

## COL. WRIGHT'S STATISTICS.

It will be recalled that the bureau of labor at Washington prepared some statistics, which were much used by the Republicans during the campaign, going to show that wages had been increasing more than the prices of the cost of living. This was shown to be true during the boom period of the past half-dozen years, when the money volume in circulation increased by some 40 per cent.

The New York Times, a sound money organ, while admitting that these statistics are necessarily inconclusive and unsatisfactory, still considers them as exact as any available, and appears disposed to accept the conclusion which they enforce, namely, that the cost of living has not increased "in anything like the ratio in which wages have advanced."

If this is the truth, two very important and remarkable conclusions follow: (1) That the boom period has adversely affected the employing classes, since they have been unable to recover, in the prices of products sold, the increased cost of labor; and (2) that an inflation of the currency with its attendant rise in prices is more favorable to the wage earners than the employing classes.

The first of these conclusions is apparently absurd, for nothing is clearer on the face of things than that capital, and those employing capital as economic undertakers, have chiefly, if not exclusively, profited from the speculative and industrial booming of the past six years. Wages have nominally advanced, but interest and profits—the wages of capital and of the industrial promoter or director—have advanced much more.

However, if this be not the case, and if the first conclusion stands, then does the second stand also, and what follows from this? Clearly that the advocates of sound money and the gold standard in 1896 misled the people when they declared, with all the repetition and emphasis they could command, that wages always lagged behind prices in an upward movement, and that, therefore, currency inflation or the cheapening of the dollar through free silver coinage or any other means, must injure the wage classes and profit only the producing or employing classes.

Is this the fact? Were the people misled? Is monetary inflation, or the falling dollar and rising prices, chiefly helpful to wages? If so, then a weapon has been put into the hands of the next cheap money movement which can be used with deadly effect. The statistics in question were gathered under the direction of Carroll D. Wright. Is he pre-

pared to stand by them, and defend as true this inevitable deduction to be drawn from them?—Weekly Springfield Republican, of Nov. 27.

## A REFORMER'S SYMPATHIES.

For The Public.

"I am content to see them trying to pound some sense into each other."

"But don't you hope the Japs will win? They are progressive, and seem sent by Providence to smash the power of that Russian despotism."

"If they are sent by Providence to do that, I am glad to see them do it. But the despotism of Russia is a military despotism, is it not—a tyrannical aristocracy sustained by the army?"

"Yes, and by the police."

"But it is the Cossacks that inflict outrages, knout the crowds and suppress resistance to the tyranny?"

"Of course."

"And what evidence is there that the Japanese aristocracy at the end of this war would make any better use of an army out of a job?"

"Well, even if they would not, you must admit that as Japan was the one threatened by Russia's practical annexation of Manchuria the Japanese people are in the right."

"Do you think the Japanese people or the Russian people, the peasants who never heard of Manchuria and don't know where it is even when they get to it, care anything about who annexes it?"

"Certainly not, but if Russia were allowed to annex it the next thing would be they would attack Japan from that point of advantage."

"The Russian peasants are much like the Japanese peasants, are they not? They don't want Manchuria or to attack Japan, do they?"

"No, they don't; but the aristocracy does."

"Then would the Russian aristocracy attack Japan?"

"Not themselves, of course; but they would send the soldiers, the peasants you talk of, to attack the Japanese people."

"Oh, then it is the harmless peasants who would attack other harmless peasants, and it is the attacked peasants that you are sorry for?"

"Well, yes; the attacked ones are certainly to be pitied."

"But you said the attacked are just the same sort of peasants as the attackers; neither of them have any sense till they pound it into one another."

"Well, but others than the peasants will suffer if Japan comes under the Russian tyranny, the well-to-do, the self-sacrificing reformers, the men of progressive ideas."

"The intelligent and progressive can evade the tyranny themselves, can they not? or they can leave the country?"

"They can, but that leaves the peasants in ignorance, and suffering for their ignorance."

"True, so if they stay, they stay because, being such as they are, they want to stay. But will not the Japanese peasants, flushed with victory and excited by the praises of their women and by loot, be very likely to thirst for more war—to think national glory and success belong to force, and that they are the nation that has the force?"

"It seems probable that it would be so, unless as you say, somebody pounds some sense into them."

"Yes, unless those poor deluded 'foreigners' find by trial that the way of transgressors is hard, and unless somebody—men like Crosby or Tolstoy—teaches them and our poor deluded workmen the better way with trumpet voices, and men like you and me wheresoever we can make our voices heard."

BOLTON HALL.

## THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

From a discourse delivered in Cincinnati, O., December 18, 1904, at the Vine Street Congregational church, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

"The National Sunshine Legion," what is it? A circular announces that an organization by that name has opened in Cincinnati a day nursery for the care of the children of "deserving poor mothers who are obliged to go out to work."

The circular concludes with the statement: "All we want is to help the poor to help themselves."

If a man lays a burden upon his ass greater than he can bear, and I take a part of the burden and carry it, which am I helping, the man, or the ass? If I make a business of giving assistance to the ass so that the master counts on it and loads his beast accordingly, is it not plain that I am only making an ass of myself, and not helping the heavy laden at all?

The Pullman company knows that you are going to fee the porter. That custom is one of the assets of the company. In view of that custom, the wages are lower. When you give the porter a tip, you may flatter yourself that you are helping the porter. But you are not. You are gratifying your own vanity and chipping in on the Pullman pay roll. That is the way it works out in the long run. Charity comes to the same end. If to-day charity were to stop, there would be more misery to-morrow, but the day

after there would be a revolution.

In the parish house of a neighboring church I saw a crowd of young people, girls and boys from the shops and factories, whom society ladies were waiting upon and attending in the most obliging manner. You would have thought that the spirit of caste were really passing away and the rich, in that parish at least, were anxious to surrender their privileges and welcome the dawn of brotherhood.

But wait! On the walls of this parish house was a picture—a picture of the Garden of the Gods. The painting was not unworthy of the subject. As I stood looking at those stupendous snow-clad peaks, it was explained to me that the man who gave the picture was the private owner of the Garden of the Gods, and that it was his brother's money which built the parish house.

The Garden of the Gods the private property of a mortal man! For the moment the idea staggered me. Then another word explained it all. This lord of the Garden of the Gods was a railroad man. Then I remembered that to these railroad men the United States has made a present, all told, of 213,000,000 square acres of the public domain. I recalled a computation I had once made that this railroad grant equals in extent the States of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. The pity of it is that the same law which gives to one man the Garden of the Gods dooms ten others, of economic necessity, to live in some devil's dive, sweated and despoiled. But the rich themselves do not understand this, and many of them, wanting to do some good and not knowing how, build parish houses and support the National Sunshine Legion.

If you want to help the poor to help themselves, it is not a Sunshine Legion that you need. It is a Land League, agitating to restore the earth, the Garden of God, to the sons of men.

There is a Christmas charity nobler even than building parish houses and tending work-women's babies. Take taxes off from industry. Redistribute them according to the value of a man's land. This will reduce the taxes of the small farmer and home owner. It will tear down the fences which private monopoly has built around the Garden of the Gods. It will unlock doors now closed to labor. It will open countless opportunities to men. It will give them a chance to earn their own Christmas dinner and re-

alize the truth of that maxim: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

#### MRS. TITLOW'S VISITOR.

This story was originally written for Henry George's Standard by the late Thomas L. McCready. It appeared in the Standard of February 23, 1889. It was reprinted in the first Christmas number of The Public, December 24, 1898; and is now again reproduced, by request.

"Dear Mrs. Titlow," said the archdeacon, blandly, "you must not be discouraged. Such experiences come every day to those who work among the poor. They are providentially intended for our guidance, and not for our discouragement."

And the archdeacon sipped his tea. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the tea drinkers' sacred hour, and Mrs. Titlow's tea was excellent.

"But doctor," said the lady, half querulously, "it does seem so impossible to do anything for the poor creatures. It's so hard to do anything with them. Don't you know, when I go on one of my visiting rounds I feel just as though I were looking at something through a plate-glass window. I can see everything plainly enough, but when I reach out my hand to touch anything I find I can't get at it."

The archdeacon smiled benevolently. "You will get over that feeling after awhile," he said. "It probably comes from self-consciousness on your part. Keep on saying to yourself: 'These people are my friends,' and after a time you'll feel that they really are your friends. Then everything will be easy for you."

"Yes, but they're not my friends—that's just the trouble. I don't know why. I'm sure I feel interested enough in them, and friendly enough toward them. But when I give them good advice I can see that they haven't the slightest idea of following it. And I know they often tell me lies in answer to my questions. Now you know, doctor, that's not being friendly."

The archdeacon smiled again and finished his cup of tea before he spoke. "We must recognize the situation," he said, "and not expect too much. The poor are often very hard to deal with. They are prone to rebel against the decrees of providence. They are not always as contented as they should be in the station to which it has pleased God to call them. They are often ignorant and thriftless. And as a rule they are sadly lacking in truthfulness. But all this, dear Mrs. Titlow, only makes it the more necessary that we should labor earnestly among them. In this scheme of God's wise providence we

have been set apart to be the stewards of his bounty. He might have so arranged the world that there should be no poor. But He knew better. 'The poor,' He tells us, 'ye have always with you.' They stimulate our benevolence. They keep our sympathies alive. And we, in turn, if we do our duty by them, will develop in them the virtues of thrift and temperance, and teach them to look with gratitude, not to us, but to the Father who loves all his children equally, and has appointed the wiser and better educated to dispense his bounty among the simple and untaught. Think how objectless your life would be if there were no poor for whose improvement you could labor. Think how wretched the lives of the poor would be if there were no people like you to visit and assist them. Keep up your district visiting, then, and let your poorer brothers and sisters see that, while you are not blind to their faults, you love them still, and want to be their friend."

The archdeacon put down his cup and rose to go. Mrs. Titlow was conscious of a sense of moral exaltation, as though she had just been to church.

"If you please, ma'am," said the housemaid, "there's a woman in the hall that wants to speak to you."

"A woman, Mary?" said Mrs. Titlow. "What woman? Didn't she give any name?"

"No, ma'am. I asked her what her name was, and what she wanted to see you for; and she said you wouldn't know her name, but she knew you'd be glad to see her. I'd ha' sent her off, but I thought she might be one of them charity society women, and you might want to see her after all."

"Good gracious! Mary, you mustn't leave strange women sitting in the hall like that. Why, she may be robbing the drawing-room at this moment! Run downstairs and say I'll be there in a minute, and don't leave her alone until I come."

When Mrs. Titlow descended she found the visitor seated on one of the straight-backed comfortless chairs that flanked the hatrack, while Mary, the housemaid, lingered near, making a pretense of doing something with a duster. Mrs. Titlow gave a gasp of relief. Not a thief, after all. Probably some poor person come a-berging. That was the worst of this charitable work—that it led to unauthorized intrusions of this kind. Mrs. Titlow mentally decided to refer the woman to the office of the Good Samaritan society, where the secretary could investigate her case. It would never do to