

its physical, mental and moral life as real as, because derived from, our own; that society is not a mere aggregation of individuals, but is developing into organic unity. For ages this social entity has been growing into more and more complex organic form, developing new organs as new uses have required to be functionated; and we individuals from age to age, from generation to generation, have been falling into our proper places in, and relations to, this social entity, as unconscious of the process which has been going on as we are of the silent workings which accomplish our individual growth.

Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of the suns.

What this purpose, is finally becoming apparent to the race mind. Psychologists discern it, sociologists teach it, moralists preach it, legislatures and courts are conforming to it, on all sides we see it. Many of our old fundamental conceptions will have to be abandoned for new ones consonant with it. In the grand scheme of creation not individual man stands at the summit, but organized, articulated, living humanity wrought after the same divine image. I, as one of the lords of creation, stand ready to abdicate in favor of, and to render homage and fealty to, this ever coming Social Man: organized humanity. In thus losing my life I hope to find it.

And I find on examination that this Social Man comes not poverty stricken—a begger, but rich beyond dreams—a king. That great if unrecognized American philosopher, Henry James, Sr., confesses (with shame he says) in one of his wonderfully inspiring essays, that he always experienced a deeper flutter of pleasure at receiving an invitation to dine at a rich man's table than was somehow or other felt when he received an invitation to dine with one undistinguished by property, however greater the private excellencies of the poor host. Mayhap we all have experienced this; and mayhap when we learn that this Social-Man is rich and powerful, in the social values he creates, and the social opportunities he opens up, we will experience a joyful sense of elation on recognizing him, and in accepting his invitation to take our proper places with him. One great source of his wealth is land values, now appropriated by individuals. Another great source is opportunities for social service now given to individuals as franchises, to be fabulously capitalized and tossed on our stock markets as meat for speculation and greed. Mayhap when we recognize that this coming Social Man is rich and powerful, and that we are part and parcel of him, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, we will be willing to fight to secure for him his own; and will learn to delight in the life and vigor and happiness which will come to each of us through our vital

connection with him; and that, best of all, we will find ourselves in our true relation to each other.

I abate not one jot my faith in the cultural value of the struggle in which the individualist glories—what we are must ever be more important than what we have. I admire the broad humanity of the scientific evolutionary socialist, and recognize the necessity of economic freedom for human growth and development. But as the centrifugal and centripetal forces play together in keeping the universe in harmony and order, as heredity and environment are the two great similar forces in race culture, as conservative and radical will ever be opposed in politics, so I say to individualist and socialist: Stand by, hands off; let Social Man but come into his own, and we shall see what mighty wonders God shall work—what a place He is preparing for Himself.

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DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

From the Inaugural Address of Ex-Judge Edward Osgood Brown, as President of the Chicago Literary Club. Delivered October 4, 1909.

It happened this summer that instead of following my usual course of life for several years during the heated season—application to my usual work in a quieter and cooler environment—I sought rest and distraction in a trip across the water to England, Ireland, Holland and France. There has been a time even during my life when the experiences of such a journey might in themselves have been made interesting to an audience like this, when excursions to Scheveningen and the Islands of the Zuyder Zee were not the frequent amusements of Americans, when Trouville and Rosstrevor were not as familiar to them as Long Branch and Atlantic City, when they might have been amused even by the description of my perplexed attempts to understand the language which they commonly speak in the streets of London; but I am under no illusion that that day still exists. I should account myself nothing but a bore were I to venture on speaking to you of any of the usual, superficial aspects of life, thought or manners in Europe, and especially in England. You are all familiar with them.

But there is now going on in England a most interesting and portentous political and social movement in the national life, and owing chiefly to the kindness of a member of this club, I was, through letters of introduction to many of the minor actors in it, given rather unusual opportunities to appreciate and understand it. It is nothing less than the engulfment by a rapidly rising tide of democracy of the feudal and mediaeval characteristics of the English society and government, and of that movement I would say a few words.

The democratic spirit in England has been for many years expressing itself diversely, the tide showing its flux, irregularly and sometimes in strange wise; but it has been, to my thinking, gradually creeping nearer and nearer to the ultimate high water mark. At present you all know the Parliamentary situation. The Government is now calling in the House of Commons for the passage of a revenue or financial bill—for the "Financial Arrangements of the Year," the title of the Act expresses it—the most important provisions of which are based on the theory openly avowed, that so-called property in land is of an essentially different character from all other property; that an increment in its value accruing from the enterprise of the community or of the landowner's neighbors, is a proper subject for expropriation to pay the expenses of government, without reference or correlation to the taxation of any other property whatever; that, in other words, it constitutes the primary fund on which the national expenditures may justly be charged.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer whose office puts him forward as the chief proponent and champion of this legislation, is by a singular coincidence, a Mr. George. I think without further elaboration you will recognize the allusion. The impatience of many English disciples of the great economic writer and philosopher who first enunciated this theory in "Progress and Poverty" thirty years ago, with the limitations of the bill, cannot blind a single taxpayer from this side of the water to the identity of the fundamental propositions of the two Georges. Nor can the disclaimers of some of the supporters of the bill do it.

It is not, however, that Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer is urging this doctrine, that is supremely important. It is that the measure is the unanimous proposition of what the bulk of a great political party deems the strongest administration that England has known for generations; and that it is advocated and antagonized on grounds which bring into the contest in the greatest legislative council of the world and in every nook and corner of Great Britain, fundamental theories of radical democracy, fundamental economic theories concerning land tenures, and fundamental ethical theories of the rights of property and of landlords.

I have been told since my return that very able observers of foreign politics can see no such great consequence in the proposed legislation as I have indicated; that local rates in England for municipal purposes have heretofore taxed real property, at least all that producing income; and that the attempt to transfer a portion of this revenue and that but a comparatively small portion to the Imperial treasury for national purposes is a small matter after all.

With due deference to the opinions of men whom I admit to be well-informed and judicious,

I cannot think so; and I am strongly of the opinion that they would think as I do, that there is a much more significant meaning in the proposed legislation than this view would involve, if they had been with me and talked as I did with all classes and conditions of men interested, not to say excited, as to the outcome.

I was at numerous meetings of radicals, at some of moderate Liberals, and at a few of Conservatives. I talked on the subject with members of many classes and adherents of many creeds, political, economic and religious. Indeed, one can hold a conversation with very few people and on very few matters in England today without so talking on the Budget, before it concludes. All roads in conversation lead to that Rome. I was under the gallery of the House of Commons during some of the debates. I talked there and in clubs and drawing rooms, and in omnibuses and tramways, with Tories and Liberals, with Irish Nationalists and Irish Unionists, with Labor members, with Whigs and with radicals. I was at the dinner which the Eighty Club gave to the Prime Minister in July, and on one of the platforms in the great demonstration in favor of the Budget two days later, when literally hundreds of thousands of intensely interested men marched in procession and swarmed into Hyde Park to voice their sense of the importance of the measure. I met the present champions of what they call Revenue Reform in Great Britain (which means the re-establishment of protective duties), and also their most determined antagonists. I was even a little in touch with a by-election in Scotland. But in all this I heard not one dissentient voice on the proposition that the passage of the Financial Bill now under discussion in Parliament would be fraught with the most tremendous consequences to social conditions in Great Britain. Nor did I see in the political press an article inconsistent with that view.

Of course, the predictions as to what those consequences would be, varied by the whole height of the heavens. My eye falls as I am writing this, in the middle of September, on the report in the Chicago Tribune, of Lord Rosebery's speech in Glasgow on September 10th, wherein he is said to have declared that the proposed Budget "is a revolution which puts the future of Great Britain in the melting pot; that it proposes to treat all landlords as pariahs; that it is a dalliance by the Government with socialism, which is the end of all things."

Lord Rosebery is an ex-Premier of England who has always been known as a free trader and a Liberal; nevertheless this speech of his well illustrates the feeling, which in a country where neither the feudal system of class privilege nor the feudal rights of landowners have ever been completely destroyed, and where the system of land tenure now existing has been by its most highly placed and

powerful citizens held to be the very ark of the covenant,—has unified on the one hand the men who under different party affiliations are true Tories, clinging to the systems of the past and inexorably opposed to revolutionary social movements, and on the other, the true radicals who are offering "New Worlds for Old," to borrow from Wells the title of his recent book.

In one aspect the propositions of the Budget on the land taxes *are* innocent enough in appearance. But it is these land clauses which have united the democrats of Great Britain under whatever name they have hitherto been ranged, against the feudal and aristocratic party in whatsoever ranks *they* have been found. "This is confiscation and robbery," exclaim the landlords and the landed interest. "Property in land is as sacred, nay, more sacred than property in aught else. You make an invidious distinction against those who own it; but those who own it are the pride of our nation. They are your defenders and benefactors. They give employment to the laborer and charity to the unfortunate. Take care of them and they will take care of you. But destroy the great houses of England and the ordered system of society they make possible, and you will degenerate into a mere mob—a proletariat, worse than the nation of shop-keepers, Napoleon declared you to be. Besides, this is no revenue bill; you are passing it as a measure of social revolution, not as a fiscal expedient. You are legislating under false pretenses."

"We have heard enough of that," truculently respond the radical leaders. "Property in land is very different from property in the products of labor applied to land. Your tenure of your land and your right to keep other people off it, is but a government granted privilege. Pay for it like men! You are taking the credit for old age pensions which we urged and you merely assented to; you are insisting on immense naval expenditures, which we assent to without enthusiasm. But you must not think that we are going to pay for these things and let you off scot free. We are only taking one-fifth of what we are entitled to, and right you are that we mean to take the other four-fifths as soon as we can educate the people up to demanding their rights. As for our framing this bill for ulterior purposes, what are you about? You are trying under the guise of a fiscal measure to tax our food in order industrially to protect your immediate dependents and rent producers, so that you can squeeze more money out of them for your own use!"

You can imagine to what intensity of class and political feeling such arguments lead!

Having taken in former years some part in the advocacy of Henry George's theories, I have heard before much of that which is said today on this Financial Bill which the Commons is about to pass. That property in land is no fitter subject

for taxation than any other property; that, on the contrary, it is primarily the only proper subject of taxation;—that so to treat property in land is confiscation, spoliation and robbery; that it is far from this, and is the only way to destroy slums, abolish poverty and open to the masses a fuller life;—that the widow and the orphan who have invested in savings banks and building societies would be ruined by such differentiation between the objects of taxation; that, on the contrary, such differentiation is the only feasible method of saving widows and orphans from the grinding heel of oppression and the slow murder of poverty;—that to place the burdens of government on land values alone is to perpetuate the grossest injustice; that it is rather the highest conception of economic and political justice ever taught,—these diverse propositions were for many years frequently brought to my attention.

But it was in debating societies and economic conferences that they were urged,—on the one side by acknowledged radicals, called by their critics cranks, faddists and idealists; on the other by more or less obscure and insignificant opponents, for the great men scorned to busy themselves with such folly as they deemed the movement to be.

In my sanguine day dreams, even, I should have hardly dared to entertain the thought that I was to hear these arguments repeated in every part of a great Kingdom; still less that I should live to hear responsible ministers and ex-ministers looking forward again to office, in the most important Parliament in the world, fiercely urging and replying to these same arguments.

But so it has happened. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declares that the Budget is a war-budget—a budget for an implacable war against poverty; his colleagues, that it is not only a financial system but also the unfolding of a policy of social reorganization, that under it if a man is going to be a dog in the manger he will have to pay for his manger. The Prime Minister himself says that the land taxes will have as a social and economic consequence the breaking up of the congested slums in great cities, while unrebuked the chief parliamentary supporters of the government urge their adoption with the statement that they aim at relocating burdens which today are borne on the shoulders of the least able, and at ameliorating for all the future the lot of the working classes; that they seek to remedy a condition in which landlordism appropriates to itself social values for which it gives no return; that the landlord as landlord is of no economic value, and that to take from him his site value rents is an act of the purest justice—nay, even that not to take by taxation all of his unearned increment is only saved from being the composition of a felony by the fact that to bring a principle most quickly and effectively into practical politics, the first measure

which presents it should be so moderate as to secure the largest support and excite the least resistance, and that the bill is only the forerunner of a springtime which will thaw the frozen land tenure of the feudal system in Great Britain.

And in response are rung all the changes of the Conservative thesis—that the treasures of our civilization are contained in fragile vessels, and that this attempt at social revolution calls on all true men to resist their probable destruction by the pseudo-social philosophy of which the theory of this bill is the entering wedge.

The more thoughtful and philosophical of the conservatives elaborate in writing and in speech the distinction between democracy and liberty, and discourse on the fact which historians have sometimes pointed out, that radical democracies have sustained chattel slavery and fostered the bitterest religious persecutions, and that in the early days of America it was the aristocratic Colonies which defended toleration against their democratic neighbors.

If I have shown my own bias on this consequence-fraught discussion it is only because I could not help it. I have not wished here to express my sympathy or hopes, or to argue the case of radical democracy or tory conservatism, but to bring before you my sincere conviction that with such issues in the political field of today in England, that part of the world is "spinning down the ringing grooves of change," or, to vary the figure and the allusion, that the hosts of aristocracy in perhaps its finest development, and of democracy in its most determined aspect, are marching toward the field of Armageddon, where will come the final contest.

Of this intermediate battle of the outposts, I know not of course what the immediate result will be. Prophecy is a poor trade. The Finance Bill will pass the House of Commons not materially altered. So much is certain. There are Liberals, —and Tories also,—who believe that the members of the House of Lords are gifted, as Mr. Augustine Birrell, the eminent litterateur-lawyer and Cabinet minister, declares they are, with such a fine instinct of self-preservation that they will make wry faces and pass the bill—not of course because they wish to, but because they will conclude or fear that the people will conclude that it is as much a part of the present British Constitution that the Lords should not reject or amend a Revenue Bill as that the King should not refuse his assent to any bill whatever.

There are other Liberals, and Tories too, who believe the one party with regret and the other with jubilant defiance, which reminds me of how gaily the Southern States rushed to war in 1861, and the French people in 1870,—that the Lords will reject the bill, and provoke at once a contest in which the very existence of their titles and privileges, or at the least of their legislative func-

tions, will be in issue. To the extreme radicals, although by no means to all who call themselves radicals, such a contest would be welcome.

For myself, always with the reservation I have noted that prophecy is a bad trade, I am ready to register my belief that the Lords will reject the bill and the government go to the country. What the immediate result would be in such case I do not assume even to guess, but sooner or later, figuratively or literally, I *do* believe that the great landlords of Great Britain will be obliged at the point of the bayonet to submit to the expropriation of their swollen ground rents and lordly privileges.

The political attack on the feudal privileges of the landlords is not the only sign I saw in England this year of how far the waters of democracy have risen since I was there a quarter of a century ago. Marked contrasts of experience and impression met me on every side.

The ostentatious flaunting of rank and riches seemed much less, as though there had come a consciousness to the House of Have, that it is needlessly provoking and irritating to the House of Have-not. For example, at the same season of the year, the bewigged coachmen and powdered footmen of twenty-five years ago in Hyde Park during the Ladies' Hour, had given place to men in the quietest of liveries. Sobriety and self-respecting, even if somewhat desperate and sad-faced poverty, had taken the place of careless squalor and filth in many a purlieu of London which I curiously sought out.

When I was in London before I remember well the astonishment which came over the faces of men near me in the audience, and their muttered expressions of disgust, when in a public meeting a woman arose to address it. Now Bernard Shaw hardly transcends the fact when he represents the Prime Minister as disguising himself to avoid the deputations of women clamorously insisting on the political equality which one-half the people seem disposed to allow them.

A laboring man in the House of Commons would have been an anomaly a quarter of a century ago. The legislation for old age pensions and in protection of Trade Unions and their resources, mark the consequence today of a reasonably compact party of them among its considered and courted factors.

And so in a score of ways other than in the contest over the Budget, I noted the rising of the democratic tide. To touch upon one other manifestation of it—in the university city of Oxford a quarter of a century ago, as in this year, I passed delightful days and nights. Oxford at any and all times speaks "with a thousand tongues to the heart," and "weaves its mighty shadow over the imagination"! There is no place that "carries age so nobly in its look as Oxford with the sun upon her towers," sang a poet long ago; and Haw-

thorne declared it a sad fortune for one never to behold it, and that not one but many lifetimes could be spent in its study and enjoyment.

"The last enchantments of the Middle Age," and the "ineffable charm" of which Matthew Arnold speaks, we must always feel, when within "her cloisters pale" and "gardens spread to the moonlight"; and to these I was, I hope, no less sensitive this year than I was a quarter of a century ago. But there is a change in Oxford, nevertheless. She is no longer "unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century," as Arnold declared her to be. "Steeped in sentiment," she still is, but she is thrilling with a new life too. It was in the long vacation when I was there before; it was in the long vacation this summer. But before "in the stream-like wanderings of her glorious streets," as Wordsworth writes, here and there "an eager novice in a fluttering gown," represented all of the present living student life of Oxford to be seen in the summer time. Her ancient halls were untenanted, for the "young barbarians all at play," the scions of aristocratic and privileged England, were playing far away on moor or sea or mountain. This year she was thronged by men and women—working men and women, too—of professional, scientific and mechanical pursuits, from every quarter of the civilized world. From the British Empire's colonies, from Hindostan and Canada, Australasia and the islands of the sea, as well as from the United Kingdom itself, from the United States and from every part of Europe, from Syria and Africa and from the Flowery Kingdom, and the Land of the Inland Seas, they had gathered at Oxford to the most successful illustration ever known of the growth of that movement which thirty years ago began in the declaration of representatives of intellectual democracy, that if the people could not come to the University, the University must be carried to the people.

In his welcoming address a representative of the ancient University declared to the students crowding its largest hall:

You have come here to strengthen and establish that system of higher education known as University Extension. Primarily this meeting is convened to give University Extension workers, organizers and students, a stimulus and encouragement; secondarily, to afford an opportunity for the commingling of classes, brainworkers and handworkers alike, on easy, natural and equal terms—thus to break down artificial barriers and promote a sense of common citizenship; thirdly, to break down not only barriers between people of different classes, but between peoples of different kindred and tongues.

It seemed to me strange language from the representative of what some of us have thought was the very seat and fortress of aristocratic privilege; and here and there, not in the intense and furious opposition to which the personal and

private interests of the enemies of the political and economic movement that I have described, inflame them, but in cynical and sceptical flout and sneer, the Tory spirit expresses its disbelief that the spreading of education by superficial popular lectures makes for true scholarship or for the advancement of the true interests of mankind. Better the few real scholars, it is said, who may lead and guide the rest of mankind, than the many headed mob of the superficially informed, who will wreck, if they have their way, the precious caskets where are stored the treasures of the past.

So far as Oxford is concerned, it is a futile regret they express. The resistless tide of democracy has swept into the current the teaching force of Oxford—Dons, Deans and Fellows—and to interested students of every class and section they are lecturing throughout a month in each summer, on mechanical arts and natural sciences, on literature and fine arts, on economics and philosophy, on sociology and history. And the summer students are allowed to roam almost at will through Oxford's halls and churches and gardens, among which not the least attractive to them seem to be the new colleges for women's higher education.

Again, prophecy is a poor trade, but I cannot believe that reaction against this condition of things will ever achieve in England more than an ephemeral success, if even that.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

BOOKS

SOCIALISM.

An Inquiry into Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup, author of "History of Socialism," etc. Third edition. Revised and enlarged. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York, Bombay and Calcutta.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1887, and although there was a second edition in 1888, it was out of print after 1890 until the present edition, revised to date, appeared in 1907. It is described in the preface as "an attempt to discover what is enduring and beneficent in the socialist movement by a study of the forces, principles and tendencies which are at work in the present stage of historic evolution," and as a companion volume to the author's "History of Socialism."

In his "Inquiry" the author gives a brief historical sketch of socialism, describes and examines the present system, and answers the question "What is Socialism?" He also considers its moral aspects, the difficulties in the way of it and the objections to it, and gives his views upon its prospects.

He is evidently a socialist, but not of the