

MISCELLANY

THE QUESTION.

For The Public.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

The grass is sodden with gore,
The harvest trampled and torn,
The river runs red
With blood of the dead,
A groan on the breeze is borne!

Brave men from country and town,
Brave men from palace and cot,
Cut down in the flower,
Of life's joyous hour,
Like vermin to fester and rot!

Each husband, brother and son,
So dear to a woman at home,
With bullet and sword
All pierced and gored,
They lie 'neath the pitiless dome!

The vultures wheel in the sky,
The wolves leap hence from afar;
The sly jackals wait
Till the hour waxeth late;
There'll be feasting beneath the red star!

And this when a cycle has passed,
This deed the nations have done,
Whose spires point the way,
The people all pray
To God and His peace loving Son.

Must slaughter forever go on?
Can we ne'er say of war—deceased?
Shall red-handed might
Make ever the right,
With man as with ravenous beast?

Will the reign of peace never come?
When love shall dominate hate?
And nations with law
Shall stifle the maw
Of primitive, brutal-browed fate?

The words that shepherds heard sung
That night when angels came down
To herald the birth
Of the Saviour of earth
In far away Bethlehem town:

Peace on earth—good will toward men;
Was it true or was it a lie?
This message of love
Once sent from above
To help mankind live—not die?

Peace on earth—good will toward men;
When nations this gospel have learned,
All hatred and wrong
Will dissolve into song
And swords to plowshares be turned.

The grass is sodden with gore,
The harvest trampled and torn,
The river runs red
With blood of the dead,
A groan on the breeze is borne!

TOWNSEND ALLEN.

LET US STOP REFERRING TO
"CHRISTENDOM."

An extract from a contributed article published in the London Times during last October.

Christianity, the golden rule of ethics, is only for slaves. Lust, guided by prudence, is the only law for free men,

whether acting nationally or singly. Deeds of a type once denounced as predatory and criminal are now applauded as clever. Business men, statesmen and churchmen cheer them. A rising spirit of virile, uncompromising egotism is observable in all civilized nations, but nowhere else has it gained vigor of late as in the United States.

THE ORANGE INDUSTRY.

Two years hence, if not next year, the California orange crop will supply every market in the country, and it is asserted, at prices that will exclude all foreign competition, without the aid of a protective tariff. Last year 12,000 car loads of oranges and lemons were shipped from that state, and this season the crop is estimated at from 15,000 to 18,000 cars. Yet there are 200,000 trees which have not yet come into bearing.

In Florida the yield for the present year will be 1,000,000 boxes, or 3,300 cars. Arizona has developed this industry to the extent of shipping 100 cars a week, and yet, previous to 1873, oranges were not commercially grown in the United States. All we ate were imported.

A nearer view heightens the meaning of these figures. Thus 50 cities east of California receive one car load or more of oranges per week from the coast. This is not large, when thought of in connection with New York, but when spoken of in connection with Dayton, Utica, Indianapolis, Grand Rapids and the like, it becomes more interesting. Lots of five cars are frequently cut out of through trains at Detroit and distributed up the east coast of Michigan—thus Mount Clemens, one car; Saginaw, one car; Kalamazoo, one car, and soon.—"Fruit Growing in America," by Theodore Dreiser, in the November Harper's.

PLAYING AT POVERTY.

Having read of several actual experiences and perused a few novels dealing with the same social problem, one of Detroit's wealthy young men, highly educated and in deadly earnest, decided to rent a room in one of the poorest quarters in the city, live by the sweat of his brow and do the best he could. He fell among strange people and had rough experiences, but the novelty of the thing and his zeal kept him going quite awhile.

He even slept with his head out of the window during some of the hottest nights, whipped a drunken man who was abusing a little boy, lived within his earnings, though he thought and dreamed of discarded luxuries.

But the strain was too much. He began to draw on his resources and mitigate the trials of his new position. He even gave a little supper with guests from among his new associates, with the result that a majority of them were not able to go to work when the whistle blew the next morning. As a climax he sent several sick children on a trip up the lakes and had good food furnished for the invalids of the neighborhood. Then he suddenly escaped and returned to his old ways and associations. Within a week, though dressed to the limit of his position, he was recognized by one of his chums of the seamy side.

"I knowed all along that you was a swell cove," asserted this philosopher of the poor district. "The trouble with you fellows what go out to experiment is that you puts on life-preservers. You could stand a twist or two and a pretty rough wrench when the thermometer is behavin' so scan'lous, but all the time there was the bank account and the rich friends to fall back on. You couldn't hold out so you took some of the rest of us into your good fortune. You don't know nothin' about it, yet. If you want to go against the real thing, just turn that fortune over to me, fall back on yourself and tackle this here proposition of living on what you can make with your hands, with a million other hands reachin' for the same thing."—Detroit Free Press.

HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.

Is it possible that these are human beings, and these also? On the one side a crowd gorged with money, considering what merest trifle it may buy, what faintest want it may gratify—if only a scarf to adorn the drawing-room mirror with, or a pair of kid gloves to match its bonnet; and on the other side a crowd pining, perishing, for want of the most imperative necessities of life—physical, mental and moral—and the two crowds close together, staring, within a foot of each other! What a sight! "For mere sheer cruelty," says a friend of mine, "there's nothing like Respectability," and as I gaze at this spectacle I think I understand what he means.

It is not that these delicate bred women (and men) have no hearts. But their cardiac ganglions are torpid, quite torpid. Bred in luxury and ease, they have seldom been called on to make sacrifices for each other; physical deprivation is a mere name to them; the life of human toil and human fellowship has passed them by; their affectional natures have become dwarfed;

their power of sympathy contracted within the four walls of a stuffy respectability; and so the one thing which might at the same instant deliver them and the gutter things, and give them both a reasonable interest in existence, is, alas, as matters are, quite impossible. A gulf is fixed; the policeman walks with his truncheon along the curb. A brougham drives up and scatters the ragged ones. A footman obsequiously opens the door; and another leaden-eyed lady wrapped in furs disappears into "Barker's."

It is all very strange. I walk up and down and wonder if it is a dream—some quite solid and indigestible nightmare. Supposing (I think) it were some tribe in the interior of Africa of which we heard that the natives had these customs. That a certain class among them were in the habit of walking up and down a shady promenade, on one side of which are heaped great stores of bananas, mealies, dates, cotton cloth, beads and Sheffield knives—from which heaps said promenaders helped themselves freely to all they wanted; while on the other side, in the burning heat, stood a row of poor creatures (of the same tribe) in continual torture for want of food, waiting for hours and hours and hours, and all their lives, for bits of refuse to be thrown to them. What should we say to that? And yet, whatever plentiful villainous cruelties and burnings and other torments savages (chiefly under the influence of superstition) do perpetrate, I doubt whether any traveler has yet told us of such a scene of sheer cold-blooded indifference as that which I am describing.

And yet it goes on, and will go on—till the frame of this present anti-social "society" is rent in twain. The beggars still stand, offering their ingenious trifles in the gutter; the shops spread their piles of goods (grapes at 5s. 6d. to 7s. a pound, bonnets at 27s. each) in the windows; the policeman and the footman still marshal the show—and between goes the weary stream of stony faces whose aspect chills one to the bone. And this is High street, Kensington, or "that part of Heaven which is called Hell."—Edward Carpenter.

SUBSIDIZE FARM WAGONS — WHY NOT?

In these days, when so much is said about the subsidizing of ocean steamship lines, it seems strange and unfair that no attention should be paid to other means of conveyance which are equally useful, though they have no lobby to extol their merits.

It is true that the railroads indirectly receive some recognition from the government in the form of mail contracts, the compensation under which is, to say the least of it, liberal. But, passing the railroads by, there are other means of transportation which are not receiving from the government or the believers in the virtue of subsidies the attention they deserve.

The craft which navigate the great lakes play a most useful part. They carry from points of production to points of consumption immense cargoes of wheat and other grain, of coal, and of iron ore. Then there are the river boats which ply upon the Mississippi and its tributaries and many southern rivers. They carry to the seaboard the cotton of the planter and take his supplies to him. They are useful but ignored instruments of commerce. That they navigate fresh water instead of salt water is no reason why subsidies should be denied them if subsidies are to be given at all. Next come the canalboats which, on artificial highways, still play a great part in our internal commerce.

There are still humbler instrumentalities for carrying on the great work of transportation and commerce. There is the prairie schooner, for instance. The man habituated to palace cars may turn up his nose at it, but it has done more for the development of this country in the past than all the steamers upon all the seas and oceans. The navigators of the lowly craft in question have suffered greater hardships perhaps than any other class of mariners in existence.

The prairie schooner, homely but serviceable, which has carried the American flag over hill and plain, from the Potomac to the Pacific, has been superseded by the farm wagon. Why should not it have a subsidy? Where would American agriculture be without it? The man who guides the devious course of the farm wagon for considerable distances along the muddy roads of a western prairie suffers as much for his country as the man who owns a coal mine or a palatial steamship line running to Liverpool or Southampton.

If subsidies are going around they should be distributed with a generous hand, without partiality or discrimination. The farmer ought to have his share. If it were provided that he should be paid yearly a subsidy for every farm wagon he had in use, the total amount to be paid to depend on the number and length of trips made, he would receive a goodly number of

dollars from the national treasury. He would get more for his crops.

As strong an argument can be made for the farmer as for the owner of the coal mine, who wishes a subsidy so that he can get more for his product. The argument for the farmer is as sound economically as that for the proprietor of the ocean steamship, who undoubtedly would make more money if the government should give him some. If he got money enough from it to make it profitable he would run his vessels to every port where it is unprofitable to run them now.

This subsidy business is promoted by speculators who have an eye single to what they can get out of it. They claim that this country can make iron and steel more cheaply than they can be made elsewhere. They dilate on the facilities which the United States has for manufacturing bridges, locomotives, and other metal products economically and rapidly. They say there ought to be American ships to take these American products abroad. They fail to explain why steel and iron ships cannot be built here as cheaply as in England or Germany.

If they cannot be, and American ships are needed, the best way to get them will be to repeal the antiquated and obsolete navigation laws. If congress will not do that and is resolved to vote subsidies, then all carriers should be treated alike, beginning with the farm wagon and ending with the "ocean greyhound." Every proprietor of an instrument of commerce and transportation should receive his proportionate largess from the government.—Chicago Tribune of Dec. 8.

WE DO NOT WANT THE KINGDOM TO COME.

Christianity or the "way" was no more a religion than the Mosaic dispensation was a religion. The latter became such, it is true. So that Paul, the apostle, when describing his ante-Christian life, naturally and truthfully uses the term, saying that "after the strictest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." But he is referring to degenerate days—to a time in which the old national boasts of the presence of God and the possession of a glorious and righteous code were no longer heard; a time when instead of these exultant cries there fell, from the lips of the high priests upon the ears of the kingliest man the world ever saw, these words: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! We have no king but Caesar!" Yes, a time when the propinquity of God was a nightmare