

"Your Worship, I don't belong to a Union; as you know, there's no union to my trade."

"Yes, yes."

"Your Worship, I came to the end of my resources three weeks ago. I've done my best to get work, but I've not been successful."

"Have you applied to the Distress Committee of your district?"

"I have, your Worship; but they are full up."

"Have you been to the parish authorities?"

"Yes, your Worship; and to the parson."

"Haven't you any relations or friends to help you?"

"Half of them, your Worship, are in my condition, and I've exhausted the others."

"You've——?"

"Exhausted the others—had all they could spare."

"Have you a wife and children?"

"No, your Worship; that's against me, it makes me come in late everywhere."

"Yes, yes—well, you have the Poor Law; you have the right to——"

"Your Worship, I have been in two of those places—but last night dozens of us were turned away for want of accommodation. Your Worship, I am in need of food; have I the right to work?"

"Only under the Poor Law."

"I've told you, sir, I couldn't get in there last night. Can't I force anybody else to give me work?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Your Worship, I'm very badly in want of food; will you allow me to beg in the streets?"

"No, no; I can't. You know I can't."

"Well, your Worship, may I steal?"

"Now, now; you mustn't waste the time of the Court."

"But, your Worship, it's very serious to me; I'm literally starving, I am indeed! Will you allow me to sell my coat or trousers——" Unbuttoning his coat, the applicant revealed his bare chest. "I've nothing else to——"

"You mustn't go about in an indecent state; I can't allow you to go outside the law."

"Well, sir, will you give me permission, anyway, to sleep out at night, without being taken up for vagrancy?"

"Once for all, I have no power to allow you to do any of these things."

"What *am* I to do, sir, then? I'm telling you the truth. I want to keep within the law. Can you give me advice how to go on living without food?"

"I wish I could."

"Well, then, I ask you, sir: In the eyes of the law, am I alive at all?"

"That is a question, my man, which I cannot answer. On the face of it, you appear to be alive only if you break the law; but I trust you will not

do that. I am very sorry for you; you can have a shilling from the box. Next case!"

The lawyer stopped.

"Yes," said his friend, "that is very interesting; very singular indeed. Curious state of things!"

* * *

THE CITY THE BATTLEGROUND.

From an Address Delivered By Frank H. Bode at Springfield, Ill., June 4, as Reported in the Illinois State Register.

In thousands of minds, in thousands of home circles, in hundreds of organizations, in scores of cities, are the signs of a gradual passing into what another has termed the adolescent stage of our social civic conscience—into that period of awakening and inquiry as to the why and wherefore of the involuntary poverty and the industrial strain which must always precede the adult period of actual accomplishment.

But when we seek the why and the wherefore of things we must, in the words of one who died for humanity, "be willing to follow truth wherever it may lead."

And while we shall see that it is a world problem in the sense that it is now world-wide, this need not stagger us, for it does not follow that to attack fundamental causes successfully we need world-wide concerted action—not at all. We shall see that probably the most hopeful battling ground upon which to fight out to a successful issue this world struggle between the forces of privilege and of equal rights, the Group of Plunder and the Group of Toil, will be the smallest general unit of social organization—the city. It is to the city that marching civilization, encircling the globe, blocked by the Pacific, with the great West all staked, claimed, nailed down with title deed, no longer beckoning as a field of ready opportunity—it is to the city that the flow of our opportunity-hunting population has turned back. Increasing population in the city where all extremes meet will finally make the nature of the problem clear—it will be seen that it is the old, old problem of human rights.

And when at last the people plainly see, as they surely will, that the cause of involuntary poverty lies in the fact that the problem of human liberty has not yet been industrially solved, they will add another victory to their hard won struggles for political and religious liberty, completing the trinity by establishing industrial liberty—finally to be won, let us hope, as no other great struggle for human rights has ever before been won, by the triumph of reason rather than might over the forces of privilege and greed.

Not until those who love the right begin to turn their attention to the causes of involuntary poverty (which is merely another term for industrial

slavery, will the danger of ultimate resort to blind brute force against the present reign of blind brutal privilege be averted, and the coming of the era of the real democracy, the real brotherhood of man, be assured.

It is in the cities that these economic injustices are most painfully acute and their horrible results so persistently intrusive. And it is in the city that the problem will, in large measure, be solved.

* * *

AN ABSORBING TOPIC.

A Worm in search of modern culture
Removed his hat and asked a Vulture,
"Excuse me, sir, I'm rather green—
But what's the difference between
The process called financial dealing,
And plain, old-fashioned, honest stealing?"

The Vulture merely shook his head,
"Please crawl away, I'm tired," he said.

"But, sir," the little pest persisted,
"I know my views are rather twisted;
But why, when you're considered great,
Should I be merely used for bait?
Why should I be the butt of nature
When you control a legislature?"

The Vulture ruffled up a wing,
"Squirm on," he said, "you tender thing!"

"Oblige me, please," the poor Worm guggled,
"With rebate cases oft I've struggled—
O pray elucidate to me
The way the rebate cases be"—
Here came a pause—and very neatly
The Vulture ate the Worm completely,
Remarking, "Whence this useless debate?
I am a Trust, and you're a Rebate."

—Success Magazine.

BOOKS

EDWIN BURRITT SMITH.

Essays and Addresses by Edwin Burritt Smith.
Edited for the Chicago Literary Club by George
Laban Paddock, Albert Harris Tolman and Fred-
erick William Gookin. Published by A. C. McClurg
& Co., Chicago. Price \$2.50.

The publication of this volume is as well conceived as it is finely executed. For Edwin Burritt Smith was almost unique among Western lawyers of eminent clientage, as a man of uncompromising democratic sentiment.

His adherence to democratic principle, academic in its fidelity, was unyielding. So academic was it always that in the confusions of the political battlefield it sometimes aligned him with undemocratic influences. But the democratic notes he struck nearly always rung true.

The traditional democracy of his theory of

American sovereignty, indicated in one of these essays and alluded to in others, might be questioned. The historical fact seems to be that the States retained their sovereignty in all respects except as they surrendered partial sovereignty to the Federal government. Yet Mr. Smith's contention that they are, in all their statehood, merely agents of the Federal government, has certainly come to be the accepted doctrine in practice. But while the traditional democracy of Mr. Smith's view may be questioned, its essential democracy is not so dubious. For it is the people, and not the government, either State or national, in whom he finds sovereignty to rest. "The aggregate people of the United States is sovereign," he says; "the aggregate people of the local State is merely an agent exercising great but delegated powers," the former owing "obedience to no human superior, while the latter is bound by the Constitution of the United States."

This democratic concept of the sovereignty of the people in their several spheres of political life, is emphatic in nearly every essay and address of this rich collection. It found impressive expression in Mr. Smith's address on "Liberty or Despotism" at the beginning of our Imperial regime, when he said: "Self government has never fallen upon a people like manna from above; it has everywhere been a self achievement, a growth from within, not a deposit from without."

In a paper originally published in the Atlantic Monthly, he carries out to its democratic ultimate this theory of the supremacy of the aggregate people of the United States. "The supreme authority in our system," he says, "is the people of the United States. They, as an aggregate sovereign, by means of the Constitution, created a national government, with certain well-defined general powers. Incidentally and to guard the exercise of the powers thus conferred, they imposed limitations on the States. By the tenth amendment they reserved to the States and to themselves the power not delegated to the national government. The State has appropriated to itself these reserve powers. It should have left to the people those of local concern, to be by them conferred on the city. This would have carried out the democratic scheme of government devised by the fathers, and by them in part applied." And so he would have had the aggregate people of the city as free as those of the State to control their own local affairs. Nor by representatives alone. For even at that early day Mr. Smith advocated the referendum, as this Atlantic Monthly paper testifies. "It is now clear," he wrote, "that there should be ratification, express or implied, by the people, of the more important acts of their representatives."

The volume opens with a friendly and considerate appreciation by one of the editors, George L. Paddock. Col. Paddock tells the story of a country boy of the sixties who worked his way from