Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh, fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Garnered woe is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.

—Solomon Solis-Cohen.

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## THE RACE QUESTION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

**Elsie Clews Parsons in The Independent of Feb. 8, 1906.**

Race snobbishness seems to be the source of much of the present discontent in the Philippines with American administration. There are in Manila—I shall speak only of Manila, where I had opportunities for personal observation, but the same conditions are reported to exist in the provinces, probably less marked, however—there are in Manila many cultivated and wealthy Filipino and Mestizo (i. e., Filipino-Spanish or Chinese) families who live in considerable comfort and luxury. Their houses are large and well, although somewhat archaically furnished. They have carriages, in some cases automobiles, jewels, and lavish wardrobes. One or more members of a family have usually traveled abroad, and perhaps lived for some time in Europe. Between this native aristocracy and the Americans in Manila there is at present little or no social intercourse, although the natives have a deep sense of hospitality and are devoted to social festivity.

It is not difficult to see at once that this barrier is raised up by the Americans, and, moreover, by the American women. I met American ladies who had never been inside a Filipino house. Excepting three or four school-teachers and the wife of one American official who was interested in introducing housekeeping classes into the school system, I met during the week that I was in Manila not a single American woman who expressed an interest of any kind in the welfare or progress of the Filipinos.

## THE COST OF WAR.

A million dollar bills packed solidly like the leaves in a book make a pile 275 feet high. One thousand million dollars, the price which Europe annually pays for armaments in time of peace, equal a pile of dollar bills over 52 miles high. This expenditure for the supposed prevention of war represents one thousand million days' labor at one dollar a day, and this, be it remembered, every year, to enable each nation merely to hold its own.

A second pile of dollar bills over 52 miles high represents the annual payment for interest and other costs of past wars.

To these inconceivably large amounts must be added the earnings of the millions of able-bodied men in army and navy who are withdrawn from productive industries and are supported by taxed peoples.

Since 1850 the population of the world has doubled; its indebtedness, chiefly for war purposes, has quadrupled. It was eight billions fifty years ago, it is thirty-two billions to-day.

The year 1900 added nearly another thousand millions to the war debt of the world. This about equals the annual cost of boots, shoes, and bread in the United States.

—Lucia Ames Mead.

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## A PROFESSION THAT GREW RESPECTABLE.

**This Sketch Originally Appeared in The Arena for January, 1903, and Is Republished Here by Permission of the Editor of The Arena, Mr. B. O. Flower, and the Author, Mr. Albert R. Carman.**

The blinding Egyptian sun hung over the western desert. The smooth Nile lay a burnished background behind rows of tall palms. Up the long avenue of sphinxes slaves were carrying the litters of two courtiers who had been killing time for an hour or so watching the sullen and rebellious bondsmen from the land of Goshen laboring in the new city Pharaoh was building. Brutal overseers and armed soldiers pressed these unwilling slaves to their tasks; and the two courtiers had come away sooner than they had expected from the always fascinating sight of constructive labor performed by others, because even their not too sensitive feelings, inured to the ill treatment of slaves, had been painfully disturbed by some of the more disgusting details of this new policy of coercion. For it was a new policy. Many years before, Pharaoh, frightened by the growing strength of the Israelites, had decided to keep them down by hard work and then by the murder of their male children; but now a couple of agitators—two brothers—had arisen among them and actually demanded their liberation. To this Pharaoh replied by imposing impossible tasks upon them, and permitting their overseers to maim and kill them if they failed to maintain the murderous pace.

"You are idle," said Pharaoh; "or you wouldn't be thinking of freedom and a journey into the wilderness on the pretense of serving your God. I'll keep you busy enough to prevent such unsettling thoughts from entering your heads."

The two courtiers were just returning from seeing

this drastic method of dealing with discontent in operation; and they were discussing the situation.

"Yes! Yes!" Ameni was saying; "it is not nice to look at, but it is the only way to deal with such people."

"Ach! But that poor devil with the hanging eye," responded Pentaur, with a shudder. "Cut out with a whip-lash. By the gods, the grisly look of him will be with me tonight in dreams!"

"You always were a sentimentalist—and a poet," returned Ameni. "But what would you do? We cannot give these people their liberty; for we must have slaves. And it is entirely their own fault that they are suffering. If they had been contented with the lot to which the gods called them, they would have been happy now, with their flesh-pots full, plenty of straw for their bricks, and just taskmasters enough to see that they did their work."

"Yes; but," said Pentaur, "did not the agitator, Moses, take up the cause of his people because of their great burdens?"

"Moses!"—and Ameni laughed in his beard. "Moses greatly wearies me. I remember Moses when he lived about the court and had as many slaves as any of us."

"Why did he go away?" asked Pentaur.

"That is a dark secret," replied Ameni, glancing significantly across at the other litter. "If dead men could tell tales," he went on, "you might learn what Moses was afraid of."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Pentaur. "I have heard whispers of it, but I did not believe it. Moses has so kind a face."

"That is a part of his stock in trade," sneered Ameni, "as a professional lover of his people. I tell you, an agitator is a bad man, wherever you find him."

"But his people really do have grievances," protested Pentaur.

"They've had more since he came," returned Ameni. "What he has done for them has been to double their trouble. Before he came they had bricks to make—but they had straw to make them with. Now—well, you saw to-day. But do you suppose Moses cares?"

"I should expect so," answered Pentaur.

"When you get to know more of the world, my sweet poet," returned Ameni, "you will learn that agitators like to see their followers in trouble—it keeps up their job of 'agitation' for them. If they got their grievances settled, the agitator would have nothing to agitate about; and he would have to stop posing as a 'little Pharaoh,' and work for his living."

"But what has Moses to gain in this case?" asked Pentaur.

"What has Moses to gain? What do you suppose brought him here? I learn that he was doing very well in the land of Midian—married the daughter of a rich priest there, and had a family. Yet he came on here and told the people to stop working and actually asked Pharaoh to let them go three days' journey into the wilderness. Of course, he'd have brought them back—of course!" and Ameni laughed.

Pentaur was silent.

"And, of course, he wouldn't have made himself king over them—of course not!" went on Ameni. "He has no ambitions—that meek man! Not an

ambition! Let me tell you, my poet, if he had once been permitted to lead them off into the wilderness, it would not have been long until they would have been crying out for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Hard as their lot seems to be now, Pharaoh is a better father to them than they could be to themselves."

Pentaur laughed. "Your metaphors are getting a little mixed, Ameni," he remarked.

"Well! Well!" assented Ameni, smiling. "Perhaps. I often think too quickly for my tongue when I am talking of these heartless demagogues who stir up ignorant people for their own ends, bidding them make themselves equal with the highest, preaching liberty to slaves, and telling them that they would be better off if they left their masters and attempted to govern themselves."

"Well, I dare say," said Pentaur, musingly, "that agitators are often ambitious fellows. I'm really shocked at what you tell me about Moses."

"Oh, he's putting his head in a noose," shot out Ameni, in swift confidence. "You'll see him skurrying back across the Red Sea one of these days—if he doesn't drown in it."

"Only men of clean character should attempt to lead the people," said Pentaur; "men of irreproachable pasts."

"That's right!" said Ameni, heartily. "And such men won't. They are for law and order and good government—for evolution, not revolution. They know that the gods have only given Pharaoh wisdom enough to govern,—Pharaoh and a few advisers,—and they teach the people to be contented with their station in life, to fulfill their duties at the Temples, and to respect their rulers."

"And the people are, perhaps, as well off," mused Pentaur.

"Better! Look at these Israelites. They began to multiply too fast for their own good, when Pharaoh stepped in and stopped it. They would soon have had far too many mouths to feed for the amount of corn they could raise. But, if left to themselves, they would have done nothing—they would have let the growth go on. However, Pharaoh was wiser, and he stopped it. But they, instead of being grateful, began to grumble. Now, it is only idle men who grumble, and Pharaoh knows it. Keep a man busy enough, and he hasn't got time to grumble. So Pharaoh kept them at it—and then this Midianitish agitator came along and stirred them all up again. But Pharaoh just applied his cure-all—he made them busier. And it has pretty well cured them already. When they came out from that last interview with Pharaoh they met Moses and Aaron, and they told them what they thought of them."

"But, theoretically, Ameni—not practically, I know, but theoretically," broke in Pentaur, "do you think that it is quite the best thing to have this division of people into ruling classes, lower classes, and slaves?"

"Entirely the best thing," replied Ameni, confidently. "Have not the gods called each man to his station in life? And are not the gods all-wise?"

Pentaur was silent again.

"It is blasphemy," went on Ameni, earnestly, "to criticize the provisions of the gods. And then is it not evident that so splendid a civilization as we have in Egypt could exist in no other way? We

are now ruled by Pharaoh, his court, and the priests. Who else could do it? You would not suggest that the *people* be called in to help rule the nation, would you?"

"Oh, no!" cried Pentaur, lifting a protesting hand, "I am not so absurd as that."

"I should think not," agreed Ameni, sententiously. "The people! What do *they* know of guiding the fortunes of a great nation? What do *they* know of lawmaking? They are children, whom the wise and the great care for—and far better than they could care for themselves."

"Do you suppose," asked Pentaur, "that the time will ever come when the people will govern themselves?"

"Never!—any more than the time will ever come when everybody will write poems like yours. We each have our work to do—some to command, some to serve; and it is only required of us that we do our best in our own spheres."

"But if the people were educated?" ventured Pentaur.

"That would be a fatal blunder!" cried Ameni, with emphasis, straightening himself in his litter. "Educate the people, and you make them discontented, rebellious, above doing their proper work, ripe for all sorts of sedition and treason. Look at this man Moses! Pharaoh's daughter took him from among these very Israelites and educated him. Did it make a good citizen of him, loyal and grateful to Pharaoh and ready to serve the State? Not a bit of it! These lower classes can no more stand education than a boy can stand old wine. His learning went to his head, as might have been expected; and, swaggering insolently about, he murdered a man and had to flee the country. And now he is back as an agitator—as a potential rebel! If he had not been educated above his station, he would have been making bricks yonder with his sweating brethren to-day."

"But wouldn't it be different if all were educated?" again ventured Pentaur.

"And all were free and all were equal?" added Ameni, with biting sarcasm. "Who would make the bricks then—you and I?"

"I could make bricks," put in Pentaur, sturdily.

"You are better at making poems," replied Ameni, smiling. "But it is not only brick-making," he went on. "There are a number of necessary kinds of work that are very disagreeable, which no one would do if everybody were educated and there were no slaves. Yet we could not get on without having them done. The gods have provided for this; and society would stop if we disturbed the arrangement."

"But couldn't we pay more for the disagreeable tasks," asked Pentaur.

"That would not do it," replied Ameni, shaking his head, decisively. "I will just prove it by one case. Take the 'paraschites'—the embalmers of the dead. There they live in the wretched hovels of their little village——"

Pentaur shuddered at the thought.

"—unclean and despised in the sight of all men, without friends or sympathy, alone with their grewsome tasks. You know that even now no one ever becomes a 'paraschites' voluntarily. The unhappy

beings are born to their terrible trade. They have committed some fearful sin in a former existence that even deprived them of absolution in the nether world. So, after having passed through various animal forms, they now begin a new human course in the body of a 'paraschites.' They are the mud-sill of humanity, just escaped from among the beasts—the spawn of sin. Now, if this provision of the gods is to be upset, and men are not to be called to any particular station in life, and the 'paraschites' is to be free to give up his calling and come to the court, who will embalm the dead? And if the dead are not embalmed, how will we do without bodies in the nether world?" And Ameni smiled triumphantly at Pentaur.

The poet lay mentally crushed. There was no answer to this. To the Egyptian, not to be embalmed was to lose his chance of a life after death; but it was impossible to think of any man voluntarily taking up the unclean and accursed task of embalming.

"I am only a poet," said Pentaur; "and a poet has no business taking his dreams for realities."

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One day, in the year 1902 A. D., there lay, in his steamer chair on a vined veranda just out of New York, a poet; and a pleasing melancholy was on his soul, for the sable majesty of a great funeral had just passed. The strains of the "Dead March" from a little way down the street still brought to him the image of the slow-pacing black horses and the heavy funeral car and Mr. Arthur E. Stoneleigh, undertaker, sitting in stiff dignity on the seat of the hearse. He knew Stoneleigh very well—thev belonged to the same club.

"It always seems to me," he said to himself, "that the undertaking business is a queer choice. But there's plenty of money in it, and lots of good fellows go into it. And they've made it a showy, well-dressed business, too. They used to think in Egypt that it was a terrible disgrace—but now Stoneleigh says that it is overcrowded. Make a business pay," —and the poet puffed reflectively at his briar-root,—"and there are plenty to do it, and do it well."

Then his mind went back to a poem he was working on—a sort of an epic, telling of the conquest of the world by a little group of nations where all the people put their minds into the "melting pot" and the ultimate wisdom that came out guided the government. He was just at the point where "the People's William," of Hawarden, England, began to rebuild a nation out of the abject fragments of a once splendid race, then crouching among the battered sphinxes and tumbled temples that lined the Nile.

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Round and round the old world goes;
Ain't she hard to beat?
Gives a thorn with every rose,
But every rose is sweet.

—Frank L. Stanton.

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Anyone who lightly says that our rich lawbreakers escape scot-free has but to remember the presidents

SHE "VIEWS WITH ALARM!"

The G. O. P.—O, you wicked bad boy, William Jennings Bryan! tempting my poor little Theodore out into the deep water! Don't you follow him an inch farther, Teddy, or I'll go crazy!

of the three big insurance companies. The most fortunate of them all is John A. McCall, who died after but a few months of intense mental suffering. James W. Alexander is wrecked in mind and body. Richard A. McCurdy no longer dares to mingle with his former associates and friends. He knows that everybody who recognizes him points to him as a violator of trust, a greedy robber of widows and orphans. And Depew? No more public dinners; no more interviews in the press; no more boards of directors listening to his sallies of wit; no more orations in the Senate. Has John D. Rockefeller come through his ordeal unscathed? Let no one imagine it.—New York Evening Post.

# BOOKS

## LABOR LEGISLATION.

**Some Ethical Gains Through Legislation.** By Florence Kelley, General Secretary of the National Consumers' League. Published by Macmillan and Company, New York and London.

In spite of our varying opinions about the real source of our industrial troubles, and in spite of our pet remedies therefor, we would better have a look at Mrs. Kelley's book. The author is an undoubted authority on her subject—factory and sweat-shop labor of women and children. She tells us many facts about conditions; she relates these local and class facts to the national and universal situation, and she persistently and enthusiastically offers her cure—legislation. The vivid glimpse into the glass-bottle factory with its night-shifts of children, the terrible speed of the machine stitchers who "wear out" so soon, the danger of smallpox in Montana from a Chicago sweat-shop,—these terrible facts it is our duty to know. Over-long working hours and irregular rest-periods are provably the cause of tuberculosis, of the much-cried disruption of the home, and of inert minds ready to fall into the clutches of the nearest corrupt politician. The right of the child to freedom from drudgery, of the adult to regular and sufficient leisure, of woman to the ballot to help her enforce these demands,—of all these Mrs. Kelley convinces us anew.

As to the author's remedy, we may be lukewarm. We may be certain that the only basal reform is the abolition of the tariff, the trusts, the private monopoly, the individual ownership of land, or what not. Detailed legislation against child-labor, or any other industrial evil, may seem like issuing petty orders about how to kill less cruelly, instead of rendering