any other territory than that which we now possess. We are told that to do so would be "imperialism," and would be dangerous to our form of government. The extension of free institutions is a new form of imperialism surely! Every student of history knows that the same arguments were made by the ultra-conservatives at the time of the Louisiana purchase in 1803; that the same reasons were urged in 1819, when we bought Florida. In 1845, when Texas came in, these pessimists were morally certain that the doom of the republic had been sounded. The American people were told in 1848, when California was acquired from Mexico, that their unwieldy territory would surely fall in pieces. When Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867, the same warning cry was heard. So it has been from the beginning of our history. So it probably will be through all the centuries to come. The croakers, like the poor, we have always with us. But Uncle Sam has gone along in his quiet way, taking very good care of himself, and giving a

comfortable home to the various additions to his household. And in this year of grace 1898 he is doing pretty well, and he has never had occasion to regret any acquisition of territory. On the contrary, he is congratulating himself that all this splendid domain west of the Mississippi river (which was once the possession of Spain), and the great Territory of Alaska, are now a part of the United States, and enjoying the benefits of republican institutions.

They talk of distances! Why, in 1803, the Mississippi river was farther from New York City than the Philippines are to-day. In 1848, San Francisco was farther from Chicago than Manila is to-day. Steam and electricity are annihilating space and time; and just so sure as the years go by are free institutions to overleap the present boundaries of the United States, and eventually to conquer the world. This was what the Declaration of Independence meant when it rang out from the old Continental Congress in 1776.

We are told that we must not hold the Philippines; that to do so would reverse our stay-at-home traditions. These objectors point to the policy of a hundred years ago and more, when we had only four or five millions of people, with no army, no navy, no position among the nations of the earth. Do they forget that this is the evening of the nineteenth century, and that the dawn of the twentieth century is beginning to streak with silver the eastern sky? The eighteenth century is past and gone. The Fathers who then laid the foundations of this republic, peering into the future, little dreamed of the change a century would bring. Because they did not know of the railroad, of the telegraph, of the modern sea-going battleship, is that any reason why their sons should not make use of these agencies for the civilization and advancement of the race?

The republic of Washington and Jefferson is not the republic of to-day. America then—a few sparsely settled colonies scattered along the Atlantic seaboard—scarcely able to defend itself against the savage raids of Indian tribes—is that

the America of to-day? The United States of to-day, by reason of the enlightenment of its people, their education and advancement, their numbers and wealth, their philanthropy and their martial spirit, has taken its place in the forefront of civilization, and fears not to meet the world in arms. This most advanced type of the Anglo-Saxon race, with its seventy-five millions of people, with its eighty thousand millions of accumulated wealth, cannot escape its responsibility to civilization and to history. It cannot wrap itself up in Chinese isolation and, withdrawing from the world, shirk its plain duty to mankind and to the future. Neither should it. The time has come in the history of the world when American citizenship should receive the respect which is its due everywhere on the round globe. The time is here when the stars and stripes should mean something on the other side of the world. In the long history of the past they have meant next to nothing there, until George Dewey fixed them in the sky, beside his own heroic name, beside the name of Nelson. There let them remain.

This is an age of progress. The world is not standing still. It is advancing with giant strides toward a better, a more useful, a higher civilization. In every department of human activity there is the throbbing pulse of life, of growth, of improvement. "Forward" is the cry along every line of thought and action. In the sciences, in the arts, in liberality of thought, in growth of true religious feeling, there has been more advancement in the century now closing than in the twenty which preceded it.

With the changed conditions of the nation, its thought has changed with even pace. The methods of a century ago will not do for to-day. This is the dawn of the twentieth century, not the twilight of the eighteenth century. The mouldy traditions of the buried past should not be invoked to shackle the progressive spirit of the living present. New conditions have been created. New issues have been raised, which were not foreseen, and could not be foreseen, a hundred years ago. From year to year the demands of civilization are increasing.

There is a refinement and expansion of social life unknown to the last generation. Law and medicine, engineering and architecture, are keeping step with the hours. Manufacture, trade, and commerce are progressing beyond the dreams of the last century. Governmental ideas must advance in corresponding degree.

It is not only our right, it is our duty, to give to these people a civilized form of government. This is true from the highest considerations of humanity as well as of statesmanship. No rule of morals can be invoked that will point out a different path for the feet of the nation. This nation cannot live within itself and fulfil its high destiny. The same rule applies to the nation as to the individual. Selfishness dwarfs. Isolation robs life of half its joy, and our neighbors of the debt we justly owe. He who lives for self alone leads a narrow and unworthy life. The most useful life is at once the noblest and the happiest life. This is heaven's great law of compensation. This nation is but a collection of individuals. We cannot put shackles upon our charity and philanthropy without putting shackles upon the American brain and upon our national life. The Chinese wall that would bar the spread of republican ideas abroad would check their growth at home. This is an age of growth, of progress, of aspiration that reaches to the stars.

And what if the American drum-beat shall follow the sun? It will sound the death knell of tyranny. What if the stars and stripes shall greet the breaking light of two hemispheres? Under their ample folds oppression cannot live, and liberty stands with outstretched hand to welcome commerce and the arts.

There has been assigned to the American people the greatest part in the drama of modern life. They must meet with courage and with patriotism the new responsibilities which war has thrust upon them.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new!"

Let the splendid prophecy of Edmund Burke be fulfilled:

"No sea but is vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toil."

An all-wise Providence has given to the American people great opportunity for good. But with their gifts are corresponding obligations. They must not wrap their talent in a napkin, but use it to bring light and liberty and knowledge into the dark places of the earth. They cannot escape that high duty. The American nation furnishes the highest type of civilized man. In his hand he carries the torch of civilization. He must not shrink from the great responsibility which has been placed upon him to raise that torch on high. The influences which were set in motion by the founders of this republic are civilizing and evangelizing the world. The institutions of America are destined to conquer all lands. Not until then will the conquest cease. But it will be a victory of peace, and not of war. This is the logic of the times. This, I believe, is the certain trend of great events.

"The hand can never go back on the dial of time," said Gibbon when he finished his history of Rome. The hand of progress can never be turned back on the dial of civilization. Standing for progress, the American republic now moves forward to a nobler and grander destiny.

HELENA, MONT.

BIMETALLISM AND DEMOCRACY.

BY WILLIAM W. ALLEN.

THE most serious menace to republican institutions in the United States to-day is the great and growing power of trusts and other forms of consolidated capital. These great aggregations of wealth, backed by many millions of dollars, controlling arbitrarily entire fields of production, ruining weaker competitors, overawing or purchasing legislatures, packing courts with their attorneys, and dictating the votes of thousands of employees, are the feudal lords of the present day. As the great barons of the middle ages became more powerful than the king, so corporate power, if allowed to grow unchecked, may become more powerful than the government itself. The most serious danger is the threatened extinction of the middle class. History demonstrates that those nations have been strongest and most virile, where there existed a strong, sturdy, independent middle class. If monopoly becomes supreme, the middle class must go. In *United States vs. Trans-Missouri Freight Association*, 166 U. S. 290, the court, by Justice Peckham, said:

"In this light it is not material that the price of an article may be lower. It is in the power of the combination to raise it, and the result in any event is unfortunate for the country, by depriving it of the services of a large number of small but independent dealers, who were familiar with the business, and who had spent their lives in it, and who supported themselves and their families from the small profits realized therein. Whether they be able to find other avenues to earn their livelihood is not so material, because it is not for the real prosperity of any country that such changes should occur, which result in transforming an independent business man, the head of his establishment, small though it might be, into a mere servant or agent of a corporation for selling the commodity which he once manufactured or dealt in, having no voice in shaping the business policy of the company, and bound to

obey orders issued by others. Nor is it for the substantial interests of the country that any one commodity should be within the sole power and subject to the sole will of one powerful combination of capital."

Before exploring the causes of this growing evil,* and seeking a remedy, a word of caution should be given as to the means by which reform is to be effected. It is unfortunately true that a few so-called social reformers have, within the last year, hinted at a coming popular revolution similar to that of France to secure the people's rights. The struggle beginning with the signing of Magna Charta and continuing down to the adoption of the Australian ballot, has secured for the people the political rights with which to improve their condition and protect their interests from invasion. This country is not only founded upon the principle of majority rule, but we also have the means at hand by which the will of the majority can be expressed. It is just as unwise for reformers, whose projects have not yet received the stamp of popular approval, to suggest a resort to force to carry their ideas into effect, as it was wrong for one of the self-appointed guardians of "the honor and integrity of the nation," in 1896, to say that the forces he represented might not abide by the decision of the majority of the people, if that decision was against them. No reform will ever succeed in this country that is forced upon the people against their wishes, or before public opinion is prepared to sanction it. Any true believer in popular institutions should have sufficient confidence in the people to believe that they will in the end approve that which is best.

The only class of social reformers who present what is claimed to be a complete and adequate remedy against the growth of trusts and monopolies are the socialists. The socialist argues that the tendency of capital to combine is a natural and inevitable one, due to the competitive system.

* Regarding the distribution of individual wealth in the United States, Dr. Chas. B. Spahr, in his recent work, "The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States," concludes that "one per cent of the families hold more than the remaining ninety-nine"; and that "the concentration of incomes has kept pace with the concentration of fortunes."

From this premise he argues that the state should accept the logic of the situation and assume the control of all industry, because so great a power cannot safely be left in private hands. Let us analyze the argument.

Stated more at length, the socialistic argument is that the middle class, who are the bulwark of society, are being squeezed out of existence by the competitive system, which forces prices downward, makes the struggle to live harder, drives out of existence the small tradesmen and producers and all the weaker competitors, and lets live only the strong, who are entrenched behind monopolistic barriers. The socialist is right in describing the condition. But is he correct in attributing it to the competitive system? It is true that when small concerns cannot live monopoly is inevitable. But why are they unable to live? There is only one possible explanation: they are unable to live because, under present conditions, they are unable to do business at a profit. Why? Because, for some reason or other, prices have been falling, so that they cannot sell their goods at remunerative prices. Otherwise stated, small concerns are being driven out by falling prices. On the other hand, monopoly is clearly impossible when small concerns can live and flourish. They can do so when they are able to do business at a profit. They can make a profit when they are able to sell their goods at remunerative prices, which is possible when prices are steady or rising, but impossible when prices are falling. Whenever small concerns can live and flourish, there can be no monopoly, in spite of the advantages of economy sometimes derived from combination. Thus the life or death of monopoly depends upon whether small concerns can exist, and this again depends largely upon *prices*. Let me illustrate.

Most small concerns are run on borrowed capital and a small margin of profit. A storekeeper or small manufacturer, for example, borrows the money to start him in business, and buys his stock of goods or raw material, as the case may be. The annual interest on the debt, the principal when due, and the taxes to be paid the government are not dependent, in any

degree, upon the prices at which his goods are sold. They are fixed in terms of so many dollars. But his ability to pay these obligations when due depends upon the prices at which he is able to sell his goods. If the price rises he may make a handsome profit. If the price remains stationary he may make a profit, if he is a good business man. But if prices fall he may go into bankruptcy, because his whole stock may not be worth, in dollars, what he paid for it. The existence of small concerns, then, depends upon prices. Large concerns may have financial strength to weather the gale and recoup their losses when they have bought up the property of their weaker rivals at bankrupt prices and established monopoly. The principal reason why small concerns have been driven out, and monopoly enthroned in their place, is to be found, therefore, in the fall of prices, which, according to all computations, has amounted to forty per cent. or over, during the last twenty-five years. It is, therefore, important to place the responsibility for this fall, and find the remedy.

The socialist attributes this era of falling prices to the competitive system, which, he says, must be destroyed. The competitive system is as old as history. If that system has been the cause, why have not conditions always been thus? Why is it that, for long periods in the world's history, the tendency toward monopoly and the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the few has been checked, and the middle class has grown and prospered, under the competitive system? Clearly the competitive system, by itself, will not account for these distressing conditions. Socialists meet this suggestion by arguing that the effects of the competitive system have been intensified by the introduction of machinery. This may be partly true. But the fact remains that the middle classes were most prosperous in the very period, from 1850 to 1873, when there was the greatest advance in machinery and improved methods. Differences of tariff cannot be the real cause, for protected and free-trade countries have suffered from the same growing evil, and the process of consolidation on a large scale into trusts and huge corporations did not

begin till after 1873. Must we not seek some more fundamental cause?

A study of history will make clear these fundamental propositions:

1. At a certain period of history the tendency has been to drive out the middle class, and concentrate wealth and power in the hands of the few. These periods have always been coincident with a prolonged fall of prices.

2. At other periods the contrary tendency has manifested itself; the middle class has prospered and monopoly has vanished or declined. These have invariably been periods of rising prices, or periods of stable prices following a rise of prices that set these forces in motion.

3. These periods of rising and falling prices have been invariably coincident with changes in the money supply of the world; an increase raising prices, and a decrease or cessation lowering them.

Before detailing the historical proof, a word of explanation should be given to show that these conditions are the natural and necessary consequences of changes in price levels, due to alterations in the volume of money. It has already been shown how falling prices tend to drive out small concerns, and thus extinguish the middle class and make monopoly possible. They also inevitably tend to centralize wealth and power in the hands of the few.* The capitalistic classes receive only the number of dollars named in the contract. But, as prices fall, their dollars become worth more and more. If prices fall far enough they may take the entire product, without having done anything to earn it, while the mass of the people are deceived as to the true effect, because they see only

* The laboring classes are not among those who profit by a rising money standard and falling prices. Spahr, in his work on the "Distribution of Wealth," says: "We find historically in every branch of industry that the money wage of laborers has uniformly depended upon the money value of the product of their labor. There is no fairer doctrine than that wages can be artificially raised by the lowering of prices. By so much as falling prices increase the possessions of creditors, by so much they diminish the returns of those engaged in production. In many cases the employers are bankrupted, and all the laborers turned adrift; in many more production is diminished, and most of the laborers are but partially employed. Even where neither of these things happens, the labor market is filled with men seeking work, and disorganized labor is unable to resist unreasonable demands for lower wages and harder conditions."

the same number of dollars as before going to the capitalistic classes, forgetting the increase in their purchasing power. This is best understood when presented graphically. Let us suppose a farmer raising 2,000 bushels of wheat, with the fixed charges, interest, and taxes, amounting to \$1,000 annually.

WHEAT.		
\$1 PER BUSHEL.	75 CENTS PER BUSHEL.	50 CENTS PER BUSHEL.
Fixed charges = \$1,000=1,000 bushels wheat.	Fixed charges = \$1,000=1,333 bushels wheat.	Fixed charges = \$1,000=2,000 bushels wheat.
Profit=1,000 bushels wheat or \$1,000 (less cost of production).	Profit = 666 bushels wheat or \$490.50.	No profit.

The same illustration applies to the business of the manufacturer and indeed to that of the merchant in most lines with fixed charges in rent, taxes, and interest to meet out of varying returns. Thus falling prices invariably have the dual effect of driving out small concerns, and of concentrating wealth in the hands of the few large concerns, to the ruin of the many small business men, farmers, manufacturers and merchants.

Having demonstrated the connection between prices and prosperity, the next step is to show the connection between the money supply and prices. The contention that, other things being equal, prices rise or fall according to changes in the amount of money in circulation, is only another way of saying that the law of supply and demand regulates the value of money, just as it regulates the value of everything else. When the supply of money in circulation becomes less, or remains stationary while business and the demand for it increase, money is relatively scarce and dear, and becomes more valuable, just as wheat is more valuable when the supply is short. Being more valuable it will buy more of other things, which is only another way of saying that prices will be low.

On the other hand, an increase in the supply of money, other things remaining the same, will make money cheap and plentiful, so that it will buy less of other things than formerly, and prices will be high. These principles are well understood by the capitalistic classes, who have always favored every contraction of the currency.* On this point, Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, says:

"The great capitalists do not make colossal fortunes by the plundering of subject provinces, as in the days of the Roman proconsuls; but they never cease to exert their influence to procure a contraction of the currency by the measures of government, which answers the purpose of augmenting their fortunes at the expense of the industrious classes just as well."

It is impossible here to recount in detail the entire history of prices. All that can be done is to refer briefly to the great price movements of history, and note their effect. The Augustan Age is generally regarded as representing the high-water mark of Roman civilization. Jacob, in his work on the precious metals, has estimated that at the death of Augustus, 14 A. D., the gold and silver coin of the Roman Empire was about \$1,620,000,000. From that time on, the failure to discover new mines or to work those in existence led to a constantly diminishing supply of money.† This period of currency contraction, according to the historian Alison, in his essay on "The Fall of Rome," was characterized by falling prices, the decay of agriculture, the enrichment of the cities at the expense of the country districts, and "the constant tendency of wealth . . . to accumulate in the hands of the great capitalists, accompanied by the deterioration of

*The latest proposal, of retiring the government paper money and allowing the banks to regulate the volume of paper currency, would permit the banks to acquire at will the fruits of others' toil. Acting together, they could lower prices to any extent they wished by contracting the currency, and then, after acquiring property at any low figure they might name, increase its value by expanding the currency, and make a profit to the extent of the fluctuation of price they had caused. It would put all the wealth and industry of the nation at the mercy of gamblers who could cause price movements with almost absolute certainty by expanding or contracting the currency.

†The U. S. Monetary Commission of 1876-77 placed Europe's supply of gold and silver coin at the beginning of the Christian era at \$1,800,000,000, and say that by the end of the 15th century it had shrunk to less than \$200,000,000.

the condition of the middle and working classes." He asserts that a principal agency in bringing about these conditions was:

"A very great scarcity in the supply of the precious metals for the purposes of public currency, and consequently a most distressing fall in prices, and a diminution in the remuneration of industry, accompanied by a proportional increase in the weight of debts and taxes."

The United States Monetary Commission of 1876-7 agrees with Alison in attributing the downfall of Rome, and the disasters of the Middle Ages, to monetary contraction and falling prices. They say:

"Various explanations have been given of this entire breaking down of the framework of society, but it was certainly coincident with the shrinkage in the volume of money which was also without historical parallel. The crumbling of institutions kept even step and pace with the shrinkage in the stock of money and the falling of prices. All other attendant circumstances than these last have occurred in other historical periods unaccompanied and unfollowed by such mighty disasters."

Out of the ruins of the Roman Empire arose the feudal system, under which society was divided into two classes,—the noble and the serf, the millionaire and the mob,—with no place for a middle class, for popular rights, or for any form of democracy.

During the Middle Ages the only spark of liberty and free institutions was in the free-city republics of the Mediterranean. But by 1300 A. D. most of these had succumbed to the general movement toward tyranny. The most notable exception was Venice. Her prosperity followed the Crusades, in which she had captured Byzantium, and with commercial advantages acquired great quantities of Eastern gold, which she began to coin into florins about 1252.

It was not until the discovery of America that the forces making for free institutions and democracy, and against centralized power, began to gain the mastery. The active instruments effecting the change were the free cities of England and

the continent, with their trade guilds and democratic institutions. Ridpath, in his "History of the World," says:

"The successful insurrection of the cities against the feudal tyranny of the twelfth century was the birth of that great fact called the People. A people, considered as a political force, began to exist. Hitherto there had been kings, nobles, prelates, lords, and then a great gap; after that peasants and serfs, but no People."

The rise of the free cities, and the fall of the feudal system, were due to the great fundamental fact, that the first great fall of prices had come to an end. With the discovery of America in 1492, and the opening up of the great silver mines of Potosi in 1545, new supplies of precious metals, in quantities theretofore unknown, began to flow into the channels of trade, and prices began to rise. Palgrave, the English economist, in his testimony before the Herschel Commission estimated that from 1492 to 1640 the stock of precious metals increased about six hundred per cent. and prices rose about two hundred per cent. With this increase of money came rising prices; with rising prices came prosperity to the commercial and industrial classes,* with prosperity power, and with power the ability to give the death blow to feudalism, secure popular rights from reluctant royalty, and turn back the tide of absolutism in every form. Walker, in his "International Bimetallism," says:

"Concerning the economic effects of the great metallic inflation of 1570 to 1640 or 1660, we may say that to this cause is attributed by sound and conservative writers the hastening decay of the obsolete feudal system; a decline in the hereditary revenues of monarchs, which, in England at least, contributed greatly to promote popular liberties; a redistribution of wealth which, while it worked deep injustice to many deserving persons living on incomes derived from the past,

*Spahr, in his work already referred to, says that this "inflow of precious metals" operated "to the great enrichment of the middle classes"; that "the development of the later Middle Ages was distinctly toward equality of property"; that "England at the close of the Middle Ages was preëminently a nation of small proprietors." and that "the contrast is startling enough between the England in which three-fifths of the agriculturalists enjoyed proprietors' interests in the soil and the England of to-day in which four-fifths of the agriculturalists are hired laborers."

yet contributed greatly to forward the material and intellectual progress of mankind; a rapid growth of burgher populations, prompt to resist the encroachments of priest, king, and noble; and a rising spirit of self-assertion on the part of the mechanic and artisan classes."

Thus we see the results wrought by the first great fall, and the first great rise, of prices. The one made for absolutism, the other for democracy.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the rapid rise of prices reached its limit, and thenceforward for about a century and a half there was only a gradual increase in the money supply, about sufficient to keep prices substantially stable at the high level already reached. This period of rising and steady prices, from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the close of the eighteenth century, witnessed the downfall of feudalism, the Reformation, the separation of church and state, the Bill of Rights, the recognition of freedom of speech and of the press, the creation of the Middle Class,* the Declaration of Independence, the birth of the world's first great republic, and many other events making for the equal rights of man. What similar progress can be shown during the thousand years of falling prices preceding the sixteenth century? Political equality and social progress have always depended upon the economic condition of the people, for when the distribution of wealth is unequal, and the people poor, weak, and disheartened, they have neither the courage nor the ability to resist oppression.

About the opening of the nineteenth century began the second great fall of prices. On account of a diminishing money supply, money, according to Jevons, rose in value, between 1809 and 1849, 145 per cent., and prices fell 60 per

* Jacob, in his work on the precious metals, in speaking of this period of rising and steady prices, says: "The effect of this prosperous state of the operative cultivators, of the manufacturers, and of the merchants and retail traders, has been prolonged through more than three centuries, and has given to European society in general, but to that of England more especially, a form utterly unknown in the ages which had preceded the discovery of America. It has given rise to a class of persons properly denominated the middle order, who possess the greater part of the wealth, the activity, the intellect, and the influence in those parts of the world whose position and connection and civilization may be said to rule the globe."

cent. "The age," says Walker, was one "of falling prices, with loud complaints, everywhere, of depression in trade and failure of employment." "Everywhere," says Spahr, "large landed properties were built upon the ruins of the small freeholders." The discovery of gold, almost simultaneously, in California, Australia, and the Ural mountains, brought a sudden end to this fall of prices. In the short space of ten or twelve years the world's stock of gold was actually doubled. According to the Aldrich report, general prices, measured in gold, rose about 20 per cent. between 1850 and 1873. Rising prices brought prosperity for the mass of the people, particularly the industrial and laboring classes, "by throwing into their hands," as Cairnes says in his "Essays in Political Economy," an increased share of the purchasing power of the world." Little tendency toward monopoly appeared as compared with the later period. Hume, the historian, in his "Essay on Money," in commenting on the effects of this new supply of money, said:

"In every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, everything takes a new face; labor and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention."

The turning point was reached in 1873. In that year the mints of the United States and other countries were closed to the free coinage of silver, which had theretofore existed, and since that time the use of the precious metals as money has been limited to gold alone, for we must make the same distinction between actual money and "token coins" of silver or bronze that we make between a gold dollar and a paper promise to pay a gold dollar. The effect has been to raise the value of gold by increasing the demand for it, or, what is the same thing, to lower prices.* It is true that there have been

*The supply of gold has recently increased, but so has the demand for it. The population of gold-standard countries was thirty-five millions in 1872, two hundred and sixty-four millions in 1890, and five hundred and seventeen millions in 1897 (not

short periods of rising prices, and that certain articles have temporarily risen from special causes, just as some days in September are colder than some days in October, or as one wave of a retreating tide may come up higher onto the beach than its predecessor. But conclusions are not to be drawn from any one article, or from prices for a single year. The general level of prices for the last twenty-five years has gone ever downward. This disastrous fall of general prices in every gold-standard country (not shared in, however, by the silver countries) has amounted, according to all authorities, to forty per cent. or over, since 1873. It is an indisputable historical fact that the great price movements of history have been coincident with the great changes in the volume of money. As these price movements have affected the economic condition of the people, and altered the distribution of wealth, they have turned civilization toward absolutism or democracy. This is not only true historically, but no other result could reasonably or logically follow. Monopoly is only a modern form of absolutism and can be traced to the same cause as feudalism and other historical forms of this foe to liberty.

Bimetallism is the only practical remedy that is proposed to bring to an end the era of falling prices, and restore stable

counting India). Mulhall estimates the world's gold coin in 1880 at \$3,573,100,000. The United States Treasury estimate for 1886 was \$4,143,700,000, an increase of \$571,600,000. As the world's gold production during the period was \$2,463,125,000, only about 23 per cent. went permanently into coinage, after allowing for use in arts, melting of coin for use therein, loss, waste, etc. Some have urged that the fall of prices since 1873 is accounted for by reduced cost of production. If this were true it would none the less lead to an unjust distribution of wealth to the advantage of the capitalistic classes. A fall of prices, if due to cheaper methods of production, would give to the moneylenders and the possessors of fixed incomes all the advantage arising from inventions and improvements, although they had done nothing to earn it, while it would leave the producing classes, who should have received the benefit, simply *in statu quo*. But reduced cost of production does not account for the fall of prices. Some articles are not susceptible of improved methods; in the case of others, such as agricultural products especially, the present methods of production were practically perfected before 1873. Yet the fall of prices has been *general*. In the period from 1850 to 1873, when the greatest advance was made in inventions and improvements, prices rose, instead of falling. The British Royal Commission on Agriculture that reported in 1887, and Sauerbeck, the statistician, have shown that the plea of overproduction is unfounded. A fall in the price of an article, due to overproduction, is self-corrective by leading to a curtailment of the production of that article. Overproduction has caused particular articles to fall in price at certain times, but it can never account for the general fall in the price of all articles during a long period.

or rising prices. It is generally conceded that with the introduction of bimetallism falling prices would cease. It is extremely doubtful whether prices would ever rise very materially or very suddenly under bimetallism. The world's production of gold and silver for the period 1851-1870 was \$3,475,431,000; for the period 1871-1890 it was \$4,430,294,500, an increase of only 27 per cent., while from 1870 to 1890 the population of the United States increased 62 per cent., and its business in a larger proportion. Since 1890 the production of the precious metals has increased, but in this connection two important lessons are to be learned from the periods of rising prices following the discovery of America and the opening up of the gold fields of California. In both cases, as all writers agree, the rise of prices was gradual, and not nearly so great as the increase in the money supply. The reason is that economic shocks are slowly propagated, and considerable time is needed to adjust prices to the increased volume of money, while the rise of prices itself, by encouraging new enterprises, increases the demand for money and makes it more necessary to maintain a given level of prices. Thus, even a greatly increased volume of money, under bimetallism, would not have the effect that alarmists have claimed it would have. The probable result would be substantially stable prices, with a slight upward tendency, putting life into industry, and enabling small concerns to stand or fall on their own merits, without substantial injury to the creditor classes, beyond depriving them of their unearned increment of falling prices. This would put an end to the silent process of taking from the value of property and adding to the value of money, by which the rich have been made richer and the poor poorer. It would make monopoly impossible. The establishment of bimetallism should therefore be the first and most important measure of any programme looking toward freeing the people from the domination of wealth and monopoly.

Other causes, of a less fundamental character, have contributed to the growth of monopoly. Not the least of these is the connection that has existed between corporate monopoly

and the political machine. Large corporations furnish the bulk of the campaign funds that are contributed. Those who control the purse of a party are apt to control its policy, and corporations generally control the purse. Thus they can, and often do, not only control party policies, but dictate nominations, so that, no matter which side wins, there will be in office men who are in sympathy with their interests. The further effect is to make it difficult or impossible for men, however high their ability or character, to succeed politically unless they become the servants of monopoly. This insidious influence cannot be entirely eliminated, but it may be checked. Primary-Election laws, such as have been recently adopted in a number of States, will prevent corporations, and their allies the political machines, from dictating nominations, if citizens will only attend the primaries and protect their own rights. Another check on this unholy alliance would be to bring corporate contributions to campaign funds under the regulations now imposed upon individual contributions by candidates for office, under the corrupt practices acts in force in many of the States, namely, requiring a detailed account to be made of such contributions, and perhaps limiting the amount that may be contributed. Like all laws that seek to regulate public morals evasion would be possible, but the effect, as far as it went, would be a healthy one. The hold that corporations have sometimes secured over the United States Senate seems to have been due to the fact that men have often been chosen Senators by State legislatures under the sway of corporations, who never could have run the gauntlet of a popular election. The election of United States Senators by a popular vote is demanded by the people. The unconstitutional method of choice was the result of a compromise, the reason for which has long since ceased to exist. Under such circumstances, no sentimental considerations should prevent an amendment to the Constitution in the interests of the people.

When the connection is thus broken between corporate monopoly and the political machine, so that corporations can

no longer dictate party nominations or policies, the next step is to remove, as far as possible, those influences that tend to bring legislatures into subjection to corporate dictation. To this end the free-pass system should be abolished; members of Congress should be prohibited from dealing in speculative stocks, whose value may be influenced by legislation, and from receiving any retainer or emolument of any kind from any corporation interested in securing a government contract or the passage or defeat of legislation. An important part of the duty, however, rests with the public, not with the law-makers. It should be the fixed determination of the people to properly reward those who serve their interests, and punish those who yield to monopolistic influences, so that it will be to the interest of the most selfish politician to serve the people rather than to betray them. If the people were as prompt to reward their servants as corporations are to reward theirs, they would be better served. The motive of self-interest cannot be ignored. Much depends upon the character of the men in office. Corporations have profited not so much by the inadequacy of the laws already in force as by the unwillingness of those in power to properly enforce these laws.

With good men in office, intent on serving the people, and sure of their reward if they do so, there is much less danger that corporations will be unduly favored in either the enactment, interpretation, or enforcement of the laws. One further security, however, should be provided. The Initiative and Referendum, if adopted, would afford the people a constant check on legislation in the interests of monopoly. Direct legislation simply carries out in practice our theory of popular rights. Indeed without it we have a democracy in name only. Nor does the Referendum involve a violent or radical departure from existing methods. Laws are passed every year which contain the provision that they are to go into operation only when ratified by a vote of the citizens of the city, town, county, or other political division to be affected. The courts have repeatedly held that such laws do not amount to an unconstitutional delegation of legislative power.* Our popular

* See *People vs. Fleming*, 16 Pac. Rep. 296, reviewing authorities.

elections are often merely a tardy exercise of the right of electors to ratify or reject the action of their representatives.

It is no reflection upon the courts to say that judges are human, and, like everyone else, are influenced, often unconsciously, by their surroundings. There appear to be only two ways of making money at law—preying upon corporations from the inside, and preying upon them from the outside. Preying on them from the inside is the safest, surest, and most profitable; and the brightest lawyers in the country become corporation attorneys. They have the ability, the experience, and the reputation, and when a Federal judgeship becomes vacant, naturally one of these corporation attorneys is appointed. When he becomes Federal judge, he inevitably carries with him the sympathies, prejudices, and point of view acquired in his law practice. He has grown up with corporate influences all around him, and naturally sees things from the corporation standpoint. What safeguards should be imposed? First, what is known as government by injunction should be made impossible. Many who did not at first realize the necessity for this step have been convinced by the experiences during the great strike in the coal regions in 1897. Secondly, the office of Federal judge should be made elective, at least below the United States Supreme Court. To make the office of United States Supreme Court judge elective would require a constitutional amendment. Then, too, there is greater danger from corporate influences and associations in the case of the judges of the inferior Federal courts, who are judges of the fact as well as of the law, and who grant injunctions and appoint receivers. No hardship would come to a good judge from making the office elective. The experience of our States with elective judiciaries shows that the people almost always continue good judges in office, while retaining the means of redress in cases of flagrant abuse of power.

It is a noticeable fact that while the tendency toward the concentration of wealth has manifested itself in England, it has not there reached such great proportions as in the United States. One reason for this difference is undoubtedly to be

found in methods of taxation. In England direct taxes are imposed much more than in America. It is clear that our indirect taxes on consumption fall with especial severity upon the poorer classes, while they scarcely affect the wealthy classes or the corporations. In direct taxation therefore we have an important remedy for wealth concentration. The most important step in this direction would be a graduated income tax, by constitutional amendment if necessary. The graduated feature may be justified on several grounds. In proportion to their means the wealthy pay only a very small share of indirect taxes, because they do not consume so much of the articles whose price is affected by tariff and excise taxes, in proportion to their wealth, as do the poorer classes. It may also be justified on the general ground of public policy, that it tends to prevent the excessive accumulation of wealth. The exigencies of war have induced the passage of a graduated inheritance tax. These two taxes, if properly framed and enforced, should have a most salutary effect in preventing the excessive accumulation of wealth. While the income and inheritance taxes are thus most in accord with the principles of sound public policy, they are also the most equitable from the standpoint of the individual taxpayer. The income tax is the only one that rises and falls with the ability of the taxpayer to pay it. The inheritance tax is levied upon what should properly be regarded as a gratuity, the right to inherit being a law given and not a natural right.*

Another check on the growth of corporate power is the extension of the sphere of state activity in certain directions where its practicability is clear. Probably the most flagrant source of corruption in American cities has been in the granting of franchises to municipal monopolies. Numerous cities, both here and abroad, have successfully owned and operated their public works, and it is only reasonable to expect that in the not far distant future a majority of American cities will own and operate their water, gas, and lighting works and street railways. The principle which should govern in extend-

* *Magoun vs. Ill. Trust and Savings Bank*, 170 U. S. 283.

ing the sphere of state activity has been best stated by Lord Salisbury, who recently said, in effect, that it was not a question of socialism, but of business—of what was best for the people. The discriminations in rates practised by the railways in favor of large shippers, large cities, and business concerns in which they were financially interested, have contributed, with an appreciating money standard and falling prices, to bring about the conditions noted by Alison in Rome before its fall—the enrichment of the cities, the impoverishment of the country districts, and the concentration of the wealth of the cities in the hands of the few. Whether this evil of discrimination in rates can be cured short of government ownership of the railways only time can decide. Government ownership of the railways, telegraph, and telephone may come eventually. But progress in the direction of greater governmental activity must necessarily be made slowly and with caution.

No human laws can eradicate the natural differences of men in character and ability. As long as those differences exist there will be differences in worldly success. But the law can and should secure for every citizen an equal opportunity to stand or fall on his own merits, by removing those influences that deprive him of an equal chance in life. One of those influences is monopoly. Corporations are not necessarily an evil. The evil consists in their abuse of power. This evil it is within the power of man to remedy. Political equality is already secured. With equality of opportunity established, a republic may be truly said to exist.

MADISON, Wis.

UP AND DOWN.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Up, up, up! On and out and away
From the little beast I live in,
Through the sweet home life I give in,
With its dear, close love;
Out of that fragrant gloom,
With its crowding fruit and bloom,
Into the wide clear day;
Into the world above.

Out, where the soul can spread
Into the lives of many—
Feeling the joy and pain,
The peace, the toil, the strain
That is not spared to any;
Feeling and working as one;
So is our life begun—

The life that can never grow
Till it has widened so. —
The neighborless soul is dead.

On—with a sharp-caught breath,
Into the space beyond—
Wonderful white-blue space
Where you feel through shifting time
The slow-formed life sublime
Of a yet unconscious race.
Where you live beyond all tears;
Where centuries slide as years
And the flickering screen of death
Shows God's face calm and fond.

Even—a moment's dream—
A flash that lifts and flies—
Even beyond our brothers
To a day when the full-born soul,
World-circling, conscious, whole,
Shall taste the world's full worth—
Shall feel the swing of the earth—

Feel what life will seem

When we walk the thronging skies
And the earth shall sing with the others !

Down, down, down ! Back and in and home !

Circling softly through
The spaces vast and blue ;
The centuries' whirling spokes
Settling back again
To time-marks clear and plain,
As we count the separate strokes.
The race lifelong and free
Narrowed to what we see,
Our own set hope and power
In the history of the hour —
Back to our time we come.

In, where the Soul is warm
With the clinging, lingering touch
Of those we love so much,
And the daring wings can rest ;
Back, where the task is small,
Easy and plain to all,
The life that most hold best —
Humanity's first form.

Down ! If we fail of this ;
Down to the very base —
The Universe, the Race,
Country and Friends and Home —
Here at the end we come
To the first gift that was given,
The little beast we live in !
Rest and be happy, soul !
This was an age-long goal,
This too you may nobly love —
Failing of aught above ;
Feeling that, even here,
Life is as true, as near,
As one with the will of God
As sky, or sea, or sod
Or aught of the world that is.

COUNT TOLSTOY AT HOME.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

WHILE I was reading "What is Art?" it occurred to me that it would be a very interesting thing if one could get a sense of Tolstoy's personality, and his surroundings,—something comparable in vividness and truth to the innumerable portraits in his own books. The study of a work so sincere, so full of power, so overburdened even with moral earnestness, and representing, as its author says, the work and the best thought of fifteen years, brings with it an almost irresistible curiosity to look through the page to the man behind it.

And then with all its merits, with all its force, the book has great faults and shortcomings, and one feels that, with a closer knowledge of the author's character, it might be much easier to understand these and make allowance for them. For instance, one is sensible, all through the book, of a great lack of urbanity, a tendency to impatience, almost an inveterate habit of scolding; is there any outward and visible cause for this acerbity? or can we trace it back to anything in the author's life? And again, the almost morbid and prudish attitude towards the human body, that comes out again and again in Tolstoy's strictures on modern art; one is tempted to think he believes the Elohim, having made man, made haste to create fig-trees; or to imagine Tolstoy coming unawares to the gateway of Eden, and then, greatly scandalized, hastening to lay a complaint before the park-keeper. And, once more, his very strange and almost inexplicable hostility towards all things Hellenic, so that in one place he seriously describes the Greeks as a "slave-owning, half-barbarous little nation, with a trick of depicting the human body, and who had put up some pretty buildings"—one does not speak of Phidias and the Parthenon like that, unless one's feeling are very strongly

involved; how did this come about, and what are the outward traces of it? Can one find the reason by a closer acquaintance with this very dogmatic prophet?

It happened that one of Tolstoy's pronouncements, whether on the dissenting sects, or the likelihood of famine, or whatever it may have been, had brought him into unusual prominence in his native land, where they regard him with a queer mixture of admiration and dislike; and a number of visitors had found their way to Yasnaya Polyana, to talk to him about the universe. Several of them put on record the details of their visits, and published them. And three of these records found their way to me.

Now there is nothing of very remarkable interest in anything that was said at any of these interviews, as there seems to have been nothing very striking about the personalities of the visitors; yet it seems to me that they have managed to get Tolstoi's likeness, with a quite unexpected fidelity, and the fact that there are three points of view for the three observers gives the picture a stereoscopic relief and completeness. They give discordant accounts, which nevertheless make a harmonious unity, something in the fashion of "The Ring and the Book."

The first visitor was a little Russian journalist, who was very familiar, and at the same time very much afraid. He has not described himself, but he has let himself ooze out between the lines, so to speak, in describing Tolstoy, and one can form a very accurate picture of his outward and inward man. He is the sort of person who would wear a rather faded frock coat with a low hat and thick boots, and be very respectful to the footman, and make great play with his hat. Well, let us introduce him to the Count, whom, by the way, he calls by his first name.

"Lyef Nicolaiëvitch," he says, "turned towards the sofa and sat down in an armchair between the sofa and the table. Alas! in such a place, I had not the right to give myself wholly up to observing the great writer who had placed himself so near me. From under gray, shaggy brows, those gifted

all-observing eyes, brown, alert, gleaming, gazed at me steadily; every feature had long been familiar to me from portraits; every curl of his bushy beard, the locks growing scant on his gifted brow, and most of all, those powerful eyes of his, which no portrait can render.

"And looking so closely, not at the great writer's portrait, but at himself, I became acutely conscious that I could find no justification either for my presence there or for the presumptuous demand which I had meant to make; for I had come prepared to say this: 'Lyef Nicolaiëvitch, I have come with the single purpose of seeing the great writer, and perhaps to interchange a word or two with him, perhaps even to press his gifted hand, and perhaps, . . . taking advantage of his unlimited good-nature, to carry away with me a memento of his gifted hand, in the form of a signature on his latest portrait. . . . But now I felt clearly that I could not pronounce the words. For if every one of the many million people who pronounce the name of Lyef Tolstoy with a true glow in their hearts had the hardihood to disturb him with a like intent, then not only would the great old man have not a second for his mighty work, but he would not even have a second for rest and repose. I grew conscious of all this, in the first few seconds, and felt that I was not only an intruder, but even impertinent.

"So in coward's fashion I hid the true purpose of my visit to the Count, and tried to give an answer to his enquiry, hostile to the truth, if you wish, but at least a little more reasonable. For he had asked me: 'In what way can I be of service to you?'

"I tried to explain that, being a victim of the literary itch, I could in no wise hinder myself from writing artistic productions. And as I had read in an article by the Frenchman André Bonnier that the Count followed all the most trivial effusions of contemporary literature with the greatest patience, I had decided to ask him whether he would not be so good as to look over my printed works, and pronounce his opinion on them, an opinion which would be precious to me.

"The Count listened very attentively. When my tongue had got altogether tangled up, and would proceed no further, the Count continued to watch me with the utmost seriousness, nodding his head the while, as who should say: 'Do not take the trouble to tell me too minutely what you are after; I understand you pretty well already.'

"But it seems that I either confused terribly what I wanted to say, or that the Count was too used to find that if a writer came to him it would certainly be for help, and for that reason he answered me:

" 'Unfortunately, I cannot grant your request. I do not follow the type of literature of which you speak at all. And if they were to tell me that all the writers of belles-lettres in the whole white world had ceased altogether to write their novels, stories, and tales, I should not regret it in the least. I have no longer anything to do with all that. If you wish to occupy yourself with belles-lettres, that is your business; you will give your work where there is a demand for it. But my opinion counts for nothing. If a paper does not want a thing, it will not take it because I recommend it. Not long ago a paper refused to print the really excellent poem, in my opinion, of a young poet, although I wrote to the editor to say that, to my mind, it was an excellent poem.'

"And then I tried to explain that I had not come for protection and patronage, because my efforts were already accepted where they were wanted; and that I had only come to learn the Count's opinion about my little things, and that I did not make a point of it in the least, and apologized for disturbing the Count.

" 'But why should you want to know my opinion about your writings? And why should I read your writings? Let us suppose that you make a table'—and the count laid his hand on the polished surface of the table, and spread his handsome fingers out on it; 'let us suppose that you wish to know how other people like your table, you must take it where tables are sold, and they will tell you there whether your work is good or bad. This is just what I say to you. Why should I

read your work, when it does not interest me in the least? And it is probably not worth reading. At least a hundred and fifty people have come to me with the same request. I tried to read their works. And in the majority of cases, they turned out to be neither the one thing nor the other. One could not call them good. Why should I waste my time reading your works? I have not much time; I am seventy years old.'

"Good heavens," exclaims the interviewer, now thoroughly abashed, "how I regretted that my feet rested on the polished oak floor, and not on soft earth that would open and let me through."

"I repeated that I did not in the least wish to insist on my request, and with a desperate and half-formless determination to bring my mission to an end I explained to the great writer, in what words I know not, my desire to have his signature on a photograph which I drew forth from a portfolio."

"'With pleasure,' said Iyef Nicolaiëvitch, 'I will sign the portrait.'"

"I felt that I was ready to jump with joy, and hastened to take leave of the Count, to apologize for his time which I had taken up, and to thank him for his kindness."

"How opportune was my action I afterwards understood from the circumstance that at that very moment the Countess entered and came to her husband with something confidential."

"'Here,' said the great writer, handing me the portrait, with the ink still wet; 'forgive me for not being able to grant your request.'"

"And he shook hands with me," says the little journalist. We will allow him to bow himself out.

It is very refreshing to find that there is real humility in the world, even if it does come perilously near to abjectness, as in the present case. We may simply note that the said journalist sacrificed the honorarium for his article to a charitable institution in which Count Tolstoy takes an interest. The whole thing is refreshing in its simplicity; at the same time

one must admit that this abject person has a keen enough eye for vivid detail.

The next account which I have is a record of the visit of M. André Bonnier, whom the little journalist mentions as saying that Tolstoy followed the light literature of the day. Perhaps he should have come first, but I found the little journalist much stronger in the outward details which come first in our composite picture. M. André Bonnier has not the slightest inclination to sink through the floor. He is a rather gloomy, sceptical person, who wears the air of being a very great sinner, but of despising even his own sins, the fashionable tone with French men of letters since the *décadent* and *délinquent* movement set in.

"The first thing," he writes, "that struck me about Tolstoy is the confidence with which he affirms that he knows the truth. This conviction penetrates his glance, the vigor of his voice, the firmness of his step. On his whole personality stands the stamp of truth. It very rarely happens that he speaks very loud, or that he grows excited, when expressing or defending an idea. Even when you feel that he is growing dissatisfied, he speaks without loudness, in exactly the same tone. He is so confident that he is not mistaken and that he is speaking truth absolute, impersonal, and self-evident, that he evidently does not think it necessary to defend it jealously and passionately, as an opinion belonging to him individually. Doubt is wholly foreign to him. What he wishes to know, he knows; and what he does not know does not interest him. If his eyes are sometimes clouded, and if at times the clear vision of the sage deserts him, he is grieved not at himself, but because he has failed to inspire belief in others in consequence of their unwillingness to give way before evident truth.

"So I saw, in my own century, a man who really has faith, whom no sense of the unknown disturbs, and who lives without tormenting doubts, a stranger to vacillation and weakness. It was worth coming so far to see that. I think that from this point of view Tolstoy stands alone; for most of us live by

hazard; and in this lies the saddest side of our existence. The best of us do all that is in our power, but without really feeling certain that we are doing right. We wander, feeling our way along the line of least resistance. But now I have seen a man who believes in what he does.

"They tell me that one of Tolstoy's friends once expressed himself in the Count's presence in a manner hostile to Tolstoy's ideas, but, of course, with perfect courtesy. Tolstoy remained silent for a certain time, and then, looking straight in his opponent's face, or to speak quite accurately, in the face of the opponent of truth, he spoke: 'I cannot bear when anyone does not share my opinion.'

"This caused a certain awkwardness, and Tolstoy thus explained his words: 'Because there can only be one truth.'

" 'Truth is one,' said his opponent; 'I agree with that perfectly; but opinions concerning truth are many.'

"Then Tolstoy closed the conversation with these words: 'There are no opinions; there is only truth!'

"Perhaps," adds M. Bonnier, "I ought not to record this anecdote, because it may be understood in an unfavorable sense. I fear it may lead people to believe that Tolstoy is proud. This would be unjust. But such is the weakness of our nature that we who are not men of genius put ourselves right in our own eyes by accusing men with convictions of pride. No, Tolstoy is not proud, although he has much more reason for pride than many people who are really proud."

In what this interviewer says we seem to get a clew to much that we have found faulty in "What is Art?" There is the extreme dogmatism of an intense and yet rather narrow nature; and there is, most of all, a total lack of the sense of humor. One has noticed, in Tolstoy's relations with the humble, effusive journalist, that the writer is before all else a man of his caste, exclusive by instinct, to the tips of his fingers, and, although he is himself a writer, with a great deal of that haughty contempt for mere writers which was felt in England in the days of Elizabeth, and in Russia up till the middle of this generation. Writing was a thing a gentleman could only

concern himself with at the cost of a certain loss of dignity. So that we can hardly agree that Tolstoy is not proud; he is even arrogant, by temperament and education,—preëminently a caste man. And, with this, he is at war with his caste. His inmost nature is utterly at variance with his habitual nature. Universal man, in him, is warring against caste. And hence, I think, we have this bitterness, this impatience, this lack of urbanity, which rather mars his work, unless, as in the case of his analysis of Wagner, it goes so far as to be absolutely amusing.

To speak of Tolstoy's shyness of the human body is a delicate task, and one which had better, perhaps, be left alone. But one may suggest that here too education and conviction have had a hard fight; that the rich officers of Tolstoy's youth had a habit of sensuousness not easily combated; and that this reaction has become almost morbid in its intensity, and, once more, has suffered from Tolstoy's deficient sense of humor. And this, I think, is why he bears the Greeks a grudge. After all, if they made statues of Theseus, they did not forget Aphrodite, and, if a sensuous society suddenly or even slowly and painfully reformed, they would certainly bear a grudge against the patroness of Sappho, the lady brilliant and undying, whose chariot was drawn by sparrows.

But it is a great deficiency, this lack of the Greek sense. As one who has painfully translated page after page of Tolstoy, who has had to uncoil his long and tangled sentences, again and again numbering a hundred words and more, I cannot but wish that Tolstoy had gone through a severe course of iambic trimeters until he came to appreciate the true beauty of a short sentence. The Russians in general have not much feeling for verse, that is for even rhythm and the melody of words; and to this is due a certain harshness and crudeness in so much of what they write. And Tolstoy sins beyond the measure of his countrymen. Again, in the Greek spirit there are two great qualities, lucidity and buoyancy. Who would not thank fate to find Tolstoy more buoyant and less lugubrious? Where is the joy of living, the contagion of good-nature

and comity, which are so eminently Greek? It seems to me that Tolstoy looks at Greece through the corruption of Byzantium, and altogether misses the lightness and brightness of the true Hellas.

But to come back to the last of his three visitors, a Russian prince. And here the caste man comes out instantly. Look at the totally different greeting he receives, from the condescension which overawed the little journalist and the cold reserve which confronted the Frenchman.

"I drove up to his house," says the prince, "and found him at home; somewhat indisposed, but on his feet, and, as usual, taking a lively interest in everything. Count Lyef Nicolaiëvitch had caught cold; he does not know exactly when; but, two or three weeks back, true to his practice of physical work, he toiled a long time with a shovel, and, sweating, caught a cold in the back. Or perhaps it was when he was skating, as he spends an hour or more on the ice every day, and he is sixty-eight years old. For the moment he feels better, though still feverish and unable to write. Otherwise he works daily with his pen in his study from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. Lyef Nicolaiëvitch came to meet me, holding a book of Heine's poetry in his hand, and he read to me several beautiful poems of the famous writer with evident delight. Tolstoy reads small German type, even in the evening, with ease, so perfect is his eyesight.

"I am taking advantage of my illness," he said, 'to read Heine again. I am very fond of him. I cannot write just now.'

"From Heine the conversation turned to Zola and Dreyfus. Lyef Nicolaiëvitch was very much astonished when I told him that Zola was generally believed to be a Venetian Jew.

"For me, with my convictions," he said, 'this anti-Semitism in France is very odious; and all this Chauvinism and outcry for the army, too. And I confess that I strongly sympathized with this movement of Zola's, until I discovered that the students were against him. I believe in the students, and hold that truth dwells ever with the young.'

"The subject was changed to women.

" 'Women,' said Count Tolstoy, 'are all talking of liberty, and saying that, as Christians, they have a right to everything. But should a free Christian woman be like our ladies—in low dresses, flying to balls and dinners, and, for this, not dressing, but undressing? My understanding of a Christian woman is far different: strict, full of Christian love towards her neighbors, understanding and strictly fulfilling her family duties; such a woman is free. In early Christian days women did not undress like the heathen; they wore loose robes, hiding their forms; they did not strip themselves, as the heathen do. I am unwell just at present, and unable to write; but I hope I shall not die, so that I may write much about women. Before I die, I shall say all that is in my heart concerning woman-kind.' "

This last sentence calls to mind a reflection that often occurred to me while I was reading "What is Art?" In setting forth the new ideal of the future, which is to revolutionize not only art, but life, Tolstoy persistently speaks of it as the Christian ideal, and of its outcome as true Christian art. Now, while it is quite true that one fundamental principle, which he holds to be of the greatest importance, and which is indeed of the greatest importance, may well be called Christian, yet it seems to me that this continuous harping on a single string is likely to do more harm than good; that he is likely rather to drive people away from his ideal than to attract people to what he holds to be real Christianity. This allusion to the early Christian women in their long robes suggests the same thought. It is quite certain that the consideration of what the early Christian women did, or left undone, will weigh for very little in the future development of the idea of woman's liberty. And in saying this I am not for a moment blind to the fact that the Christian religion, in the strictest sense, has done very much to elevate the life of women. But what I should like to say is this: Christianity has done this, not from any exclusive or supernatural quality which it possesses, but because it rings true in this particular to our best sense of human life. We have in our inmost

hearts the love of liberty, of fair dealing, of loving-kindness, and of tender mercy; and these things go far deeper than the fact that we do or do not believe in a certain dogmatic system. They are the heart's core of the human heart. And what we shall reach in the future in the ideals of liberty and the intuition of each other's lives, we shall reach, not because these things are called Christian or were advocated by the Christian faith, but because they are real; because they lie at the heart of human life. Now human life is something which we all have, and which we all reverence in our best hours; while a dogmatic faith is something we may or may not have, may or may not reverence. Why then appeal to the less instead of to the greater? Why not appeal to life itself? Why not judge all things, and faith amongst the rest, by our deepest intuition of the reality of life—something we have ever with us and can always verify; something which all lands and all ages have held in common, while their faiths have too often only served to separate them?

Tolstoy, if he feels called on to express a judgment, should judge womankind not by what he fancies he knows of the early Christian women, but by his intuition of life—set up for them the standard of the immortal soul, with its power, its gladness, its penetrating beauty, and its everlasting mystery, which no faith or philosophy has ever perfectly understood.

NEW YORK.

WHY THE INDIANS BREAK OUT.

BY ALICE ROLLINS CRANE.

IF "Facts are the raw material of science, and history, the sum of all knowledge, is but the sum of ascertained facts," as one of our Californians puts it, would it not be wisdom to act upon ascertained facts in the conduct of government? After a careful study, founded upon personal observation, I am convinced that the policy pursued by our government with regard to the savage tribes on our western frontier is largely responsible for the trouble we have had, and are still having, with border Indians. I do not base conclusions upon sentimental grounds as did Fenimore Cooper and others. Our government or its agents certainly must be held guilty of cruelty and injustice towards the nation's wards; but not the less mistaken have been the weakness, the vacillation, and the absence of common sense that have characterized their treatment under the so-called peace policy that has been in operation for the past quarter of a century.

Hubert Howe Bancroft, in commenting on the history of the Indian race, after pages of speculation, thus sums up the situation: "All writers agree in giving to the nations of America a remote antiquity; all admit that there exists a greater uniformity between them than is to be found among people of the old world, although many deny that they are one race." Now, the substance of this is simply that all races of men are very much alike. There is undoubtedly a prevailing uniformity of physical characteristics among the Indians, but this uniformity goes as far to prove one universal race throughout the world as it does to prove a race peculiar to America. Human nature in the white man is human nature in the Indian. The varying circumstances of their environments sufficiently account for the diversity among them. These circumstances and their results are what I propose to discuss here.

No matter upon which fable among many we may build our belief as to the origin of the human race, there is no positive proof that the origin of the American Indians was either common with or separate from other races of men; but there are many things that go to show that they themselves were one common family. First, there is the similarity of language; for, although they had among them nearly eight hundred different dialects, these all comprise essentially one language. There was also great uniformity in their bodily shape, as there was in their thin, coarse hair, prominent cheek bones, and dull copper-colored complexion. Their manners and customs were almost identical; as also was their scanty attire. Again, their religious system is the same, being based on the worship of the sun, moon, and stars. Their chief vegetable food was uniformly the magic *mondamin* (maize) and *mohomonee* (wild rice). Their beast of burden was the same, the dog, *slama*. The dogs, were, moreover, all of one kind, and of a species elsewhere unknown. All this, of course, before the plants and animals of other lands were introduced.

There are not less than thirty-four different tribes of Indians in the United States, comprising a population of something like 300,000. These include six distinct nations, who exhibit a marked diversity owing to the different environments under which they have long existed. The primitive tribes of the West, which have been my chief study, include the degraded Pah-Utes, those bloodthirsty mountaineers, the Apaches, and the tractable Pimas. In Arizona there are about 20,000 on reservations, and in California about 5,000.

How are these Indians cared for as wards of the government? Under the auspices of the Indian Bureau at Washington, they are fed, clothed, housed, doctored, taught, and preached to. All this in accordance with what is known as the "peace policy" inaugurated during the administration of President Grant. And what is the result?

The agencies were established upon immense tracts of land, and supplies were furnished on the contract system through

government agents. Under this system different Christian sects have the Indians apportioned among them. These sects are the Quakers, Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, United Presbyterians, and Lutherans. All these Indians are placed on reservations, and are furnished with clothing and food of all sorts, and with government rifles and ammunition. Some are also provided with houses. They have religious school teachers, religious doctors, and, of course, religious preachers. A kind of farming is taught them by professors in the art of raising potatoes, cabbages, and wheat,—not a few of these same professors being ignoramuses appointed through political or personal pulls. In short, these Indians are government pets. They practise bigamy indiscriminately, and lounge in their wick-e-ups, or huts, in hopeless indolence, for their farming amounts to very little. They care far more for collecting guns and ammunition, and amuse themselves with hunting, "That detested sport that owes its pleasures to another's pain," as Cowper describes it.

Under this system, through the letting of contracts, the grossest frauds are practised upon the government and the Indians. It is impossible to prevent large numbers of the savages from constantly leaving the reservations, and the result is a succession of raids upon white settlers in the neighborhood for purposes of murder and robbery. Whole tribes are sometimes professional cattle thieves, and carry on their nefarious occupation under the very noses of the government agents. The Papagoes are of this class. They are known as peaceable, self-supporting Christian Indians; yet they cause the greatest distress to cattle men on the plains of Arizona, some of whom have lost as many as a thousand head of prime cattle in a single year through their depredations. Several ranchers have been ruined by the raids of these Christianized Indians.

The "Indian ring" at Washington has the appointment of the agents, doctors, preachers, teachers, and subordinates, and the frequent changes among them under various political administrations render it pecuniarily prudent for all of these

favorable functionaries to "make hay while the sun shines." The result is the perpetration of frauds and robberies of the grossest description in the administration of affairs of the agencies, on the one hand, and on the other, the constant invasion of the reservations by the whites, causing the Indians to make reprisal by raids upon settlers in the neighborhood. Even the most ardent admirer of the Indian cannot ignore his propensity for visiting the wrongs he suffers from individuals upon innocent members of the same race; and the horrible atrocities even now frequently perpetrated by them upon white settlers in and about their reservations certainly demand greater precautions, if they are to be prevented.

I wish here to quote a few sentences from a speech made in the year 1889 by Captain R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., of the Carlisle Indian School, on the subject, "How to Deal with the Indians":

"As early as 1633 Massachusetts passed a law giving the Indians the same rights to property and the advantages of social and political association and expression that is accorded to its other inhabitants; but Eliot and others favored Indian communities. Patrick Henry endeavored to get a law in Virginia granting special favors to whites and Indians who would intermarry, but those who thanked the Lord that all men were created of one flesh and blood opposed and defeated it. To-day churches compete with each other in multiplying and enlarging communities of Indian converts. The aim is more to encompass the Indian with the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist habit than to get him into the American habit. The United States invites trouble, and postpones the consummation of its purpose to accomplish the American civilization and citizenship of its Indian wards when it places them in the hands of those who compel American citizenship and civilization to bow to creed. The abundant fruits of such proceedings are to be found everywhere in tribes who have somewhat advanced in civilization, and who, while drawing all the means of support from the government, look upon it as their enemy. While they do not longer band themselves together to defend their savagery and tribal autonomy by force, they cling to their autonomy, and by virtue of it make large raids upon the government treasury. In many cases on this

line they meet with great success, but their success only weakens and destroys them, for idleness with all its attendant dissipations necessarily follows."

These are precisely what have made the Indian a fiend, pest, terror, and a detriment to civilization wherever he is located upon a reservation. To gain popularity with the churches, the mistaken idea has been advanced that Indians could be made orthodox Christians by preaching and teaching in Christian schools; and it was this which led to the conduct of Indian affairs being taken out of the hands of the military during Grant's administration and placed under sectarian control. The failure to convert Indians in that way is forcibly illustrated in the terrible massacre at New Ulm, Minnesota, late in the fifties. The Indians there had long been under the influence of the Episcopalian Church, and were supposed to be thoroughly Christianized. Many of them had even partaken of the sacrament shortly before the massacre. They were receiving or had received their Indian payment, blankets, food, etc., at the time; yet they broke loose upon the unoffending whites, and even the preachers and their families barely escaped with their lives, about one hundred and thirty men, women, and children being killed in a single night. Shortly afterward one of their chiefs was asked if they were not happier as Christians than in their savage state:

"Oh yes," he said, "Chlistian bery good; make white man give Indian blead, blanket, an pen-whiskey; but Chlistian God bery bad God."

"Why?" inquired the astonished white.

"Oh, Chlistian God kill him own son. Indian God no kill nobody. Indian no kill him own son; kill him enemy. Why Chlistian God no kill Dedil, an have no more fight, no more bad Chlistian to take country from poor Indian."

The attempt to keep the Indians confined on reservations vast in extent, in an open country without visible boundaries, is palpably ridiculous, as is the notion that you can govern the savage by talk, teaching him a creed which inculcates a "belief in things not seen," trying to make him religious by filling his

stomach, keeping him in idleness, and stuffing his mind with ideas which he can neither comprehend nor imagine, and at the same time cheating him out of the blankets and rations promised him by the government for remaining a sort of prisoner under the tutelage of men and women who tell him that God's own son was cruelly murdered in order to make Indians good and white men honest. All this is wrong, and bears its natural fruit; but still worse is the sickening, spurious sympathy, the pandering to a pusillanimous sentimentality, which finds excuses for his vices, crimes, and inhuman butcheries for the purpose of keeping up a mistaken system. Why should not these people be governed as others are, held responsible for all their acts under our laws, and obliged to contribute to the maintenance of our government?

Perhaps, after all, the Indians are not so greatly to blame. Suppose we should put as many thousands of ignorant Europeans, Negroes, Chinese, or Tartars—indeed, people of any nationality—upon these reservations, give them all they can eat, clothes, houses, doctors, arms, and ammunition, and keep them in idleness, how long would they remain at peace? If they could not wage war among themselves under the vigilance of the reservation police, they would certainly be apt to do so with outsiders. It is estimated that there are 26,000 tramps, white men, on the Pacific Coast. Why not provide them with reservations, houses, food, clothing, and guns and ammunition for their amusement, and see what the result would be?

If the government would abandon this wretched reservation system, and make the Indians amenable to the laws of the country like other people; if it would compel them to earn their bread by labor or to go without, they would have to behave themselves in order to get work and acquire self-earned homes, and would scatter out over the country instead of remaining massed together for evil deeds. The race is intelligent enough, and were they thus scattered among the whites they would undoubtedly conduct themselves with average propriety. The nature of the human being, white *man*

or Indian, is largely that of the untamed brute. Both are forced to be useful and obedient in order to gratify natural desires. Necessity has civilized humanity.

The present policy of the government is a cruel mistake. Thousands of innocent people—their number will never be known—have been tortured and butchered upon our frontier on account of our Indian policy, and the government should be held responsible for these crimes. Those beautiful fancies, Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," are well enough; but not the less is the Indian a brutal savage. No amount of preaching will make a Christian of him, no amount of political sympathy civilize him so long as he is allowed to develop unchecked primitive instincts of barbarism. Let him loose and make him work or starve; keep him within the bounds of the law, and he will soon learn to take care of himself.

That those who should have known better have allowed themselves to be led into a wild chase after shadows by leaders who seek favor with a class of sickly sentimentalists is the more unfortunate since it has cost the people thousands of lives and millions of dollars. It would be a severe shock to the average citizen if he should chance to see exhibited to view the ravages of that cancer, the Indian Bureau, which is eating into the financial bowels of the government at an alarming rate, under the pretence of caring for "the poor Indian." On February 27, 1896, Senator Sherman worked through Congress a bill providing for the expenditure of \$8,000,000; and this was nothing in comparison with sums previously squandered in the same way.

Such facts are the raw material for the people to draw conclusions from. The sum of knowledge on this subject is easily arrived at, for the ascertained facts are here. It is time that the Indian horrors should be blazoned in glowing sentences. The shame of barbarism now tolerated in this connection should be swept away. Life, liberty, and property are what our government was organized to protect; and it

should protect them. Let inhumanity no longer be permitted under cloak of a peace policy! Let the blood of Christ no longer serve as war paint for the Apache! Let us cease to cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace!"

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITALISTIC ABUSES IN CANADA.

BY J. ENOCH THOMPSON.

IN March, 1896, the American Federation of Labor unanimously recommended the adoption of an eight-hour day by all trades. In the preamble to the resolution it was stated that:

"The general and constant introduction of machinery, the minute subdivision of labor, the irregularity of employment, the continually recurring periods of industrial stagnation and financial panics, *the hopeless wail of the unemployed*, all demand equalization of the opportunities that will come from the general adoption of the eight-hour day. All other lines and economic theories within our ranks should be subordinated to the great task of giving work to the unemployed and of bettering the wages and conditions of all who toil."

The first thought on reading the resolution was the moderation of the demands, the second was the utter inadequacy of the remedy. Any benefit to the workers by the concession of an hour a day will speedily be offset by further improvements in machinery, and in a short time another hour would have to be lopped off to equalize matters. In the meantime the number of workmen will have increased, and the same difficulty will have to be met from this cause also.

Nor is it only in industrial pursuits that there is difficulty in finding employment. The improvement in farm machinery is depriving the worker of his last resort of going on the land. Referring to the Canadian census, we find that from 1881 to

1891 the quantity of land under cultivation increased from 21,899,180 acres to 28,537,242, while the men employed in the cultivation thereof had decreased from 656,712 in 1881 to 649,506 in 1891. That is, increased area 6,638,062 acres, decrease in cultivators 7,206. The next census, in 1901, will doubtless show a still larger proportionate decrease in the number of men employed.

In 1881 one man to every $33\frac{1}{2}$ acres;

" 1891 " " " " 44 "

" 1901 " " " " 51 " (estimated).

Mulhall estimates that owing to the introduction of agricultural machinery, two men now produce as much as five men did fifty years ago.

There are instances where the eight-hour movement has been conceded without increasing the number of employees in that particular trade. Take the case of a large departmental store which employs 800 hands: of these 400 get from \$1.50 to \$4 per week, 200 get \$5, and 200 get from \$6 to \$15 per week. The working hours are from 8 to 6 o'clock, with an hour off for dinner. During the summer months the store closes at 5 p. m., making it an eight-hour day. This concession has not had the effect claimed for the eight-hour movement by the labor unions. It has not added one cent to the income of the employees or given an extra hand a job. The only result has been to give the employees an extra hour off during the dull season. Of the 800 employees of this establishment, some eke out a precarious existence, it is hard to say how; while even the most highly paid cannot bring up a family and live decently without constant privations and self-denial. The proprietor of this store is credited with making \$75,000 a year. Eight hundred people have to labor without ceasing eight or nine hours a day and undergo many privations in order that this man may enjoy \$75,000 a year. He drives down in his carriage and gives three or four hours a day to his business. His services would be well paid at \$5,000 a year. In this case the adoption of an eight-hour or even a six-hour working day would not materially improve the condition of

the workers, but the distribution of \$70,000 a year in increasing the wages of those whose services create that revenue would be a just and proper way of disposing of it.

It may be claimed that applying the eight-hour day to factories and producing establishments would have a beneficial effect which is absent where the employees are engaged in the distribution only of products. This is true to a limited extent, but it will not enable those who create the wealth by their labor to secure their proper share of it.

The increased production consequent on the introduction of machinery, if fairly and justly distributed, would make life agreeable and pleasant to the laborer. If more food and clothing be produced than are actually required, if every man who is willing to work has all the food and clothing he requires for himself and family, the natural remedy would be to reduce the hours of labor until equilibrium was reached between output and consumption. In the existing state of society the output is partly restricted by reducing the number of men employed (turning them out to starve), and the balance of the surplus goes to enrich the capitalist and landowner, who have already more than their share.

The corporation of Toronto procured a stone-breaking machine by which the time required to do the work was greatly reduced. Did the corporation make a corresponding reduction in the hours of the men? Not a bit of it. They discharged half the men, and worked the others as long as before. The introduction of machinery benefits the capitalist every time, instead of reducing the hours of the laborer. A patent machine for cutting out clothes has been devised, doing the work of twenty men. A clothing house bought two, and straightway discharged forty cutters. Hear what Robert G. Ingersoll says:

"In the days of cannibalism the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advances in science, the strong, the heartless still live on the weak, the unfortunate, and the foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood,

but they live on their labor, their self-denial, their weakness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for his wife and children through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to his grave without ever having one luxury—has been the food of others. He has been devoured by his fellow men. The poor woman, living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being eaten by her fellow men. When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life—the failures, the anxieties, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has lived upon his fellow man.”

According to official returns, there is enough wealth in Canada to give every man, woman, and child \$1,020, or, say, \$5,000 for each family. This is doubtless a very moderate estimate, yet there are many thousands who have never owned one-twentieth of this sum. The introduction of the eight-hour system is not a sufficient remedy for existing evils. It should be accompanied by an increase of wages. This may increase the price of products. What of it? One of the most demoralizing symptoms of the day is the craze for cheap goods —“bargains.”

No argument is required to secure the support of the laboring classes for any movement likely to increase their wages and decrease their hours; but the great middle class—the storekeeper, the farmer, and the real-estate owner—may not at first see it in the same light.

A nation where the rich become richer and the poor poorer soon falls into decay, while the nation where wealth is more evenly distributed, where every man can find profitable employment for his labor, is in the full enjoyment of prosperity. Let those who remember the condition of business in Toronto sixteen years ago compare it with present conditions. There were no vacant stores or houses, there was employment for all at high wages, and nothing disturbed the even tenor of our way but an occasional strike for higher wages or shorter hours. These were grudgingly granted by the employers, who

did not then understand, and do not now, that the higher the wages the greater the prosperity.

The working man is usually generous. When he earns good wages he spends freely. In food, clothing, or rent he generally demands the maximum his means afford. If of a saving disposition, his surplus is invested in buying land or building a house. The money so circulated makes business brisk and so benefits all classes.

A hundred years ago Adam Smith said that when wages are high we shall always find the workman more active, diligent, and expeditious than when they are low. To complain of high wages is to lament over the necessary effect and cause of the "greatest public prosperity."

The adoption of any plan which restores to the working man his share of the national wealth would effectually renew our prosperity. The municipality of Toronto has a by-law forbidding the payment of less than fifteen cents an hour to its laborers, and requiring the union rate of wages to be paid by all contractors on civic work. This is the first step. The next must be to decrease the hours and increase the wages.

In Great Britain the distribution of wealth is in the following percentages (Mulhall):

	Adult Population	Wealth
The very rich	1½	80
Middle Classes	11	18
Working and poorer classes.....	87½	2

According to an official statement,* nearly the same unfair distribution exists in the United States, where percentages are as follows:

	Population	Wealth
Very rich (millionaires)	9	71
Middle Classes	28	20
Wage Earners and the Poor	63	9

The solid middle class is the buffer between the very

* United States Census Bulletin No. 96, dated June 24, 1886.

wealthy and the very needy. Placed beyond the reach of want, with always the possibility of becoming wealthier, they are disposed to leave things as they are. This safety factor is gradually disappearing, the middle class is diminishing; ere long there will be no middle class,—then will come the deluge.

Dr. Talmage recently said in one of his sermons: "Unless there be some radical change, we shall soon have in this country four million hungry men and women. Now, four million hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures, all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep four million hungry people quiet."

In Germany there has been rapid increase in socialism concurrent with the decrease of the middle class which not many years ago was one of the most contented and reasonably well-to-do, namely, the small tradesmen and master mechanic. As they are being driven out they swell the ranks of employees, factory hands, etc., and cease to be their own masters. The official Prussian statistics of 1895, show that while the number of industrial and trade establishments operated with assistants has increased since 1882 from 635,795 to 791,688, or 24 per cent, the number of hands employed in them increased from 3,242,931 to 4,909,947, or 51 per cent. The number of those enterprises operated by one person alone has decreased six per cent absolutely, and relatively much more. The same process is undoubtedly going on in America on both sides of the line.

Influenced by the great banking and financial institutions and capitalists, the Canadian government has just made a retrograde movement favoring the rich capitalists at the expense of the frugal workers by reducing the rate of interest allowed on deposits in the post office savings banks, first from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 3 per cent, and again within a year from 3 per cent to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The post office savings bank is not used by capitalists. The amount one person may deposit is limited,

and as a matter of fact 96½ per cent of the deposits were under \$101, and of these 87,644 or over 50 per cent did not exceed \$20 each. The \$32,000,000 on deposit represents the small savings of the toilers and workers, a class who, having few opportunities to invest, or lacking the necessary knowledge, prefer to leave their savings with the government; and the government should encourage their thrift by paying the highest rate possible, instead of paying the "bone and sinew" of the land lower interest than they pay for money borrowed in London. Is it not evident that the interests of the bankers and capitalists have greater weight with the Dominion government than have the interests of the 136,000 small depositors throughout the country?

It is not indeed necessary to introduce new laws. Capitalists to secure their own ends can twist existing laws from their original purpose. Mr. Phillips Thompson, in a recent article on "Leasehold Awards," says:

"Of late there has arisen in this Province [Ontario]—and more especially in the City of Toronto—a formidable abuse, which has been productive of much oppression and spoliation under the forms of law, which calls loudly for redress. Existing statutes and forms of contract, owing to circumstances entirely beyond human prevision when the foundation of the evil was laid, have been wrested from their original purport and become the instruments of plunder and confiscation. Citizens who have, by years of honest industry and legitimate business enterprise, acquired a modest competency or a smaller amount of means, suddenly find themselves stripped of the results of a lifetime of toil and care to enrich a class of wealthy idlers and parasites—the mere caterpillars upon the leaf—who do nothing in return for the wealth they are permitted to appropriate. The enormous and wholly unjustifiable increase in ground rents for centrally-situated property is the proximate cause of this injustice."

As the oppression of the aristocracy and landowners caused the French revolution a hundred years ago, so will the oppression of the capitalists, monopolists, and trusts cause another revolution in our own time. The endowment of universities,

libraries, or hospitals by a few millionaires with part of their stolen wealth will not stay the torrent.

There is just as much capital in the country as at any former period, but it has been taken from the people and given to the few without equivalent. A specimen instance is that of the transaction by which the government of Canada, with the assistance of a venal majority in Parliament, recently voted to a syndicate composed of some six or seven of their personal and political friends an area of fertile land larger by thirty-five per cent than the whole arable lands of the Province of Ontario, with \$63,000,000 in cash, several hundred miles of completed railway, and many subventions, amounting altogether to \$150,000,000.

In less than twenty years \$400,000,000 have been legislated out of the hands of the five million people of Canada into the swollen pockets of about a thousand. From peace, prosperity, and contentment, in less than twenty years, we have the demoralization, want, and misery incident to many of the most populated countries of the old world.

There are said to be five millions of idle men in the United States, and three hundred thousand in Canada. What is to be the outcome of it? Five millions or sixty-five millions cannot be held in bondage by a few thousands, when they unite to throw off their chains.

Three or four men living in palaces in Montreal and London exploit or own the Canadian Pacific Railway, receiving large incomes from it, and immense subsidies from the government from time to time. The last subsidy of \$3,000,000 was granted to build the Crows Nest Pass branch. The company sent out laborers to work on this road, and from time to time rumors came back of the inhuman way the men were treated, with a detailed account of how two, Fraser and MacDonald, being ill of diphtheria, were left in an open car to die without food or medical attention. The government was compelled by the force of public opinion to institute an enquiry, and the findings of the commission were substantially as follows:

"1. The company and its contractors have not lived up to their agreement with the workingmen.

"2. No arrangements were made to receive the men upon their arrival at McLeod.

"3. The men were compelled to sleep on frozen ground in the open air without blankets or shanties, open cars or tents, without fire of any kind.

"4. No measures were taken to keep the men clean; in fact the surroundings were simply disgusting. They were kept in filthy hovels, swarming with lice and vermin, and without ventilation or light, and were allowed to sleep under tents in January, with the thermometer down to 30 and 40 below zero.

"5. The food given the men was in many cases frozen and in any case bad and the men were subjected to all kinds of bad treatment when they dared to complain. Contractors and sub-contractors charged exorbitant rates for the food and goods furnished the men.

"6. The men were deprived of medical care when sick, were dismissed without any reason given, and were left hungry, cold, and moneyless to find their way home. Sick workingmen were refused food, and in some cases sub-contractors dismissed them for refusing to work when ill."

Plainly, when the land and all instruments of production shall become the common property of the people, to be managed by the people for the people, such conditions will be impossible. The actual and inevitable outcome of the competitive system, which these instances illustrate, emphasizes the demand that the coöperative system be applied to all the requirements of our daily life. The British government now supplies food, clothing, and arms to the army and navy, builds warships, administers the postal and telegraph services, and grants annuities and life assurance. It would only be a step further to supply the entire community with food and clothing produced by the community under State organization.

Imperceptibly, socialistic methods have encroached on private enterprises to an extent that is not appreciated by the casual observer. Within very recent dates, municipalities and state or national governments have taken over from private concerns the supplying of gas, water, electric lights, baths, laundries, street cars, docks, ferries, and (more par-

ticularly abroad) the administration of the railway service. Wherever a government, municipal or national, has taken over a public service, a marked increase in efficiency and economy has followed.

In Belgium the railways operated and owned by the government have reduced fares and freight fifty per cent., and doubled the wages of the employees, and yet pay the government a profit of \$4,000,000 a year. In Germany you can travel four miles for a cent on the government roads. Wages are 125 per cent. higher than when the same roads were owned by private corporations, and the roads furnish the German government with a revenue of \$25,000,000 a year. In New South Wales the government owns and operates the railroads, street railways, water-works, docks, telegraphs, and telephones. There are 2,577 miles of railway, all but 34 miles of which is owned by the colony. In 1894, seventeen million passengers were carried at $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents per mile. The net profits exceeded \$6,000,000. All government mails and freights were carried free. No employee works over eight hours. Engineers receive \$3.30 and laborers \$1.90 per day. In Hungary, where the roads are owned by the government, you can ride six miles for one cent; and wages have been doubled since the state purchased the roads. In France, New Zealand, India, and many other countries the state owns some of the railroads; and Switzerland has just passed the necessary legislation to acquire all the railroads of the country.

The attempt of any one man to appropriate the food or clothing of five, fifty, or five thousand others should be made a crime punishable by law.

Monopolies have ever been considered evils, and the tendency of the times and the efforts of governments are constantly directed towards suppressing or controlling them. In the case of railways and similar enterprises, what they may do is strictly defined by law, and they are generally limited to one particular business.

The Toronto Street Railway Company, having a monopoly of the traffic, pays for this privilege into the public treasury

a larger sum than it pays in dividends, and is not allowed to engage in any other business.

The conditions exacted from this company are frequently referred to as a model agreement, where the public receive something more than a nominal consideration for the privilege of a monopoly. The principal conditions are therefore given. The writer has supplied two foreign governments with copies of this agreement, and it has been adopted by one of them.

The franchise was granted for thirty years from May 5, 1891. The city keeps the street in repair between the tracks. The company lays and maintains the ties, rails, switches, etc., and repairs any street taken up for the purpose of altering or renewing tracks. Single fares, 5 cents; after midnight, 10 cents; ordinary tickets, 25 for a dollar or six for a quarter dollar; limited tickets good 6 to 8 A. M. and 5 to 6.30 P. M., 8 for a quarter dollar; school children's tickets 10 for twenty-five cents; transfers to all points on the system free. Policemen and firemen in uniform to be carried free. No employee to work over sixty hours a week or receive less than fifteen cents per hour. The Company to pay to the City Treasurer:

(1st)	All ordinary City Taxes,	
(2nd)	\$1,600 per mile per annum of double track,	
(3rd)	On gross receipts up to	\$1,000,000, 8 per cent
	" next	500,000, 10 per cent
	" next \$500,000 and up to	2,000,000, 12 per cent
	" all over \$2,000,000 up to	3,000,000, 15 per cent
	" all over	3,000,000, 20 per cent

The amount paid in 1897 under this agreement was:

Municipal taxes (about)	\$6,500
Mileage rent	60,000
Percentage of gross receipts of	
\$1,020,215	85,672

\$152,172

Toronto's success in dealing with the problem of municipal franchises, so far as street railways are concerned, has undoubtedly done much to awaken public sentiment. The wisdom of securing fair compensation for such franchises and compelling proper conditions as to service and employment has been demonstrated and so made possible in other cities. I do not agree, however, with those who see in this success a final solution of the problem. It is a step, but only a step, in the right direction.

The ultimate remedy for all the wrongs enumerated in this paper is the absolute ownership by the community at large of all land, factories, mines, railroads, ships, etc. The same to be administered or managed by the government as departments for the benefit of all, just as the post office and the army are now administered. It is worse than a crime to compel immense numbers of men to spend their whole lives in doing work which gives them no pleasure, in order that another large class may spend their whole lives in pleasure and do no work.

It is, however, recognized that such a radical change must be made gradually. It is therefore proposed that agitation for legislation on the following lines be first attempted:

1. Reduction in the hours of labor; six hours per day to constitute a legal day's work;
2. Minimum scales of wages to be fixed by government;
3. Female labor not to be allowed to displace male labor at lower wages;
4. Pensions for all cripples and persons over sixty years of age who require it. The men who serve society for forty years are as much entitled to pensions as those who serve in the army;
5. To provide such a pension fund, a graded tax on all incomes over \$1,000 per annum, beginning at one per cent. on the second thousand dollars and increasing at the rate of one per cent. on each additional thousand up to the twelfth thousand, making it 12 per cent. on the fiftieth thousand and 25 per cent on all over \$50,000.

6. An inheritance tax on all sums over \$100,000 of ten per cent., with absolute forfeiture of the estate on any attempt to evade it, as was done by two Toronto millionaires recently in transferring their property to trustees a short time before their death.

7. All employers of labor employing ten or more hands should be compelled to insure their employees against disease and accident, so that when disabled by either the employees may not lack the necessities of life.

When these steps are attained, the next will follow.

TORONTO, CANADA.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT.

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

E lucemi dallato
Il calavrese abate Giovacchino
Di spirito profetico dotato.

Paradiso, Canto XII.

I.

THE Abbot Joachim, of Flora, was a striking figure in the Italy of the twelfth century. Born to a position of wealth and rank, he renounced both and entered a Cistercian monastery. As a preacher he denounced the vanity and hypocrisy of his age and held up to condemnation the worldly ambitions of the clergy and the quarrels of emperor and pope. He was at one time silenced by the Bishop of Cosenza, but this did not arrest his growing fame. It was about the year 1190 that he founded at Fiore a new monastic order, whose strict discipline reflected his own ascetic tendencies. It is not, however, as an abbot but as a mystic seer and a voluminous author and commentator that Joachim claims attention to-day, and in his own time so renowned was he as an interpreter of the Apocalypse that Richard Cœur de Lion, in the midst of his great military enterprises, sent for him to meet him at Messina and confer on this recondite subject.

And it must be admitted that Joachim deserved this royal compliment, for although his exegesis is spoiled by its absurd symbolism and the most barefaced abuse of grammar and common sense, still he hit upon some great fundamental truths and anticipated by some seven centuries much of the advanced sentiment of the present time. In his various works, of which the "Concordia" of the Old and New Testaments is the chief, he divides the history of man into three periods. The first is that of God the Father, in which men are ruled by fear; the second, of the Son, in which they are ruled by wisdom; and

the third, of the Spirit, in which they are ruled by love. In the first age man's duty is obedience; in the second, study, and in the last brotherly love, which makes him free. The first period is marked by servile servitude, the second by filial service, and the third by liberty. Fear is of the first epoch, faith of the second, love of the last.

Now man fears and knows, says the good Abbot, but he does not yet love as much as he should; hence it follows that the reign of the Spirit should begin, succeeding to that of the Son. As at the beginning of the second period circumcision and animal sacrifice were abolished, so now a similar advance should be made. He does not define the nature of that advance, but he does not hesitate to say that a mystic baptism of fire communicated by the laying on of hands is more efficacious than the ordinary baptism by water. The characteristics of the third age of man are to be the doing away of all mysteries, the removal of the veil from the allegories of Scripture, the revelation of the truth to babes, though it may remain hidden to the wise and prudent. Philosophy, he tells us, makes things obscure. The only true knowledge is intuitive insight, attained by feeling and by prayer, but not by reasoning. Man's freedom during the reign of the Son was restricted, but now will be absolute; and the bond which will bind men together and to God will not be fear, but a greater or less degree of love. Soon man will be purified and will tear all selfish desires from his heart; all class distinctions will be abolished; there will be no more strife for mine and thine, worldly goods will be appreciated at their real merits, and not riches but poverty will be prized. It cannot be denied that Joachim's description of the golden age suggests a community composed exclusively of monks and nuns, for he makes much of chastity; but, allowing for the prejudices of his time and of his cloth, we may find in his dream many features which now again haunt the mind of man.*

*It is interesting to compare with Joachim's views the tenets of the sect of Nemtolaki, or the "non-praying," in Russia. Its founder, a Cossack of the Don named Zimine, divided the history of the world into four seasons: (1) the Spring, or the ante-paternal age, from the Creation to Moses; (2) Summer, or the age of the

The chronology by which the Abbot of Flora fixes the date of the beginning of the Age of the Spirit, is a wonderful piece of work, and it is not worth while to follow it out in detail. Suffice it to say that from the first chapter of Matthew he concludes that each period consists of sixty generations, to which for some reason or other he adds an extra three, making sixty-three in all. A generation must be thirty years, for at thirty Christ began to beget spiritual children. Hence a period covers 1890 years. But if the reign of the Son began with Christ, that of the Spirit could not begin in Joachim's time. Consequently he is obliged to push back the beginning of the Son's power twenty-one generations to Uzziah, and to formulate the principle that each period begins in preparation one-third of its duration before its ostensible opening. Thus, the Age of the Son beginning with Uzziah, only forty-two generations are left after the birth of Christ, and this fixes the commencement of the new age at the year 1260, which was sufficiently near to Joachim's own time, for he died in 1202. The first period of the Father began with Abraham and ended with Christ; but here again there are twenty preliminary generations from Adam to Abraham, and this drags back the end of that period to Uzziah, in conformity with the system already adopted.

If Joachim had been less of a thinker and more of a man of action, he might have anticipated St. Francis of Assisi, with whom he has much in common. Francis died in 1226, but the Franciscans were not slow in claiming that the prophecies of the Abbot were fulfilled in their order, and upon this they

Father, from Moses to Christ; (3) Autumn, or the age of the Son, from Christ to the year 1666, the date of the Nikonian heresy; and, finally (4) Winter, or the age of the Spirit, in which we are living, and in which God must be worshiped only in spirit. Zimline's followers reject all forms and ceremonies, and regard the Scriptures as allegories and not as historical documents (Leroy-Beaulieu's "*L'Empire des Tsars et les Russes*," vol. III, p. 451). It is entirely improbable that there is any direct historic connection between the ideas of Joachim and Zimline, but we may note that both these men stand in relation to early Byzantine Christianity. The best authorities assert the obligation of the abbot of Flora to the monks of Greece and the Church of Constantinople, while the Russian Church, of course, is derived from the same source. This division of history, then, into the ages of Father, Son, and Spirit may have some common origin in the remote days of the Eastern Church, and possibly in the doctrines of some of the Oriental sects, such as those of the Mountainists.

continued to insist, although the year 1260 passed without any special event.

II.

It is to be remarked that if Joachim had not had recourse to the very questionable method of advancing his periods by one-third, the sixty-three generations of the ascendancy of the Son would have come to a close in or about the year 1890, and it is a curious coincidence that precisely at this date a professor at Budapest should have been initiating a movement to which he gave the name of Religion of the Spirit, in complete ignorance of the prophecy of Joachim. I refer to Professor Eugene Heinrich Schmitt. He had already gained some prominence by winning the first prize at Berlin for an essay on the "Hegelian Dialectic." In 1889 he formulated the ideas which we shall develop later and spoke on the subject to a friend of his, who for the first time called his attention to Joachim of Flora; but even then neither of them knew of the Abbot's chronology, and only in June, 1896, was Dr. Schmitt first informed of it by the present writer.* He also tells me that he did not get the name "Religion of the Spirit" from Hartmann's book on the subject, published in 1882, which he only read afterwards. In 1890 and 1891, Dr. Schmitt wrote his book, "Die Gottheit Christi im Geiste des modernen Menschen," which attracted some disciples to him, and he founded a society of the Religion of the Spirit, which has members and correspondents in various parts of the world, drawn from all classes of minds, and including theosophists, swedenborgians, materialists, socialists, and others. Among other publications he edits the "Religion des Geistes," a bi-monthly publication, from which I have endeavored to extract the essence of his ideas.† He has recently thrown up his posi-

* I had intended writing two separate articles, one on the Schmitt movement, and the other on Joachim, but when I received Tocco's "Eresio del Medio Evo," for which I had sent to inform myself on Joachim's philosophy, and found that his prophecy seemed to hit Dr. Schmitt, I concluded to combine the two. While I have no weakness for such prophecies, the coincidence at any rate impressed me.

† Those who are interested to know the extent of this movement may address Dr. Schmitt at Herrengasse, 58, Budapest, Hungary.

tion in the Department of Justice upon the ground that he cannot conscientiously continue in the service of the state. In the present article we shall give an outline of the philosophy of Dr. Schmitt, believing that it shows the working in Hungary of that Age Spirit which is daily manifesting itself on every side.

The fundamental error of the modern materialist, Dr. Schmitt tells us, is that in common with the ancient Jew and the pagan he represents man as a finite, separate thing among things. If this theory were true, man could not entertain the idea of an infinite God. It provides no bridge between the "creature" and the infinite being. It does not help matters to endow man with a finite separate soul, for this spirit thing is equally isolated and out of touch with God and its fellows. He only can understand the infinite who feels in himself the infinite life and who recognizes the identity of his own life with the universal life,—the son of man who can say "I and the Father are one." Thus the infinity of life breaks into our spiritual consciousness, and the kingdom of heaven opens itself. "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the son of man which is in heaven," * and he can truly say "I am the life." In the most degraded person he sees the same infinity dawning as in his own soul, and he is ready to take his neighbor's guilt upon himself.

True religion, the Religion of the Spirit, is thus the intuition of the Infinite, the Eternal, the All-uniting, and the recognition of it not as a sentiment, but as a living, palpable reality. This religion witnesses to the fact that a great life is awakening in us all and fusing us together in the All-life, and that hence our fellow-man is not a stranger to us, but life of our life, and a sharer with us in the divine life. When I can truly feel that others are not mere animals outside of my narrow self-hood, but a reflection of the same life that I know in myself, then I may be sure that the divine life is growing within me. For me, then, the injunction to love my enemies ceases to be a piece of weak sentimentalism, and I discover

* John, III, 13.

that it is a necessary corollary from the universal unity. An enemy must needs be an external foreign thing, and those with whom we are one cannot be our foes. Such a religion involves seeing and knowing, and not an empty belief. When this infinite consciousness touches my consciousness, I at once learn that when I do good to my neighbor, I do good to myself, and that I do myself most harm when I injure him. Man's noblest work on earth is to rouse in himself and others this divine consciousness of fellowship and love, thus awakening new motives and realizing on earth the kingdom of God.

In each of us stirs an infinite reason whose laws reach beyond the stars; in each of us beats the pulse of that love whose ramifications bind all humanity together, and which is the divine spirit itself. Every man is therefore of divine essence, an individual ray of the sun of the Godhead, shining forth from everlasting to everlasting. Paradise slumbers in every human soul, and we must uncover it. The spiritual life of love, binding us with loved spirits everywhere, embraces heaven and earth. He who sinks the life of his soul in the depths of his beloved fellow-men has not lost it, but has preserved it to everlasting life. Here then we find our eternal life, in the circle of those who are spiritually related to us; and here we celebrate our eternal resurrection.

The Religion of the Spirit is, we are told, the real essence of all religions and of all sects. No one is called upon to desert his particular fold, but he should learn and teach the true meaning of its symbolism. Dr. Schmitt points out the marvellous wisdom of all the early mythologies, and quotes the remark of Adolphe Bastian that the sacred myth of Polynesia is a "powerful creation of the mind, and one whose range of thought surpasses most of the achievements of the human imagination." We may ask with the French author, "Has an Anaximander or a Pythagoras in disguise wandered here?"

But it is in the history of Christ that the Religion of the Spirit finds its surest support. Jesus knew that his life was one with the life of all humanity; he knew that in Him was no narrow individual life, but *the Life*. The majesty of his

character, the seal of his divinity, is revealed in these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." His soul was no narrow "I"; it was as large as the universe. The secret of Christ consists in the recognition by man of the divine consciousness of love and fellowship within him. His greatness is that of self-sacrificing love triumphing over pain and death, and in so doing binding men together. We repeat that triumph when we learn that our true life depends on our fellowship with Him and with all men in the divine love, for which he speaks when he says: "When two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Redemption is the opening of this inner kingdom of heaven, in which we rise above death and the finite, and become one with our fellow men and the coming generations. We find hell in narrow-hearted self-seeking. We need fear no future loss of individuality in thus merging ourselves in the all-embracing love, for our true life already consists in that love. Prayer is the uplifting of the soul to the divine experience of fellowship and love. Prayer for earthly goods is not prayer; it is a mere magic formula; but in so far as we rise to the thought of communion with others, we obtain the one thing needful. And so it is that Jesus, after saying "Ask and it shall be given you," adds in explanation, "If ye thus, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the *Holy Spirit* to them that ask him?" *

You have been taught, says our philosopher, to love God above all things, and your neighbor as yourself, but we declare that these two precepts are one. Seek God in the soul of man; he who finds Him not there, will not find him through all eternity; and he who does not find his paradise in love, in the circle of those who have been touched by the same divine light, even here in the midst of the strife of this earthly life, will look for it in vain elsewhere.

The soul of man is related to God as the ray to the sun. As

* Luke, x1, 13.

the different colors of the rainbow are concealed in the sunlight, so from the sun of the Godhead radiates the spiritual consciousness of individual men. Man's material organism, his brain, acts like a looking-glass upon the spiritual consciousness. The ray, traversing space, becomes visible when it strikes the mirror. If the glass breaks, as at death, the ray still lives and becomes again visible when it strikes another organism. After death our spiritual consciousness reposes in the great fellowship of humanity in the coming generations, especially in those to whom we are spiritually related,—nay, in the Godhead itself, for human love is a ray from the central Sun, a breath from the plenitude of divine love. Man's spirit will rest after death there where it already reposes, in the fellowship of love.

The primal unity, the Father,—the presence of God in thine own soul,—and the holy communion with all humanity in love, this is thy Trinity, O man. Our God is the Sun of spirits, the original Being, who, merging Himself in all creatures, shines forth in all phenomena, and especially in man. He is the holy self-consciousness of fellowship, in whose pure light all that is finite vanishes as starlight in sunlight, as the drop in the ocean, and which draws all men to its own height and strives to fill them with the consciousness of infinity and fellowship. This consciousness is holiness; the lack of it—the darkening of the heavenly ray—is unholiness and sin. The Godhead is not the arbitrary ruler of the universe, but rather the freedom of all, the communion of all, love in all and above all, uniting all, the living ideal, the good shepherd and physician who wills that none shall be lost. He judges no one, but evil bears its own punishment in itself. The idea of an arbitrary ruler, such as we usually imagine, offends our moral sense, for he would be only a deified image of human ambition, self-glorification, and egoism, and would demand from men an attitude of servility, which implies an immoral and unworthy state of mind. Dr. Schmitt believes that this is rather a picture of the prince of this world, who has been already judged.* It is as a father that we should know God,

* John, xvi, 11.

not as an external human father, but as the source of our spiritual being, the root of our life, at once the original unity from which we proceed and also the life-inspiring ideal which attracts us towards Him.

The obvious criticism of this view of the soul and the divinity, namely, that it is simple Buddhism, Dr. Schmitt strenuously repels. The Buddhist indeed teaches the unity of God and man, but while he grasps the universality of spirit, he insists upon the renunciation of individuality. The Religion of the Spirit, on the contrary, upholds the individuality of the soul in fellowship. The Buddhists find the universal life in the denial of individual life; our author finds it in the actual life of the soul. Buddha is the flight from life, but Christ is the Life. Redemption consists not in losing self, but in comprehending the divine fulness of self. Christ did not flee the sufferings of man, but took the sins of the world upon him, and therein found his divine self-consciousness. But Buddha, at the very moment at which he breaks through the limits of the finite, loses his individuality and vanishes in Nirvana. In the suffering Christ the infinite is seen as a living reality, while in Buddha we have a mere negative painlessness. The Hindu loses his "ego" when he grasps the All-spirit, but it is at that very moment that the Christian finds himself. Christ, who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me," found the All-spirit included in the living "I." He escaped to no Olympus or Nirvana, but promised to abide with his disciples even unto the end of the world.* Buddha has not conquered death by gaining Nirvana, but Christ has done so in showing that fellowship in suffering introduces the soul to life. Even the pity of the Buddhist is a selfish trait, for it is prized only as a means by which the compassionate man may help himself on the road to painlessness.

Dr. Schmitt by no means restricts the field of his theories to theology or metaphysics, but he presents them as a universal

* Matt. xxviii, 20.

philosophy which must account for physical as well as spiritual phenomena. He asserts that the Religion of the Spirit gives us a new "world-conception" which puts all problems in a new light and offers an explanation of them. With the knowledge of our spiritual "I" can we alone get a clew to the secrets of heaven and earth. The action of the brain consists in minute vibrations, and these vibrations, which find their proper medium in the finest organized matter, may be regarded as the original energy, springing from the all-embracing original unity. The current science of the day presupposes the existence of certain forces, such as gravitation and chemical affinity, acting upon dead matter, but this hypothesis is unsound. The simplest form of sensation is that of self-expansion on all sides, of tension and pressure. Dead existence is an abstract deduction. Sentient life, which existed before the abstract thought,—life in fellowship,—and not the lifelessness of an abstract individualism, such was the original being of nature. Dead matter and empty space are mere figures of speech, and represent no reality. Feeling is the expression of activity in self over against others, establishing the limits of self and realizing the original fellowship and communion of all things. That which is, is communistic (*Gemeinsam*) Being, revealing itself in self and the not-self, that is in sensation (*Sinnlichkeit*) and phenomena (*Erscheinung*). Force and matter are one. The influence of Hegel is here apparent.

We are accustomed to take dead matter for granted, and from this phantom of the schools we try in vain to deduce phenomena and sensation as accidental attributes. No such phantom hides behind the all-filling sentient Existence, but we find there that fact only which all materialistic theories must leave unexplained, namely, the universality of the law of our reason and of our moral consciousness, and this truth lifts us from the bounds of the finite existence of the senses, to the knowledge that beneath all phenomena is the universal, cosmic energy, the living, divine, and spiritual, all-embracing creative, original Unity, the primal force of all beings, which reveals to us the deepest secrets of matter and spirit. Behind

all the mysteries of organic life dawns the same transcendent fulness of eternity, which we have called Original Being.

Our philosopher uses his key also to open to us the law of history. An epoch-making idea, he says, has always a religious source, then a period of flower with an artistic character, and finally a decadent period when science and philosophy predominate. And from these again a new religious idea is born. Philosophy marks only the gray dawn of the new day which must be warmed by the sun of love. He finds a place thus for science and art, which, he asserts, should be fruits of the seed of the Gospel. While he is a great admirer of Count Tolstoy, he cannot accept the latter's contempt for these things, and he also notes his failure to grasp the universality of the individual soul. Tolstoy is forsooth the John the Baptist of the Religion of the Spirit, living his ascetic life in the wilderness, making straight the ways of the Lord, but himself outside of the kingdom.

But the greatest triumph of the new world-conception must be on the social field. The social problem must be solved in the light of the original unity of being. Such a radical change in our view of spiritual things must produce a corresponding modification of our social life. If every man is an original ray of the Sun of the Godhead, how can we impose on him any arbitrary, external law, any law in fact but that of his being? We must see latent in our neighbor the divinity itself, the same divinity which lurks in our own souls; that which blesses him, blesses us; that which obscures his light, obscures ours. When we once appreciate this, we have regained the kingdom of heaven, and in our souls shines a power before which all earthly greatness pales. The truth has made us free, and this is freedom's world-conception, for the only true freedom is in the all-including divine consciousness which leaves nothing outside itself. All external restraint of men is accordingly a mistake. While in recognizing our oneness with our fellows we become socialists, we can only carry out our ends in free association. This kingdom of heaven Dr. Schmitt does not ask you to accept on faith, he wishes to show it to

you, for it is indeed within you. The Marxian idea, that matters would be improved by giving to the proletariat the same authority which is now used against them, is manifestly a false one. The only revolution which can bring liberty is one in the moral consciousness of man. All others propose at best new forms of slavery, as they depend upon the same principle of external restraint. Freedom and deliverance are to be sought not in any new form of class authority, but in the cessation of it. *We* are the way to freedom; all else is reaction. *We* are the stone of offence of which it is written that whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.* It was not Spartacus, but Christ who was called to free mankind; not violence, but moral power.

As things are, the struggle for existence gives success to the animal and selfish qualities of men. Those who have these qualities secure the government, by the law of natural selection. It is easy to see that the ruling classes must of necessity be the worst. What we call the commonwealth is really founded on common self-seeking. This false ground-principle, coupled with force, cannot produce a good result. Society must be ordered in a natural way from within outward. When the idea of external force is once abandoned, then the great work of the Comforter is fulfilled, and the prince of this world is judged; this is the good tidings to the poor and heavy-laden. The idol of ambition and egoism, whose worship produces all servility and slavery, must at last fall when God's kingdom of love and fellowship is at hand, and then we shall recognize no power in heaven or earth but that of self-sacrificing love. We must not indeed oppose even the most immoral and hypocritical power with violence, but it is our duty to unmask it and place it in the pillory before the world, and to show how base are the actions of the mighty. We must not hate tyrants, for thus we sink to their level and can no longer claim the right to criticise them. That which a man hates, he makes important, and must fear. We must

* Matt. xxi, 44.

not hate the powers that be, but we must overwhelm them with moral power; we must show how pitiful, cowardly, and false their vaunted dignity is. Let us not hate the principles of our foes, but despise them; let us not hate our foes themselves, but pity them. So long as we hate, they will have a moral power against us by virtue of our hatred. Contempt for violence, pity and love for the violent, these alone can conquer the world. An authority which we hate will stand; an authority which we despise, and which those who exercise it know to be despicable, will surely be rooted up. We cannot rightfully pronounce judgment against our fellow-men and punish them, nor must we look down upon them. We must treat the most degraded criminals as sick men, and as far as possible rouse them to a nobler consciousness. Our justice is infinite compassion.

In opposition to the kingdom of God stand all outer rule by force, all class privileges, all rights of property, which enslave men to each other, and place them in other than fraternal relations. These things depend in the last resort on murder, which is only the ultimate degree of violence. No law can make right the killing of a man, for it is treason to the divinity in man. Our law is liberty.

Whatever opinion we may form of Dr. Schmitt's philosophy, I think it is safe to consider it an important contribution to modern thought. Not that it is absolutely original or new, but rather because it is a genuine blossom of the *Zeit-Geist*, now flowering here and there throughout the world. I am always surprised in the spring when one after another the various kinds of trees break into bloom, the apple and pear, and dogwood, and locust, and chestnut, each in its season; not one tree mistaking its time, but each variety together as far as eye can reach donning its holiday garb. And so to-day in the world of mind this beautiful blossom of the divine unity of mankind is independently opening itself in many a heart far and near. My presentation of Dr. Schmitt's ideas has been much hindered by two things; first, the fact that I have been obliged to extract them from a host of separate articles and to

condense them to a very great extent; and, second, the very great difficulty of translating German philosophical language. For many of the common expressions of German philosophy we have no equivalents at all, and it is impossible to reproduce the vague and yet logical grandeur of its diction.

Of course, like all things human, it is easy to criticise the learned doctor's system. To the ordinary Anglo-Saxon mind it has the radical defect of being, or assuming to be, philosophical. The truth is that we do not like philosophy. We do not care much about "world-conceptions"; we ask for our course and a compass, not for a chart of earth and heaven. Whether it is from stupidity or modesty, I know not, but as a rule we are willing to be ignorant of many things, if only we know what to do next. This is Count Tolstoy's alleged error, and I fear that most of us share in it, but I do not believe that it will keep anyone long at the gate of the kingdom of heaven. Whenever anyone goes far in discussing the nature of God, I am driven back to Whitman's

"Be not curious about God.

* * * * *

(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.)

I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least."

That is really the deepest philosophy. We can feel God's love enough to justify us in saying "Father"; further than that I am not inquisitive, or rather, I blame myself when I am.

As to the immortality of the soul, it is just possible that Dr. Schmitt is too dogmatic. We know that all that our senses record is in the nature of vibrations, and we also know that the vast majority of vibrations escape us altogether. Hence there is a vast physical world round us and yet unseen. What else there may be we do not know. People even speak wisely of a fourth dimension. In face of this, how can we fix the place or establish the nature of our life after death? We may be sure that we find eternal life here "in the circle of

the beloved," that we have begun a life which will not end, but beyond that it is idle to speculate.

While we may not be able to follow our author in his attempt to explain all branches of science from his own standpoint, we must admit that the practical results of his philosophy upon sociology are of great interest. In its idea of man's unity it furnishes a sound basis for a true socialism, and in its denial of the right of man to exercise violence upon his fellows, it provides a utopia free from the weighty objections which lie at the door of the popular socialism of the day. That Dr. Schmitt's views of external restraint and government by force will at some future day be generally accepted I have not the slightest doubt.

But I have altogether failed to reproduce the qualities of the Doctor, which are perhaps the most remarkable,—his earnestness and faith. He certainly speaks as one having authority, and not as the scribes. Turned out of office, without means or position, he arraigns the governments of the world as if he were conscious of a heaven-born mission. Such pretensions are ridiculous only when they are attached to falsehood, and not to truth. When the carpenter of Nazareth said to his fisher friends, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," the world might well have laughed, but the world would have been wrong; and the ideas which our German author shares with an ever-increasing number of his fellows may some day in like manner inherit the earth. And, indeed, how do these ideas differ from those of the Galilean Gospel?

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S "SYMPNEUMATA."

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

IN the future, when men shall know more of life's spiritual side than the majority of us can yet comprehend, the world will understand better the higher meaning of the lives of some men and women who have been accounted misled fanatics, deluded enthusiasts, or harmless maniacs. Such mystics as Joan of Arc, Emmanuel Swedenborg, Jacob Boehme, Balzac, and William Blake the poet-artist, are among the exceptional souls who, professing to have received revelations from the unseen, have borne witness to the spiritual life, through new teaching of truth whose appeal to the reason, backed by the power of the mystics' own strong individuality, has profoundly impressed the whole thinking world. Among the various later-day mystics who have laid claim to supernatural revelations in regard to the life and being of man, that brilliant and energetic Englishman, Laurence Oliphant, holds conspicuous place by reason of his many gifts, his position in society, the superb self-sacrifice he showed in the pursuit of occult knowledge, and his devotion to high spiritual ideals. In his beautiful and accomplished wife, Alice L'Estrange, he found a devoted co-worker. Through them was given to the world the singular work so strangely entitled "Sympneumata," some of whose propositions are to be considered in this article.

Laurence Oliphant was the only and idolized son of well-to-do parents belonging to an excellent English family. Attractive in person and charming in manner, he was from early youth original in thought, a lover of learning; with a brilliant mind. His public career began at an early age as an attaché to a foreign embassy; but in the earlier years of his life he gave more promise of becoming a social lion than a devotee of mystical lore. After a brief career as a member of parliament he travelled extensively in Russia, China, India,

America, and other countries, was a war correspondent in the Crimean campaign, a filibuster with General Walker's army in Nicaragua, and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs in Canada; accompanied the Prince of Wales to the Holy Land; was by turns statesman, diplomat, journalist, editor, financier, and novelist.

Through all his adventurous life, despite his literary ambitions, and beneath the polished exterior of a society man, Laurence Oliphant was ever of a deeply spiritual nature, finding no real happiness or solid satisfaction in either society, adventure, or gratified ambitions. Like the Knight of the Round Table his heart declared:

"No such passion mine,
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
And earthly heats."

And so at last he resolutely set himself in pursuit of his heart's desire in trying to discover spiritual truth and "lead the life."

Early in this search it was given to him to find a companion wearied as himself of social shams and vanities, and as sincere in the desire for truth and soul satisfaction. Alice L'Estrange was the daughter of wealthy and accomplished parents, an heiress in her own right, possessed of many gifts, and a belle in London society. Frances Power Cobbe, whom she often visited, says of her: "Never was there a more bewitching young creature, so sweetly affectionate, so clever and brilliant in every way. It was quite dazzling to see such youth and brightness flitting about us." Miss Cobbe describes her at that time—before she had met Oliphant—as decidedly sceptical, but deeply interested in the discussion of theological questions, and doubtful of the existence of God, because of the "insufferableness of the suffering of others." She argued that "the misery of the world was so great that a good God, if he could not relieve it, ought to hurl it to destruction. . . . She was to all intents and purposes an atheist when she said good-by to me before a short trip to Paris."

It was during this trip that Alice L'Estrange met and fell in love with Laurence Oliphant, who at that time was an ardent believer in the spiritual gifts of Thomas Lake Harris. The effect of that meeting, and of Oliphant's arguments, on her opinions is concisely stated from Miss Cobbe's point of view:

"She came back in a month or six weeks, not merely a believer in the ordinary orthodox creed, but inspired with the zeal of a devotee for the doctrines, very much over and above orthodoxy, of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris! Our gentle, caressing, modest young friend was entirely transformed. She stood upright, and walked up and down our rooms talking with vehemence about Mr. Harris's doctrines and the necessity for adopting his views. . . . The transfiguration was, I suppose, one of the many miracles of the little god with the bow and arrows, and Mr. Oliphant was certainly not unconcerned therein."

Even those who are in sympathy with the religious aspirations of this gifted, sincere pair of lovers in their search for the way to the higher life, must deplore the infatuation which caused them to believe they saw in a man like other men the favored mouthpiece of Deity, causing them to be led through those humiliating ordeals commanded by their fallible mentor, and which are described in Mrs. Margaret W. Oliphant's biography of her cousin Laurence. From the standpoint of earthly reason, it may well seem deplorable when we read the record of the apparent subservience of these two noble beings (to whom was soon added a third devotee in the person of Lady Oliphant, the mother of Laurence), but if we bear in mind that it was not Harris, the man, by whom the Oliphants were controlled, but Harris the Seer, the instrument of divine command, the seeming representative of spiritual forces, through whom they hoped and sincerely believed they were to be put in direct communication with unseen spiritual teachers, their submission may more easily be understood.

The details of that sad delusion need not be entered upon

here. Suffice it to say that their surrender to the spell began even before their marriage, when, as Miss Cobbe relates, "Alice, in spite of the protest of all her relatives, walked by herself one morning to her bank, and ordered her whole fortune to be transferred to Mr. Harris; and this without the simplest settlement or security for her future support." Immediately after this step, she was married to Laurence, after which event, Miss Cobbe continues, "England saw her and Mr. Oliphant no more for many years. What that very helpless and self-indulgent young creature must have gone through in her solitary cottage on Lake Erie, and subsequently in her poor little school in California, can scarcely be guessed."

Several years later they severed all connection with Harris, but continued psychic investigations together in perfect heart and spiritual unison, though preferring for the most part to work by themselves in isolation from the social world where once they had shone so brightly. The last years of Alice's life were spent in Syria, where she died at their pleasant home in Haifa somewhere about 1883-4. It was there they wrote in conjunction the elaborate mystical "Sympneumata," a work which they averred was given through inspiration.

After the death of Alice, Mr. Oliphant married Rosamund Dale Owen, granddaughter of Robert Owen, the noted reformer. Through her mediumship he believed he was kept in communication with Alice. A few years after this second marriage he himself passed from earth.

In regard to the authorship of the unique volume called "Sympneumata," Mr. Oliphant in the preface says: "The following pages were dictated by one who, never having appeared in print before, shrinks from the publicity attaching to it, and desires, for the present at all events, to remain unnamed. As, however, I have served as the amanuensis, and as the pages which follow embody my own convictions and experiences as the result of these prolonged investigations, I have not hesitated to assume the editorship."

In a work published after the death of his wife, entitled

"Scientific Religion," Oliphant gives the following detailed account of the manner in which "Sympneumata" was produced:

"In the summer of 1882 I became conscious that a book was forming in my brain, though I could obtain no clear idea of its nature. I took up a pen one morning, with the idea of putting the results on paper. I had not finished the first sentence when my ideas suddenly left me and my mind became as blank as my paper. My wife was sitting in the same room, and I read her what I had written, asking if she could complete the sentence, which she did without a moment's hesitation. The second sentence was begun by me, but had to be ended by my wife. I therefore said to my wife, that it was she, evidently, who was intended to write the book, and begged her to continue to dictate to me. To this she objected, urging her lack of literary skill and her incapacity for treating so profound a subject. Yet she yielded to my persuasion, and the next morning, as I had other literary work on hand, she attempted to write the book herself. Hereupon ensued a slightly altered duplicate of the first morning's work, for, having retired to her own room with the manuscript, her ideas vanished as mine had, and no way remained out of the difficulty but that of my acting as her amanuensis."

The dominant theory of "Sympneumata" (that theory which the word indicates) is that the spiritually complete individual cannot be wholly male or female, and to be complete must eventually become biune in sex characteristics. That each man and woman bears within himself and within herself the potentiality of becoming both man and woman in one person; the emotional tenderness and self-sacrificing lovingness of the feminine nature becoming blended with the masculine elements of physical strength, intellectuality, and strong will power. Out of such blending, it is asserted, will be developed a higher, nobler type of humanity, wholly unselfish, and reaching outward in strong lovingness to help upward the whole race of mankind. To the student of the humanity of to-day, it seems clear that Oliphant's dream of

such a double-natured high-toned race of beings is yet very far from realization. Still in his book he declared his faith that the time for such realization was close at hand; even in our day. "There are already," he says, "those who have discovered that they are united with a 'Sympneuma,' free from the gross external covering of outer body, with whom, in virtue of special idiosyncrasies of constitution, communication establishes itself by new developments in sense of sight or touch or hearing." He says further: "The clear presence and companionship of the 'Sympneuma'—the inseverable Other-Self—presses gently upon the increasing consciousness of all willing individuals, varying in the method of its impress according to those constitutional variations among people by which it selects in each the faculty readiest for acute development."

The implication from his further statement is that these "Other-Selves," though at present outside of fleshly environments, have always existed, or at least have coexisted with those in the bodies to which they rightfully belong. "Such vitalities," he says, "stream into mankind, urging and empowering it, lodging at first in shrivelled cells that quicken and expand at last, and throughout which, fulfilling time, extends the saving and delightful presence of the returned sympneuma."

Perhaps the Oliphants understood from their own strange experiences in occult studies exactly what is meant by this "Sympneuma," but nowhere is it described by them clearly enough to enable the average mortal to invariably recognize it or its workings. In one place it is said to be that "new volume and quality of consciousness which we describe as Sympneuma." And in another he says: "Unless the men and women of to-day receive, or can acquire, by clear mental and physical perception, participation in the active and emotional existence of the being who is to them the sex-complement, the love, let them name that being spirit, or angel, or inspiring soul—whom we term the Sympneuma—the whole day-spring

from on high....must fail to visit them." And again: "The calls to mankind of men truly great have been the conscious notes echoed from the unconscious sympneumatic depths seeking reëcho in the deep breasts of others."

The knowledge of and consequent attainment of this soul-mate, this Sympneuma, will, he declares, so inspire and elevate those who are conscious of this "marriage by soul, or mind, or touch, or sight, or all," as to fill each heart so full of love for all humanity "that no use for life can now be found but to cast it before the feet of the human brotherhood in ceaseless and organic service."

"Sympneumata" is a rather large-sized book of nearly three hundred pages, and, with this ultimate dual nature of human beings as premise, widens out into consideration of many and varied idealistic correlated results, which may or should follow the search for and finding of the "Sympneuma"; but these cannot be dealt with in this article. The work was apparently dictated in a very hopeful mood, in which the present century was supposed to be the era when mankind were to return to truer spiritual conditions, when "the ice of intellectual denial of human truth" should be melted away, and the bi-unity of sex in the individual be reëstablished.

Woman, according to this theory of the Sympneuma, is "the inner and receptive shape alone, dispossessed of the outer and transmissive shape [the masculine], which belongs to each atom of true humanity."

At certain epochs in the world's history, it is averred, "the deeper mysteries of man's interior being instituted a quiet process of attack upon his gross external constitution, to pierce and penetrate it. The action of the inner upon the outer human formation has continued universally; and continues." In another place the material body is called "the protective clothing of the inner man."

Of the obstructions in the way of return to the state of biune sex-individuality, much is written. Among other obstacles is the fact that, "So long as the current of brute passion, known as lust, invades the human organism from with-

out, does it introduce a conflict with celestial love, which holds man back from his Maker, and prevents that fusion into the Divine Being which could be attained were the constituent elements of the human form to undergo a change in the sense of the evolutionary process suggested." Another obstacle is found in the materialistic teachings of men of science, in regard to which it is remarked that, "However brilliant and attractive may be the mental work of teachers who fail or refuse to hear these deep [Spiritual] vibrations, their influence rests on the lives of men as weight, and not as light; creeps throughout convictions, cooling, never impassioning; creates in hearts negations rather of veritable sentiment than aspiration for greater wealth of being."

Although the writer of "Sympneumata" professed to believe that many already understood the truth of his theory, and that there were men in this age, "innumerable as the stars, who can save mankind by simply being truly in their outward lives that divine thing they are at the core," yet he thinks it also true that "it is only as the period arrives during which the dissolution throughout terrestrial manhood of the ex-crescence layer [the earthly body] shall by slow and orderly processes be gradually effected, that his spiritual-intellectual perceptions will acquire a new acumen, by which the truth, essential now to all his progress, can be received and verified by him."

In speaking of "that phenomenon of life called death," he says: "Full human evolution was not a terrestrial possibility, thus death prevailed." And further: "As the growth of the real man and of the essence forms of all his organs can never pause, there arrives inevitably a period when it begins to strain and unhinge the machinery by which it has effected its little spell of labor in the outer world. There will come inevitably a moment when the compression of the organ coverings composed of low matter will become intolerable to the finer expanding matter of the man, and it must be got rid of. But

as there is the tenderness of gradual processes in all the workings of God, the resistance of the exterior body to the evolution of the interior is generally overcome by a gentle pressure of years, and in the ordinary course terrestrial life wanes through that interval called its decline."

But this explanation of the spiritual process toward release from the earthly body does not explain why so many deaths occur in infancy, and in wars and accidents where there are no "gradual processes" in that release. So with many other statements of supposed possibilities in "Sympneumata," they leave a vast number of reasonable questions—reasonable from the common-sense point of view—wholly unexplained or unanswered.

But there is much in the book somewhat reasonable and truly inspiring and uplifting, especially in its portrayal of a grander humanity, strong, unselfish, pure, and intellectually great, filled with divinely tender love towards all in God's universe.

CHICAGO, ILL.

UNDER THE ROSE.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.

This is to be a place apart, at the further end of the arena and out of the dust and glare of the conflict; a place where ceremony shall be laid aside and the talk shall be free and informal as between friends at table. The gladiator must be allowed to throw down shield and buckler at times and have a smile and a word with his friends. So, too, the editor cannot always be editing, although that is his principal business in life. The editor of an absolutely independent review, if he is to see that all sides have a fair hearing and that the one purpose of getting at the truth shall be kept steadily in view, is in fact called upon to suppress himself. He cannot at the same time be judge and advocate, whatever his ambitions, however intense his convictions and strenuous his sympathies. Yet he must

be allowed to doff the judicial ermine occasionally, to indulge in *obiter dicta*, so to speak, saying his say *ex cathedra* and very informally. With many of THE ARENA's readers I am proud to be already on terms of genuine human friendship; it is my hope that as time goes on we shall all meet as friends. I want you, whoever you are, to consider my hand as grasping yours, my voice as inviting you to come and see me, my spirit telling you I give myself gladly in loving service and count on you for comradeship in the work that holds us all. Are we not united by that deepest and strongest of human ties, common devotion to the common cause—and that cause the highest and holiest to which men may give their lives—the cause of human freedom? So this sanctum window at which I invite you to sit with me and look out on the procession is not "the editor's window," it is *my* window,—for pushing back my chair from the editorial desk and taking the ease that belongs to the laborer when his day's work is done, I claim permission to doff the third person with the editorial dignity and become purely personal. The rose among the ancients was a symbol of secrecy. What was said under the rose was not to be repeated. So what I say here is to be regarded as a confidence and a proof of friendship. This whisper through the types must go to nearly a hundred thousand souls, but it will go softly and be heard and understood by those for whom it is intended quite as well as if we were alone together looking into each other's eyes. If you do not understand, ask no questions and make no comment. I am not speaking to you. I am perfectly certain that if I have been plucked from the foot of the Rockies at an hour's notice and set down under the shadow of Bunker Hill, with my hand set to this task of directing the foremost radical review in the world, it is because we, readers and editor, have a grand work to do together—a mission which means much for humanity. I believe that underlying this new development of the career of THE ARENA there is a divine purpose and a divine power which *must* carry it on to victory—to the permeation of the thought of the age with new light and new life; to the awakening of the people from the apathy

which permits their enslavement; to the larger and surer realization of the common human birthright of liberty, fraternity, and equality of opportunity. **THE ARENA** is more than an organ; it is an institution. It belongs to the people as truly and as sacredly as did the old Roman forum. There is not money enough in the world to muzzle or prostitute it; all the kingdoms of the earth hold no temptation that can cause it to swerve by a hair's breadth from the cause of social service to which it was dedicated by my honored predecessor, its founder, nearly ten years ago; to which cause I re-dedicate it to-day with firm resolve to give my best energies to its steady natural development; to which cause it is held by the Infinite Power ever making for righteousness. We are persons met on a plane greater than that of personality; soldiers in the new crusade, enlisted for a war in which our enemies are principalities and powers, visible and invisible; but the stars in their courses are with us; we fight under an invincible Captain and for a cause that cannot fail. Let us fill up the ranks, unfurl our banners and, shoulder to shoulder, march steadily forward.

* * * *

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE. Life seems to be a series of arrivals and departures; a ceaseless round of beginnings, endings, and then new beginnings. The old

is blended into the new; but the new comes back to the old to pay its debt. We of the West took much of the East along with us across prairie and plain and over the mountainous continental back-bone, although we soon subordinate the influence of inherited traditions and influences to the sway and sweep of new ideals, wider vision, freer movement that seem to come into our blood and nerves with the air of the plains and the mountains. On the train travelling eastward from Denver I met several men crossing the Mississippi for the first time in ten years or more, and several others to whom the trip from their homes in the Rockies to the Atlantic coast and back was a regular annual experience. We had a New York club in Denver during the last presidential campaign, and there was also a Massachusetts club, if I am not mis-

taken. Possibly the time is not far distant when it will be possible to organize a club of returned Coloradoans in Boston or New York. In the same way that the East is constantly drawing the wealth of the western prairies and mines—their grain and fruit, and their silver and gold—to the seaboard, it is drawing the men and women it needs. Western brains and western wealth are to-day building Eastern institutions, financial and industrial, journalistic and literary, public and private. Boston and New York are not as well acquainted with Chicago and Kansas City—to say nothing of Denver and San Francisco—as they might be; but they are becoming better acquainted every year, thanks to the influence of the returned Westerner. It seems only yesterday that I shook the dust of New York from my feet and turned my face westward, and now, after five years, it is “up stakes” again, a departure from Denver marking the end of one chapter, an arrival in Boston marking the beginning of another. The American is your true pilgrim, ever on the move, but ever arriving. What a blessing it is that whether we find ourselves on the banks of the Mississippi or on the shores of the Hudson, and no matter how many moves we may have made, in each place we settle serenely, sending down our tap-roots, as if we were sure of staying in that one particular place for ever and ever. The sense of freedom in movement when attained without sacrifice of the sense of permanency is a glorious thing for the individual and for the race.

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AN AMERICAN Professor Mark H. Liddell makes an im-
LANGUAGE. passionate plea in the October *Atlantic* for
 greater attention to the study of English—the English of Shakespeare. “We want an English,” he says, “that will enable us to read Shakespeare without translating it, to read Chaucer, too, without resorting to translation. For our translations of Shakespeare and Chaucer are worse than those we make for Virgil and Horace, because we hold on to all the forms and words which have any resemblance to those we use now and thus produce a bastard-

English that never existed in any English mind. And this sort of stuff we put into the mouths of Chaucer and Shakespeare. . . . In our educational system, planned out to suit mediæval conditions, no place is left for the proper study of our native language." This is a stinging indictment of the schools and colleges and doubtless well deserved; but the question arises, are we not fast developing an American language on this continent? With truly marvellous rapidity our American speech is assimilating the Indian, French, German, and Spanish tongues. The newsboys on the streets of Denver rattled off the names of San Juan, Santiago, Guantamamos, and other Spanish places with no consciousness of speaking a foreign tongue—familiar all their lives with the Castilian names of Colorado places. So in California, Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico the common speech bears testimony to the influence of the civilization established by the "Conquistadores" in a blending of Spanish and English. And in the States of Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota the evidences of French discovery and dominion and of the old Jesuit missions, so long the outposts of civilization, in the topographical and geographical terms, have permeated the speech of the people. The frontiersman has almost passed from sight, but the expressive Indian-French or Indian-Spanish which to such a large extent supplanted the "mother tongue" in his intercourse with his fellows has become a permanent part and parcel of the daily life of the people of the great trans-Mississippi commonwealths. To him that hath ears to hear it is plain that English as she is spoke is in this country undergoing the process of Americanization and the composite English tongue is being modified—shall I say enriched?—by a second composition in which the mystic tongue of the Aztec and the Zuni and the vocal mellowness of fifteenth-century French and Spanish find place. Nor is the process especially western. It was well started in New York, Pennsylvania, and New England before the Declaration of Independence; New Yorkers and Bostonians long ago incorporated into the language they live

in many words and phrases passed down from the Dutch traders and the followers of Powhatan and Massasoit, while "Pennsylvania Dutch" does not lack recognition in our literature while Bayard is read and loved. Walt Whitman's fondness for such terms as "Libertad" and "Americanos" has been criticised as affected; but in this as in other things he only anticipated the development of our American spirit.

* * * *

**TANNER
FOLLOWS
WAITE.**

The world does move—and in the right direction. A Republican governor of Illinois has within the month followed the precedent set by a Populist governor of Colorado four years ago, in ordering out State troops to restrain and prevent a corporation from disturbing the public peace. He has gone further and disarmed the band of mercenary thugs employed by the corporation to menace and murder its striking employees. All honor to Governor Tanner for the prompt and courageous stand taken by him! He has served plain notice of his recognition of the truth and justice of Governor Waite's position that the power and authority of the State cannot be used with impunity by corporations to coerce their employees, and that the worker's right to life comes before the owner's right to property. While Governor Waite's action caused a virtual revolution in Colorado and consigned him to political oblivion at the hands of the newly enfranchised women persuaded by cunning and conscienceless politicians that it was their duty to "redeem the State" by defeating an honest and fearless executive and electing a pliant Republican tool of the mine owners, Governor Tanner, following a similar course, has excited barely a ripple of criticism. Fortunately, he is supported by an able attorney-general, who stands ready not only to back his chief so far as legal processes are concerned, but also to go further and secure the indictment of the mine owners for the killing of ten men and the wounding of fifty others in the riot at Virden. It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored and whose ox does the goring. In Colorado, Waite was practically besieged in the State House, his opponents

attempting to use the Denver police force against him. In Illinois, Tanner has the "Grand Old Party" behind him, and the disgusted mine owners have had to content themselves with the threat of resorting to the now thoroughly discredited Federal court injunction. At Leadville, the strike was protracted during the whole two-year term of Waite's successor by the maintenance of a military camp at the mines, entirely in the interest of a few arrogant and selfish mine owners and at an expense to the taxpayers of some \$150,000. At Virden, a prompt settlement of the trouble on a fair and reasonable basis all around now seems probable. An important outcome of the whole matter will be the advance to a practical stage of the principle, utterly ignored as a rule in these disputes by the corporations and their adherents, that the worker has an absolutely ethical and legal right to a voice in the determination of the conditions under which he shall work; that the interest of the man who furnishes human brawn, blood, nerves, and soul is at least of equal importance with that of the man who furnishes money, or the raw material and machinery, of which, by virtue of his money, our laws grant to him not an absolute but a limited control. For it is a well-established maxim of our law that "a man must so use his own as not to injure another."

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THE AUTHOR OF "BIMETALLISM AND DEMOCRACY." The manuscript of "Bimetallism and Democracy" was submitted to THE ARENA anonymously, and I had read it and decided that it was entitled to foremost place in the literature of the currency question by reason of its masterly analysis, keen logic, and calm reasonableness of exposition and argument, before I was informed that the author was an old classmate at the University of Wisconsin, and that what promised to be a brilliant career had been suddenly cut off by his death since the article was written. William W. Allen was a Western man of good New England blood on both sides of the house. His father, the late William F. Allen, was professor of history at Wisconsin nearly twenty years, and an essayist of

rare power; his sister, Katharine Allen, is a fellow in the same institution, and an uncle, Professor Joseph Allen, is known the country over as author of "Allen's Latin Grammar" and other educational works. His mother, worthy descendant of Plymouth Pilgrims, has always taken an active and practical interest in the educational and philanthropic work of Madison, the city on the seven lakes celebrated by Longfellow and pronounced by Matthew Arnold the most beautiful town in America, where she is much loved for her qualities of heart and head. Young Will Allen—for he was not more than twenty-six—was easily the most brilliant and popular man in his class, particularly distinguishing himself in economics and more than once carrying off the honors in the debates for which Wisconsin is famous. He was admitted to the bar soon after graduation, and when taken off, had been practising law several years with promise of a brilliant forensic career. His comment on the relations between lawyers and corporations is evidently the fruit of "inside" observation. Naturally conservative, he was a Republican in politics and strongly opposed to socialism or even an approach to the socialistic programme, and when I knew him was almost as much a gold-bug as Secretary Gage. His argument has added interest and value as coming from a conservative of legal and logical mind, and one brought up in a strong anti-silver community. It should appeal with special force to those practical business men east and west who have been deceived into regarding the demand for free silver coinage as visionary or dishonest.

* * * *

" STATE "
AND
" PEOPLE. "

The view from this window of ours has for background a structure that to my modern mind is not less an inspiration to patriotism than Bunker Hill Monument. It is the Public Library of Boston, beautiful embodiment of the best development in the Americanism of to-day—for it is no mere local possession or local institution. In itself emblematical of the national spirit in its most advanced development, what it most stands for in achievement and inspiration belongs to all

Americans alike. Its Greek strength and grace of line and proportion and its modern perfection in adaptation of means to the ends of convenience and comfort in fullest use, make it a model for free libraries throughout the land. Hand in hand with the increase of such institutions let us hope there will be found growing and spreading the spirit which made Boston's Public Library possible. This spirit is well expressed in the inscription over its portals:

BUILT BY THE PEOPLE
AND
DEDICATED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

I cannot help contrasting it with an inscription on the handsome armory and gymnasium of the University of Wisconsin at Madison:

ERECTED BY THE BOUNTY OF THE STATE.

"Bounty" of the State, forsooth! As if the State were some ridiculous king bestowing largesse on the poor out of the wealth they had earned and he had appropriated! Is it any wonder that within the same academic shades where so un-American an inscription on a public building is tolerated, a professor of political economy should have been brought to book for "teaching socialism"—not because he really "taught socialism," but because he included a fair account of socialism in his lectures? There are many names cut in the granite front of Boston's Public Library—names of America's and the world's great teachers; but the name of the most American of American poets is conspicuous by its absence—omitted from the list prepared by another great American, who was, however, not great enough to recognize the claims of one then derided, now fast becoming the most commanding influence in our national development. I refer, of course, to Walt Whitman and to James Russell Lowell's neglect. But then Whitman needs no monument. His monument is all about us in the continent he celebrated, in its men and women, and in the love of their hearts and the work of their hands.

**WHITMAN'S
PROPHECY.**

By the way, here is a prophecy of Whitman's, written about a quarter of a century ago, which is finding present fulfilment:

I chant the world on my Western sea,
I chant copious the islands beyond, thick as stars in the sky,
I chant the new empire grander than any before, as in a vision it comes
to me.
I chant America, the mistress, I chant a greater supremacy,
I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time on those groups
of sea-islands,
My sail-ships and steamships threading the archipelagoes,
My stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work, races reborn,
refresh'd,
Lives, works resumed—the object I know not—but the old, the Asiatic
renewed as it must be,
Commencing from this day surrounded by the world.

* * * *

The sign is reversing, the orb is enclosed.
The ring is circled, the journey is done.

* * * *

**MUNICIPALISM
IN
NOTION.**

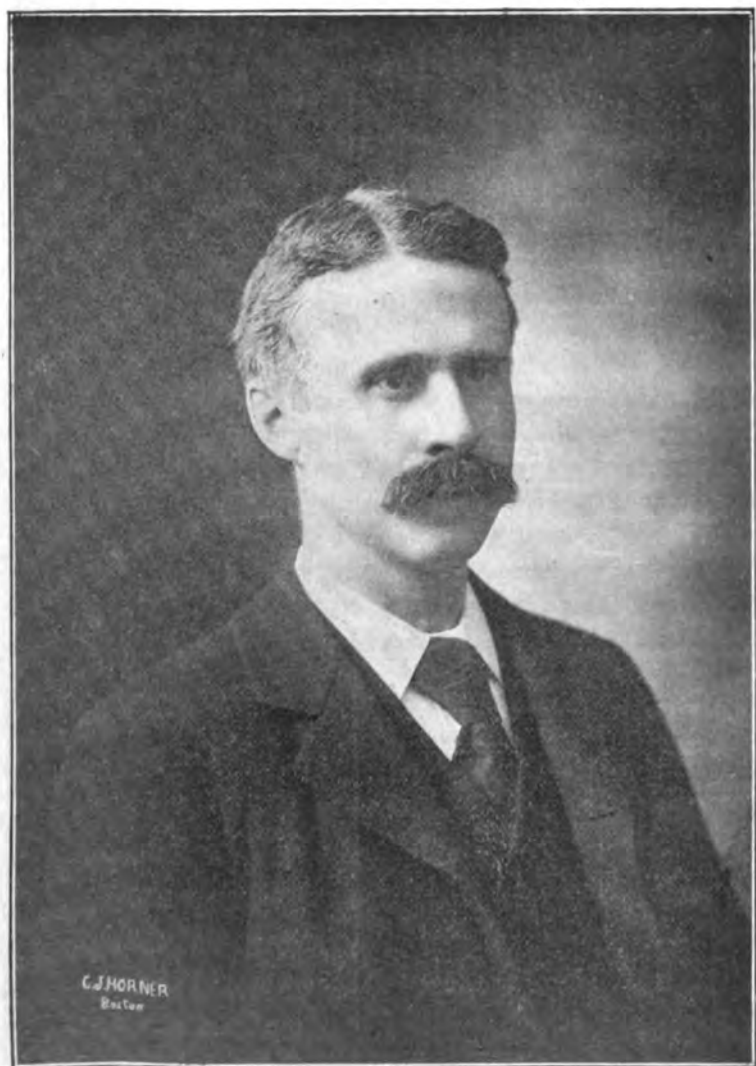
On one day recently, Mayor Quincy of Boston officiated at the opening of the municipal bath-houses and at the first of a series of Sunday evening concerts for the people provided by the city. About the same time Mayor Van Wyck of New York signed a bill throwing open to the people for free baths New York's sea-front. It gives an American a queer feeling of having awakened the ghosts of some of the sixteenth-century Puritans, supposed to be sleeping in Boston's old graveyards, to read the protest of some sort of "Sabbatarian League" against these municipal concerts and their threats of securing injunctions. Meantime, I can fancy Ben Franklin and old Josiah Quincy winking at each other as they stand on guard in front of the City Hall, and encouraging young Josiah to go ahead.

* * * *

**PROSPERITY
AND THE
UNEMPLOYED.**

Never in the history of the country, according to President McKinley's campaign speeches during his recent western trip, have we enjoyed such prosperity in every branch of business. And Commissioner Wright is out

with a report demonstrating (if figures won't lie) that the effect of labor-saving machinery on labor has been to reduce the cost of the articles manufactured, and at the same time largely to increase the wages of and the demand for labor. I'm a good deal of an optimist myself, and willing to believe that these things are thus—at any rate we ought to have prosperity and increasing demand for labor at increasing wages under an advancing civilization—if other things were equal—if we were consistent—if, and if, and if—. Perhaps it will help us to turn "ought to be" into "is" if we contrast the golden visions of the president and the commissioner with certain facts as they are. Just now we note lasters in Massachusetts and coal miners in Illinois striking for living wages; laborers from Indiana so poor and desperate that they are willing to take the places of the Illinois strikers; thousands of unemployed in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and even Denver, willing to "do anything" to earn bread and butter, but unable to get anything to do. Here in Boston at the last annual meeting of the Industrial Aid Society for the Prevention of Pauperism the general agent, Henry Peterson, reported that "there has been a decrease of 172 in the number of employers applying at the office for help. The whole number of men and women who applied for work was 4,045, and the number for whom work has been secured is 3,474. A larger number of women have obtained work through the society this year than last. The depression of business during the entire year was noticeable in the men's department. Manufacturers of all kinds have curtailed expenses, and much less than the normal number of men was employed on public works." More people seeking work and less work for them than last year; more women forced into the ranks of the bread winners and more men forced out,—right here in the Hub of the Universe, where, so far as my observation and experience go, business appears to be brisker and the population more actively engaged than in any other city in the country. Let us begin by being honest and facing things as they are, if—Democrats or Republicans—we mean to make things better.



JOSIAH QUINCY, MAYOR OF BOSTON. . I

THE ARENA

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MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM IN BOSTON.

BY FRANCIS J. DOUGLAS.

BOSTON is one of the oldest municipalities in America and is commonly regarded as the most conservative, and in many aspects the most intellectual. Its present mayor, Josiah Quincy, is a scion of one of the oldest, and in many aspects one of the most conservative and intellectual, of Boston families. He is the third Josiah Quincy who has held the chief office of the city. His great-grandfather was the second mayor, his grandfather the eleventh, and he is the thirty-fourth. The Quincys have been conspicuous in the life of Boston for more than two and a half centuries. No family in the history of Boston, with a single exception, represents so much of unbroken genealogical distinction as the house of Quincy. This exception is the family of Adams, with which the name and the fortunes of the Quincys long were mingled. In the earlier days the women of the Quincy family were famous belles, and the men have reflected all the shining culture of the most cultivated environment in America. "Dorothy Q.," the subject of one of the most familiar poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, was a Quincy with whom the present mayor can claim a common ancestry. She was an early daughter of the house of which he is the latest son.

The Quincys once were wealthy as well as aristocratic, and owned a large estate in the town of Quincy, which had been the family seat for many generations. But for many years they have not been rich; the ancestral acres are no longer in the family, and Mayor Quincy, who is a bachelor, now lives with his father's family in an old-fashioned house on what has ceased to be even the edge of the fashionable quarter of the city of Boston.

The first Josiah Quincy who was Mayor of Boston transmitted to his son and his great-grandson certain physical and mental traits which may be regarded as family characteristics. The Quincys have been tall and dark, of notable gravity of demeanor and much apparent reserve and abstraction. They have been distinguished for their intense public spirit and energy, for their learning and eloquence, and for a certain striking originality, ingenuity, and audacity of intellect, which is the most obvious and interesting distinction of the present mayor. The first Mayor Quincy lived to be ninety-two years old, and his public career was marked by a frank and vigorous contempt for those conventionalities which hamper progress. The second Mayor Quincy lived to be over eighty, and he exhibited all the activity and public spirit of his father. The present Mayor Quincy is in his fortieth year. It is easy to trace Josiah Quincy's inheritance of traits from both ancestors: from his great-grandfather the love of letters and the appreciation of the æsthetic, from his grandfather practical public zeal, and from both the limitless energy, the originality of thought, grace of expression, and cool determination with which he plots and plans and—performs. There never has been a mayor who had greater incentive to cultivate his powers and let his light shine before men. In the courtyard of the City Hall, under the window by which he sits at work in the mayor's office, he may look down on the handsome bronze statue of his great-grandfather, on which is lettered the story of the first Mayor Quincy's public service. The Mayor passes this statue whenever he enters or leaves the City Hall. That he is not unmindful of the

pride and obligation of ancestral distinction he himself testified, in his first address to the City Council, when he said that he had "a greater reason, even if it be sentimental, than any other citizen of Boston, for appreciating the honor of succeeding the long line of distinguished men" who had occupied the office.

Mayor Quincy's political career began in the lower branch of the State Legislature, in which he served for four years, representing the Quincy district. He became the leader of his party there, and gave special attention to the work of the Committee on Labor, on which he served. It had been an unimportant and ineffective committee until he entered it; he made it one of the most important and effective. His record on this committee gained for him the lasting friendship of the leaders in the labor cause throughout the State. His earliest public speeches were made in the legislature. He was a young man then, less than thirty years old, and manifested some nervousness in his first address. He afterward became one of the best orators of the legislature, perhaps the most forceful and convincing. There has been no Mayor of Boston in this generation who has been so good an orator as Mayor Quincy is now.

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So much has been said of the inherited and personal characteristics of Mayor Quincy in order that it may not seem so great a paradox that a man of his type, in a city like Boston, should have been the first Mayor to put into effect more elaborate and significant experiments in municipal socialism than have marked the proceedings of any other American municipality. It is paradox enough that the instrument for many radical departures from conventional limitations of municipal government should have been a product of that environment which for half a century has borne the reproach of ultra-conservatism.

In the three years that Josiah Quincy has been Mayor of Boston he has given expression to not less than half a dozen

ideas of municipal development which are distinctly fresh in their application to the government of American cities. "Municipal Socialism" is the phrase which others have employed to describe his plans; he himself has been content to continue planning and presenting, and has not attempted to label his work. When a friend said to him a year ago: "You are a Socialist," he replied: "It would be more accurate to say I have some socialistic sympathies, if I may be permitted to define my kind of socialism." About the same time one of his most trusted political associates, to whom was expressed doubt of the mayor's continued success in politics, replied energetically: "Josiah Quincy is proceeding along the lines of municipal socialism, and the municipal socialist in politics will be the success of the future." Of another distinguished and learned supporter of the Mayor's municipal policy was asked this question: "Does Mr. Quincy's socialism proceed from the heart or from the head?" "From the heart," the gentleman said, "and I believe he is too sympathetic." Mr. Quincy himself forbears to enlighten the public as to whether his plans involve a wide and general application of sociological principles in which he believes, or are isolated experiments for municipal improvement; perhaps they have started as the latter and are ending as the former.

There is no doubt that Josiah Quincy knows all that anybody knows about municipal socialism, as it is defined by its friends and promoters in European cities. He is a close and careful student, and still more an observer and enquirer, and the extent of his range of thought and observation is a subject of general surprise. Perhaps it is fair to assume that every one of his plans is the result of a comprehensive survey of the whole field of municipal quickening and growth, and is consequently only a cautious and tentative expression of a large and carefully calculated scheme of municipal development.

When he was nominated for Mayor in 1895, he promised in his letter of acceptance that if he should be elected he would try to furnish public baths free for all the people of

the city and for use all the year around. His opponents attempted to use this statement as the text for satirical criticism. After he was elected, in his first address to the City Council he referred to the subject again as a "project for encouraging social and sanitary improvement." This was the first of his plans in what may be called the line of municipal socialism. It has now succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations.

A Committee on Public Baths was appointed, and its report was sent to the City Council in April, 1896. This report recommended that the baths should be absolutely free, that a series of district bath houses be established, and that the first experimental bathing station be located near the corner of Harrison Avenue and Dover Street, a point near the geographical centre of Boston, and within reach of more than 87,000 persons who were without bathing facilities in their homes. The Committee, which was composed of men and women prominently identified with projects of municipal reform and development, fully treated the subject of public baths for both sexes, and made the special recommendation that steps be taken toward placing simple outfits of spray baths in school buildings in various parts of the city, for the use of school children and of people living in the immediate neighborhood of the schools. Mr. Quincy presented to the City Council the findings of the Committee with the recommendation that \$65,000 be appropriated for the purchase of a lot of land and the construction of a public bath house. Before the contract for the erection of this building had been awarded, Mayor Quincy recommended in his annual address to the City Council, in January, 1897, a loan of \$200,000 toward erecting baths in Charlestown, East Boston, the North End, South Boston, and Roxbury. With this recommendation he entered more fully into the subject of free public bathing, confessed that it was his hope and wish that in twelve months Boston might surpass any other city of the country in free public bathing facilities, recommended the adoption of a plan for free instruction in swimming, par-

ticularly for the benefit of the scholars in the public schools, and mentioned the fact that, following the example of many of the cities of continental Europe, the school committee of Boston had decided to try the experiment of providing baths for the use of the scholars in the public school buildings. But the City Council of 1897 contained many members who were disposed, mainly for partisan purposes, to offer obstruction to Mr. Quincy's plans, and he was forced to make haste slowly in the development of his public bathing system.

Despite this obstruction, a department of Public Baths was established, in accordance with his recommendation, in the spring of 1898, and the Dover Street Bath House, which was planned two years ago, was formally opened the middle of October. On the occasion of the opening of this first permanent public bath house in Boston for all-the-year-round use, Mr. Quincy delivered a significant speech. He referred to the fact that Boston now possesses the finest and most modern bathing establishment on this continent, and that the building, which cost upwards of \$70,000, is of so substantial and ornamental a character as to be an architectural monument worthy of the city which owns it—one which might well have been intended for a private club of men and women of means. The building, which was designed by a leading firm of architects, is 43 feet wide and 110 feet deep, with separate entrances and waiting rooms for women and men. It is three stories high, the first story being of granite and the two others of brick. The waiting rooms are surrounded with benches and have mosaic floors and marble walls. On the entrance floor are drying-rooms, a laundry, and a store-room for all the towels and bathing-suits of all the municipal baths. The men's waiting room contains thirty enclosed shower baths and three enclosed tubs. Each shower cabin consists of a dressing alcove, with a seat, beyond which is the bathing alcove. The partitions and backs of the compartments are of marble. Each bath alcove contains a heating apparatus which permits the bather to regulate the tem-

perature of the water. The women's bath-room contains eleven shower cabins and six bath-cabins.

In his second annual address to the City Council, in 1897, Mr. Quincy had many new things to talk about. Beside the matter of public baths, he gave much attention to the subject of providing playgrounds for the children of the city. He spoke of the great public interest in extensive park areas in Boston and other cities, and said that in his opinion if one-twentieth of the sum which Boston has spent on her magnificent park system could be devoted to the acquisition, in proper localities throughout the city, of numerous areas to serve as local playgrounds, the investment would bring in a large percentage of return in healthful physical development and social well-being. He thought that every ward of the city should be provided with some place where children could play and where outdoor sports and contests could be carried on. The city of Paris, he mentioned, had a board of directors of public sports, and he had faith that Boston could be made the first city in America in its facilities for public exercise and athletics. To this end several large spaces have been taken for public playgrounds and for purposes of public recreation, and two open-air gymnasia have been provided in thickly populated districts of the city.

For a playground at the North End, one of the most densely settled districts of the city, \$100,000 had been appropriated, but the Mayor recommended that \$200,000 additional be spent during the year for playgrounds, adding, "I am thoroughly satisfied that it would be far wiser for the city to expend the sum of \$400,000 during the coming year for public baths and playgrounds than to devote that amount of money to any other purposes, of however pressing a character. The adoption of progressive and distinctive municipal policies of this nature raises the reputation and standing of the city and tends to bring its government closer to the people and to promote a civic spirit which will yield valuable results in many directions." He recommended also that improvements be made in the public squares and grounds, such city prop-

erty comprising 143 acres, and that sand-pits be supplied for small children to play in, with places of shelter for mothers and nurses.

The children have been an especial object of Mayor Quincy's interest and effort. At his suggestion, the Bath Department put into effect during the last season a plan of providing instruction in swimming for school children, and about 3500 were taught during the season. He arranged with the permission of the school committee to keep open many of the schoolyards of the city in summer for use intendent of Public Grounds to distribute for use in the fall of the year. Last summer he established a free camp for boys on Long Island in Boston Harbor, and over one hundred boys at a time were in camp each week during the latter part of the summer. Military discipline was employed to some extent, and the boys have listened to lectures by well-known men on entertaining topics of useful knowledge. The real plan for the future is to provide at the public expense vacation instruction for the pupils of the public schools, while affording these boys abundant opportunity for the most healthful recreation. This camp has been under the executive direction of the Institutions Commissioner, and has been supervised by an advisory committee of citizens.

Mr. Quincy has made some interesting reforms in institutional management. In his first address to the City Council he stated the doctrine that the most important principle in the management of public institutions was the scientific classification of their inmates, and said that the ideal condition would be one under which each inmate should receive a course of mental and moral treatment adapted to his individual case. He admitted the impracticability of fully realizing such an ideal, but recommended such classification of the inmates of all Boston's public institutions, penal, insane, and charitable, as would group together, in sufficiently small bodies, all persons requiring practically similar treatment. His recommendations resulted in the separation of the lunatic, indigent, and criminal classes, and of juveniles

and adults, so that the waif, the lunatic, and the pauper, who formerly were under one system of direct control, are now under separate and distinct forms of institutional government. Moreover, an Institution Registration Department has been established, and a complete statistical registration is maintained of all inmates of the city's public institutions. By this system any inmate of the institutions may be traced from his first connection with them, while information as complete as possible is to be recorded as to ancestry and progeny, and as to character, habits, and environment. "The administration of charitable and reformatory institutions is not merely, or even primarily, a business matter," is the frank and striking manner in which Mr. Quincy epitomized his views on this general subject. "Humanitarian management upon a scientific basis," he added, "is not inconsistent with true economy."

It was in harmony with these and similar views, indicative of his disposition to depart from the exclusively commercial spirit, which has been most conspicuous and influential heretofore in municipal government in America, and to adopt the advanced sociological theory of old-world cities, where municipal government is treated with the dignity and gravity of a science, that Mr. Quincy secured the establishment of a department of municipal statistics. This department is under the immediate management of one of the best equipped sociological students and statisticians in the country, Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, formerly of Johns Hopkins University. Boston is the first city in this country to adopt this feature of the administration of European municipalities. In cities like Berlin and Paris it is an agency of demonstrated usefulness. The purpose of the department of statistics is not only to record in figures the important details of local municipal life, but also to gather and tabulate available information concerning the municipal matters and methods of other cities. The head of the statistical department is also the editor of the official municipal gazette, known as "The City Record," which Mayor Quincy established at

the beginning of the present year "as a regular and systematic agency for giving full and speedy publicity to all official action taken by the executive departments" of the city, and which later received by ordinance the full character of an official gazette.

It has been remarked that in very many of Mr. Quincy's recommendations for new departures in the present system of municipal government in Boston, he refers approvingly to conditions existing in cities of Continental Europe. When he recommends a better and more elaborate scheme of public lavatories, for example, he mentions the underground lavatories of London, and when he favors establishing a statistical department, he cites the precedents of Paris and Berlin. This indicates that he has given careful study to the problems of municipal government as they are being worked out by the great cities of Europe, where the problems are older and more urgent than in this country, though not more important.

The people of Boston have come to await with curiosity the addresses of Mr. Quincy to the City Council. Each of his several annual addresses has contained more or less novel material. In the address of 1897 there is more new and significant matter than in any of the others. He considered in this address the subjects of free public concerts, of public lavatories, of a municipal laboratory, of a municipal printing department, and of a municipal electrical construction division. He recommended, moreover, that all the islands in Boston Harbor now owned by individuals should be purchased by the city, for special municipal purposes of the future. Behind this recommendation, perhaps, there is some plan of the Mayor, not yet disclosed, which may form an interesting chapter in some later address.

In his plan for a municipal laboratory, which is now in successful operation under an expert bacteriologist, he states its many advantages as a permanent official agency for the examination by chemical analysis of the food and supplies of the city.

Free public band concerts in summer had been included

in the work of the city before Mr. Quincy became mayor, but were omitted by his predecessor. They were resumed under Mr. Quincy, and this year he recommended the establishment of a permanent department of music, outlining his ideas in the following characteristic statement:

"I believe that the furnishing of a reasonable amount of music at the public expense falls within the proper functions of a large municipality, and that it would be enlightened policy for this city to appropriate for free public music, under proper direction, several times the amount which has recently been expended, and to develop its work in this direction upon broader lines and upon a more definite and permanent basis. I fully believe in the idea that a large city should make some reasonable provision for the healthful recreation of its people, and for their social elevation, and this doctrine has come to be generally accepted in Europe, if not in this country. By the establishment of parks, playgrounds, baths, and gymnasias, this city has taken considerable steps in the direction of recognizing its obligations of this character. The civilizing and refining influence of music has been recognized from the earliest times, and I am fully convinced that judiciously directed expenditures for this purpose will be fully warranted. The reputation of Boston as a centre of musical education should stimulate us to afford to the masses of our people greater opportunities of listening to good music and to endeavor to raise their appreciation of music. Under proper control a great deal can be accomplished in this direction at a comparatively small expenditure; free popular concerts should not be confined altogether to the summer months when they can be given out of doors, but should also be given during the winter at suitable places indoors, which could be utilized without extra expense. After mature consideration of the subject I have come to the conclusion that, in order to raise free public music to a proper plane in dignity and importance, it should be placed under the direction, even if the appropriation is no larger than in the past, of an unpaid board, composed of persons of musical taste, who would appreciate the social and educational value of free public music, and the opportunity of rendering a useful service to our people by its judicious development."

This department has been established and is in admirable working order. Its success has been gratifying. The commission's recent efforts have been directed to the conduct of Sunday night concerts. A small fee, ten to twenty-five cents, has been charged for seats, and the hall in which the concerts are held has been filled with great audiences. Only good music is given, and what Mr. Quincy asserted concerning the musical taste of the people of this city has been fully borne out by the appreciation of classical music which the audiences have displayed. A very interesting incident of the operation of this plan is the urgent objection which some of the clergymen and sabbatarian leagues have made to Sunday night concerts.

Recently Mr. Quincy has formulated a plan for the use of the school-rooms of the city for free public lectures.

In all the plans that have been mentioned, which are indicative of Mr. Quincy's purpose to draw the government closer to the people and the people closer to the government, perhaps nothing has partaken more of the character of municipal socialism than the municipal printing plant and the municipal electrical construction and building repair divisions. The establishment of the printing plant met with outspoken criticism and was followed by an official investigation of its purchase. The city of Boston was the pioneer in this field of municipal ownership and operation, and it had to encounter the difficulties and obstructions which beset the path of all pioneers. Previous to the establishment of this plant, the city printing had been done on the contract system. The change brought about by Mr. Quincy is a step toward the system of the direct employment of labor by the municipality, which he favors as a general principle.

The last report of the Superintendent of Printing epitomizes the story of the first results of this experiment, as follows:

"The operation of the plant by the city dates from March, 1897. The total pay-roll for the eleven months amounts to \$62,992.83; the total business done for the eleven months to

\$122,265.52; the total operating expenses to \$110,058.12. Allowing for depreciation of the plant, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, this department is able to report a net gain, during the period covered by the report, of \$8,004.30 as against the old system of contract work. Of at least an equal importance with this considerable financial gain must be considered the conditions under which this money has been expended and the results obtained. Union conditions have been rigidly adhered to in the administration of the plant. A high grade of competency has been insisted upon among the employees, and this has made possible the high grade of work produced, which will, at least, not suffer by comparison with that turned out under the contract system. In the matter of hours and wages the employees have been the beneficiaries of the union policy adopted, and a contented force of workmen is not the least pleasing result of this policy."

The position which Mr. Quincy took in establishing a municipal printing plant was described by himself as based on "the broad ground that the city should perform directly for itself all the work which it is practicable to so perform with reasonable economy."

The Electrical Construction Division was established in 1896, when Mr. Quincy had been in office only a few months. An expert practical electrician was appointed chief of the division and an efficient electrical corps was organized. The first large undertaking with which this division was entrusted was the installation of the electric lighting plant of the City Hospital, for which an appropriation of \$40,000 had been made. Then followed a mass of other important work on public buildings, schoolhouses, and city offices. The valuation of the electric lighting and service property of the city is \$300,000, and this sum does not include the fire-alarm and police-signal systems. The use of electricity in some form now enters into the equipment of nearly every building. An incident of the work of this division has been the establishment of a separate telephone exchange at city hall for the municipal offices.

Mr. Quincy publicly has said: "I am strongly in favor of

the adoption by the city, in the execution of all of the extensive and varied municipal work, in the nature of repairs in, or new work on, existing buildings, of the policy . . . of direct purchase of materials and direct employment of labor, under competent technical supervision and executive direction;" to which he added the significant opinion: "I think it would have a decidedly beneficial effect upon municipal politics to place this work upon a basis where it would no longer be competed for by a large number of contractors."

This official statement by Mr. Quincy gives to the imagination free rein in traversing the field of the possibilities of municipal experiment, and opens an expansive vista along the line of municipal socialism which thus far has been pursued.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE REAL AMERICA.*

BY REV. GEORGE A. GORDON, D. D.

But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.—*Galatians iv. 26.*

PAUL sees before him two Jerusalems: one that is above and one that is under; one that is free and one that is in bondage; one that is bound to pass utterly away and one that has the certain assurance of permanence. Best of all, he sees that the Jerusalem that is above, that is free, that is everlasting, is the mother of us all. Nothing could better voice the sentiments of all true Americans to-day than these words of the great-hearted Jew who had become a Christian. There are before us to-day two nations: one that is from above and one that is from beneath; one that is free and one that is in the servitude of wickedness; one that we believe is under sentence of doom and one that has the promise

*Sermon preached before the fifty-second annual meeting of the American Missionary Association.

of permanence and final ascendancy. But best of all, the nation that is from above, that is free and prophetically victorious, is the mother of us all. We come then to the great message of the text, feeling that it is pertinent to the needs of this hour.

The first thing in the apostle's words is the vision of an ideal Jerusalem. He was fond of history; no one in that age had anything like so profound a sense of it. He loved to go back to the migration of the first Hebrews, to repeat the history of Israel under Moses, to dwell upon the great work that God had done for his people in the past, to mark off the history of his nation as in a profound and peculiar sense the history of the revelation of God to man. He knew the annals of Jerusalem by heart. No Jew of his time had read with a deeper thrill of joy of David's capture of the city, of his transformation of it to magnificent uses; no one had surveyed with more patriotic satisfaction whatever had been glorious in the reigns of subsequent kings, whatever had been mighty in the utterances of the great successions of prophets. The heroic associations and immortal memories that gathered about the actual Jerusalem had more power over his heart than they possessed for any other.

Still, he felt that this history had been poor. There was an aboriginal promise behind it all, within sight of which, in the actual development of the nation, it had never come. There were impulses in the national heart deeper and diviner than any historic expression they had yet received; there was a vision in the mind of the great prophetic leaders of Israel that had never attained anything like embodiment in the life of the people. Therefore in the interest of what was deepest in history he turned away from it; in behalf of what was noblest in the actual he turned toward the ideal. So far the entire record of his nation had been a failure, a failure to utter in its life the revelation made to it of truth and brotherhood.

This seems to me the inevitable position for the Christian patriot in America to-day. He is more impressed than other men by the actual achievements upon these shores; by the

landing of the Pilgrims; by the advance of colonial life; by the Declaration of Independence, the battle for an inalienable right to a victorious issue, and the organization of the government; by the swift and wonderful development of the country's resources, the successful struggle to maintain the unity and integrity of the nation, and the settlement of the gigantic moral question of slavery; by the concurrent growth of schools, colleges, and universities; by the deepening and spreading power of Christianity as expressed in a thousand different agencies; and by the great intellects, the great characters, the great servants that have been our guides. The Christian patriot can see a light in the silver stars of the old flag and a depth in its crimson bars visible to no other eyes. He better than all others can estimate the inspiration that has worked in the consciousness of our people, the moral energy needed to bring us where we are, the suffering involved, and the magnificent careers that, through this tremendous process, have been given to this country and the world. There is not a single noble tradition in Old Virginia or in Old Massachusetts that he does not cherish, no great name from Washington to Lincoln that he does not venerate, no battle for righteousness in the whole history that does not set his heart on fire. The Christian patriot sees more to honor and admire in our history than any other man; the whole past is to him deeper, richer, more august, more divinely tender than to any other.

Nevertheless, he is profoundly dissatisfied with what it has been, with what it is to-day. The dream of the Pilgrim burns like an immortal daybreak in the beginning of our history, and the full day has not yet come. The vision embodied in the Declaration of Independence is still an ideal unrealized. The profound and noble ideas that lie at the basis of our political institutions have so far received no such expression as they must have. The deepest and divinest forces in the consciousness of our people have had, as yet, no history worthy of them. And, therefore, we turn away from what has been to what shall be; from what is to what ought to be; from the actual to

the ideal country; from the America that is below to the America that is above.

The second thing that impresses us in the words of the text is that Paul looks upon the ideal Jerusalem as the real Jerusalem. The city that had been false to the idea upon which it was founded,—the idea of the supremacy of the righteous Lord,—that had obstructed the purpose of its best rulers, that had stoned the prophets and killed the men of genius and sublime character who had been sent unto it, that Jerusalem, although built upon a rock, composed of stable dwellings and an imposing temple, isolated from attack by ravines to right and left, and surrounded by a great wall, that Jerusalem was but a dream, a nightmare, a horrid ghost that must vanish. The Jerusalem that had no existence except in the morning thoughts of the first of the Hebrews, in the pious longings of the devouter leaders, and in the burning conceptions of the prophets; that city which had a full home nowhere but in the mind of Christ, which had no local habitation, no temple and no bulwarks for the national eye, that city Paul affirmed to be the real city. You can think of the contempt with which an unconverted Pharisee or Sadducee of that time would look upon the Christian fanatic matching his imagination against a great historic institution. It would have seemed to him the sheerest drivel, worthy of nothing but to be drowned with floods of ridicule. But what says the subsequent history? The Jerusalem of the old Jew is gone; the Jerusalem of the Apostle has been the great inspiration of the ages, and it is the great reality of to-day. What is called the reality is vanished forever; what was called the imagination abides.

The ideal America is the real America. If you want to know the everlasting America, look into the minds of its great patriots, into the thoughts of its deepest prophets. Out of the ideal country has come our entire moral strength. Out of the ideal came the origin of the country, and for all our inspirations in all our times of need our mightiest leaders have gone to the same source. When a new home is founded it is built and ordered in obedience to the vision of love. Children in

every true family have behind them the divine dream of parenthood. They are trained, carried forward from infancy and on into the years of self-help by the energy of a transfigured thought. When they come to manhood and womanhood their hearts begin to burn and they discover that the Lord is shaping the ideal in them. Out of the conception of the more perfect all art, all literature, all social order, all political life that is not retrograde, is forever born. Nothing is so real as the ideal; it builds itself ten thousand times into the actual course of events. And still it is burdened with an infinite reserve. Think of the summers and autumns that have come and gone since civilized man put foot upon these shores. How the whole face of nature has flowered, how the entire earth has come to the abundant harvest for man and for beast! How much this great region has done, in the way of pageant and in the way of fruitfulness! What a history of beauty and of useful growth it has had! Why is it not spent? Why is it good for a thousand summers and autumns more? Because there is life in it, because that life is fed from the great sun. Not the wonderful expressions in flower and fruit are the reality, but the hidden, unexhausted and inexhaustible life out of which these pageants and harvests have come. And so the deepest reality lies not in our homes, our societies, our literature, our arts, our government, our history; it lies in the creative source of all these, in the living ideals that are within the human soul and which are fed from the heart of God. You see a handful of men and women devoted to the development of the colored race in our land. They carry in their prayers and thoughts the reality which shall yet replace the wretched actual that to-day seems so strong. You see a small number of devoted souls determined that slavery shall die; their determination, not the actual bondage of the slave, is the reality. You look in upon a prayer-meeting at Williams College; there and not in the degradation of heathen man is the everlasting reality. You watch a monk revolt from his works of penance, retreat upon God in Christ for the deliverance of his soul, and return in the thunder of power to proclaim that

man shall live not upon rite or priest or institution, but upon immediate communion with the Eternal; and you find in that monk's soul, in his imagination, the reality that has transformed the old world into the new. You go back to a tent-maker from Tarsus, and you see him turning away from the history of his people, turning to the unseen where his Master lived, and gathering from that realm the forces that enabled him to change the face of the world, and to leave upon the Roman empire marks deeper than were made by the whole succession of the Cæsars. There in the soul of that tent-maker is the divine reality. You behold a speaker upon the hillside, a sufferer upon the cross, a presence of light from beyond death, and there in the mind of Christ you recognize the whole sublime and final reality for mankind. Heaven and earth shall pass away, government after government, but the words of Christ, his living creative thought for man, shall abide, and out of it shall come a new heaven and a new earth.

In the presence of these facts we are justified in holding that the ideal nation is the real nation. We side with the dreams of the Pilgrims, with the visions of the founders of the nation, with the ideals of its greatest leaders, with the love of those who died for it, with the sorrow and hope of all those who have served it well, with the purpose of God in Christ in its behalf, and we claim that the America that is still unrealized is our true and everlasting country.

The third fact in the text to which I would wish to call attention are the two great characteristics of the Jerusalem which is above. It is free, and it includes all. It is the city of freedom and catholicity. In both respects it was in absolute contrast to the actual Jerusalem. That city was in bondage; it was the slave of innumerable prejudices and traditions, the victim above all of its own blind and evil heart. It was also the most fiercely exclusive of cities. Bigoted, intolerant, exclusive, and mad,—these were the characteristics which it presented in the presence of Paul's Christian dream of fellowship, of perfect freedom and complete catholicity.

How can we live if we do not see the same vision for this

country? We see the strife, the division, the organization of capital and labor into opposite camps, and surely we must pray for freedom from this sore and widespread bondage. We see the prevalence of ignorance of all sorts,—ignorance in personal conduct, ignorance of the true life of the home, ignorance of thrift, ignorance of the great moral necessities, personal, domestic, national, human, without obedience to which society cannot hold together; and again we must grieve over this oppression. We behold the existence of the multitude of our fellow-citizens confined mostly to a struggle for physical subsistence with the most distressing and wide-extending disregard of the whole upper side of life. We are a Pentecostal nation in the number and heterogeneous character of the people in our midst; we are a Pentecostal nation in the greatness of our sins and in the depth of our moral need, in our disregard of the ideal, in our contempt of Christ and our consequent unrest and trouble. Shall we not become a Pentecostal nation in regret and grief for our sins, in the glorious insight into the meaning of Christ for our time and need, in the new experience of salvation in his name? We cannot rest, as Christian citizens, until the profounder emancipation shall come, until the freedom which is our national boast shall mean freedom from internal division, from a soul-destroying materialism, from contempt of the ideal of Christian brotherhood. O, how the great word freedom is abused! Freedom is not the first, but the final attainment of men and nations. It can come only through the will that stands in happy surrender to the Christian intelligence. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Look into some room in our institutions for the insane and see some poor man sure that he is a millionaire, that he is a great poet, that he is the greatest force in the life of the country, and at once you grieve over the delusion. But that delusion is not any deeper nor is it half so debasing as the notion that the man is free who knows hardly anything of the moral order of his existence, and who ignores in conduct the little that he does know. That is the most fundamental and fatal of all delusions. The man who is

the victim of drink or lust or any vile habit we cannot pronounce free; nor the nation that disregards the moral ideal, that cares nothing for Christ, that soaks itself in the swamps of a godless materialism. For that man or that nation to boast of freedom is a delusion as deep as the sad pretensions of the insane. If the Son shall make you free, then shall ye be free indeed. The realization of freedom is through the realization of sonship. The America which is above is alone free.

Thank God it is also the mother of us all. General Grant used to say to the Confederates during the war, that it was for their interest to be beaten. The few political speeches that he ever made were to the same effect. He told his old friend and brave lieutenant-general, Hancock, and the great body of his fellow-citizens who supported him in the presidential campaign of 1880 that their true success was to be defeated. The speech was brief, but it was full of the great soldier's wisdom and magnanimity. He looked upon battles and he fought them with all his might; but he looked beyond them to the common good in which they issued. The financial struggle of the autumn of 1896 and the victory for honest money was a victory for all the people. The cause that won, the honor that was preserved, and the confidence that was renewed in us as a nation throughout the world belong to all the people. Through the form of victory in one case, through the form of defeat in another, the common good of all was secured. And if any high and enduring good has been done by the great arm of the nation during the last six months, it is an achievement for all our citizens, an achievement likewise, we are ready to believe, for the defeated people. The defeat of bad causes is the supreme hope of those who support them; the triumph of righteousness is never a partisan or sectional victory; it is a victory for humanity.

This leads us to look into the deepest struggle going on in our midst. There is the conflict between the Christian interpretation of the nation and the atheistic; between a spiritual view of our great fellowship in industry, in art, in science, in citizenship, in humanity, and a materialistic; between the

believer in the ideal and the scoffer at it; between those who include the supreme good of their country in the coming of the kingdom of God and those whose conception of welfare is a vulgar and vicious selfishness. This is the campaign that lies back of all others, this is the tremendous duel in which all the disciples of Christ are involved, this is the battle that divides the country into two great hostile camps. There are seekers after God and the essential good of the people; and there are the self-seekers, in the vulgar sense, and often in the vicious, and not infrequently in the criminal. The sides are taken and the fight is on. The advance of the cause of righteousness is the thing upon which good men have always set their hearts. All other victories have their value here. If they are real, if they are not imaginary, they are windows through which we can look and behold the fresh defeat given to the cause of inhumanity. If we can say with reference to our recent struggle that the America that is above is the mother of us all, surely we can claim in a profounder sense that the Jerusalem that we seek to establish over all holds for all men and all classes the one infinite good. Think of the depth and tenderness of Paul's figure. Motherhood is the name for the moral order in which we exist, for the spiritual fellowship to which we may rise, for the indwelling plan of God in our humanity and the energy of the Holy Spirit continually breaking in upon our being through that open way. Yes, we owe our existence as men, our capacity to co-operate one with another, our power to form brotherhoods in trade, in art, in all human enterprises and interests; we owe all the sweeter associations, all the deeper memories and the whole richness and tenderness of life to the motherhood of God's kingdom in Christ. The whole upper side of our homes, of our brotherhoods, of our citizenship, of our humanity, is the mighty birth of the Jerusalem which is above. And the loneliness of wicked men, their secret cry for another existence, their longing for the days that are gone when existence was pure, the sorrow of those who have lost faith and character and hope and who yet pine for an infinite good,—all these are but the surges of the

filial heart, the tidal return of instinct and feeling to the unutterable tenderness and love of the Divine Mother of us all.

For the expression of the contrast between the two Jerusalems which he saw Paul used a tremendous comparison. The first Hebrew had two sons, one by the bond-woman and one by the free. The actual Jerusalem with all her ignorance and shame is that dishonored slave bearing children into bondage. The ideal Jerusalem is the free woman bearing a son who is the divine promise of the ages. That is Paul's burning parallel from history. Nothing less terrible could at all serve the pressing and convulsive passion of his soul. Surely we see its application to our own national condition. There is an America that resembles that poor slave, an America that bears children into the worst oppressions, an America that would fill the land with ignorance, distrust, infinite greed, and utter anarchy; an America that would end a headlong and horrible career in self-destruction. That is the America against which we must fight not only on election day but upon all days, not only with our ballots but with our total Christianity. For there is another America that resembles the free woman, an America that gives the son of promise to mankind, an America that, united in herself, exulting in her august mission, inspired in the presence of her vast opportunity, and devoted to the highest good of all within her borders, creates a new epoch in human history and kindles a new hope for the world.

This is the meaning of the American Missionary Association. We claim for it a national significance. The whole power of the society stands out against the nation that is from beneath, that is in bondage and that bears children into bondage; it stands forth in behalf of the nation that is from above, that is free and that is the glorious mother of us all. The appeal of the society is not to the church as a sect, but to the church as a representative of all wise statesmanship and all noble patriotism. The society beholds before it two Americas; it sees the actual America and its sins and miseries and needs, and the ideal America in all its purity and majesty and power. It believes that the actual America is an illusion, the

falsehood, the invention of our weakness and our sin; and that the ideal America is the abiding reality, the everlasting truth, God's creation wrought in light and instinct with divine undying life. And that the one America may pass, and that the other America may more and more take its vacant place; that the nation of ignorance and incapacity, selfishness and crime, wickedness and godlessness may go and the nation founded in faith and in hope and in love may come, is the one great end of this society's existence, the object of its prayers and toils and sufferings and the ultimate ground upon which it makes its appeal for support to all good men and all true citizens.

OLD SOUTH PARSONAGE,
BOSTON, MASS.

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

FROM the time when the human soul first opened its consciousness in speculative wonder at the magnitude and beauty of the universe, one motive has triumphed above all others in the upward course of life. The soul has sought freedom, fulness of expression, self-mastery. Other motives have held superficial precedence, and man has been far from acquaintance with the deep significance of life. But consciously or unconsciously, the desire for freedom has been the chief incentive to action, the true meaning of our struggles, the ideal toward which all moral and spiritual evolution has really been tending. For souls are not born free and equal; they are born with a desire for freedom and equality, a desire which each soul must realize in its own way, through personal mistakes and experiences, hampered by the difficulties and inequalities which its undeveloped condition attracts. At any stage of its progress the soul is as near freedom, as nearly on a basis of equality with its fellows, as its

general state of being, its degree of understanding, permits. The physical birth and external circumstances may be favorable, teachers of all types may come forward to give the soul instruction. But permanent progress results only to the degree that the soul understands itself, and consciously takes each step toward the goal of freedom. No one can control or force the soul's growth. No step in evolution can be omitted. Every experience may tend further to enslave or to make for freedom, according to the insight and attitude of the one whose experience it is. Life is, in fact, either a burden or a blessing, a mystery or a self-explained revelation; each of its details furnishes ground for complaint or means of unfoldment, according to the degree of insight into this great law,—the desire and search for soul-freedom.

This much being premised as the principle which universally obtains in human development, the problems of progress are reduced to this, How far has the soul advanced in the endeavor to obtain and understand freedom? How far am I still enslaved? What may I do, in order to advance yet further toward the goal of rounded, wise, beautiful self-expression?

The discovery of the level attained, the degree of present servitude or freedom, necessarily implies a certain amount of self-analysis, the process of coming to judgment. But this need not be wholly of the introspective sort. Contact with other minds, occasional attendance at some other church, the reading of books of various types, may arouse this self-revelation. Conservatism tries to outwit this process by cutting off all avenues of escape into a broader realm. The Englishman, for example, finds himself haunted at every continental summer resort by the English chapel, and he must needs attend. But hope for his soul lies in the possibility that a few weeks may elapse when he shall not hear expositions of the established religion, but enrich his life with unconventional thought. It is easy to be content, to remain at a standstill or become a slave to habit when one is not called out of the usual lines of thought and work. Yet growth comes with a

vacation, with innovation, when one ventures outside prescribed limits, dares to think on unwonted themes. No occupation is so worthy, no tie so sacred, that one should not disengage one's self from it for a season, either to return with new life and greater freedom or not at all. For nothing is so important as progress, as long as progress is gradual, evolutionary, thoughtful; and any experience makes for progress which gives us a distant view of ourselves, which stimulates individual thought.

Endlessly on the alert, therefore, must be the man who would escape from the creeds, dogmas, customs, habits, authorities, and popes which tend to enslave us, still more persistently awake to the conditions within which make servitude possible. That one may become free, it is well again and again to question every belief, every relation in life, asking if it be still worthy of acceptance, seeking new grounds of conviction, and returning to established lines of thought and action only because one is sure that they are still useful and wise. For the soul must be the master,—circumstance, at the utmost, only its helpmeet. I must not be bound by anything,—except the moral law and the duties it imposes,—least of all by beliefs, customs, habits, which, rightly understood, should be means to the great end, freedom, and never masters of the soul. Every man should therefore see to it that each day witnesses some victory over self, for selfishness is the root of all slavery, it is the subordination of the soul. Not until I shall have understood, conquered, and transmuted that, may I hope for full freedom in any direction of life, not until then shall I be truly a man. For the soul, as I am using the term in this paper, is an individuation of God, potentially able to understand, reveal, and be beautified by the goodness, the beauty and love of the universe. And the price of the freedom of which I am speaking is entire mastery over passion, ignorance, and misery, through the cultivation of our higher nature, through self-knowledge and altruism; it is individual harmony, not absorption, with God.

The first need, therefore, after the discovery that we are

enslaved, is the belief that we are of worth to the universe, the ideal of the gradual attainment of freedom through the strengthening of individuality, the possibility of entire relief from the suffering which slavery involves. Real freedom begins with the day on which one promotes individual thinking to the first rank. Never mind if your thinking be crude and fragmentary at the outset. Do not hesitate because your mind is untrained and you cannot concentrate. Make a beginning, train it by use, ask yourself persistently, Why am I here? What is my individual meaning? What does freedom imply? Search through your mind as if in pursuit of the way out of a labyrinth. Plunge forward through the mists that shut in upon you. Press on and find the way experimentally. For you are free in so far as you have freed the powers of thought, the powers of acting and loving *from your own point of view*, and the thread which shall lead you out of the labyrinth of ignorance you alone can find. Creeds, dogmas, rules, teachers, books, friends are secondary to the particular use the soul may make of their wisdom. Everything coming into your life that is to help you must be given an individual turn. If it turns you it masters you. If your thought is the guide, you are thus far free.

Yet freedom is only a word of degrees. Your new thought shall as quickly enslave as the old, unless you are constantly on your guard. Since man is by nature a creature of habits, he must avert a danger which threatens even the tendency toward progress itself. The machinery of progress should be as new as the energy which operates it. One should be more eager to keep out of ruts than to arrive at settled convictions. The only permanent conviction should be the belief that one must have no fixedly established conviction. One ought never to care so much for the intellectual conclusion of to-day as for the broader view which to-morrow's insight may reveal. Do not exchange your orthodox dogmatism for the dogmatism of liberal thought. Be not dogmatic at all. Do not give up one authority only to bow in subjection to another. Acknowledge only the authority of your own highest

insight *at the time*, and when another time arises let your thought reveal a corresponding progress. If your insight bids you follow the doctrine or advice of another, let it not be because of the greater strength of the other's mind, but because you have reflected upon the subject long enough so that your wisdom discovers the rationality of his. Do not be coerced by another's intellect, own no allegiance to emotional pressure or influence. But respect individuality, both in yourself and in all others, and let your activity ever reveal a forward movement.

The guiding principle should be the Oriental doctrine of non-attachment. For all who are awake and ready to move with it, life is a progressive revelation, a perpetual flux. The moment you accept a belief, become the owner of property, or accept partnership of any kind, you have sold your liberty in some degree, unless perchance you are wise enough to possess, to enjoy or co-operate without being bound.

Do you mean that all questions are to remain open, all problems held in solution? Yes, precisely this, even the belief in the goodness of things, belief in God's presence, the idea that there is a God, that there is any existence at all. Be continually in search of new evidence, always growing, ever hoisting anchor and casting it afresh. If you must be a specialist, approach your specialty each year from a fresh point of view. When questions arise for solution, instead of settling them in accordance with some conventional standard, question the standard itself. For, let me repeat, the wisdom of the occasion is worth more than the wisdom of the past, which it may assimilate. Every time one is called upon to act thoughtfully is none too often to re-examine the fundamental principles of conduct. "The things we now esteem fixed," says Emerson, "shall one by one detach themselves like ripe fruit from our experience, and fall. . . . The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her."

Is this independence of established teaching to apply even to affairs of conscience? Certainly, for no man possesses ab-

solute truth, no two consciences precisely agree, no one is infallible. All philosophy is hypothetical. All our decisions are tentative. We are participants in a progressive experience. We are experimenters, empiricists, trying hypotheses, waiting for evidence. Do not expect consistency from us. What we say to-day expresses the enlightenment of to-day. To-morrow it may be either supplemented or contradicted. Our books are outgrown before they are published. No progressive lecturer can deliver precisely the same course of lectures a second time.

This perpetual flux, by co-operation with which one attains freedom, is illustrated by our passing states of consciousness. Psychologically we are never in the presence of the same state twice. Even before one can grasp an idea the presentation is gone, and may be thought about only by recalling and reconstructing it. One thinks again and again of the same person, but never twice alike, for the mind has moved forward, the cerebral conditions have altered; and one looks forth as upon a moving picture, changing while one contemplates. The biograph of consciousness is the most complicated type of that flux which maintains all the universe in motion. It never pauses. Its course can never be stemmed. But onward, forward, forever, it presses forth to a limitless future, the bearer of uncounted messages from the outside world, a cause of wonder to the spectator within.

Yet because of this unending flow of life and consciousness, the mind continually asks the great question of the philosophic Greeks of old: What is permanent? If all is perpetual flux shall anything abide? From the point of view of our present discussion we may reply, Unless somewhat of moral and spiritual worth abides, it is useless to seek to be free. Through all that flows and passes, one element of life and consciousness persistently makes its presence known,—the soul moving toward freedom, the triumph of that part of us to which all else should be subservient, without which the great universe of God would be a disappointment indeed. It is not therefore the flux that is important, not the creeds, or—

ganizations, authorities, relationships, which come and pass, but the soul, in whose advancement toward freedom this flux may be made an end. Let this great fact be thoroughly understood, and henceforth circumstance shall assume its due place, while freedom shall be esteemed of more value than even the great sum-total of pleasures, ideas, and things which pass.

But how is this ideal of the soul's progress and the secondary importance of passing events to be applied to the present problems of society? First of all by recognition of the state of development, the degree of progress people have attained in the search for freedom, applying to society the same principle one adopts in the discovery of one's own bondage. All about us, day by day, we see those who have sold themselves to certain issues, to hobbies, political parties, religious creeds and dogmas. We comment upon the capitalist, the silverite, the socialist, the politician as though he were a slave and we alone were free. But each man who has the courage to associate his name with an issue has a lesson to teach. Therefore be tolerant. If you disapprove, *do everything in your power to make the world an intellectual arena*. Encourage those who think differently to come forth from their subjective shells and advocate their views. If you disbelieve an hypothesis, urge it for all it is worth, that the world may learn its fallacy. Accord to every man the fullest freedom of utterance, and you need not tremble for the truth; that will preserve itself. Remember that the majority of people still prefer partisanship to universal truth, intellectual slavery and selfishness to spiritual freedom and brotherhood. Educate them to appreciate the higher ideal. When you are tempted to condemn a man for selfishness, ask yourself if you are free, consider whether or not you have your little scheme to advocate, a plan which if successful may put money in your purse, and judge not, but help by the power of example.

Yet a man may be a partisan without surrendering himself to the party he chooses; he may advocate certain theories with all the enthusiasm of one who believes his particular doctrine

absolutely true. But let him do it because he believes these partisan ideas necessary to society, because they help maintain the balance and stimulate the progress of thought. First make sure that you are larger than your theory, that you value freedom of soul more than personal aggrandizement, then throw yourself into your chosen work with all the power at your command. For no possession is so valuable, no remuneration is so great, no political power so high, that it is worth attaining if to win it you must sell your soul. Ideas, experiences which shall free the higher nature, are incomparably greater in value than things, than material power. But place ideas first, give due importance to opportunities for character building, and you may possess what you choose, always remembering that the good which materiality may bring you is secondary to that which touches the soul. A man is truly wealthy to the degree that he is spiritually free; his silver or gold may be the heaviest bond, if he value it more highly than the possessions of the spiritual life.

If I chance to visit a financier who thinks I have come to urge the investment or loan of his money, I find him drawn into self, conservative and cold; whereas, upon other occasions, he is outgoing and warm. That man is hurting himself far more than by at once handing me a thousand dollars. Generosity is the heir to freedom, and the universe never deserts the man who is ready to give of himself. It is ever the spirit, the motive, that ennobles; its particular expression is often matter of insignificance. No experience is to be scorned that makes for character, and before I try to rid myself of external conditions I would better make sure that they have taught their fullest lesson. The law is registered eternally in heaven that wherever I go I am equally enslaved or free, according to the attitude of the spirit within, and no prison can hold an enlightened soul, no desert isle can grant freedom to him who is in bondage to self. Heaven and hell are purchased by as exact a price as any article the market affords. You may interfere with the fall of an apple, but you cannot

hinder the gravitation which takes me to my own, which brings my own to me.

The highest price of freedom, therefore, the price which outbids all competitors, is the calm, confident, silent prayer of the man who understands. I need not labor to rid myself of a fear whose absurdity I have mastered, nor need I push a man away from me when I have discovered how he coerced and tricked me. Fear is always the child of ignorance, pressure the tool of the short-sighted. Sooner or later the world will reward me according as my deeds have merited. I have but to work on and wait. Every desire is a prayer, every aspiration a step toward that to which one aspires. We build or destroy our ideals by each thought, by every hope or fear, by every effort or retreat. Each moment we waste energy, or direct it to advantage, and the economy of life is to learn the calm, confident method of conduct of the man who is wise, moderate, unselfish. For selfishness is waste of force, altruism is its wisest concentration. The universe is the field of choice of the one or the other, granting to each with perfect justice, with equal readiness, the fruits of our particular selection. Our trouble is forever of our own making, our slavery personally (though unconsciously) sought. For him who is enlightened the choice of selfishness is a sin, it is spiritual imprisonment.

Is there reason to hope that the great world will some time be free? Assuredly, since the law is thus exact. Hope lies in education, with those who are learning to think. If, therefore, you would liberate society aim first of all at this. Do not advocate special issues so much as any investigation, any book or teaching which shall aid man to think. If you really love humanity and truth, you would rather quicken your opponent's intellect than have him accept your views. Play the part of Socrates, and ask those questions which shall call out his best arguments. When he offers an hypothesis whose inadequacy is transparent to you, do not ridicule it, but put him on the track of more fundamental ideas. Push him to the utmost, without discouraging, without assuming to know

more than he. Is there any greater service one intellect can render another than this suggestive questioning, the taking of another tack, the stimulation of individual thinking?

By the same method, by recognition of the fact that truth is large enough to need all possible points of view, one may help one's fellow men to steer clear of narrowness of thought, at the same time saving one's self from servitude to partial philosophies, or systems of truth. Here is a man, for example, who comes to America from the far East as an exponent of a system of theology or philosophy. If I hold this grand ideal of truth, remembering the necessity of keeping "aloof from all moorings and afloat," what attitude do I take towards him? I reason thus: The entire universe is a revelation of God, and since it is infinitely varied, probably each of its aspects is the messenger of a special revelation, and has a particular lesson to teach. Our earth is but one among many possible planets where human beings live and think. What truths other worlds may reveal future experience alone can show. How these other revelations may affect what we now call truth this same future experience must reveal. For the present, therefore, I will accept all revelation tentatively, as at best only fragmentary, subject to modification, and probably not infallible. On this earth each nation has expressed its particular genius in terms of its own, terms which no thinker has yet fully reconciled with all other national revelations. At the utmost this particular philosopher can probably speak for only one nation, and I shall have no positive evidence that he is its true representative until I listen to other exponents of the same faith. I have reason, therefore, to expect only a temperamental phase of national truth. To this I will give unprejudiced, receptive attention, that I may learn the phase of truth especially illumined by his spirit and intellect. I will not listen as if he alone spoke truth, but knowing that at some point he must fail, that I must be as alive to his error as to his truth. Then I will compare his doctrine with the precepts of others, urging my fellow men to do the same. I will not be suspicious, nor so

critical that I shall miss his revelation. But I will remain free, I will not sell myself to be his disciple. In this spirit every teacher I meet shall give to me out of the store of his wisdom, and I shall lay the foundations of broadly universal philosophy.

Likewise in the Christian church, I am to recognize that as there are numberless sects, all claiming to know the truth, the utmost I can expect is a phase of truth from each. *No religion is wholly true that is in any degree sectarian.* The strength and beauty as well as the weakness and defect of its special teaching are to be found in its sectarian limitations. Let those who will, follow it as the spiritual warrior follows the salvation army. Their work probably lies there, and it is not for me to be intolerant. But my own thought is turned elsewhere, and my partisanship is for universal truth, for spiritual freedom. Once free from bondage to organization, creed and person, I cannot in the strict sense be a follower. I may and ought to be one in spirit with every religious zealot I meet, with every reformer, every man of science, with all philosophers. I may thus be a Vedantist, a Parsee, a Jain, a Christian, but more than these. I may be as fully interested in the therapeutic power of thought as a mental healer, yet avoid being a member of the New Thought sect. I am still an American, an Englishman or German, as the case may be, because of my duties to my fatherland, but only in so far as I may lend my influence to make Germany, England, or America a part of the brotherhood of the world, only because I believe in the solidarity of the race. I continue to dwell in one town or city, that I may enjoy the advantages of home, but every year I must travel to distant cities or countries, that I may outgrow local limitations. In short, I should try to become a better citizen, a closer friend, a truer patriot, more deeply religious and more broadly philosophical, while endeavoring to be each year more universal, in a higher sense a citizen of the world, a lover of all truth, the brother of all men.

That such a man would encounter opposition, and be

greatly misunderstood, is evident from the outset. For, in their ignorance of the fuller opportunities, the greater wisdom and happiness of freedom, the majority still prefer bondage. The chronic invalid misses his pain when he is cured, and even uncleanness possesses a charm for some people. But let a man once know freedom, and he will never again be content with bondage. It is all a question of lower and higher standards. Therefore, to help a man in his advance toward freedom, you must first put before him the ideal; he must first *desire* freedom. And you should not begin by undervaluing his standards. Every standard has had its place in the world, every system of government, every religion. Gently, wisely point out the higher way, that which seems to you the forward step in evolution. Urge him to experiment, to try hypotheses. All thinking is an experiment, all governments are tentative, all society a movement toward that condition in which all men shall be free. Yet the ideal shall be realized only when all experiments have been intellectually or practically tried, when all men shall be enlightened. Apply your energy where people are thinking and acting to-day. Concern yourself with the immediate experiment, and leave to unbalanced visionaries the advocacy of schemes which claim to do away with evolution. True freedom can only be purchased on the instalment plan. In its evolution there are no unbridged chasms; the free man never makes a leap. Therefore its wise exponent proceeds by moderation and strategy to encourage people to think.

"We possess as much freedom now as we will ever know," said a recent exponent of a current system of thought. Then evolution has no meaning; it is futile to think and hope, and woe be to the pauper, the invalid, and the sinner. Woe to all who aspire after the spiritual life! Pessimism is true after all. Fate is really our god. And onward to ceaseless toil of dreariest repetition we go, burdened with illusory ideals, with monotonous sorrow and pain.

On the other hand, in the glad universe of evolution, Nature voices boundless hope. With every oncoming cycle,

with every experience that leads us to think, with every pulse-beat of the prayerful heart, we achieve liberty, we move forward a step in the long gradation of an ever-broadening life. For, as ignorance is slavery, and knowledge freedom, man is sure to be freer as long as he thinks, even though life should present no real advancement, but only that perpetual play of change which continually provokes thought. We may not even assert that we are potentially as free as we are ever to be, since new potentialities may come with greater freedom of thought, fuller liberty of action. Nor is it true that the soul is eternally free, because freedom comes only with full soul expression, with knowledge and, therefore, power over the conditions that bind it, through evolution. And who shall at this early stage in the search for liberty fully define freedom or the soul? Only he who has escaped knows what a slave he was. He only who views himself at a distance shall truly understand. Freedom, itself a progressive quantity, may be comprehended only through a progressive experience, and the soul shall be fully defined only when it is fully master. Always, then, we return to the conclusion that life is progressive, that power over it must come through personal effort at self-control, through self-understanding.

In coming issues of *THE ARENA* I shall try to point out the fuller implications of the philosophy of progressive or evolutionary freedom. I wish, in closing the present discussion, to indicate a few methods by which one may take advantage of the perpetual flux of life, and win freedom by freeing the powers of thought.

(1) Be on the lookout for the lines of least resistance. When Nature seeks expression for certain ideas she chooses the man who can word her thought most easily, he who is freest or most enlightened in that direction. So in all endeavor there is a line of freest activity, a way whereby we may let ourselves out in expression, a point of approach to other minds. If, therefore, you discern a common bond of sympathy or thought, you shall carry your point far more readily if you appeal to that and avoid all negative thought

or refutative argument tending to call out opposition. If you feel a certain need, you may attract what you desire quickest by uttering the prayer for that which is in line with your development. That will come speedily toward you, all else will come only by severe effort. And the line of least resistance *par excellence*, in all the universe, is the line of thoughtfulness, moderate consideration, that endeavor which leaves your spirit freest, nearest to conscientious repose, most altruistic, most universal. First deliberate, then act. Discover how events are tending, then move with them, *where your soul approves*. Thus shall every thought be effectual. Thus shall every movement tell.

(2) Concentrate attention and effort upon the line of work which the universe gives you to do; that is, the individual work for which you are best fitted, the phase of truth for which your life stands, in relation to the universal ideal above defined. There are circumstances in your life by which you now feel bound, conditions at which you rebel. Seek the causes of these circumstances in your own nature. Think yourself free from them. Then formulate your experience, that others may profit by it and master their problems. Have confidence to believe that you have such a message for the world, that in preparing to express, and by delivering it, you will not only win freedom, but aid others in intellectual and spiritual evolution.

(3) Provide a constantly progressive outlet for your activities. If you feel hampered by your social environment or occupation, send out a prayer for friends and opportunities which shall offer fuller scope, freer play to your mind and heart. When the conscience does not approve, when you discover that you are leading a degrading or sensuous life, do not apply your energy directly to this misspent power. Seek a higher interest, gradually turn your thought elsewhere. One's force seeks a physical outlet when the intellect is inactive. Therefore quicken the intellect, and the physical force will retreat. The physical man, like every other human being, is really seeking to free his soul. The soul is pressing

from within for self-expression, and activity is aroused where the thought is focused. Regard life from this high point of view, and you will be led to seek those centres of interest which are most in accord with the spiritual nature.

(4) Take advantage of that most faithful servant, the sub-conscious mind. Entrust to it ideas which you desire to make your own. Impress ideals upon it, and make suggestions tending to improve your general mental life, to invite freedom, to attract ripening thought. Let it solve your problems during rest and sleep. Teach it to govern your sleep, and so far as possible turn your life in paths of peace by cultivating conscious serenity, equanimity, poise. And do not permit its habits to be fixed so that you cannot readily reform them.

(5) Apply the remedy of understanding to all ailments in life, physical as well as mental or spiritual. Penetrate beyond the effect to the real cause, and, as far as possible, depend upon self-help. Try to solve the problems of philosophy, to arrive at your own conclusions, to master the obscure points of the books you read, and occasionally to master a book so well that you could write a better treatise yourself. Ask how and why it is that some people have such power over you, while others you can hardly endure. Look back of the tendencies of the present for their historical causes and precedents, and take a broad view of their meaning. If you detect yourself in the act of becoming absorbed in another's teaching, propose other hypotheses and keep the discussion alive. Analyze your own temperament sufficiently to learn why certain experiences always bring unhappiness. In a word, cultivate the habit of thinking about things in the light of their origin.

(6) Let the deepest purpose of your life be the unceasing endeavor to seize moral and spiritual opportunities. In that secret inner world where the soul alone knows its burdens and its sorrows, the conscience sets its seal upon certain deeds as right, others as wrong, and, neglect it as one may, one cannot ignore its decisions. When questions come before it for debate apply the criteria above suggested. Am I enslaving

my soul? Does this make for progress, for the freedom of society and the universal ideal? Or am I as small and mean as my neighbor whom I condemn? By accepting this proposal shall I intrude upon my brother's rights? Will that project be granting the liberty of individuality to my wife, my sister, my mother? If not, I cannot afford to do it, for it will injure others, it will retard my own development. Thus is the inner consciousness the arbiter of that which tends toward slavery or freedom. And when you are in doubt think longer, try an intellectual experiment, asking whether this course or that best accords with your higher self.

(7) One might summarize the entire process by dividing our states of consciousness or sentiments into those that close or open the soul, those that tighten, and those that expand. I have spoken of the capitalist who draws in when he is approached by one who may demand money. The exclusive, selfish attitude is a more marked type. Sentiments of the opposite type are best illustrated by joy, the spontaneous life of one whose heart goes forth in sympathy, in optimistic helpfulness. The responsively sensitive soul observes itself withdrawing into self or generously sharing with its fellow. That of which such a person is acutely conscious comes in some form to every human soul. Every instant each of us turns the one way or the other, for the attention never rests. You may make of conduct an art so fine that every moment will instruct you and make for freedom. Everything depends upon the motive, the degree of self-control, the insight.

Finer and keener grows the mind of the one who, taking this supreme opportunity of life, applies to these problems the analysis of his penetrative thought. In these days of liberty of thought, and in this free land where man is largely unhampered, limitless possibilities are opening before the progressive mind. There is much theological servitude still to be overcome. The subtleties of the conservative and the deceptions of the unbalanced can be discovered only through critically watchful thought. But dogma is already doomed, ritualism must soon follow, and if for a time the sanctities of

religion are neglected, out of the extreme reaction which usually follows the glad escape from orthodoxy shall come first the intimations, then the strong ideals of a more richly spiritual thought. It is natural that those who have found freedom should be irreverent for a time. Every man who discards one belief for another is likely to throw something valuable away. But do not obstruct the course of those who are escaping. Let them think. Nothing good will be lost, neither truth nor religion will suffer. And in due season we shall see the old added to the new. Freedom shall come with their union, and every advance shall lay the foundations of a yet richer transition to follow.

BOSTON.

THE DEATH OF BRUNO.

BY SHALER G. HILLYER.

Come, go with me to-day, and I will show
Thee that will stir thy blood. 'Tis to a field
Near Rome. The city's populace is there
Already. Rich apparelled and the poor
Each other jostle in their haste to reach
Some favoring point of view. We'll nearer press
Unto yon spot round which the crowd's array
Is densest drawn.

Within an open space
An iron stake is set, to which is bound—
Dost see?—a gray-haired man. Perhaps his hair
Is white through suffering, for they say that he
Hath lain within a dungeon cell these seven
Last years. Upon his face—a pleasant face
It is—there is that restful calm that we
Might look to see upon the face of him
Who having passed through deep strange waters knows,
At length, the deepest are behind. About
Him piled are fagots ready for the torch.

And now, with iron cord, two soldiers bind
 His arms behind him, and about the stake.
 See how his thin lips quiver as the cord
 Doth press into his flesh. A priest stands by,
 Perchance directs, for straightway on his nod
 Again that wrench of the remorseless cord,
 And o'er the bound man's face the writing swift
 Of pain.

You ask what heinous crime this man
 Thus expiates? Bring close thine ear; such things
 Are safer talked of in less open place.
 This man is Bruno, the great heretic.
 He doth affirm, they say, much that the Church,
 Relying on its sacred books, denies;
 Such facts as that the world revolves. But more,
 Far more than the mere facts of physics is
 Involved; his teaching, it is charged, leads men
 To lean less on the priest and sacred books,
 And more upon themselves; to search for Truth
 Where'er it may be found, though in the search
 Some idol be cast down, some legend old
 Dissolved, or even august Authority,
 Till now too sacred for man's hand or eye,
 Be thrust from out the way. And so it leads
 Men to discount the marvellous, all that
 With Reason ill agrees, or doth oppose
 The evidence of Sense. His crime is then,
 That he would give soul-liberty to men;
 And thus, by freeing men, he strikes a blow
 At priestly rule.—But see, there is a pause.

Brother, all hail!
 From land and river and sea
 All men are looking to thee,
 All men who hope to be free.

Brother, all hail!
 From sky and land and main
 Cometh ever this refrain:
 The Good among men must give
 Their lives that the rest may live.

Brother, all hail !
From the Past there are voices that speak ;
The voice of the God-taught Greek,
The voice of the loving Jew,—
They were slain by the caste that slays you.

Didst hear a voice? Methought it came—but hark !
The priest now speaks, now Bruno makes reply :

“ Abjure, thou say’st, and straight these fagots grim
Shall be removed, and so relief will come
To this weak flesh that shrinks at touch of them?
Recant, tell all my friends (few now they seem),
Tell all the world, this groping world, so much
In need of light, that what I’ve taught as true
Is most absurdly false? Abjure?—For the
Mere right to live, to feed this begging flesh,
You ask me to exchange a heritage
With which the life you offer is as nothing in
Compare; a birthright greater far than that
Of mightiest prince—the common privilege
To be True Man. Ah, Priest, you ask too much.
Though life is sweet it cannot purchase one
Of the fair visions which have blessed my sight—
Though it was blinded by your dungeon walls—
Of man redeemed; of that New Day when he,
Freed from the tyrannies of king and priest,—
Since time began twin tyrants to oppress,—
From slavish fears, from superstition’s thrall;
Freed from the net Priestcraft hath cast o’er him,
From the confusing legends which Priestcraft,
To serve its ends, hath stamped as true; freed from
The ignorance and bigotry in which
Priestcraft doth ever seek to hold him, shall
Go forward, with no guide save Reason, with
No light save that from his freed mind. And thus,
By striving, he shall bring all nature to
Subserve his use; the long-hid secrets of
The universe explore; the mysteries
Of life search out. And as he still doth grow
In Knowledge, will he grow in Freedom and

In moral Good. Olympus has been passed.
Before me rises Sinai's ancient mount,
But now no thunder clouds inveil its top;
And now not one lone Moses but a host
Doth press unto its glowing summit to
Receive, each for himself, the tablets which
Instruct.

"Oh, priest, when that New Day shall dawn,
Your gibberish will no more deceive. In view
Of it your malice cannot harm. Unto
Me do as those your brethren did to him,
The gentlest and the truest among men,
In old Judea. He died to break thy power,
To save men from the dwarfing of thy hand,
And I now give unto this selfsame end
My life."

While yet he spake, the torch has been
Applied unto the waiting fagots at
His feet; and now, even as we gaze, the flames
Do flare and crackle 'mong the resinous sticks,
And growing yet more fierce their eager tongues
Are lapped about his limbs and leaping to
His girdle. See, he looks around if he,
Perchance, may find one friendly face in all
This throng. How hopeless fall his eyes! Ah, if
I dared to nearer draw and speak to him
A friendly word! Nay, let us look no more
Upon his anguished face, lest it do stir
Our hearts against those pious men, the priests.
But hark! dost hear that cry—"Now let the vile
Dog's beard be made"?—thus mocking him,
As the same spirit mocked in old Judea.
But see, the priest now signals, and, straightway,
A soldier brings upon a rod a piece
Of burning furze, which he will hold unto
The man's white face till it is one charred mass.
Come, let us go; you could not bear to see
That face that looked so kindly on his foes
Thus marred. I hear you sigh, and it is well;

But when that sigh is echoed round the world
Then Bruno's prophecy will be fulfilled.

The flames, like hungry vultures, feed upon
His flesh, but the Promethean fire he gave
To men shall live, and brighter glow with time.
Come on; this way—Ah, hist, that voice again.

Brother, well done !
By the words that thou hast spoken,
By the life thou giv'st as token,
The chain of the Priest is broken.

Brother, well done !
The laurel shall garland thy pages,
Thy name be enrolled among sages,
And a pæan be thine from the ages.

Brother, well done !
With the Greek and the Jew thou hast won ;
With them into night thou hast gone—
But man's face is set to the dawn.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS AND THE CIVIC SENSE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

YOUNG in years as it may be, the social settlement is so familiar a name that it seems to carry age as well as the energy of youth. The idea has steadily gained ground, until now not only the larger cities but the larger towns also feel the impulse and are organizing in little groups for the activities pointed out by experience as the most essential. Yet it was as late as 1885 that Toynbee Hall set the key with Canon Barnett as its head worker and founder. This first settlement was named in memory of the chivalric young Arnold Toynbee, whose search for the Holy Grail carried him all too soon into that country from whence the thought had come. Toynbee Hall was and is simply a group of university men living in the poorer quarter of London, "for the sake of influencing the people there toward better local government and a wider social and intellectual life." The thought quickly transferred itself to America, the first New York settlement being one of men only, soon companioned by one on a neighboring street made up of collegiate alumniæ from various colleges for women. These, however, remained obscure and comparatively unknown until Hull House, Chicago, focused methods and furnished an object lesson to all who work in these lines.

It is no part of my present intention to describe individual settlements. My sole concern is with the movement as a whole; its rise, its effects, and its present place side by side with that other movement known as municipal reform, in the course of which is developed the civic sense.

We may well note here the rise and progress of this word "sense" toward a definition hitherto confined to the abstruser philosophies and to the mystics, beginning with the very

ancient demonstration of Heraclitus as to his own faith in these matters. It is well for us that such faith is taking shape for all who think and dream of the new life fast formulating its creed and doctrine, one of our chief scientists, long regarded as materialist,* having entitled a recent volume "The Psychic Factors of Civilization." It is clear then to all of us that there are other senses, the spiritual correspondences, as Swedenborg might say, of our bodily ones, all akin, each dependent on the other, and in the perfected body and soul of man, working toward that expression which makes on one side the sense of humanity, on the other the sense of God. Disjoined as Church and State have made them appear, these two senses are really one. As for our physical senses, we are reverting to the Berkeleyan theory and know that these impressions we count as bodily and of matter organized into body are of the interior spirit, the brain the sensitive plate and the soul the only medium of communication its possessor may ever know. The vibratory theory, the number of vibrations of ether determining the order of sensation reporting itself to the brain, finds its correspondence also in the spiritual realm. In fact, each step of modern science, each marvellous development of hitherto unknown, undreamed-of forces, proves to us day by day that there is but one world and that the spiritual one. At the heart of every question we have called "practical" lies the spiritual substance, the ethical core, the nucleus, from which only genuine life can come. The work that ignores this, that is ignorant of the law old as eternity, yet new to the working thought of men, has no further place in any scheme of human life. The Roentgen ray and all its mysterious suggestions, the extraordinary work of Dr. Elmer Gates in reducing emotions and mental states to chemical analysis, and defining the possibilities of brain building,—what are these but demonstrations that spirit is the only real substance, and that only as the spiritual quality of all material form is recognized, does man come into any real apprehension of the work to be done in the world?

* Professor Lester F. Ward of Washington, D. C.

That it is only in this generation and within a decade that we are recognizing with any fulness what this new sense of humanity is, is a fact that need not seriously trouble us. England had and has the advantage of a long laying of foundations by men like Maurice and Kingsley, whose natural successor, Arnold Toynbee, labored in the lines laid down by a preceding generation. The invention of machinery had meant to Englishmen the first real formulation of a social question, but the mass of men recognized no change, and scouted Lord Shaftesbury with his passion of determination against child labor, as they scouted other men of like mind and purpose. England—an old country, the home of immemorial injustices, abuses, absurdities in law and custom—might well perplex itself over model tenements and social settlements and the general struggle to better the evil the centuries had wrought and sanctioned. But America—we had heard it declared till our repetition of the statement had become automatic—America had no social problems. Founded on the principle of giving every one a chance, the change first to scarcity and then to practical abolition of a chance had come about unnoted.

Slavery, recognized finally as a national sin and disgrace and once abolished, was held to have cleared away all obstruction to further progress, and I have heard old Abolitionists after the Emancipation Proclamation mourning that no vital question remained for their consideration. That Wendell Phillips saw and pointed out that another question, still unrecognized, waited solution, and that the next settlement must be of the relations of capital and labor, made no impression upon them. In church by the minister, in state by the politician, we were assured that all was well,—could not be better,—and that the fault-finder should have no hearing in face of the prosperity, the comfort, the general well-being of the individual members summed up in the word American citizens.

Thus far we have only a background for the consideration to follow, but one which we must comprehend. The negative pole of the battery has had its necessary place. "In order to

know the perfect social life, to understand what power and happiness to mankind are involved in their relation to each other, we have to learn the misery and suffering which come from mere individualism and greed." This we are doing.

We are well through with former obtuseness. The danger now is of passing to the other extreme and in perpetual alleviation losing sight of general justice and the law of evolution; and to avoid this danger organization is recognized as the first need.

The Social Settlement and Municipal Reform are, in the nature of things, inseparable, although the members of the first settlements had small conception how far their thought was to travel. To enter a ward for the purpose, as defined in the "Hull House Papers," of "influencing the people there toward better local government and a wider social and intellectual life," means the work of men and women together, since it is the interests of men and women together that are to be considered. Women alone in most of our States having no personal relation to the law which makes the voter, save an indirect one, have comparatively little power to influence a neighborhood in these lines. Their work, as, for instance, in the New York College Settlement of women, lies chiefly with the mothers and children and the household and educational problems of the poor.

At this point we face again the sharp division of thought which sets men and women apart and devitalizes all the machinery of work among working men and women. In Mothers' Clubs, Working Girls' Clubs, and the like, even at their best, the woman is held to what is counted her "proper sphere," this meaning actually a series of limitations developing still farther that lack of real companionship, that comradeship which makes the only enduring relation between the sexes. It is the lack of this that sends men to the saloon and leaves women to the grind of daily petty tasks, hopelessly belittling and degrading if done without this enlargement of spiritual insight that lifts the poorest life into the upper air and sunlight. This work, which sums up as chiefly one of

alleviation and brightening, is still to be done; its scope even at some points to be enlarged. But the thoughtful worker in this field faces at once problems with which neither the dweller in the slums nor the most ardent member of a social settlement has the faintest power to immediately alter. The tenement-house system, the sweating system, political and municipal bedevilment of every ward by the unscrupulous self-seeker in both political parties, education as affected by this last fact,—these are the larger aspects. Naturally involved with them is found at once the saloon question, this again an integral portion of the political system; the food question, in itself, in the almost hopeless ignorance and stupidity of its handling, a prime factor in driving men to the saloon; and we have at once a series of problems demanding a wisdom, an insight before which average humanity may well shrink back in dismay.

In England more men than women have taken up the settlement idea, naturally, since co-education is still practically unrecognized by English people, and there are not only comparatively few college women, but few of them who have turned their attention in this direction. The Fabian Club, made up chiefly of Oxford and Cambridge graduates, represents a class barely beginning in our own country to have an existence. The passion of money getting is strong in Anglo-Saxon blood, but the work of the last generation, as before said, made straight paths for the feet that have entered them. Class distinctions themselves carry a compulsion with them. Day by day on English soil *noblesse oblige* has literal rendering, as yet dimly apprehended here, where the great majority of our college graduates turn naturally and necessarily to our national business of money making, with a sigh for vanishing dreams, but a certainty that money is the chief synonym for any real success in life.

It is sociologic study that is now giving us a class of students who are made to realize the fact underlying all modern scientific teaching, that knowledge to be of any real value must be founded on close experiment and observation. The

slum is the social laboratory in which unknown and unsavory compounds work out to their appointed ends; the sociologic student accepts it as working ground and determines, according to his capacity, the nature of the social problem. Dr. Philip W. Ayres, formerly head of the Associated Charities of Chicago, and now assistant secretary of the New York society, has had distinguished success in leading such classes, made up in most cases of young men and women who had done advanced or post-graduate work in sociology, many of whom have turned to the social settlement as the only solution of the social problem.

Here we face a difficulty the mere mention of which may seem an invidious comment. But the statement must be made, indeed is made by the more experienced workers in such fields, that for the average applicant for membership in the settlement, an apprenticeship of a year and more leaves one often with an enlarged sense of the difficulties but with no clear insight into the best methods of meeting them or, indeed, any real certainty as to underlying principles. This arises in part from the fact that college women, much more than college men, have the timidity and uncertainty of an unfamiliar and unassimilated culture; a stage through which the subjects of the higher education are called to pass. They are the pioneers, the sailors of an unknown sea. Education itself, as we name it, is coming to the bar for judgment, the case reading, "Mental Training *versus* Education." The dweller in a university town, if from the larger atmosphere of a great city, knows well its singular conservatism and intellectual timidity, both born of the conditions that make its life. The university professor is naturally a specialist. It is difficult to be otherwise, his own department filling his horizon and preventing any comprehensive survey of the general field. Intellectual and spiritual freedom, the absolute right to free speech, is, on the whole, as we have had full demonstration, at present incompatible with the university spirit. This fact reacts in turn upon the students, who, beginning as growing lads, or men in earliest manhood, are likely to do,—with pas-

sionate convictions as to free thought and free action,—bend in most cases to the steady, insensible pressure and emerge too often the unthinking, unable-to-think product of a system which has crammed the mind with a fixed course from books, but left almost untouched the real mind, the real soul of the man or the woman.

We have to admit then that the college woman comes out a trifle overweighted by her new possessions, with, at times, a slight flavor of superciliousness toward the women who having been born too soon for college training are training themselves; a little doubtful of any knowledge or opinion which has not the university *cachet*, and insisting upon the university as the chief guaranty of the value of an opinion. Life and the experience of life—the tolerance born of living if it be in any real sense—all this is an unknown and rather discredited field. She has yet to learn that as only the highest intelligence, the nature most keenly sympathetic, most able in imagination to see the dim striving of the imprisoned mind, can deal with the deaf and dumb, so in like measure is required the type that can face undaunted the problems of the slum.

Into the slum, then, the college woman carries a very firmly conceived set of ideas destined to many rude shocks, in most cases beneficent ones, bringing about absolute rearrangement and a new outlook on life as a whole. It is thus that the social settlement shows itself as another university, and gives at last a degree not to be earned by books. The ward benefits indirectly. It is the settler who is benefited directly, and whose education is in some sense at the expense of her beneficiaries. Intuition, she is likely to have decided, is an unscientific method peculiar to women and demanding stern repression. It remains for the graduate to discover its place; to learn that experience is two-fold; its definition well given by Horatio W. Dresser in the words: "Involution and evolution, substance and form, subject and object, ideal and realization, vision and interpretation, feeling and thought, abstract and concrete, desire and fulfilment, theory and practice, self-

development and self-denial, mind and matter are so many members of one whole."* He is well balanced who sees that the two are one, bound to each other by ties of eternal necessity, and that one may not safely develop in the one direction without a corresponding development in the other. Intuition and reason must work side by side.

Thus the settler comes presently to know that there is an unknown world of verities lying beyond the domain of that purely intellectual observation, which, ignoring the spiritual, goes on in a maze of errors, till, through experience, intuition and reason, it comes into sanity and adjustment to eternal truth. Not until this process has begun to accomplish itself does the real work to be done show its face, and the novice has often lost heart too soon and turned from the difficult task to something less exacting in its demand. But it is at this stage only that the real work begins, and that the civic sense comes finally to the place it is destined ever thereafter to hold in larger and larger measure. The man or woman in whom it is born has henceforth a new relation to all humanity, to the world at large. Something the books had not held, something beyond even the technical side of sociology, shows its face, and gives, in larger and larger measure, that sense of humanity,—the knowledge that mankind is one and must henceforth be dealt with from that standpoint.

This is the first result for the college man or woman susceptible of the insensible training the settlement has to give. Naturally, as before said, those incapable of such training fall away, and there remains a picked company from whom, at all points, comes the same testimony, that in the darkest slum the civic sense may be born and begin its appointed work. To find out "how the other half lives," has been counted the first necessity. The settlement worker presently discovers that there is another half no less in need of continuous instruction and often much less ready to receive it. The street Arab, the social Pariah, are on one side, their vices very much in evidence, their virtues a short and simple list.

* See "The Power of Silence."

On the other stands the Philistine, smug, comfortable, lending an occasional ear, pronouncing it "very sweet" in the workers to remain at their post, and "very interesting" that the story to be told indicates so much human nature. This is their share in the work, the list of helpers in such case in any city being a short one, made up, as is the general experience in associated charities or general philanthropies of whatever order, of a few names certainly to be depended upon and a long list who give only as the mood inclines.

The problem, then, is found at once to be a double one. The day must hold a double task. The soul of the worker must feel a double wrench, in itself destructive of power and a consumer of life forces. That the ward may have been roused to a sense of its own needs, and be ready to co-operate fast and far as its dim intelligence grows, is, if co-operation on the other side be grudging, simply an added injustice, before which the workers' hands fall often powerless. This is the familiar experience of most settlement workers, the inevitable depression from which the weak retreat, the strong-hearted rise in indignant solemn determination to battle with each and every unit of the mass of evil they must face; an evil born of ignorance on the one hand, and to be counted a negative, not a positive, force; on the other, of a lack of civic sense, in itself simply another phase of the same ignorance.

Nothing can better illustrate such experience than the story in brief of a small settlement in a western city, into which came by special request a group of workers of an order not often found in even the best-equipped undertakings. The ward to be handled was known to be in some points the worst one in the city. The city itself had the virtues and the vices of a new swift growth; was phenomenally misgoverned, ostentatious, lavish at all points where money made sufficient show, ambitious to take front rank and at moments deserving such place, but at vital points still bearing the imprint of haste, obtuseness, greed, and short-sightedness. The wise within her borders saw this and sought escape from it. A Civic League essayed feebly to make headway against the general demoral-

ization, but the foolish, being in the majority, worked their will, and the Philistine sat in the council seat. The region in which work was to be done included the sharpest extremes of poverty and wealth. On the lake front rose the magnificent dwellings to which the city pointed with a pride that grew with each stately addition. And half a mile back of them huddled the dens that made the heart of the ward, and the two were one. Through it a narrow river crawled lakeward, foul with all human filth, natural and manufactured, a creeping pestilence, known of all men to carry death in every drop that made its festering current, its existence a menace, a warning, and a disgrace. Barely a block from its banks the settlement was quartered, within stone throw of the great gas works, which at irregular intervals day and night discharged their waste products, in part into the river, in other part to the air, which not only rasped and gnawed at every human lung it entered, but left a deposit of oily carbon on every inch of space in and about the dwelling places of the ward. The street-cleaning appropriation had lapsed, the contractors sharing it with the City Council, and the alleys at every side were piled high with the refuse of months. The conditions of the middle ages, the very facts that brought "the Black Death," were all here, peacefully ignored by the authorities and the ward, the strong wind from the north the occasional and only disinfectant.

These were the conditions surrounding the house, well built and otherwise desirable, given for the time by a board of managers who controlled its administration, and in whose hands had been placed a sum of money sufficient to carry on the necessary activities for six months. The ward itself was so utter a menace to the city's interests that the generous giver believed the winter's work, if it accomplished any visible results at all, would, by that fact, secure for itself the permanent support of that portion of the city to which it belonged, and in time make over the whole disreputable region.

Naturally the first inquiry of the half-strangled settlers was as to the necessity for the sort of air they were required to

breathe, and what action Gas Company and Board of Health were likely to take. A note to the Gas Company brought immediate reply that they would be most happy to remedy any real difficulty, but that nobody had ever complained before and there must be some mistake. The Board of Health in turn, through its chief officer, announced that the Gas Companies of the city had formed a close corporation, and that the city officers could do nothing with them. A series of interviews, distinguished by extreme urbanity on the part of the Gas Company, by increasing helplessness on the part of the Board of Health, left matters finally precisely where they were in the beginning.

In the meantime work had begun and gone on; the people, so far from requiring persuasion to come in, rather begging for admission. Within two months the five residents had the services of twelve outside workers, all enthusiastic and most capable aids; another gift enabled the purchase of a complete slöyd outfit, and the boys, who are at all times the chief problem, and whose occupations had been stoning stray passers-by, breaking windows, "holding up" smaller boys and now and then a woman, and making themselves in word and deed the terror of the neighborhood, implored to be numbered in the classes, and they measured and planed and sawed with delighted activity. Military drill gave them their first sense of order and obedience, wonderfully stimulated by their admiration of the drill-master's stripes and buttons; a penny provident bank cared for their small savings, and in slöyd and other active exercises the wickedness for which they had been noted defined itself as chiefly misdirected nervous energy now transmuting itself into happy work.

This for the boys. For their elders the same results followed. A Mothers' Club had for some time existed in the building, but now took on new life; a Civic Club formed among the younger men took active and intelligent part in the spring election, helping to put in an honest alderman, and twelve clubs and classes filled the house at the appointed hours. From early morning to late night the doors were

open, and within the walls every form of tragedy and comedy went on. A little genuine work, a great deal of amusement, a "Relief" office with trained nurse at command; in short, all the usual work of a well-regulated social settlement, but all summing up under the general head, alleviation.

Alleviation must always be, but much more than this is the work of civilized human beings. The knowledge born of long experience, with long and thorough training in many practical lines, had, for the head worker, made summary of settlement necessities a very simple matter. In a ward standing for the foulest order of tenement house and of sweater's den, swarming with boys, many of whom had already been in prison, yet who still proved capable of work that interested them, there was but one demand to make. Industrial training in its widest application could and would save the children and turn hoodlums into decent citizens. The north side must, of necessity, see this, and transfer to preventive work the sums now paid in taxes for prisons, reform schools, homes, and the other methods we adopt after the mischief has been done. Already the trustees of the settlement headquarters had generously offered it free of rent, if money could be raised for further work, and it was at this point that the campaign was opened with full-hearted hope as the lake-front dwellers listened tearfully and promised certain co-operation "a little later on." "Later on," however, it might not be, since the dwindling appropriation would soon be exhausted. Help must be instant or not at all.

The Sultan of Turkey must be held responsible for what followed. The Armenians came to the front, their case, it seemed, infinitely more vital than any need in any ward at home. A few already overburdened givers pledged themselves for small subscriptions, but the Armenians remained the popular interest and are still in the foreground. Visitors thronged the settlement, but it seemed not to occur to any who frowned at surrounding dirt, wondering how it could be borne, that to help in its removal was any part of their mission.

In the nature of things, needs had long ago formulated themselves. In a ward where every fact of daily life meant dirt in its quintessence—foul air, fouler water, adulterated and defective food, homes in which the washtub and wet clothes made the centrepiece and from which the men, having no other resource, fled naturally and properly to the saloon—what must stand as first need if not the public bath house with laundry below, like those already successful in London and Glasgow? A bath house and laundry, then a public kitchen with training school for women and girls, and that perfect and savory food on sale which the New England Kitchen has demonstrated can be prepared at rates possible for the poor; a reading-room and gymnasium for the men and boys, and kindergartens enough for the little children; a school of manual training, into which each child could pass for an education that would mean happy work with a conscience in it and an honest living,—all of these together would cost less than a prison; all of these working together would in time abolish the prison.

This was the summary to which the North Side lent an attentive ear, remarking at every turn, "How sweet to be so interested!" and then turning placidly to the Armenians. And so the ward bides its time and has its innings in the creeping pestilence borne from sweater's den to homes that know it not, in the open crime and secret vice its foundation, with which the city must sooner or later deal. But it was difficult to believe that words had meant nothing but momentary interest; that women whose names were on the Civic League had not yet learned the meaning of prevention. A Magdalen Home, a Reform School, a Hospital were familiar ground, and they swarmed to committees and their attendant lunches. But the necessities of decent civilization were not, and are not, comprehended. The one thing that women of wealth, with ample leisure, superior education, social importance, owe to their humbler sisters is *protection*. Yet it is the absolute lack of it upon which Miss Clare de Grafenried, of the United States Department of Labor, comments in a striking summary

of the position of the woman wage-earner, under the title of "The New Woman and Her Debts."

"It is a significant fact," she writes, "that while in England the Factory Acts were secured mainly by men of wealth, rank, and public spirit, for the laborer in America, such statutes usually originate with and are pushed through by the workers themselves, half educated, unaided, handicapped, and sometimes intimidated by unprogressive employers. When measures come before our legislatures to better the conditions under which women toil in shops and mills, and to raise the age limit after which the child may be condemned to labor, women, with noble exceptions like Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, are conspicuously absent, while many clergymen even enroll themselves on the side of *laissez faire*. True, our sex is conservative, frightened by prophecies of socialist rule, inclined to regard factory legislation as anarchistic instead of remedial and preventive. Another feminine inconsistency is that women busy themselves and beset the Solons about paupers and the degraded, about institutions and charities, though refusing to lift a hand or lend their endorsement to obtain protective legislation for respectable, self-sustaining working women and helpless children, who, from dependence for employment on the favor of merchants and manufacturers, are unable to speak in their own behalf. Yet these patient wage-earners, if properly guarded from insanitary surroundings, dangerous and poisoned pursuits, long hours, and *excessive strain while at work*, would so seldom be found in hospitals, institutions, poorhouses, and prisons, that the occupation of the board of lady managers would be gone."

Here we have the clew to the whole situation. The few women who had the civic sense had no money. Those who had money had no civic sense, and between them the ward went to the ground and remains there.

This is the story not alone for one ward in one city, but for constructive workers all over the country, and it is told, not to discourage but to encourage every soul who sees its meaning. To stir into consciousness, to develop and educate the civic sense, is the mission not only of the social settlement,

but of preacher, teacher, thinker at every point. Every Civic League, then, counts as another force in the work to be done, and women are joining hands to most efficient purpose, the work of the sanitary sections, especially in city house-keeping, being peculiarly their function. There is plenty of knowledge. In time the sex will learn what to deduce from the piling facts; but this means wisdom.

"The sufferings that saturate society everywhere rest in large measures on 'lack of wisdom in the illuminated, and lack of illumination in the wise.' The knowledge of one's self that each may have should be the gathering point of knowledge of all the other millions. Yet in spite of all hindrances to all who wonder, who want, who suffer, who seek, comes a certainty that better things are to be,—not in a future in some other life, but here, in this world of ours, given into our hands to make better. Till now we have been hardly more than semi-human, the soul an 'imprisoned spectator' of the deeds done by the body. It is time that freedom be sought, its meaning learned and taught. The hour has struck when we are to approach the questions of life as if we had entered it suddenly from another planet, free from all power of tradition, dogma, inheritance, judging life as it shows itself. This is the sense of humanity working out to all noble ends, bringing in its train naturally that social state 'in which each man stands for what he is worth, each receives a fair proportion of what he earns, where no one holds a monopoly of power or wealth, nor any authority which takes away the freedom or the natural rights of man, since the earth belongs to men, not to man, and since no one may create a monopoly, nor oppress the sexes morally or industrially without committing a sin in the name of the highest and divinest law.' ""*

To bring such life for all is the mission of the civic sense, of the sense of humanity, out of which it is born, and which itself rests forever in the enfolding, encompassing, abiding sense of God, the eternal source of all.

DENVER, COLO.

* "The Perfect Whole," by H. W. Dresser; pp. 216 et seq.

NEWSPAPER WORK.

I. LIMITATIONS OF TRUTH-TELLING.

BY EDWARD F. ADAMS.

SOMETHING less than two years ago, at an age whose exact figure is of no public interest, but which may be described as a period at which it is useless to pretend to be young, while there is no desire to pretend to be old, I was pitchforked into an editorial position on one of what we are accustomed to call "our great modern journals." The idea of filling such a place had never occurred to me; but within a few seconds after the proposal was made it was mentally accepted, although for the looks of the thing I believe that I deferred an actual acceptance for several minutes—as long as I dared to risk the chance of the proposal being withdrawn. For the truth is, although I had never proposed to myself this exaltation,—having spent my previous life in the sordid pursuit of "business,"—I was secretly of the opinion that the only people in the world whose lives were passed in the enjoyment of unalloyed pleasure were the members of the editorial staff of a great modern journal. Having accepted the unlooked-for offer, within a week I entered upon my new duties.

The translation from the business turn of mind to the lofty and unselfish train of thought which, I assumed, must reign in the breast of an editor, was not easy. My first day was pay-day, and my first thought was, Where does the money come from? There were a lot of people on the paper to "draw down" weekly pay; and the thing that impressed me was the smooth and regular working of the financial machine, which regularly, in all weathers and at all times, ground out this multitude of weekly salaries. The delivery was as monotonous and me-

chanical as that of the great mint around the corner, and the hidden source of supply as mysterious. I saw an army of well-fed men take their turn at the windows; I knew of the daily expenditure for news, telegraph tolls, white paper, and miscellaneous supplies. I saw the long row of linotypes and the wonderful presses, and knew something of their cost; and I knew that the machine I was observing had ground out the money to pay for them and for the tall building which contained them. Then and there I resolved to go straight to the business manager for a detailed statement of cost and prices, for a magazine article. Upon reflection, I didn't go, but I still regard that sudden impulse to make copy as some evidence that until then I had missed my vocation. Having observed and reflected sufficiently upon the outward workings of the machine of which I had become a part, I went up in the elevator to my little den near the roof, to begin to think thoughts. I was greatly impressed with my responsibility, and resolved to lose no time in transmuting the mutton chops and rolls which had been my breakfast into glowing words which should help to make the printed pages of next morning's paper worthy of the nickels which must be gathered to pay my salary.

I should say that I was engaged to write only upon a special line of topics, of which the managing editor imagined me to know something, and to which certain space was devoted, which I was to fill at my discretion. Beyond this, if I did anything, it was as a volunteer. I had no hours to keep except those of pay-day. All that was required was that my "stuff" should be on the galleys when wanted. Newspaper men will recognize this as a "soft snap" in journalism, offset, however, by a corresponding modesty in compensation. I should hate to have to live on what I can earn by this kind of journalism. Few lines of work covered by daily journals can be adequately discussed without impinging on the domain of economics and politics. Mine was no exception. In entering upon my duties I had received but one instruction: "Find out the truth and tell it." This was delightful, for I took it seriously, and fully in accord with my lofty con-

ception of editorial duties, and of the pure and serene ether of Truth in which I conceived editors to live and move and have their being. Inspired by this noble emotion, I took my pen and wrote an editorial. Resting from my labors, I remembered the suggestion of the managing editor that I keep a close watch of the editorial columns, in order, as he said, "to avoid any inconsistency of expression." Surely this was sensible. Although all truth is consistent with all other truth, yet of a number of us in equally eager search for the article some one might miss a little, or inadvertently so express himself as to appear to have missed it, and thus open our armor to the javelins of the jeering and unprincipled sheet on the opposite corner. So I took up the file and turned over the pages, and upon the editorial page of the second number back I found an exceedingly vigorous article taking a view of my subject diametrically opposite to the conclusion I had reached, and intimating grave doubts as to the moral sanity of all who pretended to disagree with it. An allusion recalled to me that it was merely upholding the soundness of a minor plank in the last platform of the great Democratic party, of which I am an unworthy member, and for whose nominees, God willing, I expected to vote. Here was a pretty mess! Although an ardent seeker after truth, I am not a roaring idiot, and I promptly recognized that the particular dish of truth which I had just prepared would be sadly inopportune just then in the editorial columns of the *Advocate and Harbinger*. I also got my first lesson in the matter of the limits within which truth may be told in a public journal. As a private citizen, I may and do denounce any portion of the platform of a political party, which on the whole I deem it best to support, but for a great daily paper to do so is to commit hara-kiri. The platforms of political parties are necessarily filled with compromises on minor points, in order to hold together enough of those who agree in the more important matters to carry an election. Such agreements, when made, must be kept, and a journal which professes to support a party must do so unreservedly, even if

in some points it does not reflect the opinions of a single person connected with it. Political journals may be undesirable, but while they exist they must fulfil their missions; and in the long run the consensus of a great political party is perhaps as reliable as the individual judgment of a newspaper proprietor, unless the latter is a very able and honest man. At any rate I was connected with a political journal, and therein found my first limitation to the telling of truth. My first editorial went into the waste basket.

A day or two later I had occasion to deal with another subject which I certainly understood, and as to which there would be no disagreement among disinterested persons who are familiar with it. Unfortunately, however, the truth in this case, as often happens, was not in accord with the current popular prejudice. Here, thought I, was my long-sought opportunity to set the world right, and in a glow of enthusiasm I wrote an editorial, which was a trumpet blast of no uncertain sound. There was no politics in this, and I was sure I had found my field. This was surely what I had been born for. What the managing editor wanted was the man who knew and had the courage to say,—and I was he. Tomorrow the *Advocate and Harbinger* should show the world how to champion fearlessly an unpopular cause. And I went home happy. On the way I met a friend, an editor whom I had known for a long time, and took occasion to compliment him on the stand he had been taking on a certain matter of popular interest. His was not a political paper; he was himself a proprietor, and could say what he pleased. He laughed quietly at my compliments, but said he feared he did not deserve them, as he was going to quit. Every one of the editorials which I had liked had brought him a dozen "stops" and no new subscriptions that he could trace to them. His partners were "kicking," and he himself was tired of it. If he were rich, he said, he might undertake to reform the world, but for a man of moderate means to attempt it meant disaster to himself, with little accomplishment. The fact was that

no newspaper could live long and prosper, which habitually went contrary to the prejudices of its subscribers.

This set me thinking. If I knew the proprietor of the *Advocate and Harbinger*, and I thought I did, he was a man who would be very glad indeed to see right triumphant and virtue prosperous everywhere, but yet by no means glad enough to see it done at the expense of the popularity of the *Advocate and Harbinger*. On the contrary, I was very sure that he would interpret his implied contract with his subscribers to mean that he should give them the stuff they liked to read, and that he would feel no call to engage in any kind of a crusade for reforms in which he had no personal interest, and which would merely invoke a languid approval from a certain number of his readers, and active hostility on the part of others. It therefore at once occurred to me that I had discovered another limitation to the truth which I could be permitted to tell in a newspaper, and this was that it must be only that kind of truth which the general public desires to read. I therefore went back to my den and put another editorial in the waste basket. And in this I was not only wise, but right. I was wise, because the proofs of the work of a new hand would quite certainly be carefully looked to by the managing editor, and in this case killed; and I was right, because even if it had escaped him and got in, nobody has a right to go out reforming at other people's expense without their consent. Having agreed to take this man's money, it was my duty to give him such service as he desired, and if I did not like it, to quit. And this was none the less true because if I did not give the desired service, I should have to quit. It was my duty to help from the start, not to hinder.

Neither do I see how it is possible for the proprietor of any paper to do otherwise than cater to the wishes of his readers, except upon the theory that his journal is to be run for the benefit of mankind regardless of personal consequences. The fact is, that truth cannot be told constantly without raising up enemies, while the disinterested majority of mankind give

no corresponding support. There seems to be practically no way to make sure of the regular collection of the funds necessary to pay-day, except by the avoidance of attacks upon vested interests. Once or twice in a generation a strong man may appear, whose personality may attract support for a really independent journal, but these instances are too few to be considered. There are great profits in frauds and shams, and they who live by them have profits to divide, which more honorable men have not. Without the aid of advertisers who wish to sell property for more than it is worth, I do not know that pay-day would always be pay-day.

Everybody knows that adulteration and poor workmanship infest all branches of trade. This general statement any journal may safely venture, but when it begins to assist the public by pointing out particular shams, it does so at great peril; and there is really a monetary interest at the bottom of all subjects of general discussion. The public does not sustain the truth-teller or the more decent journals.

I know a city in which, at one time, the daily papers seemed to vie with each other as to which could come the nearest to the line of indecency which would exclude them from the mails. The women of the city rose up in protest, and mass meetings were held to denounce the offences of the press. At the height of the excitement a change of ownership took place in one of these journals, and the new proprietor, possibly as a matter of business, took sides with the women, denounced his contemporaries, and engaged to and did run a perfectly clean paper. After a few months of trial, and an active canvass on that basis, the proprietor told me that he had not won over a single subscriber whose subscription could be traced to the cause, while his saloon and barber-shop patronage fell off to nothing, and his sales to mill hands were seriously impaired. He said he presumed he did get some, but he never knew them. At considerable expense he had lists made of the men and women prominent in the "clean paper" agitation, including a long list—many thousands—of those who had registered themselves in the move-

ment, compared his own carrier's books, and made a deliberate set to get the subscriptions of these people who were taking the papers they denounced. He got substantially none of them; only the ordinary changes took place which are constantly going on. And yet his paper was as good as the others, and clean. He was utterly disgusted. He said these reformers were humbugs. Every one of them really wanted the nasty stuff which they were getting. He seemed to be right, for in a few weeks more the whole thing dropped.

The fact is that every community makes its own press. What the papers give people is really what they want. In public meetings they may say they do not want it; but their subscriptions say they do. The long list of clergymen and society leaders who were taking the papers they denounced, and refused to change to one equally good in all things except sensationalism, convinced me that newspaper men know their business. I doubt if there are three papers in America whose course on any non-political subject in which the proprietor has no pecuniary interest cannot be changed by a hundred "stops" for an identical stated course. That the daily press is what we find it, is due to the fact that "stops" do not come.

And this being the case, I do not see how a daily journal can be conducted as an impartial investigator and champion of the truth as it is discovered. The necessities of pay-day will prevent it. The public has come to demand from the daily press what it costs large daily expenditure to provide. That expenditure can only be met by maintaining a circulation which shall be a basis of profitable advertising rates. If the general public does not find what it wants in the journal, the circulation cannot be maintained; if the income falls off, expenses must be reduced; then the paper becomes dull, for the brightest men will go where the largest salaries can be paid. Then those who would be its staunchest supporters leave it in flocks, and there inevitably follows a change of character, if not a change of ownership. It is the inexorable pay-day which so impressed me at my first entrance into journalism which controls the character of the press. I am con-

vinced that the ideal newspaper can no more be made a source of personal profit than the ideal university.

The ideal newspaper, if we ever have it, will be endowed. I suppose some benevolent billionaire will some time do it. I believe it would be as useful an application of money as may be found. The obvious difficulty is to arrange for a suitable directory whose single duty would be the choice of the editor-in-chief and the business manager. There would be no "policy" to dictate, since the one instruction would be that which I received, "to find the truth and tell it;" but in this case it would not be given in the *Pickwickian* sense. Such a board would necessarily be, in the majority, *ex-officio*, probably presidents of colleges, and librarians of great libraries, and, with these in the majority, might safely be made self-perpetuating as to the minority. The salaries of the editor-in-chief and the business manager should be such as to make them the great prizes of journalism. Within their spheres they should have absolute power. The profits with the income of the endowment should go to some designated public purpose. If there should be a deficit, the income of the endowment would make it up. If I were a benevolent billionaire, I now think I would do this. Whether it were pecuniarily profitable or not, it would modify the character of all daily journalism.

It will be seen that I no longer have illusions as to the limitations of truth-telling in journalism. So far as the salaried editor is concerned, he has not, by virtue of his position, the power to tell any truth or express any opinion. Incidentally he may do, and much of the time he does, both. But what he knows or what he thinks does not necessarily determine what he writes. What he writes is determined by the managing editor, who expresses the wish of the proprietor. Whoever does not wish to write on these terms should not enter journalism. Of course managing editors have common sense, and are personally good fellows and gentlemen, and do not habitually and wantonly set the gentlemen in the editorial rooms to writing what they abhor. They usually have at command those who can express the desired views

con amore, but when the exigencies of the service require it, the salaried editor must write what is ordered, or quit. And he seldom quits.

If I was impressed on the first day with the effectiveness of the financial end of the newspaper machine, I was equally impressed, as I gradually became acquainted with it, with the relentless grinding of its interior works. Picking up at random yesterday's sixteen-page paper, I find it to contain, exclusive of advertising, about 130,000 words, less cuts and head-lines. The Sunday paper will contain more than twice as many. Comparing this with Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey*, which lies upon my table, I find that the latter contains only about 200,000 words. Every day the staff of this journal writes a book two-thirds as large as the *Odyssey*, and every Sunday one a good deal larger, and nearly all about what happened the day before. Our journal is run to make money, and there is no surplus of attachés. Every man has his duty and must do it every day. When he goes to his desk he does not know what he is to write about, but he does know that about so much copy will be demanded, clear and interesting, and not a surplus word. The writer has no choice of subjects or of time. We go to press at three o'clock, and the ideas which have not yet occurred to him must be in the forms at that time. If he knows little or nothing of the subject, so much the worse for him. He must scabble the harder, and find out. That he does not "feel in the mood" does not count. "Moods" themselves do not count. Creative work is not expected or desired, but plain common-sense discussion of current affairs, with no errors of fact. This he can do, and this he must do, sick or well. Under the stress of these circumstances, the romance of editorship promptly disappears, or rather is found not to exist. It is hard, grinding, inexorable work. Of such work as I have done in this world, sawing cord-wood comes the nearest to it. The difference in the thickness, toughness, and shape of the different sticks gives the same kind of relief from monotony that attends the writing of editorials. Only, in sawing wood

there is a pleasure in the increasing pile of finished work behind you, and the diminishing pile of work before you. And next week you may not be sawing wood. But in editorship, what you have done is whisked out of sight and forgotten of all men. What is before you, you cannot see. But you know you will be at it next week, and that it will never end. There is doubtless a pleasure in creative work. There is a certain agreeableness even in such writing as I am now doing, simply because I wish to, and which may or may not even be printed. But the only pleasure I can conceive of in writing editorials for daily journals is the knowledge that pay-day is weekly and certain.

It will be remembered that I am writing as one in the business but not of it. I suppose no one of strong will and beginning late in life can become a real newspaper man. I only write what I seem to see. There is, after all, a pleasure in all work well done, and very likely my comrades, if I may so call them, like their jobs. For myself, I am mildly tolerated about the editorial rooms as one who is there and to be made the best of. I am permitted freely to express my opinion on current topics, but I think the office boy who brings in visitors' cards to us would have quite as much weight in council. He may at least some time become a newspaper man, while I never can. And it is only newspaper men who can take the right view of things. We recognize each other as good fellows, and would be mutually helpful should occasion require; but I am made to feel that between me and them there is a great gulf fixed. It is when I stray into the news rooms that I am at my worst. There I have absolutely no standing at all. I am simply sat upon. A "pointer" given by one of our sharp elevator boys would be jumped at and followed up, but my opinion of what is "news" could not get even passing attention. The newspaper world has a cult of its own, into which the profane may not lightly pass. But mostly they are wholesome fellows, and I like them. And I also enjoy such work as I do in journalism, while I am per-

mitted to do it, recognizing that I am any day liable to be pitchforked out as I was pitchforked in.

SAN FRANCISCO.

II. REPORTERS AND OVERSUPPLY.

BY JOHN LIVINGSTON WRIGHT.

Twenty men were recently discharged in one day from the editorial staff of a New York morning daily. In another late incident, after the visit home of the proprietor, the entire staff of one of the sheets that he owned was thrown out. In Boston a certain daily let out seven as the result of an afternoon's moves. In Chicago an editor and a half-dozen subordinates together took their departure on a recent morning (by request). A decade ago these happenings would have created much comment along the "Newspaper Rows" of the cities mentioned. To-day, when a modern daily may average a discharge of from five to nine reporters or copy-readers a week, or the incoming of a new business manager means an overhauling even in the editorial department, such happenings meet with but little notice among newspaper workers. Why? Fundamentally because of the overwhelming supply of reporters. An editor in any of the metropolitan centres of to-day would have no more hesitation, if he chanced to feel in the mood, in ordering out seven or eight men than in hurriedly clearing waste "copy" from his desk. For he knows that, early next morning, perhaps twenty men, not freshlings, but capable writers and copy-handlers, would be in his office beseeching him for the positions vacated, and in a half-hour he could have new-comers doing efficiently the work performed by those ejected the day before. This is not exaggeration, but the present truth, as any metropolitan newspaper man, be he with position or without, well knows.

The whole situation, discomfiting as it is, is due to this fact, that the larger cities throughout the United States are over-

run with reporters, those who will work at "cut" rates, half rates, or any rates, so they can get enough to keep body and soul together. As the late Col. Cockerill used to say, "One can't throw a brick into Park Row without hitting 'a good writer.'" And in addition to the army already in the cities, an eager, ambitious crowd from without is constantly heading for New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston; New York always being the eventually hoped-for goal. This superabundance of material at hand explains why it is that if a young man makes the round of the dailies in the big cities his experience, day after day, will be essentially this: "Mr. —, I—" but he gets no further. He is met with a scowl calculated to stagger a sphinx, and a growl: "Not hiring! Firing every day!" And the discouraged fellow trudges to the elevator in the next building, to receive again the same announcement.

How vividly Mr. Rider Haggard, in "Mr. Meeson's Will," portrays the authors working away in their hutches, like so many slaves, and knowing they are doomed to write out their lives or starve!

With what emotion we read that description! Yet practically the same thing is going on now in this country. Space-writers besiege the Sunday editors and the offices of the "picture magazines." There are any number of newspapers whose Sunday issue depends almost entirely upon the regular batch of pre-contracted syndicate matter. Their editors, however, will say to each new-comer, on rejecting the proffered article, "Oh, yes, let us see whatever you have, for you might catch something that'd be right in our line." They well know that they are not buying one free-lance article in fifty, as the syndicate matter is all their institutions count on printing. This deception is maintained since, "as men who know the ropes," they do not want to lose the gauzy possibility of getting hold of something—a political or "boodling" sensation, for instance—which might furnish a "beat of the town." They well know that while it is ten to one it will not, yet it *might* come in this very manner—through the free-lance. So the horde is urged to keep bringing in manuscript.

In remarking upon the letting out of a lot of men the other day, some one said, "There is trouble ahead for the magazines to which the discharged will take realistic stories." Quite true, so far as the trouble is concerned, but if a hint was intended that some of these men would do magazine work it was highly erroneous. It is safe to say that five hundred average reporters might be thrust in the street to-day and not an available magazine article would result, for the reason that something far more serious than sensational timeliness must attach to a magazine paper. This sort of matter is required to be prepared in a conservative, thoughtful, expertly written manner. He who does magazine work must approach it with years of careful preparation, and must possess a style that is not merely the crude, contradictory suggestion of ebullient genius, but one that shows unmistakable evidence of painstaking practice in writing. A reporter in such a field is laboring with fruitlessness, and he has not the means to enable him to wait for the slow financial returns, even if some of his work were accepted.

Now, as to the "picture magazines." While they are making money, some idea of the magnificent chances for the free-lance, with certain of them, may be gained from the statement of the editor of one of the most successful, from a commercial standpoint, when he said that he "would not give one of his unsigned departments for the best work of the skilled magazinist!" How was this periodical started? By the employment of a few "hacks," who proceeded to fill it by arranging confidential relations with photographic firms, from which were obtained the pictures of *décolleté* actresses and public characters, then writing enough to "carry" the pictures. These pictures, with a few brief "sketches," prepared by the staff men, but signed with fictitious names, completed the budget.

So where is your discharged reporter? Shut from the high-class magazines by the conditions stated, and forced to try with a cloud of others the lottery of getting an occasional dollar or two out of a Sunday paper or illustrated weekly. Thus

you find him trimming and turning his cuffs, eating beans at alley restaurants, and sleeping in lodging houses, with a suicide occasionally telling of one who has fallen in the race.

Yet the striking feature of the situation is that the thousand idle reporters of New York and the thousand aimless writers have chiefly themselves to blame. Their energies are misdirected.

Instead of saying to the bright newspaper man, "Go to the city," it should be, "Above all, keep away from the city!" Never was there a time when the general status of the country newspaper was as mediocre as at present; never a time when trained newspaper men were so much required in the smaller cities and towns. Go into these of from 1,000 to 70,000. What do you find? Newspapers wretchedly written. "Locals" dished up after the fashion of schoolboys; editorial pages utterly unworthy that dignified appellation; advertising poorly "set," and little enterprise manifested in securing it. The "plate" associations have been the ruin, from an intellectual standpoint, of country journalism. Forty years ago the man who conducted a country paper had to write editorials calculated to awaken careful consideration. He was looked upon and required to be the learned political authority of his township or county. Therefore these editors were powers in the land. The weight of what they had to say was held in respect by every candidate or public man. How now? A too-frequent conviction that "most anything" will do. When pressed, the proprietor often feels satisfied to jot down a few lines of ribaldry, separate these by long dashes, and slap in some random chunks of "plate," that may tell of big trees or of curios in the British Museum, and, with some "plate" advertisements, the mess constitutes the "editorial page." The thing has got to be so that the starting of a paper in a small town is merely a matter of procuring an outfit, covered by mortgage, from one of the city concerns making this a business; and by borrowing a little money to pay for "ready-print" or "plate," anybody who experiences the whim is deemed competent to run a paper. The idea that a man

should have some political knowledge of the times and of economics is not considered of any moment. It is because of this general weakness and servility of the rural press that the extensive opportunity exists for the man drilled in metropolitan journalism. As Richard Harding Davis has truly said, "a training on a city daily is a grand help to literary work if you don't stay in that field too long," so the same is unquestionably true regarding a young man's labor on a metropolitan sheet in preparation for country newspaper work.

For a keen youth the best course to pursue is to work a while on his rural daily or weekly. Then let him go to the city for two or three years, but go there and to the great daily in exactly the spirit he would go to a great school; not regarding himself as doomed to a life of hapless pegging along, but with the well-set aim to use every tip he gets as something to be later applied in a small city or town. Let him live as frugally, as temperately, and as healthfully as he knows how. Let him flee from the *rathskeller* and the "joint" and the "Bohemians" as he would the wrath to come. In no occupation is there more pitiful need for thrift and temperance, its followers being likely to be thrown out of their positions without a moment's notice. Yet in none other is this course so little practised. This is an embarrassing thing to record, but it is true. A clerk who, with ordinary attention to duty, can hold his post until business drops off or the house is in straits, thinks it necessary to save what of his ten dollars a week he can. A reporter, occupying a station where a "scoop" or "beat" may be lugged into the office by a coal-heaver, who tumbled onto the "story" by accident, and which event may "fire" the reporter instantaneously, spends every cent of his fifteen or thirty dollars a week, and when discharged he strikes the pavement with empty pockets. This is the rule; of course there are exceptions.

After the young man has had his wits sharpened by city work for two or three years, let him make back for the country. He will find that he can accomplish more headway

in two years than those about him, used to doing things just as they were done before, could in five.

It is getting out of the city instead of into it that can save the throngs of hungry reporters now particularly in New York, Chicago, and Boston, and their brethren, the unnumbered free-lance writers. I am aware that it would be rather difficult to get them started, for once in sight of a city, it is like seizing an electric wire. No matter how much you wish to, you are seemingly unable to let go. Yet our modern civilization means that many inevitably will have to get back to the country, to mother earth. "Going to the city" has become a mania that is working destruction. Young people especially seem to feel that to leave the maelstrom argues absolute failure to the whole world, as if the world noticed their petty doings or cared a straw! Others will hang to that comforter, "having it in them." Hence they stay on and starve or jump into the harbor. It is time some of this "room-at-the-top" business, so much perpetrated at college commencements, were analyzed. Here are our large cities each maintaining but from seven to eleven dailies. Granting that the flocks coming every week to solicit positions were, individually, actual Horace Greeleys, can anyone conceive how it would be possible for each of these Greeleys to be at the head of a great metropolitan newspaper?

Let us put this matter of leaving the city on a practical basis. Those men who are out of work yet have a little money saved are at marked advantage. They can locate in the small cities with more or less readiness and have something to help them along until they can form connections with papers. But this contemplation of "a little money saved" applies to a comparatively few. The majority are much put about to know how they shall get along for the next month, not mentioning the having of dollars in the bank. To these I say: Strike for the little cities, even if you have to walk. Why should it be harder tramping over the country roads than the pavements of New York? Once in a town, what then? Any honorable employment that will buy meals and shelter.

I have in mind as I write a young man who walked into a county-seat town of 25,000 population in Ohio, and he had walked all the way from New York City. Next day he was driving a street sprinkler. Four days later he sent several columns of matter to a Cleveland paper. It was an account of street department frauds. Next noon he entered the office of the leading local daily and asked if they would like to purchase some matter on the street troubles. The old editor was astonished. It was the first time he had ever had such a request, and he endeavored to assume the mien befitting so momentous an occasion. "We are not accustomed," he solemnly avowed, "to buy articles." "Well," was the reply, "I've some exclusive information which I shall send in to Chicago to-night, and I didn't know but that you'd like to go in on it." The interview terminated in an offer of \$3 for the material, and it was also sold in Chicago for \$5. The young man stuck to his street sprinkler and kept busily getting in touch with the place, studying the newspaper situation, bringing in, every day or two, something good for this local paper and hustling evenings to get out matter for Cleveland, Detroit, or Chicago dailies. He paid seventy-five cents a week for room rent and two dollars and a half for meals. At the end of the first month he had earned twenty-eight dollars in correspondence for the metropolitan press alone. To make it short, by the end of the following month this chap was city editor of the local daily referred to; in a year he had organized a syndicate which bought out the paper. To-day he is editor-in-chief and controls five-eighths of the stock. In a recent letter he said, "It was just four years ago Billy R—'fired' me down in New York. I am as glad of it now as he probably was then."

I think of a man of thirty who went out from Boston, three years ago, to a city in southern Michigan. Last spring he sold his daily there, after having made an average yearly profit of \$2,500, at an advance of \$8,000, and is now at the head of a similar enterprise in Wisconsin. I know a young Irishman who left high school, some nine years since, to work

at the case in the office of the B—, Illinois, *Bulletin*. He has been for three years the editor, and is a member of the State Senate. He is now twenty-nine, and when the Illinois State Press Association meets, he sits down at the banquet in the magnificent Lexington Hotel, Chicago, as much a "publisher" as any newspaper proprietor in that great city. But I must not consume space with further illustrations of my meaning.

The man who goes out of the city and to the country town must do so with firm resolutions. He is now in a place where everybody knows about everybody else. The double sort of life will not do. He must establish a reputation for reliability and good citizenship. He must put up with petty criticisms and not mind it if people do discuss him. He who has faced the storming managing or city editor of an evening metropolitan sheet about 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon ought not to have his knees shaken by things like these. He must seek to accomplish practical benefit to the community. Politically, he must stand for principles, and must be courageous in advocating them. Dignity and bravery, particularly in a moral sense, must accompany his course. If he but adhere to this line, he cannot fail of success, for no greater error is there than in imagining that country residents are not progressive and will not support clean, able, modernly-edited papers. They want them, but often cannot get them. How frequently are these people so gradually disgusted by the listless, sloppy editing and the incessant suspensions among their local newspapers that they almost come to think that they must not expect their town daily to be other than a mere hodge-podge of insignificant, personal items of gossip. Let a lively, caustic, carefully-written sheet be offered and see how steadily these folk come to extend to it their patronage. I know of villages where merchants have manifested such a desire to have a paper in their midst that they have subscribed advertising in advance and appointed one of their number to make efforts to bring in a reliable newspaper man.

The reporter in his prospecting should try as far as possible for a county-seat location. This will give him the widest op-

portunity for the exercise of trained ingenuity and the most effective avenue to influence. Drilled into "seeing" a "story" and "developing" it, he can readily "beat" those who are time-serving correspondents for metropolitan papers and whose work consists of sending in a few words a week by telegraph. He can put inches of matter into the big papers where these persons put in words, and, in the course of a year thus realize a neat sum. Half the patience exercised in selling a thousand-word article in New York would give the vendor an assured position in such a town, where his work ends at a certain hour, where he can assume a respected niche in local society, be a member of some good club, breathe pure air, live quietly and happily, feel that he is a factor in the world, and save something for a rainy day.

Let the three or four thousand struggling, out-of-job reporters in the metropolitan centres get into the small cities and they can exercise a righteous political and educational power that will achieve for the civic and industrial life of this country a work as valuable as that now accomplished by the public school. If even a few of these disheartened fellows may take a hint from this brief outline before, as the hard-shell preacher said, "it is everlastin' too late," the writer will feel that what he has said here has not been wholly in vain.

BOSTON.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF BROWNING.

BY MARGARET CONNOLLY.

"Great Truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity."

ONE day last winter, in the midst of the city's fever of theatre-going, concerts, balls, and other distractions, I went down to the seashore to enjoy the sombre grandeur and lonely majesty of the sea at that season. The summer visitor knows not half the glory of the sea. For the most part he sees it only at play. He carries away with him a vision of sun-kissed waves and rolling billows, marred by the crowds of fashionably (another word for fantastically) dressed people who throng the shore. In winter there is none of this. Nature is undisturbed, the loneliness unbroken by a sound except the lashing of the waves against the rocks. The sea heaves and throbs and moans under the gray sky as if mourning for the countless dead buried within its bosom, and anon it dashes itself into a fury as though in an agony of despair over the tragedies which it covers.

As I stood watching its inscrutable depths and pondering upon all the wonderful secrets it might reveal, two wild birds came in view. The sight of them called up a picture in my mind. The sea stretching out at my feet represented the limitless ocean of Truth, whose infinite treasures were open to all who were willing to explore its depths. I myself typified the great majority of mankind, standing timidly on the brink, afraid to venture into the unknown, without desire to go beyond the boundary fixed by others who thought they had sounded the great deep, but had merely touched the surface. The birds symbolized the lofty, illuminated souls of all ages,—poets, sages, prophets,—the inspired ones who heeded not the narrow limitations of the past, whose spirits

sorred above the earth, and who gained wider glimpses of the infinite ocean than the earth-bound ones who did not venture beyond the brink.

Among those of the nineteenth century who were thus inspired was Robert Browning, the Wagner of poetry, one of the greatest and noblest of our latter-day singers, and, unfortunately, at the present time the least understood of the master minds of the Victorian age. This is owing, in great part, to the fact that the study of Browning has become a "cult," and the uninitiated have been led to believe that it requires more time and study to become familiar with his works than the average student or worker—those who read and enjoy Shelley, Scott, Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other poets, and who can quote freely from Shakespeare—can afford to give. Nevertheless, he wrote for the people, not for the select few, and it is a pity that through an utterly mistaken idea the grand and uplifting truths contained in his works should be lost, or, at best, a sealed book, to the masses whom he wished to reach.

While not venturing upon an extended criticism of this great poet and lover of the common people, I wish to glance at a few of the most characteristic and noteworthy of his poems, and to say a few words in regard to the general trend of his works.

His first published poem, "Pauline," written in 1832, when Browning was only twenty years old, and published in 1833, furnishes a striking illustration of the fact that the world is rarely able to realize the worth of God's chosen spirits or the value of what they have given to humanity until after they have passed away, often after years of neglect or contempt. This noble poem received no recognition in the world of letters, and was treated with contempt by some of the leading periodicals of the day. But then, as always, a few who were gifted with finer and clearer perceptions hailed the advent of a new star, recognized a true poet, even as the shepherds and the wise men of the east, illuminated with an interior light, recognized their Lord and Master in the babe whom

ordinary eyes could not distinguish from other children; and paid homage of both heart and soul at the shrine of the divine. Browning's lifelong friend, and the first to recognize his genius, was the Rev. W. Johnson Fox, who at the time "Pauline" was published was editor of a Unitarian magazine, *The Monthly Repository*. He gave the poem a discriminating and critical notice and the liberal measure of praise it deserved. The poet never forgot this early appreciation of his work, and gratefully refers to it in the first stanza of his poem on "Popularity," in which he says:

Stand still, true poet that you are!
 I know you; let me try and draw you.
 Some night you'll fail us; when afar
 You rise, remember one man saw you,
 Knew you, and named a star!

Among others who at once recognized his genius were Dante Gabriel Rossetti and John Stuart Mill.

In this same year, 1833, were written "Porphyria's Lover" and "Joannes Agricola," which, with others of his poems, were published in *The Monthly Repository*. In 1834 Browning started on an extensive course of travels, which took him even to the land of the Cossacks, and in 1835 he published "Paracelsus," one of his greatest and most original poems, in which he entirely ignores the conventional forms of poetry, but in which he also shows a marvellous and intuitive insight into the depths of the human heart. After the publication of this poem he became acquainted with the great actor, Macready, and a friendship ensued which led to the production on the stage, under Macready's direction, of Browning's tragedy of "Strafford." As might have been anticipated, however, it did not prove a dramatic success. Browning was then only twenty-five years old. In 1840 appeared "Sordello," a poem so complicated and so overflowing with wild luxuriance of thought that even to the most ardent of the poet's admirers it proved a puzzle. Between 1841 and 1846 he published, in cheap pamphlet form, for "a pit audience," as he expressed it, "Bells and Pomegranates." But the be-

nevolent intentions of the poet were disappointed, for "a pit audience," or indeed an audience supposed to be of higher intelligence, was not then ready to understand or appreciate Browning. The first of this series was that remarkably powerful dramatic poem, "Pippa Passes." Among others of the series were "King Victor and King Charles," and that general favorite, "The Pied Piper," which was written for the amusement of Macready's young son, William.

In 1846 the happiest event of Browning's life took place, his union with the poet, Elizabeth Barrett. They were married on September 12, and immediately started for Italy, which continued to be their home until the death of Mrs. Browning in 1861. To his wife, in 1855, the poet dedicated his series, "Men and Women," in those beautiful lines, which express his deep devotion to her:

'Tis to you—yourself, my moon of poets!
 Ah! but that's the world's side, there's the wonder;
 Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!
 There, in turn, I stand with them and praise you.
 Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
 But the best is when I glide from out them,
 Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
 Come out on the other side, the novel
 Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
 When I hush and bless myself with silence.

His brief married life, under the sunny skies of Italy, was a poet's dream of happiness. The death of his noble and passionately-loved wife, who had been his inspiration for fifteen years, was an irreparable loss. But we must believe that her spirit constantly hovered near him, and that she continued to inspire him in a still greater degree after she had passed out of the bonds of the flesh, for some of his greatest works were produced after her death, as, for example, "Dramatis Personæ," which contains one of the noblest poems in our language, "Abt Vogler," and "The Ring and the Book," a dramatic poem of great power and strength, and showing a wonderful poetic insight into character. In 1871, ten years after his wife's death, he published "Balaustion's Adven-

tures," which many critics consider one of the most notable and delightful of his works.

Of course it would be impossible in a brief paper to more than mention some of the most remarkable works of one who has produced more poetry than any other English poet. My object is rather to call attention to the spirit underlying his poetry, and, if possible, to induce a more general interest in the interpretation of his works. The popular error and misconception in regard to Browning's "obscurity" is so deeply rooted that it is only by constant effort and reiteration of the fallacy of this view that the great mass of the people will be led to discover for themselves how misleading it is and so enter into the enjoyment of the light which emanated from this daring and lofty genius. It is possible to understand Browning without belonging to a "Browning Society" and without listening to what this critic or that has to say about him. The poet Goethe says: "Seek within yourself and you will find everything; and rejoice that without there lies a Nature that says yea and amen." How profoundly Browning believed in this thought, which is now taking such deep root in the minds and hearts of all who are anxiously seeking to penetrate the veil of the flesh and live the true life, the life *within*, is strongly emphasized in "Paracelsus," wherein the poet expresses his own creed. Paracelsus is made to say:

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth;
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it and makes all error: and "*to know*"
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

The illuminati of all the ages,—poets, sages, prophets,—who have glimpsed the almost infinite capabilities within man, have held fast to this great, vivifying truth. Robert Brown-

ing was unquestionably one of these luminous souls. Putting aside all merely doctrinal points and external differences in the forms of worship practised by the various sects, his great heart burning with the love of truth, his whole being animated by the noble spirit of human brotherhood, he has sought to lead the generation of his day into the sublime knowledge of true religion. His constant aim is to emphasize the thought that man's life on earth is a growth, a gradual coming into the knowledge of truth, a preparation for the life of the soul when released from the trammels of the flesh. Let me give here one or two quotations to illustrate this. In his tragedy of "Luria," Domizia says:

How inexhaustibly the spirit grows !
 One object she seemed erewhile born to reach
 With her whole energies and discontent,—
 So like a wall at the world's edge it stood,
 With naught beyond to live for,—is that reached?—
 Already are new undream'd energies
 Outgrowing under, and extending farther
 To a new object; *there's another world !*

The italics are mine. In "A Death in the Desert," the dying John says:

I say that man was made to grow, not stop ;
 That help he needed once, and needs no more,
 Having grown up but an inch by, is withdrawn :
 For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
 This imports solely, man should mount on each
 New height in view ; the help whereby he mounts,
 The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
 Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.
 Man apprehends him newly at each stage
 Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service done ;
 And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved.

* * * * *

God's gift was that man should conceive of Truth
 And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake,
 As midway help till he reached fact indeed.

But while he strenuously insists on the ultimate destiny of the soul and the object of its mission here on earth, he never

loses sight of the value and importance of the corporal part of us, as when he exclaims, in "Rabbi Ben Ezra:"

Let us not always say,
 "Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry, "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

All through Browning's poetry we feel a quickening of the spiritual sense, while we recognize a profundity and depth of human interest to be found elsewhere only in Shakespeare. Notice in the following lines from "Abt Vogler" the sublime faith in the Omnipotent Power:

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
 Bullder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
 What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
 Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
 There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
 What was good? shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.
 All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour,
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
 Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

Perhaps the most important feature of Browning's poetry is its *constructiveness*. He sounds the keynote of a fuller, grander life, he fills the mind with lofty ideals, he leads us onward from height to height, teaching us to

Rejoice that man is hurled
 From change to change unceasingly,
 His soul's wings never furled!

and that true happiness lies not in reaching our ideals, for that ultimately would mean stagnation, but in scaling peak after peak, never allowing ourselves to be discouraged by the difficulties of the way until the everlasting heights are reached and the soul's wings are at last furled in peace.

While he did not believe in any particular form of religion as a finality, no one can read his poems, even in the most casual way, without being impressed by his deep religious convictions, his reverence for the soul, before which the intellect must always bow. Everywhere he teaches not to trust to the intellect, rather to give ear to the voice of the soul. In "Sordello" he says:

. divest
Mind of e'en thought, and lo,
God's unexpressed
Will dawns above us!

He believed essentially in the oneness of life; that each of us individually forms but a part of the great whole, in essence, the spirit of the Mighty One. And so his great heart went out in sympathy and in love to all. The following beautiful letter was penned in answer to a lady who had written to him that she was dying, and wished to thank him for all the good she had received from the reading of his poems:

Dear Friend:—It would ill become me to waste a word on my own feelings, except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be, and which, by sympathy, I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years, at most. It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of "genius" as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process when the convictions of "genius" have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: "Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, he was no man." (*"Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme."*) Or as when Charles Lamb,

in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more—on the final suggestion, "And if Christ entered this room?" changed his manner at once, and stuttered out, as his manner was when moved, "You see, if Shakespeare entered we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel." Or, not to multiply instances, as when Dante wrote that I will transcribe from my wife's testament, wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago: "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that lady lives, of whom my soul was enamored."

Dear Friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good will. God bless you, sustain and receive you. Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING.

To a lovable and loving nature, an exuberant fancy, rich in variety, wit, and humor, our poet joined a noble intellect, which was supplemented by a faith in the omnipotence of God so profound and far-reaching that it raised him to that pinnacle which intellect alone never can reach—the throne of the prophet. While a lover of all forms of art, music was with him a passion, and how deeply it stirred his soul, and how fully he entered into its spirit, may well be understood by anyone who has read "Abt Vogler." He combined in a most notable way the spirit of faith, hope, and love; and whoever unites these three within himself is a king among men.

Notwithstanding the spread of Browning societies and literary coteries for the discussion of Browning, the bugbear of his "obscurity" still holds such undisputed sway in the minds of the majority of people—people of discrimination and intelligence—that amongst the great mass of readers he is still little known. But this popularly conceived difficulty, this obstruction in regard to the study of Browning, is largely a myth of the imagination. It is true that the reader of Browning will many times be puzzled and in doubt as to what the poet means, but we must remember that the same rule holds good in the study of this poet's works as in the study of any

other great masterpieces. Why do we not exercise common sense in this matter as in any other? If we go to examine a collection of famous paintings, we do not expect to understand, to appreciate their beauty, to recognize and admire all the details without careful and loving study, without entering into the spirit, the soul, of the artist, as it were. In the same way we cannot fully understand or enjoy the works of great composers if we do not study their meaning, enter into the spirit of the composer until our own soul recognizes and rushes out to meet that other soul which expressed itself in music. Art, music, poetry, all of these, when true to their function, are soul educators. They stimulate us, they rouse us to the exercise of our higher faculties, and instead of coming down to us they draw us up to them. This is their purpose. So, in approaching a great poet, we should be prepared to exercise all our powers, meet him soul to soul, not merely in a spirit of intellectual criticism, nor yet with the idea of passing away an idle hour and being amused with a jingle of words which will not need the exercise of any effort on our part. Browning did not write to amuse or entertain the idle, neither did he write to mystify, as testified by himself in a letter to a friend, in which he says:

"I can have little doubt that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more."

Many are the examples that might be cited from the past to show that some of the greatest and the noblest thinkers among the sons of men were not understood or appreciated by their own generation. This was because their age was not ripe for the thought they had to give. But surely the nineteenth century, which has reaped the fruit of the thought-seed

of all the centuries, will not close under the reproach that it was unable to value at his true worth one of the greatest of her poets. Let those who have hitherto been deterred from reading Browning by the fear of his "obscurity" no longer cut themselves off from the rich treasures to be found in his works. Let them be assured that if there is any obscurity it exists only in their own minds. All light is from within—from the God who dwells in us. There is no darkness or obscurity but that of our own making. There was no greater disciple of this vital truth, no grander Christian (believer in the Christ life) than the noble poet, the true man, the inspired prophet, Robert Browning, whose spirit only a few years ago passed into the realization of the larger life for which his soul yearned.

BOSTON.

EAST AND WEST.

BY PAUL TYNER.

THAT evolution which Herbert Spencer defines as the passage from indefinite incoherent homogeneity to definite coherent heterogeneity, is generally a painful and bloody process when exemplified in human society. This has been particularly true in the development by which the peoples of this continent are slowly but surely blending into a world power, in itself assurance that the principle of democratic government shall not perish from the earth,—that the hope and promise of democracy shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. But our union is bought with a price; the pure gold of American purpose and destiny is tried by fire. We come to wisdom, even in fleeting glimpses, only after being brayed in a mortar. It required the War of Independence to unite the American colonies, or, more correctly, to make a beginning of unification, for the constitutional con-

vention at the close of that war revealed a bitterness of sectional jealousy that for a time threatened a disruption of the loose compact entered into under the Articles of Confederation. It needed the war of 1812 to emphasize the national spirit, the genius of Hamilton to exalt and strengthen the concentration of powers in the hands of the Federal Government (otherwise likely to fall into insignificance), and the broad statesmanship of Jefferson to demonstrate the success of the delicate and tremendously critical experiment of preserving so nice a balance between the Federal power and that of each and every one of the sovereign states from which it sprung, that the needs of each should be sufficiently safeguarded and neither intrench unduly on the other.

It is particularly interesting at this time to recall the fact that in this "teething time" of the infant republic, Jefferson at a single stroke reassured the anti-federalists of the security of state rights, of even state supremacy, and at the same time placed the Federal power itself on an enduring and commanding basis by the Louisiana purchase, a measure which, in the political parlance of to-day, might be considered "imperialistic." Franklin urged by speech and pen the immense importance to the states individually of the common heritage in the splendid Western empire made possible through the trusteeship of the Federal Government. He made them feel that they were enriched by its joint ownership, strengthened by the strength it gave the central power. Wiser than others of his time—wiser indeed than some who, like Daniel Webster a generation later, were for abandoning the whole territory west of the Mississippi as a waste unfit for human habitation—he foresaw that the descendants of the pilgrims, and the great wave of immigrants following them, must push on into the new country brought by this purchase under the American system.

The Mexican War, with its results in the incorporation into the Union of Texas, California, Arizona, and New Mexico, was simply a natural extension of the movement westward—a rectification of our frontier geographically inevi-

table. The same might perhaps be said of the purchase of Alaska—although that measure suggests a violation of the rule that "Nature makes no sudden jumps." The future, and not very distant future, will determine whether the violation is real or only apparent. "Seward's snow farm" is full of possibilities. Making us as near neighbor to Siberia on the north as Manila makes us to China on the south, it may yet play an important part in the Anglo-American alliance and in the partition of Asia, while it is quite on the carpet that its production of gold may eliminate the silver question from politics, American and European, and revolutionize the whole scheme of things industrial now so largely dependent on the maintenance of the corner in gold.

Not to digress farther in this tempting direction, let us note how distinctly East and West were united by the conflict between North and South, and how materially Western brains, valor, and money contributed to the success of the war for the Union. It might almost be said that the war excited by the East was fought and settled by the West. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Garfield and Rosecrans were all western men. When our armies were disbanded, the West furnished a fertile field for the industry and enterprise of many men whose energies were offered more attractive opportunity beyond the Alleghanies than in the East. So the development of our western country was helped and East and West linked closer, the new emigrants carrying much of the East with them and retaining close touch with the friends and relatives left behind. To the new country, that is the farther West, Southerners also came in large numbers to repair their broken fortunes—mostly men whose spirits were not broken with their fortunes—men daring, adventurous, of knightly bearing and stout resolve. And, in the marvellous development of the country west of the Mississippi which the generation following the war has witnessed, those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray have striven and suffered and toiled and triumphed together, building a network of railways over mountain and plain, drawing treasures

from the bowels of the earth, causing the desert to blossom as the rose and building cities which in this short time have already become centres of a full and teeming life, ripe culture, intellectual movement, and industrial activity, rivalling even the foremost of the older municipalities.

It has been through no mere accident of political manipulation or identity of economic interests that the last three presidential elections revealed a growing consolidation of sentiment in the South and the West, until in 1896 the former "solid South" became a "solid South and West" in adhesion to the democracy on an issue which placed South and West equally in antagonism to the dominant sentiment in the East.

In all parts of the United States there is very general recognition of the fact that one of the great, if not the greatest, results of the war with Spain has been the eradication of the last vestiges of the old bitterness between North and South, the complete reunion of the once sundered sections of our land in the proof of renewed loyalty to the flag of those who once fought against it. The war, with all its horrors and all its cost, will not have been in vain if Americans North and South have through it been brought closer and made to clasp hands in mutual recognition of kinship in men pledged heart and soul in allegiance to a common country standing for a common cause.

To heal the wounds left by a fierce and bloody quarrel is indeed well; to avert that most deplorable of all conflicts, an internecine war, is even better. And while it is not necessary to dwell overmuch on the danger, now that it is past, it is certainly worth while recognizing that we have to thank this same Spanish war for checking, almost in its beginnings, a quickly ripening tendency to an alignment of East against West in a second attempt at national division. During the campaign of 1896, so representative a leader of the best eastern sentiment as Theodore Roosevelt publicly avowed his readiness to lead an armed force to Washington to prevent the inauguration of Mr. Bryan, should he be elected. Neither at the time nor since has this utterance been rebuked by his

party, or by any considerable section of the press in the East. On the contrary, Colonel Roosevelt has since been elected governor of his state. The contest of 1896 was a very close one. Nearly six and a half millions of Americans—most of them living west of the Mississippi and south of Mason and Dixon's line—voted for Mr. Bryan. That his defeat by even this narrow margin was accomplished by unblushing and wholesale bribery and through the intimidation of workers dependent on the great railroad and manufacturing corporations, is not seriously questioned. Democratic leaders like Senator Jones are convinced also that the states of Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana were carried for Mr. McKinley by fraudulent votes. Yet neither before nor after the election was such a threat against McKinley as this of Roosevelt's against Bryan heard in the West. On the contrary, there are, I have no doubt, thousands of Bryan's friends and followers in the Rocky Mountain country who, since Roosevelt's dash up San Juan hill, have been willing to forgive and forget his foolish and un-American ante-election threat, who sincerely congratulate him on his election as governor of New York, and who would have been glad of a chance to vote for him. And this because the West is above all things genuinely and intensely American. There were men in Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders from Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, and the Dakotas who voted for Bryan, and yet are large enough to swear by the Americanism of Roosevelt. These western rough riders fighting side by side with men from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton at Santiago, and Colorado infantry leading in the assault at Manila, are but specimen instances of the burning and widespread patriotism of the West called out by the war and in the presence of which all sectional differences were sunk. And yet the East will never fully understand how much the hope of Democratic success meant to the West; how cruel and trying the disappointment of defeat was felt by those six millions of their fellow citizens who voted for Bryan.

Eastern men thanked Heaven that the cause of "honest money" had triumphed. Western men asked, "How long, O Lord, how long?" In the silver states, seven years or so of business paralysis, low wages, low prices, and general dread and uncertainty consequent on the destruction of the chief industry of the section had eaten into the hearts of the people and made the issue of 1896 a burning one. The restoration of the white metal to our coinage meant to their minds more than a restoration of material prosperity; it meant a vindication of truth and justice, a recognition of honesty and fairness between man and man, an end to long-suffering bondage to the money-lender,—a consummation devoutly to be wished, bravely, prayerfully, hopefully worked for. The defeat of these hopes, with the certainty of four years more of eclipse for the silver cause, seemed to many people more than they could bear. It is not intended to revive discussion of the silver question here. Readers of THE ARENA have had facts and argument on that subject sufficient to last them a while; the campaign of 1896 is over, and "there are other pebbles on the beach." But I feel most earnestly that there is need in the East of some realizing sense of what the struggle for free coinage meant to the West and how the failure of that struggle affected the mental attitude of the average Westerner towards the East. How could he help feeling that destiny had decreed the drawing of a longitudinal line of separation? Outrageous as was the campaign characterization of the silver men as "anarchists," "lunatics," "knaves," and "fools," unblushingly resorted to by Eastern journals and speakers, it was hoped that this condemnation would be reversed at the polls. Seemingly, it was concurred in. The defection in the Chicago convention of Democratic leaders notoriously identified with the corporation and moneyed interests was met philosophically. That any considerable number of voters among the great common people could be coaxed, cajoled, or coerced into like desertion, was not seriously anticipated. The result was a sad surprise. It created a new situation. It made possible a "separation" sentiment deep-rooted in the

primal instinct of self-preservation, a sentiment which bade fair to grow apace and to transform feeling into action with startling suddenness and decision, until checked by the war with Spain.

It were inaccurate, not to say unjust, to confound this "separation" sentiment with the "secession" spirit of the old South. The position was boldly taken that the oligarchy whose stronghold is on the banks of the Hudson had already virtually seceded from the Union—that foes of our own household, more dangerous than any foreign enemy to the perpetuity of the Union and of republican institutions, having gained possession of the governmental machinery at Washington, the time had arrived to rally the friends of freedom in the West and reorganize the trans-Mississippi commonwealths—so long despised, misjudged, reviled, neglected, and at last abandoned by the East—with a federal seat centrally situated in the inter-mountain country. Even before election day it was felt that this course might be necessary in the event of Bryan's election, should it be followed by successful armed resistance to his inauguration on the part of those like-minded with Mr. Roosevelt and controlled by the money element so conspicuous in Mr. McKinley's support. "If we can't seat our President in Washington, we'll seat him in Denver," is the way more than one man expressed it.

It has required nearly a generation to cool the passions of war sufficiently to enable men north and south to recognize frankly that the mutual accusations of scoundrelism and imbecility that filled the air during the heat of conflict, and for years after, were in the main senseless and unfounded and that the people of each section, while honestly differing, acted each according to their highest conceptions of patriotism and right. It is to be hoped that the bitterness of feeling between East and West aroused by the campaign of 1896 will disappear more speedily. There is, indeed, every reason to expect that this will be the case. Not to mention the evidence of western loyalty to the flag furnished during the recent unpleasantness, the West, for reasons already cited, is

very close to the East—much closer than the South can be. The West is to New England what New England is to Old England. The ties between the sections rest primarily, perhaps, on those common interests in progressive development of the natural resources of our common country on which Franklin based his plea for greater unity among the infant states. Eastern money is largely invested in the West; Western profits are to a great extent spent in the East or exchanged for Eastern manufactures. Eastern financial centres are supported in large measure by the tribute levied on Western crops and their moving and again on the European money received for exportations of Western crops and railroad securities. Like the darky's coon trap, Wall Street and State Street "catches him a-comin' and a-gwine." To that interest a century of national life has added a hundred others, many of them of a higher and more enduring character. Carl Schurz in a recent article protesting against the policy of territorial expansion insisted that the American mission lies nearer home than the Philippines, in "the subduing and civilizing of our own continent." Riding over Kansas and Nebraska prairies, across the plains of Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico, and journeying through the Rockies and the Sierras on to the Pacific Coast, using his eyes and ears, and *feeling* the life of these brother and sister Americans who are carrying on this grand mission, should not the Eastern man's imagination be stirred, his sympathies—aye, his admiration and gratitude—be aroused? While celebrating the old Puritans and other pioneers of the past, we should not forget the pioneers of to-day. The railroad has supplanted the "prairie schooner," and the life of the modern pioneer, lacking perspective, may lack the romantic glow and color. None the less it is heroic, if hardship bravely borne means heroism; if stubborn struggle against tremendous odds is heroism; if patient toil day after day and year after year—in spite of stinted returns—is heroism; if willing sacrifice for the sake of advancing those who shall come after them is heroism. If, through all this narrow-

ing of the personal life on every hand, there are preserved, ever so dimly, earlier ideals, aspirations and ambitions towards that genuine culture which is of the spirit—then have we pioneers to-day who are heroes indeed.

The West is proud—proud to boastfulness. It wants none of your maudlin eastern pity for its struggles and hardships and sufferings. Still less can it tolerate that "certain condescension" which Richard Grant White noted in foreigners towards Americans and which eastern people have in turn acquired in regard to the West. Our brothers on the line of the "course of empire" resented hotly, righteously, and with amazed surprise a few years ago President Cleveland's suggestion of the West as a field for missionary effort. The successes won by the West—its cities, its railroads, its mines, its bonanza farms, and its millionaires—have been made so much of that it is not strange the other side has been overlooked. One consequence has been that these successes have lacked the greater appreciation a better understanding of that which underlies them should elicit, and have really intensified the misunderstanding of the whole western spirit and atmosphere that has so greatly clouded eastern judgment. Cultivated people in Colorado have frequently expressed surprise at the difficulty in getting their eastern friends to understand the silver question. Was this not really part and parcel of the ignorance or indifference of the East as to the West generally; of the satisfaction with certain superficial preconceptions standing in the way of even a desire to know the West as it really is?

There is something terribly pathetic in the faces of the millions of our kindred in the West who are bearing the brunt of the battle in the burden and heat of the day for the carrying forward of the grand work of "subduing the continent" which we are so proud to accept as the heaven-sent duty and privilege of the American nation. These men, women, and children on Western prairie farms, on ranches, and in mining camps, struggling with starvation of mind and body, are heroes all, as I have said,—heroes and martyrs, although "un-

wept, unhonored, and unsung." For it is worth bearing in mind that the great bulk of our Western population is not only rural, but of the pioneer class; and that if the pioneer has claims to consideration *after* he has made his pile and moved East or died, he has all the greater claims while still in the field fighting our battle as well as his own. He doesn't want much. He is content to see miles of freight cars roll by from the East empty and return loaded day after day. He is unvexed by envy when Pullman sleepers and diners flying by or stopping at his station afford him glimpses of comfort and luxury made possible to others by his life and labors, but far beyond his own possibilities of enjoyment. Like the soldier, he accepts struggle and short rations as "all in the day's work." He declines sympathy and condescension; he demands fair play.

The West has never been wanting in appreciation or gratitude for all she derived and still derives from the East. Dr. Hamilton Mabie brings this out strongly in his sensible and suggestive article in the November *Atlantic* on "The Intellectual Movement in the West." But it is time there was turn about. Nothing could be blinder and narrower than the provincial arrogance of the easterner in taking exclusive credit to himself for the accumulation of wealth and development of culture that happens to be centred for the most part in eastern cities. Much of the best of all that we have builded into the edifice of American character and American power in fields spiritual and fields material has been contributed by our western land and our western people. Let us share our honors fairly, even if we are not yet ready to share as we should in the labors and the results of the labors of those who have been and are still pushing back the western border of civilization and culture. Let those of us who are of the East understand that those of us who are of the West are men and brothers whose sincerity and sense go without question; a people endowed with at least an equal share of reasoning power with our fellows in the East, knowing what we want and neither dishonest nor unreasonable in our demands for economic re-

form, whether it be free silver, the single tax, direct legislation, proportional representation, or government ownership of natural monopolies. In proposing these reforms, the spirit of the West has been, "Come, let us reason together." The East in response has, as a rule, simply reiterated the dogmas brought in question, following this up by a course suggestive of the legal axiom, "No case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney." The East should take into account the fact that western people are, generally speaking, made more awake by their environment to the pressure of these problems and so have been led to give to economic questions more careful study than they receive in the East. It would hardly be stretching a point to instance the vote for Bryan in the last presidential election as the vote of those who were informed on the currency question and the vote against him as representing, in the main, a lack of information on the subject.

I do not wish to be understood as entering a special plea for the West against the East. My plea is for a better mutual understanding. In working out the grand destiny of the American spirit, East and West are essential each to the other. The fullest and most harmonious understanding and coöperation are required to bring out the best in both. It may be that, in some particulars, the West is quite as lacking in understanding and appreciation of the East as the East is of the West. Possibly there is a tendency to invidious comparison, in which the East is underrated and the West overrated. Western patriotism may be geographical and extensive, and Eastern patriotism historical and intensive. This at some stage of our national development is inevitable. As we go on, I look to see each of these tendencies modified by the other. We need more depth and stability in the West; more of the expanded vision of the plains and of the clear air of the mountains in the East. What is essential is that as Americans we should cordially share as a common heritage both Bunker Hill and Pike's Peak.

East and West are both moving forward in the mighty migration of the race which the opening of the twentieth century

will see accomplished—a migration circling the globe, gathering force and momentum in its course and big with promise for humanity's future. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way"—but it starts from the East and returns to the East. The discovery of America was but an incident in Columbus's search for a westward passage to the Indies. Other daring and hardy navigators, bent on the same quest, explored our coast north and south and blazed the way for conquest and colonization that changed the map of the world and profoundly affected the whole course of human history. Even down to our own day, the western exploration which has furnished many shining chapters in American annals had for its chief object the opening of a trade route to and from the Orient. The statue of Frémont in St. Louis represents "The Pathfinder" facing and pointing westward, while the inscription on the base explains, "THIS WAY LIES THE EAST." At the very time that cable communication was established between Europe and America, under the Atlantic, George Kennan was making his way through to Siberia by way of the Alaskan wilds and Behring's strait, surveying a line for an all-land telegraph from New York to Moscow. The success of the Atlantic cable caused the abandonment of that mission, but the journey probably suggested a subsequent visit to Siberia with results in the visitor's revelations of Muscovite ruthlessness that now bid fair to interfere seriously with Russia's plans in the East so far as they depend on American sympathy or Anglican isolation. And now the stars and stripes float from Manila at the very gates of the great empire of China—the land and the people who mean "the East" in the fullest sense of the phrase. East and West, the races have come together. An incident in a war for humanity makes America leader among the world powers, placing us in an arena in which nations are the contestants and the destiny of the race in the balance, at a crisis the most momentous in the history of the planet. This does not mean that the former field of our activity, circumscribed by our old territorial limits, is to be abandoned or neglected. It does mean that,

with expanded vision and expanded powers, we are to deal with affairs both at home and abroad from the higher standpoint of human welfare—to deal with each other not sectionally, but humanly—the national consciousness is to be developed into the racial consciousness. Those who imagine that with larger responsibilities and a broader field of action the nation will feel less keenly or discharge less effectively those duties that lie nearer home, seem to me shortsighted and inconsistent. Such opposition to “territorial expansion,” as the new policy is rather inadequately named, is of a piece with the opposition to the Revolution of 1776, to the union of the States in the Constitutional Convention, to the Louisiana purchase, to the acquisition of Texas and California, to the war for the Union, and to the enfranchisement of woman and the negro. Such opposition not merely expresses the timidity of conservatism; it also smacks of that narrow and rigid conception of the vital purpose and powers of our American democracy that has ever marked the “Bourbon.” And the “bourbonism” of Massachusetts Republicans to-day is as moss-backed as that of the Virginia Democrats in ’61. Provincialism is ever a foe to progress, the fostering mother of just the sort of feeling which set North and South at each other’s throats a generation ago, and which has come perilously near provoking bad blood between East and West. And the only cure for provincialism is an intensification of the patriotism that means life and growth, which identifies the American name with the peace and good will among men made possible only through statesmanship based on the broadest recognition of human equality, and freedom in fraternal love. As a world power, we will be too great to be unjust to the weakest, either among our own citizens or among sister nations. The South will be shamed into showing fair play to the freedmen; the negroes will be dignified into a sense of responsibility, the East will divest itself of its arrogance toward the West, and the West will tone down its brashness into the more serene and certain demeanor becoming the character of a country whose greatness is not merely self-asserted,

but assured by the world's recognition. To sum up, this expansion of the American "sphere of influence" and of action means growth all over. There is no rational reform that will not be immensely helped and quickened by it; there is no iniquity which it will not tend to extinguish. Not for America alone, but in every land under the sun, American expansion must bring the dawn of freedom, the end of oppression—an impulse mighty and irresistible towards the enthronement of exact and equal justice to all men as the rule of conduct both between man and man and between nation and nation.

Though we break our fathers' promise we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God!

* * * * *

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps the electric thrill.

COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON.

JAPAN AS A POWER IN THE PACIFIC.

BY C. PFOUNDEN.

THE successful career of the Japanese has taken the world by surprise, and Occidental statesmen have been aroused to an appreciation of the fact that a power has risen in the Pacific arena which must be reckoned with in future. It is the unexpected that happens, to those only who are uninformed and unprepared. There are a few who had observed recent developments and were therefore in a position to foresee the coming struggle; but their warning has been unheeded amidst the clamor of more immediate interests. Now that the victories of the Japanese army and navy have been followed by many triumphs in diplomacy, a rude awakening has come; the peoples of the Occident are face to face with a powerful Oriental competitor in the arts of war, diplomacy, industry, and commerce.

After experience with Europeans for a little more than half a century, the Japanese closed their country, cutting off intercourse with the outer world from the beginning of the seventeenth century; and they rigorously maintained their isolation for two hundred and fifty years. This heroic measure—it may be considered by some as a desperate expedient—was resorted to in order to preserve internal peace and to preclude the possibility of a continuance of foreign interference.

Suspensions of threatening dangers were aroused by the Spanish claims to supremacy, especially after 1580, when the Portuguese possessions were seized. The Roman pontiff, the Spanish king, and the Church were placed before the converts in an exalted light, to the detriment of the prestige of the mikado; of the chief of the feudal system, the shogun, of the indigenous cults and of Buddhism. Loyalty, patriotism, and religious prejudices were excited to antagonism, and

the conduct of the propagandists, together with the converts participating in armed resistance to the authorities, culminated in expulsion, in persecution, and in martyrdom.

The continued turmoil between Europeans, who carried their quarrels to the Far East, confirmed the Japanese in their policy of exclusion; they would not entertain any overtures, refusing even to communicate with those who endeavored to restore shipwrecked Japanese to their homes. At Nagasaki, the Hollanders were permitted a trading station, under arbitrary restrictions, and that was the only channel of communication with the outer world.

During the early years of the present century, whalers and a few trading vessels commenced to frequent the Pacific; the majority sailing under the American flag, many hailing from New Bedford, Mass. Honolulu was the central rendezvous in the then inhospitable waste of waters. There were few ports where ships in distress or shipwrecked seafarers could find a welcome and relief.

The influx of gold-seekers and other fortune-hunters to California, after 1848, caused a speedy and enormous increase of the ships in the Pacific Ocean, and steamers also appeared on the coasts.

The long-debated question of Japan's isolated and inhospitable policy became urgent; the interests of the United States were now paramount, and with the sympathy of England, Russia, and other nations, America took the lead by despatching an expedition commanded by Commodore Perry, who would not take a refusal.

The executive at Yedo (now Tokyo)—the defunct Shogunate*—conscious of the impossibility of longer refusing to communicate with foreigners, temporized, and the thin edge of the opening wedge was inserted. The Americans demanded further concessions; the British and the French followed, supported by their fleets; and treaties were exacted, a

*Called Tycoon in consequence of Chinese interpreters employed at the time using the word as a title of respect.

few ports being opened to ships, residence, and trade, under restrictions.

Certain of the provincial magnates, chiefs of the great clans, opposed the action of the Tokugawa Shogunate executive, and a decade of turmoil ensued, culminating in the collapse of feudalism and the restoration of the mikado to the executive power.

After a brief transition period, the executive accepted the position, as regards foreign intercourse, and it was resolved to abandon mediæval outward forms, and place Japanese affairs on the same level as those of the most highly civilized foreign countries. Every branch of the public administration, including education, was speedily reorganized. The army, navy, police, mail and transport service, public offices, and private houses, food, clothing, and other matters were gradually changed to conform with foreign models. Many foreigners were employed; and the Japanese, ever eager to travel abroad, obtained permission to do so, the government assisting promising selected students.

Notwithstanding that a conservative reaction has set in, the Japanese have made wonderful progress in their adoption of foreign ideas and methods. A constitutional form of government has been adopted, with a House of Representatives elected by a limited constituency, the franchise being given to only a small percentage of the population. Provincial Assemblies have also been established, and civil and criminal codes, revised on the model of those of France, have been introduced. The army, recruited by conscription from amongst all classes, has been clothed, fed, and drilled according to the latest approved European methods, and is being steadily augmented. The navy, organized with the assistance of British and other foreign naval officers, has been increased as rapidly as the finances permitted. Dockyards and arsenals have been established, where the largest ships afloat can be docked and all repairs effected.

A mercantile marine has been created, in the first instance

by the purchase of steamers that were offered at very cheap prices by foreign owners who wished to get the older vessels off their hands, new and economical ships and machinery coming forward. Recently, steamers, some of them of large size, have been built to the order of the Japanese; and in 1897 there were 570 steamers of 363,223 tons, and 165 sailing vessels of 27,111 tons; also a very large number of small steam-launches and other craft, for the inland waters and the coast, besides innumerable native vessels of old-fashioned model.

Telegraph lines cross the islands in every direction. Telephones are in use in the chief towns. Electric lighting is being introduced generally. There are electric and other trams. Over 3,000 miles of railways are in operation. Machinery of every kind has been introduced by the government and by private enterprise.

The large amount of money going out of the country annually alarmed the economists and patriots, and strenuous efforts have been made to make in Japan everything needed in the country. Success has encouraged the hope that manufacture for export may become a source of national wealth in the near future.

All these radical changes and astonishing developments have been within the past three decades. Those who wore two swords—the privileged clansmen—are still in their prime, and a very strong undercurrent of the traditional conservatism still survives. Those who have had experience of foreigners and have been abroad, do not as a rule venture to express themselves too enthusiastically when amongst their compatriots, the attitude of the captious critic being general.

The population of the islands is so rapidly increasing that the rice and other annual food crops are insufficient, and attention has been directed to other promising fields. Korea has been from ancient times a coveted region. Tradition relates a successful invasion in 200 A. D., and there has been frequent intercourse. Another Japanese warlike expedition was sent there during the latter part of the sixteenth century;

but after a series of victories it was hastily withdrawn in consequence of troubles at home. The Koreans were coerced into following the example of Japan, and treaties were made with Japan and other nations. The Japanese introduced their troops and police into Korea, and for many years there was a strong party in Japan that wished to reduce the peninsula to subjection, first severing the link that bound it to China. It has been feared that Russia would step in; and as the completion of the long-projected trans-Siberian railway would strengthen Russia on the Pacific, prompt measures have been advocated. It is stated that the so-called Satsuma rebellion was precipitated by disputes connected with these projects.

The savage semi-independent tribes of Formosa having killed several shipwrecked islanders, Japanese subjects, and the Chinese officials failing to punish them, the Japanese sent an expedition to the southern part of the island and attacked the natives, following them into the hills. The Japanese had learned some lessons from the action of foreign governments, of which they had experience in the past.

The inevitable struggle with China had been long contemplated by the Japanese, who had sent trusty compatriots to explore the continent for many years beforehand. The incidents leading up to the late war are now history; but it may be interesting to note that there were many Japanese who expressed their belief "that the country was allowed to drift into the conflict intentionally, so as to divert politicians from home affairs," as there was a deadlock amongst the rival factions at the time.

The Japanese, with a promptitude and efficiency that evoked much laudatory comment, concentrated, embarked, and transported their troops and material of war to the continent, and their progress was triumphant. "On to Peking" was the popular demand; and when the representatives of the several foreign powers attempted to intervene, in the hopes of bringing the struggle to a speedy conclusion, the overtures were repulsed without ceremony. The Chinese, at the same time,

being, with characteristic arrogance, slow to accept the fact of defeat, were unwilling to sue for peace, trusting that something would occur in their favor, such as foreign intervention or sickness amongst the Japanese troops. It was hoped also to exhaust the resources of the Japanese. The "Grand Old Man" of China—though wounded in the face by a bullet fired at him by a would-be assassin, a young Japanese ruffian—discussed the terms of the treaty with the leading statesmen of Japan, the Marquis Ito, the premier, the framer of the constitution, and the future "Grand Old Man" of Japan, taking the lead.

Korea was created an independent state, vassalage to China ceasing; Formosa became Japanese territory; the Japanese were to retain the Liau-tung peninsula and the ships captured; a large indemnity was to be promptly paid; and the Japanese were to remain in possession of Wei-hai-wei until the money was handed over. Then Russia, securing the support of Germany and France, intervened; Japan must evacuate the peninsula. The Japanese, elated by their successes, were infuriated, many were disappointed by the treaty of peace cutting short the career of conquest that appeared to open out before them. The reckless irresponsibles would, if they could, have plunged the nation into a war with the powers intervening. Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed.

Popular sentiment was astutely availed of by those interested in militarism to obtain sanction for a programme of expansion of the army and navy commensurate with the position which had been gained by the nation, and such as would secure freedom from coercion by any power or probable combination of powers in future. The indemnity was the "inexhaustible purse" to furnish the purchase money for ships, armament, and material. The Japanese navy, already formidable, was increased by the ships adroitly captured from the Chinese, and orders were placed in Europe and America for a number of the fastest and most heavily armed vessels that could be constructed. The majority of these have al-

ready arrived in Japan. A number of regiments are being added to the army, and the arsenals, gun factories, and workshops are all busy.

The large fleet of merchant steamers being inadequate, although many foreign vessels were chartered to replace the Japanese vessels taken over by the government, more than fifty large steamers and some smaller vessels were purchased as transports. Orders were sent abroad to build a number of steamers of large size, and subsidies were to be granted to those fulfilling certain requirements. Most of the new large vessels have now arrived, materially increasing the tonnage given for last year.

At the conclusion of the war employment had to be found for the large number of vessels which the government had acquired; and there are now vessels under the Japanese flag leaving Japanese ports for Europe and way ports fortnightly; for Seattle, monthly; for San Francisco, a regular line of large vessels specially built to commence shortly; for Australasia, monthly; for Bombay, monthly; and for Hongkong, Shanghai, Vladivostock, Tientsin, Newchwang, Formosa, and ports in Yezo, at short intervals. There are also frequent departures from all coast points, calling at intermediate ports; in addition to the mail-contract steamers. Competition with foreign mail and other lines is keen, and as a large subsidy is obtained, the vessels are kept running irrespective of freight or passenger earnings. Although the Japanese have some advantages, and use all their influence to obtain cargoes, in competition they fall behind in despatch; and there are other reasons that weigh with foreign shippers. Heavy losses are reported on working expenses, and there are frequent shipwrecks.

The long-pending treaty revision has been achieved by the Japanese, and in August, 1899, their hearts' desire will be consummated, and the treaties forced upon the defunct Shogunate will lapse. Extra-territoriality, which has been so galling to the Japanese, will cease, and all aliens will be under Japanese jurisdiction thereafter.

Post-bellum finance has been a troublesome question, notwithstanding the receipt of the indemnity, and a desperate expedient was resorted to in the adoption of the gold standard. Japan has since been placed at a disadvantage with silver countries, such as China and India, and many industries have been disastrously affected.

Formosa has proved troublesome and costly, the Chinese on the mainland, across the narrow straits, inciting and assisting the turbulent and lawless element in resisting their new masters. The Japanese were not at first very conciliatory, and the officials were irritatingly meddlesome and officious, but experience has brought about some improvement.

In Korea the deplorable incident of the assassination of the Queen Dowager, in which Japanese were proved to have been implicated, was followed by a period of Russian dominancy.

Germany appeared at Kyau-chau and, as some think, precipitated the climax. The Japanese needed money, and the payment of the balance of the indemnity was falling due. To have expressed any desire to remain at Wei-hai-wei might have encouraged the Chinese to postpone payment, and the Japanese remained silent; they had therefore no claim to the Shantung peninsula. The usual formal protests were made, but the Germans had made up their minds to settle permanently.

The Russians then appeared at Port Arthur, and from the very first it was evident that they were to stay. An ice-free terminus on the coast for the trans-Siberian railway was absolutely necessary, and it was essential to be able to defend so important a strategic point. The protests of England and of Japan were futile. The Japanese people were indignant at being thus supplanted, but the storm passed over; they had become inured to Russian intrigue, and finances at home did not permit of their rushing into war.

Wei-hai-wei without the back country would have been costly and unproductive to the Japanese. England stepped into the place as soon as the Japanese evacuated it. Even the

Japanese laugh at England for having being outwitted by Russia.

The war over, and the heroes returned, fêted, and made a fuss over, the people began to tire of the fireworks, flags, and demonstrations under official tutelage. Then the cost was reckoned up. Necessaries of life had advanced in price to nearly double the rates of *ante-bellum* days; incomes were not increased in the case of the majority, a few skilled trades only receiving advances equivalent to the enhanced cost of living. The efforts of the partisan demagogues and irresponsible scribblers to create popular excitement failed, although there were some noisy demonstrations, and changes in the personnel of the cabinet took place.

Post-bellum expanded aspirations had induced speculation, but many enterprises that promised well have not justified the hopes of those who invested in them.

The promoters of almost every enterprise seek material aid from the public treasury in the initial stages and when in difficulties. Subsidies have been granted, and the enormous increase of expenditure has necessitated additional taxation. Now the landed interests are refusing to share in the burden, causing the dissolution of the House of Representatives—only recently elected—and the resignation of the cabinet of veterans.

Japanese aspirations are being thwarted. Russia monopolizes the northeastern region of Asia, and means to have Korea eventually. Germany, England, and France have acquired preëemptive rights to the south. Now America's annexation of Hawaii has been precipitated by the war with Spain, and Japan's chances in the other islands of the Pacific have been reduced to the minimum.

The shadow of the Colossus of the North haunts the Japanese, and they feel their isolation. Proposals for alliance with one of the great powers have been advocated; with England by preference, as against Russia; and if the United States could be included, so much the better. The Japanese have entered into competition with the great powers in bidding for

the mentorship of the Chinese, and an imperial prince, who is also president of the House of Peers, has publicly expressed an opinion that has been very popular, "that an alliance with the Chinese, to resist the aggression of the Occidental races, is the only hope of the Asiatics."

Expansion being checked in every direction, and emigration being considered inadequate as a relief to future congestion of population, the Japanese are now face to face with many serious problems. The resources of the country are being severely taxed at present, and the potentialities of the future, though undoubtedly great, are seriously embarrassed by the lack of cheap capital. How long the present pace can be maintained depends upon the willingness of the people to be taxed and to consent to measures that will attract foreign capital at low rates of interest. As an industrial and commercial people the Japanese have shown that they are possessed of much ability; but in competition with the Occident there are some vital points regarding which experience will have to be gained at no little cost, judging from the past.

The possession of a powerful fleet, a large army, and numerous transports by a nation in which the military spirit is predominant, and in which loyalty, patriotism, and attachment to the land and its traditions form a strong bond of union, places triumphant Japan in the front rank amongst the peoples of Asia. In the Far East the Japanese have assumed the leadership. They now consider that they are entitled to claim a hearing in the councils of the nations on an equality with the powers of the Occident, and they demand that they shall be consulted in all matters affecting the extreme Orient. They are prepared to exact a share in all advantages acquired by other nations, or equivalents, and they are perfectly conscious of their ability to extend their influence and to enforce their rights.

A new era is being inaugurated in the Pacific arena. The United States is extending its responsibilities by annexing islands; Russia, when the trans-Siberian railway is completed, will take a foremost place; Germany has entered

the arena; and other powers are vigilant, awaiting their opportunity. The completion of a canal across Central America will cause further changes; Australasia, New Zealand, British Columbia, and other colonies of the Anglo-Saxon races are growing; the Pacific Coast States of the Americas have a great future before them; the various groups of Pacific islands are rising to importance; and the Chinese are being coerced, by influences within and without, to mend their ways and awake from their lethargic obstructiveness.

Japan has become a factor which must henceforth be recognized as a powerful though not necessarily controlling influence in the future of the Pacific.

KOME, JAPAN.

CHILDREN OF THE SEA.

BY WILLIAM J. ROE.

Greater grows the world and wiser for the blood that she has
spilt,

And the land of freedom reckons with the arms that dare im-
pede;

Stands the mailed civilizer, with one hand upon the hilt,

And the other gently beckons to the lowly she has freed.

There are glories more enduring, greatness greater than the past,

When the flood of conquest falling shall have left the lowlands
free,

When for aye, old evils curing, shall the seed of good be cast;—

Hear the new archangel calling to the children of the sea.

Steadfast stand the States United, shrill the fife and loud the
drum,

And the starry banners flaunting float along the seried lines;

For the wrongs our arms have righted hear old Cuba cry, "We
come,"

And Puerto Rico chanting answers to the Philippines.

Greet the greater nation blended with a new triumphal song,

And for Reason's reign undying gather in the states to be;

For a conquest swift and splendid over nature rude and wrong,

Hear the new Archangel crying to the children of the sea.

THE PATRIOT:
A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY HULBEET FULLER, M. D.

I.

"ANNIE, I'm going to enlist."
"Oh, Harold!"

Her reply was gasped half audibly, but it arrested him, probably as no other protest would have done. He turned away from the window, whence he had been looking moodily out on the now well-nigh deserted street, where a volunteer company had just passed, sweeping it clear of idlers in its splendid parade. Every otherwise unemployed being had followed after the procession to see it embark at the station on its way to Chickamauga.

"Well," he urged hopelessly, turning towards her where she sat nursing the child, "what else am I to do, Annie? You know we can't go on in this way."

Annie made no reply, but rocked slowly back and forth, humming a monotonous lullaby. She had attempted to solve that conundrum many times for a year past, but she had given it up. She confessed she did not know. At any rate she refused to think of it, if possible, any more. It did no good to worry incessantly; and, at the worst, perhaps God would take care of them.

"Only, don't go away, Harold," she pleaded; "don't leave me. Anything but that! See, isn't the baby pretty when he sleeps?"

A ray of sunshine fell athwart the upturned face of the child, so tiny, so sweet, all pink and pearl, like a shell at sunrise.

"Sh—h! don't look at him so. You will wake him," she warned.

Kneeling silently, he kissed the child, then Annie's lips,

tiptoed across the room, where he found his hat, and passed out.

He was out of work; he had been out of work for a year. Perhaps, though, now that so many clerks had gone off to the war he might be able to find a position at something—it didn't matter much what. His training had been in the jewelry line heretofore. He had entered a store on first leaving school ten years before, and had stayed with the firm as salesman until the business was eventually absorbed by a large department store. Only the stock had been absorbed, however; not the salesmen. The industrial world, unfortunately, took no annual inventory of its clerks left over, as it did of its other stocks and commodities.

"Can you give me a position to-day, sir?" he asked, entering the first large store he came to, and seeking the general manager.

"Oh, no; my gracious, no! Why, haven't you read in the papers how many of our men we have just let go on half-pay on account of the war?"

"Yes, sir, I know that," Harold answered courteously; "but I thought that would be just the reason why you might need some new men. I am sorry to have troubled you, sir. Good-morning," and he backed towards the door.

The general manager dropped his daily paper, obviously struck with the reply. "Why, of course," he admitted; "I never thought of that, though I see now why you called. The fact is, I suppose, we become so absorbed here in our own plans and necessities that we never pause to consider how the world outside regards us. Hal ha! I see now. They think that we deserve to be called philanthropists for letting fifty or more of our men go away to the war on half-pay, do they? when the plain truth is that we would rather they should go than not. We don't need them, you know, and yet we haven't the heart to discharge them altogether. See?"

Harold saw; he was gratified, moreover, at this somewhat unusual frankness and generosity on the part of a great firm. "I should like to work here," he added, hungrily.

"Well, I'll take your name," said the manager. "We shan't need any more men this summer; though you may drop in again along about the holidays, if you please."

Harold thanked him and went out. It was the middle of May; he knew it would be impossible for him to wait until the holidays for employment. Accordingly he continued the rounds; the same old circuit that he had haunted day after day, week after week, in search of that miracle of modern industrialism, a job. In one place he might have obtained employment as a bookkeeper, but they naturally refused to try a man without experience. And so in other places, where, if he had only had experience in various lines other than his own, the result might have been more to his advantage; at least such tantalizing possibilities crowded his mind and refused to be satisfied. As if, had the jewelry salesman only been a drug clerk, or the drug clerk a doctor, the doctor a lawyer, the lawyer a preacher, the preacher a pope, and if the bass singer could only sing tenor,—and the tenor bass,—then all of them might have found jobs in this absurd, unregulated world of ours.

Homeward he turned wearily, as the sun mounted high in the south. In the downtown district the great store and office buildings had been ablaze with bunting; and now, as he walked on, past the granite mansions of the millionaires living along the boulevard, and into the humbler streets of brick flats and frame cottages, the windows of all alike were draped with flags and banners symbolic of national union, of national love, and a Christian hand to the helpless. More of the joy and gladness of some gala day than of war was the city's marvellous face; youthful and quiet, self-contained, and yet so full of the consciousness of power withal. A maiden passed him on the street, a bit of jasmine in her hair and a huge stem of lingering lilac in either hand. She just glanced at him, and smiled. "Poor fellow! why need he look so sad?" she wondered. "Isn't the day bright and balmy? isn't God good to us? and isn't ours the most glorious country on earth?"

The challenge beamed from her eyes; he read it plainly.

But somehow he didn't feel very patriotic. He didn't seem to possess any palpable share in this gayly decorated world, where the barest chance to work and to live had been so persistently denied him.

II.

"Bah! I don't believe a word of it, Stafford. You don't believe it yourself, I swear! You're talking through your hat!"

Lieutenant Stafford smiled, but removed the offending hat, the which, after all, was only a fatigue cap, and obviously couldn't have been a very pleasant thing to talk through.

"My dear fellow," said he, "your refutation does you credit, although it strikes me that I have heard the same convincing argument before. It is a trifle threadbare. See? I have answered it—as it merits." He laid the cap on the table, whistling a fragment of "I cannot sing the old songs" very softly, *con amore*.

The other continued to pace the floor, twisting his mustache nervously. His mind had received a shock; it had come in the shape of an idea; and clearly it offended him. There are some minds that abhor an idea worse than they do a vacuum. Lieutenant Jones's was of this order. He was an excellent soldier.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Stafford! just drop awhile on that idiotic old tune, can't you?"

Stafford looked up innocently. "Why, Jones," he expostulated, "I thought that tune would just suit you. It's conservative, you know—nothing dangerous or revolutionary about it; contains no new idea. But I see how it is; you do confess, after all, to being a trifle radical about your music. Doubtless you prefer Sousa." And again he whistled.

"Oh, no; never mind! The devil! But what I do say is this, Stafford, that if I thought any of these men who have come in here to-day to enlist have done so out of gaunt despair and necessity, why, then, I'd throw up my commission in disgust. That's what I should do! Do you hear?"

Stafford nodded. "Very romantic in you, Jones, I'm sure. And what next?"

"What next?"

"Of course. You have no sugar stock, I believe, and no rich uncle about to die. It's said to be rather a tough world for the good, the beautiful, and the poor in purse, my dear fellow. But I suppose you would fall on your sword, like Saul, and have it over with at once."

"Nonsense! I'd do nothing of the sort. I'd get a job!"

Stafford looked at him doubtfully. "You might teach school, perhaps," he admitted, "or drive a cab."

"Pshaw! I'd be a man, I tell you. I should go in for business, and beat the world at its own game. There's no reason in one's being out of work when one really seeks it."

Stafford said nothing, but sat there musing soberly for a space, while Jones continued to stride up and down, pausing anon at the window to glance up the street and see whether any more recruits were in sight. It had been a light day for enlistments. Finally Stafford replied:

"Well, Jones, I honestly wish that something might happen to you that would demonstrate your ignorance. Now, if you could lose your position in the army for awhile and be forced to seek work like other men, the experience would do you all sorts of good. It would be a liberal education to you."

"Bah! I say it's all a matter of temperament, Stafford," Jones retorted. "You're one of those gloomy fellows, you know; a pessimist; always seeing the worst side of things. Why, seriously now, do you think that I couldn't make a living if I were out of the army?"

It was an ominous query, nor was the answer reassuring. "My dear fellow," said Stafford slowly, "if you had been out of the ranks for awhile and had been travelling with me you would have seen some things to astonish you. You are eternally forgetting, Jones, that you have been fed and groomed and generally taken care of by the government ever since the day you entered West Point. Consequently, I say, you are as ignorant as a babe of the manifold economic uncertainties that

beset the civilian. You say you could find a job. Well, I should like to see you do it. I should like to see the position that you could fill any better than any one of these millions of men who are now out of employment and unable to get it. Oh, yes, I know you declare that you have never seen anything to warrant such talk; you have never even noticed that the army invariably fills up after a big strike; and because the poor devils never tell you that they have joined the army because they could find no work, you assume that it is not true. But *I* know it is true. Moreover, it's a condition of things that society must take note of, or else perish—perish like the Romans—do you hear?"

Jones heard, but, still unconvinced, he unbuttoned his jacket and drew out his purse. "Come now, Stafford, I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. "Theories may be all very well, but proof is quite another matter. Now I'll bet you ten dollars that—"

Footsteps were heard in the hall below, pausing a moment, then slowly mounting the stairs. "Hist! it sounds like the colonel," said Stafford. "Hurry up, Jones; get your coat buttoned up. But I'll take your bet, old man!"

III.

When the second call for volunteers came it found Harold still out of employment. Thousands of men had been drawn from the city in the first call, yet there were plainly more than enough left behind to carry on all the business. Moreover, the newspapers everywhere asserted that business was growing better, and that war was manifestly one of the best things for business that was ever known, as though to prove that all tendencies which made for waste and destruction were beneficent, while those whose function it is to lessen waste were necessarily evil—such, for instance, as new and improved machinery. So that oftentimes, whilst vainly walking the streets in search of that job he could never find, he would catch himself asking why it was that, if war was such a blessing to society, we

could not have war all the time, so as to enjoy a continual round of prosperity.

"Two standing armies, Annie," he observed one afternoon while they were sitting on the porch, "one on the Pacific coast, and the other on the Atlantic, and fighting hard all the time, against the Spanish preferably, or else against each other, ought to make us all rich after awhile; don't you think so?"

She laughed. "You know, Harold, you wouldn't feel and think in that way if you were only at work. I think, too, it's the books you've been reading. They make one so discontented. I wish you would stop it."

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is, somewhat," he confessed. "You see, when a man is at work he doesn't have time to read and reflect half as much as he should, and then, afterwards, when he is out of work and can't find it, it only adds to his misery. What a deep-laid conspiracy it all is! Why, when I first went to work, Annie, I could find a position anywhere; so could every man. We didn't have so much machinery in those days, not even a department store. And yet all these things, all these improvements, that should make it easier for mankind to live and be happy, only seem to make it harder for most of us to live at all."

Annie kept on with her sewing. "Don't you think, Harold, if you should go right straight to the head of some of these large firms that they would listen to you and give you some kind of work?"

"They are very difficult to get at, Annie," he objected.

"But you know they are generous men, most of them," she urged; "almost every day they give something to churches and charitable institutions. I'm sure they would give a man a job whether they needed him or not—if they only knew."

But he was doubtful. "You think, then, Annie, that some of these great merchants don't know about these men out of work, do you?"

"Why, yes," she returned, "I really think they don't know, they are so busy."

He whistled a moment softly, then answered: "Well,

Annie, I hope you are right; it certainly isn't pleasant to think that they know, these rich merchants who own their sweat-shops by the dozen here in this city, taking the last penny from their slaves with one hand in order that they may give to charity with the other. They may say, of course, that the exigencies of business demand it; but it seems to me it would look better for them to stop giving so much to church and charity and university, and to pay their clerks and workers a little better."

"You think, then," she asked timidly, "that they have no heart; that they wouldn't listen to you if you should ask them for work?"

He made no reply for a space; he did not want to take away this last hope, and she looked at him so appealingly, with such a loving depth of pathos in her deep-blue eyes.

He arose, walked over to where she sat, and kissed her. "They might listen," he admitted, "possibly, if they could see you, Annie dear."

"But they can, Harold," she cried, clapping her hands. "I am going with you. Hush! Oh dear! I woke the baby."

"Never mind," he protested; "to-morrow will do just as well, you know."

She pouted. "Really, Harold, I don't think you have much confidence. It seems to me we ought to go right away. It's early yet, and it's such a lovely day. I feel it in me that we shall find something. There!"—she placed her hands on his shoulders—"just you turn round a moment. Do you see the new moon over your right shoulder?"

He saw it, the pale white crescent hanging midway to the zenith in the southwest. For more than a dozen returns had he noted it since he had been out of work as it followed its destined path, serene, majestic, with no change or deviation save the strictly mathematical to mar its course. How different it all was out there in the far blue oceans of space, where no body, no matter how tiny or insignificant it might be, could ever be lost, thrust out, or cease to do its work without causing a sensible readjustment of the remotest units of all

creation! While here on this broad earth—O God! it was maddening to a mortal to see with that divine assurance that great orb held its way, that thing without life or intelligence!

"You think it will bring good luck?" he asked, incredulously.

Oh, yes; she was sure of it. "When you see it in just that way, you know, over your right shoulder."

He laughed aloud. "All right," he agreed; "we'll try it, Annie. Can you leave the baby next door? Well, we'll go right away."

A thought struck her. "Why not take the baby, too?" she asked. "Surely it would do no harm, and he's not very heavy to carry."

"Oh, no; I wouldn't do that," he objected, with sudden conservatism. "It wouldn't be right."

"But why not?" she persisted.

"Well, it's unusual, you know. Besides, business men don't like to have sentiment mixed up with business."

"Oh!" She was only surprised, not convinced.

"Yes, that's right," he maintained firmly. "Go and put your things on, Annie."

"Pshaw, Harold! Don't be silly," she rallied. "You know the baby isn't sentiment. Anyway, we'll take him."

IV.

It was nearing sunset on this same afternoon that Harold, again unsuccessful in his search for work, placed his wife and baby on the street car with a "Good-by, I'll be home in a little while," and inquired his way to the nearest recruiting station. The tall policeman on the corner told him where to go, and he hastened on. There was really no use in his avoiding this one available resource any longer; it was the finger of Fate possibly; none could tell what good might come of it, and as for ill—well, nothing could be any worse than at present. There are times when merely to exist, without action, without hope, becomes a curse compared to which any plunge is preferable. He felt it now.

And yet within the building at the foot of the stairs he paused. He remembered his wife and child. Was it fair to them to do this thing? Even now he saw the parting; tasted the anguish of telling her that he must go, that he could do nothing else. For there was no help for it; he had less than five dollars left, and he was resolved to borrow no more money. He ascended the stairs.

In the room at the head of the stairs an officer was hurriedly buttoning his fatigue jacket; another sat at a desk, facing him, looking very stern, though he appeared at first to be a trifle surprised, causing Harold to wonder whether he had called too late.

"Well, sir, have you come to enlist?" asked the stern officer.

Harold hesitated a moment, then answered: "Yes, sir, I want to enlist, if you can make it possible for me."

The officer glanced at him carelessly. "Oh, there won't be any trouble about that," said he. "You seem to be a pretty solid sort of a fellow—five feet, ten; one hundred and seventy pounds. Married or single?"

"Married," Harold answered. "But wait a moment, please; I want to explain. I wish to ask first if you ever pay wages in advance?"

The officer dropped his pen, scanning him swiftly. "Why, no, of course not," he replied. "It's not the custom. You'll get your pay every month."

"Oh!"

If he had not been so self-centred he might have seen the officer close one eye a moment and stare at his brother officer.

"I'm sorry," he added finally, "but I don't think I can join, then."

"Oh, now, that's too bad," said the officer. "You'd make a fine man for the army. What's the reason you hesitate? Don't you love your flag well enough to fight for it?"

Harold started. He was half ashamed that he had not even thought of that. "The flag," he stammered honestly, "has nothing at all to do with it. It's the money."

Whereat the other officer spoke up. "Why, man alive!

you're crazy! Don't you know it's only thirteen dollars a month?"

Harold nodded. "That includes board, doesn't it?" he asked furtively.

"Board?" cried the officer. "Oh, yes, I should say it did—board and lodging! Thirteen dollars a month and found. Now, do you mean to say, a man like you, that you can't make more than that right here at home?"

He shook his head. "If I could," said he frankly, "I shouldn't have called to enlist. However, I can't think of that now, if there will be no wages for a whole month. I'm sorry I troubled you, sir." He backed towards the door.

The man at the desk rose from his chair suddenly. "Here, wait a moment," he cried; "we'll fix you up all right." And feeling in his pocket he counted out three silver dollars on the desk. "I say now, Jones," he called out to his fellow officer, "don't you think this will be a good time for you to pay that bet? Put your ten dollars right here and we will advance him a month's wages. See?"

Jones unbuttoned his coat slowly, and drew out his purse.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said he. "It's as bad as Spain."

V.

"Don't go, Harold; don't go!"

He attempted no reply, merely held her in his arms till her first grief should have passed. He knew that anything he might say would be futile and, as he felt, false. When he had been a boy in school his imagination had been wont to body forth this scene quite differently; at such a time he fancied that he would be very proud, and very brave, yet very tender. And even now some echo of that old sweet song of Lovelace's trembled on his ear:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

And it shamed him. Why could he not feel like that? Why should he alone be so base, so ignoble, as to go to the war for money?

"Don't, Annie," he urged softly; "there's no use in crying. You see, for all we know it may turn out to be the very best thing that could happen to us. Everyone knows the war can't last long, and every month I can send you money—not much, but enough to live on, which is a great deal better than being without work here in the city. And afterwards, perhaps, we won't be obliged to live here forever, depending on the chance to get a job. I may find a little home in the South, you know; just a little piece of land big enough for strawberries, and watermelons, and—well, everything we want."

He paused in some confusion. Ah me! how different it all was from that pretty song to Lucasta! It seemed so strange to be speaking of watermelons at such a time, and with never a voluntary syllable on honor, patriotism, or his flag!

And that evening, when she went with him to the station where the troops were to embark for Chickamauga, where men and women stood in throngs, shoulder to shoulder, while their cheers rent the air, he could say nothing, nothing. He stood apart with Annie; a few other little groups there were, where there was no cheering, where now and then there rose a sob, as of a woman crying, and of voices that whispered but could not comfort. But, directly, a splendid company filed past, magnificently costumed, with conquering roll and rhythm of martial music that echoed against the night. They came to a halt, went through the manual, and the cheers that followed as they paused at an "*Arms, rest!*" fairly swept the multitude off its feet. Harold cheered with the rest; he could not have helped it had he wanted to.

"Look, Annie!" he cried; "that's the company formed in the Leisure Hour Club. By Jove! aren't they fine? They've spent over fifty thousand already on equipment. Why, those miserable half-starved Spanish soldiers will fall down in terror at the mere sight of their uniforms. I'm glad they are part of our regiment, aren't you?"

She glanced up in his face, smiling timidly, but saying nothing; shivering slightly as his arm tightened round her.

"Are you cold, Annie dear?"

She shook her head. Her eyes were perilously bright, but she winked them very hard. Yet try as she would she could not quite control herself; to keep silence, holding her lips tight sealed, was a device that helped her for a while; but when the final command came, and the men were entering the cars all round her, the sobs fairly shook the words out of her in broken syllables, despite her every care:

"Harold, oh, Harold! No, I cannot bear it; it all seems so cruel, so wicked, so unjust. I—I'm sure I don't—want to—feel this way; but, oh—somehow, everything seems so different with you—than with these other men. We don't seem—to have any—any country, any home—worth fighting for."

He silenced her with kisses. "Hush, darling. You don't believe what you say."

"Oh, yes, I do," she protested impatiently, her indignation mounting swiftly to her support. "Listen, Harold; I have thought about it—so much—a long while, and it seems to me that any country that can't—can't provide work for all its people, you know, in times of peace, is a country that's scarcely worth fighting for—in times of war."

Other recruits were standing near; they heard her every word, tear-stained yet strenuous. Still others were crowding towards the cars.

A rifle fell to the platform, and when, through the mist before her, she again looked at Harold he was removing his knapsack.

"Oh, stop!" she gasped, "what are you doing?"

"Well, I'm not going," said he quickly.

"Oh, no, not that, Harold, not that," she cried. "I don't mean what I said—not quite. And, anyway,"—stooping and picking up his gun,—“it is never right to desert.”

"But, Annie," he protested though accepting his gun perforce, "you know it is all nonsense. Why, it seems worse than blasphemy for me to go to war! You know I have no patriotism."

"Oh, yes, you have, Harold," she insisted; "lots!" And she hastily adjusted his knapsack, smiling playfully the while.

"There! And, after all, Harold, when you stop to think of it, you know, patriotism perhaps doesn't consist in having lots of land and lots of money and so going to war to fight for one's selfish interests. No, the patriot is one who, having nothing, gives everything for a right cause—even his life. There, kiss me, Harold! and good-by."

They were standing almost alone, deserted; the crowd that had come to cheer and see the men embark had been pressed back beyond the railing. Three or four soldiers stood waiting to climb on at the rear of the last coach. An electric light overhead sputtered a moment, and the space where they stood became suddenly darkened.

He put his arms round her, and hugged her close.

"Annie, God bless you! Good-by."

She stood there waving her handkerchief to him as the train pulled out; still smiling; and once, at a motion he made, she laughed out loud, so joyously that the people who saw and heard her laughed too. And when at last she turned away there was a light in her eyes, a wonderful light, perhaps not so very unlike the light in Lucasta's eyes after all.

UNDER THE ROSE.

Talleyrand's cynical definition of gratitude as "a lively sense of favors to come," contains a suggestion of truth the very opposite of cynical in its larger, fuller acceptance. Genuine gratitude is the distinctive virtue of every great soul. It is the fruit of faith serene and certain, of a recognition of the good at the heart of all things. Accordingly it is creative and continuing. Rising far above the sycophancy satirized by the great Frenchman in the clever phrase which has passed into a proverb, it bases expectancy of future blessings on remembrance and recognition of past

favor. Such expectancy is entirely logical and reasonable. More than this, it produces the mental attitude essential to every realization of our hopes. "There's nothing good or ill, but thinking makes it so." For most of us it is well to have special times and seasons for thanksgiving. It is said that the grateful man does not depend on anniversaries for reminders of God's goodness, the thought of thankfulness being always with him. Yet, in our national "harvest home" festival, do we not rejoice in thought of "the dangers we have passed" as well as in prosperities achieved? It is surely well to so ground ourselves in faith in God that we may be perpetually thankful—and not more thankful for the things that make life easy and pleasant than for the occasions and opportunities that make life difficult and glorious. In this festival of ours the Puritan preserved the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; he relaxed the asceticism of the sectary and for the time became a natural man—going back to the humanness of the old Greek nature-worship. The natural man's natural thankfulness is best expressed in enjoyment of the good things of life, rather than in psalm singing and set prayers, or other formal ceremonial. The pleasant glow of anticipation caused in the healthy man by the fragrance of roast turkey and pumpkin pie; the amicable sociability of congenial spirits circled around the festive board, and the gladness stimulated and put in circulation through even the hard, dark, and cold places of the world by the enjoyment of good cheer—all this is truly religious, genuine giving of thanks, prayer for daily bread sure to be answered. When we realize that "it is good to be alive," we are already grateful; no length of "grace," before or after meat, accompanied by lack of enjoyment of our meat, will assure digestion and assimilation, or cure dyspepsia. Let us be thankful for everything—one day as much as another—and for toil and trial as much as for ease and triumph. The one sure way to have more to be thankful for is to appreciate to the utmost what we already have.

**THE
ELECTIONS.**

Why should we allow the victor of the moment to monopolize the rejoicing? Taken altogether, the results of the recent elections indicate the relegation of the silver issue to the rear. With a Republican Senate assured for the next four years, the passage of a free-coinage bill during that time is made impossible and the whole question placed for the time being outside of practical politics. "No question is ever settled until it is settled right," and the assumption by those with whom the wish is father to the thought that "free silver has received its death blow," is possibly premature. A gain in Congressional representation for the Massachusetts Democrats on a platform emphatically indorsing the free-silver plank of the Chicago platform, a loss of several Congressmen to the Democrats in New York on a platform evading that issue, and the success of the fusion ticket in Colorado by the handsome majority of 50,000, despite the defection of a strong faction of the silver Republicans and the open and lavish use of a considerable corruption fund in the interest of the administration wing represented by Senator Wolcott, are straws of some significance in this connection. It is plain that the currency question has yet to be settled. Thinking men on both sides fully realize that the instability of the present system, which has caused so much distress and disaster in the past, must remain an element of danger until that system is reformed on a permanent basis. It is felt by many, however, that instead of being committed to the chances of party success, either at the polls or in Congress, the question will find a natural and speedy settlement quite apart from political considerations. The logic of events, it is now openly recognized by leading Democrats like Senator Morgan of Alabama and by those Republican leaders in the inter-mountain country who followed Senator Teller into the Bryan camp, will decide the money question on a basis acceptable to both Republicans and Democrats; that is to say, as one unlooked for but most important result of the war with Spain, we have virtually incorporated into the Union countries and populations whose mone-

tary needs can be met only by a large increase in the silver coinage. To supply these needs it now seems inevitable that a bill will be introduced in the coming session of Congress, with the approval—if not at the instance—of the administration, for the free and unlimited coinage of the American product. While only a beginning, such a measure cannot fail to be warmly welcomed by those whose championship of free silver coinage has been, in a large measure, actuated by concern for the revival of an important, though by no means the most important, product of the Rocky Mountain country. International bimetallism, it has been very distinctly demonstrated, cannot be forced. The action of England and other countries in the matter must be based, in the nature of things, on what is now, rather than on what may be looked for in the future. When, through the largely increased use of silver as a money metal, which our colonial and Eastern trade will require, the market price of silver bullion has naturally responded to the increased demand and attained, or approximated, \$1.29 per ounce—as it surely will within the next year or two—there will be no serious opposition to an international agreement for the coinage of gold and silver on equal terms—at the ratio of 16 to 1—in all the mints of the civilized world. It is obvious, therefore, that those who sincerely believe that the emancipation of the producing classes is dependent upon the free coinage of silver and gold should welcome and espouse the destiny which is now carrying the country forward on a policy of "expansion." They should not be deceived by that element of opposition to the present policy of the administration which seeks to raise the bugaboo of "Imperialism." "Trade follows the flag" is in this case a truism. In the very nature of things, the raising of the American flag in Manila, as in Cuba and Porto Rico, means far more than any territorial conquest; it means far more than the domination of a strong nation over weaker nations; it means the extension of all that the American principle stands for—the extension and exaltation of liberty, justice, and brotherhood among men. What is more, it

means business; business that shall inure to the constantly increasing profit of both buyer and seller; business that shall call forth in ever greater and greater degree the genius, enterprise, and energy of man. Falling heir to the neglected and abused colonial heritage of Spain, we shall better our inheritance by utilizing it in the spirit of the twentieth century, rather than that of the fifteenth. We shall regard it, not as plunder and prey, but as a responsibility and opportunity in helping forward the grand work of humanity's unfoldment and development.

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**GREETING
FROM
MR. ADAMS.**

Concerning the consolidation of the *New Time* with THE ARENA, I am glad to print here Mr. Adams's message of farewell and hail to his readers: "As editor of the *New Time* it is a pleasure to announce the successful conclusion of negotiations by which the *New Time* is consolidated with THE ARENA. This insures the permanency of one great reform review. It is a step in the right direction and may pave the way for future consolidations and the eventual unification of the forces now waging scattering and guerilla warfare on behalf of reform. "The fact that the *New Time* loses its identity in this amalgamation counts for nothing. In the crusade now in progress names and individuals must not be considered as against ideas and principles. Those of us who for two years have worked unceasingly for the success of the *New Time* had in mind not the success of a magazine, or the building up of a personal reputation, but were inspired with a desire to plant the seed of social and economic reform in fertile soil. I believe that as editor of the *New Time* I have the right to say that its supporters and readers are proud and happy when they survey the work which they have accomplished, and speaking for them, I pledge their hearty co-operation to THE ARENA. Let us mobilize the forces of reform. Let us practise that co-operation which we preach, and instead of frittering away our strength in a destructive competition, mass

our energies in building up a great reform magazine. It would be presumption for me to thank the readers of the *New Time* for what they have done, but I do congratulate them, and pledge anew what energies I have to the work for which the *New Time* was dedicated and which will be perpetuated by THE ARENA. In another column an announcement is made of the terms on which the two magazines have been consolidated. Here's to the splendid success of THE ARENA and a pledge of loyal co-operation to its editor."

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In the November *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* Mr. Dresser notifies his readers

MR. DRESSER'S MESSAGE. of the amalgamation of forces in the following graceful editorial: "Consolidation is the order of the day, and *The Journal of Practical Metaphysics* proposes to exemplify the saying that 'in union there is strength.' The present number will be the last issue in independent form. But beginning with the December number of THE ARENA, *The Journal* will join forces with the latter magazine. In January *The Temple*, edited by Mr. Paul Tyner, who has recently become editor of THE ARENA, will also add its strength to the combined magazine, which will not only assimilate the resources of *The Journal* and *The Temple*, but become the representative of the ideals and interests for which the latter have stood. Mr. Tyner is well known as the author of spiritually helpful books of the highest order, notably 'The Living Christ,' while *The Temple* has been an exponent of the broadly sympathetic phase of the New Thought, the great truths of the living Christ, and the doctrine of bodily immortality. Under his management THE ARENA is to be truly an Arena, not an organ, and is to give shape to, and aid the realization of, the highest ideals of the time. The editor of *The Journal*, who will become associate editor of THE ARENA, will contribute even more matter to its pages than could find space in *The Journal*, and will carry with him its best contributors, at the

same time endeavoring to realize in the larger magazine the ideal which could receive but partial expression in the necessarily limited scope of the present publication. . . . The time has come, too, to point out the intellectual dangers of the New Thought, to call attention to its wider possibilities. This discussion the editor of *The Journal* proposes to begin in early issues of *THE ARENA*, under the general heading 'The Relation of the New Thought to Exact Philosophy.' We shall start with a broad definition of the New Thought, consider the nature of the spiritual activity in man, ask in what sense life may be said to have a meaning, in what sense 'all is good,' and proceed to a logical development of the broad philosophy thus outlined, in the light of a fundamentally critical standard, and with special reference to the ethical ideal, the problems of fate, freedom, and evolution. We cordially bid our readers come with us to this larger field."

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As a general thing, I don't believe in luring a boy or girl away from studies or pastimes by promise of pin money to be gained by selling or canvassing. **THE ARENA SCHOLARSHIP.** *THE ARENA* scholarship announced on another page must not be confounded with any scheme of this sort. Our high-school boys and girls in canvassing for *THE ARENA* during spare hours will be pleasantly and profitably employed, broadening their own minds by familiarizing themselves with the world's best current thought and helping the cause of general education among children of the larger growth. At the same time the chance of handsome and ample provision for all the expenses of a college career is offered, leaving their energies free for college work during the college term. What Uncle Sam does for the favored West Point or Annapolis Cadet the successful contestant will do for himself or herself.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AMONG recent books devoted to the New Thought, many will most gladly welcome a little treatise by W. J. Colville, "The Law of Correspondences Applied to healing,"* in which the author has made specific application of the mental-healing philosophy, and given an admirably clear statement of its most important principles. Another volume by a well-known mental scientist is "The Sermon on the Mount," by Annie Rix Militz,* an attractive little book in which the teaching of Jesus is interpreted in accordance with New Thought principles, and in the light of its practical application to daily life. In a pamphlet entitled, "God Incarnation *versus* Personal Reincarnation, Evolution, and Karma,"† M. E. Cramer rejects reincarnation as "based in personal desire," and because it "takes place without God, . . . a doctrine based in illusive imagination," for which the author substitutes the theory of eternal oneness with the perfect God. Oddly enough, the author also rejects evolution and dogmatically affirms that "there is no truth in the claim that the higher can be evolved from the lower . . . or that we are the result of our thoughts and experiences." Such statements are surprising in these modern days, when evolution is accepted as the only theory which accounts for the development of man, the only theory which finds place for a rational idea of God. The extreme dogmatism of this book is one more illustration of the firm hold which creationism still has upon devotees of the New Thought. Never should such devotees hope to refute the doctrines of Karma and evolution by *ex-cathedra* treatises like this. The theosophist may still claim that logic is on his side, while the scientific man may reply that "the critic has failed to understand." Instead of these alleged refutations, we therefore recommend to the

* Chicago: F. M. Harley Publishing Company.

† San Francisco: The Harmony Publishing Company. 36 pages. 25 cents.

reader a thorough course of study in the literature of evolution, notably books of the type of "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," by Professor Joseph Le Conte.

The title and general appearance of Mr. Trine's new book, "The Greatest Thing Ever Known,"* are so strongly suggestive of "The Greatest Thing in the World," that for the moment one thinks only of Professor Drummond. However, this thought put aside, the book is found to be an earnestly original statement of the ultimate truth of life. "The greatest thing ever known . . . is that in our real essential nature we are one with the Infinite Life and Power, and that by coming into, and dwelling continually in, the conscious, living realization of this great fact, we enable to be manifested unto and actualized within us the qualities and powers of Divine Life, and this in the exact degree and completeness of this realization on our part." "The only stones with which human life can build is thought. It and it alone is the moulding, the creative power—earnest, sincere thought of the place where we are, this constitutes the stones of the place where we are and with which we can make a pillow upon which for the time being to rest." For suggestions in regard to the application of this doctrine, the author refers the reader to the larger volume, "In Tune With The Infinite," a much abler work, which we understand has reached several editions and proved very hopeful. The larger volume is also much better in style. The redundant, uncritical style of the present treatise is a serious defect, and one wishes that Mr. Trine had more carefully revised it before giving it to the press. Style, it is true, is not held in the highest esteem among some New Thought writers; but if this doctrine is to pass out of its cruder stage, and win the attention of large numbers of people, it must become literary in form, and less dogmatic in statement. The following comment from a recent review of a New Thought treatise could not then be justly made: "An amiable spiritual pride, a humane, essentially immature idealism, an edifying vagueness, a somewhat dilute solution of the

*New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 12mo. 35 cents.

ancient lore of mystical faith . . . no critical thinking from beginning to end." With the advent of this critical thinking, treatises like the major part of New Thought books will no longer be possible, for the attempt to free them from vagueness and dogmatism will result in their entire rejection.

—H. W. D.

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Written to meet an immediate need, without thought of publication, the chapters of "Helps to Right Living," by Katherine H. Newcomb,* bear the imprint of personal messages. Direct and earnest quotations, selected with great care from sympathetic writers, are generously interspersed among the original thoughts. Mrs. Newcomb's thought is emphatically optimistic. The philosophy inculcated is practical idealism. Every soul born into the world has a sacred individuality; possesses inherent possibilities for unfoldment; its life problems are to be solved through experience, through individual responsibility. Every problem comes with a meaning and is accompanied by the power to conquer undesirable conditions. As an aid in the solution of the various experiences of every-day life, Mrs. Newcomb has written a series of chapters on topics such as Difficulties; Criticism; Burdens; Forgetting; Demand and Supply; Mental House-cleaning; Fearlessness; Perseverance; The Personal and Divine; Love; Poise. The chapters are brief, suggestive rather than exhaustive. Even an unsympathetic reader would find in the principles stated little to antagonize; for a spirit of tolerance and breadth of thought pervades the pages. The paramount aim is to help the reader in spiritual development, freed from theories and methods. "I find the one thing needful is to learn how to open ourselves to the spiritual." Though the sentiments are ideal, they are strongly practical and entirely possible of realization. "I am success, for I am one with God; and God knows no failure." The book is worthy of recommendation, being alike adaptable to beginners and minds older in the philosophy.

—A. R. D.

* George H. Ellis, Boston. 171 pages. \$1.25.