as to collect a revenue, and you stop when you get enough; in constructing a protective tariff you may so adjust the rates as to impose a heavy burden upon the people and yet collect but little revenue, and you never know when to stop.

Take the tariff on iron ore as an illustration; the steel trust wanted a tariff on iron ore. We have this upon the authority of Senator Smith of Maryland, who said on the floor of the Senate that he had it from a Representative of the steel trust. Some of our Democrats voted for a tariff on iron ore, on the theory that it was a revenue tariff, and they estimated that a duty of 25 cents per ton would bring in a revenue of $250,000, but if the steel trust adds the tariff to the price of the ore which it sells or to the price of the finished product which it makes from the ore which it converts into steel it will collect a tax of some $10,000,000 from the people, because of the duty on iron ore. If this be true will any one defend the tariff on iron ore as a revenue tariff? And the same might be said of a tariff on oil. The amount of oil imported would be very small, but a tariff on oil would permit an enormous tax to be levied upon the American people.

Other illustrations might be used, but these will show how important it is that a tariff law should be made by those who oppose the principle of protection, rather than by those who favor the principle of protection.

WOODROW WILSON.

From Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Encyclopedia, Volume xxv, Page 341.

WILSON, Woodrow (1856), was born in Staunton, Va., the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was graduated from Princeton 1879. He then studied law at the University of Virginia, practiced at Atlanta, Ga. (1882-83), and went to Johns Hopkins University, where he specialized in history, jurisprudence and political science.

Soon after he began his career as an educator as professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr College. From 1888 to 1890 he was professor of the same subjects at Wesleyan University, and from 1890 to 1902 he was professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton. In 1902 he was elected first lay president of the last named university. During his term as president, which ended 1910, his powers of organization were clearly seen, and he extended the influence of his university as a great intellectual institution.

In 1910 his high personal qualities and his undisputed position as a master of the methods of government, secured him election as Democratic governor of New Jersey. This scholar in politics has turned out to be a great man of action, and a politician who is prepared to fight for the ideals of the Democratic party. His term of office has already been distinguished by several fearless and even drastic departures in public policy. He opposed the working of the political machine in the selection of candidates, has forced through a Democratic Assembly and a Republican Senate a direct primary and election law, a Workingman's Compensation Act, a Corrupt Practices Act, a Public Utilities Bill, and a Direct Election Law.

In regard to wider affairs, he believes in the Oregon initiative and referendum, objects to the recall of judges, supports the Sherman act and the larger policy it implies and sees the need of a tariff revision.

He is Democratic leader of the advanced radicalism of the nation, and at present (March, 1912) appears the man of his party most likely to be chosen at the coming convention as candidate for the presidency. Already he has attracted all eyes towards him, even some belonging to the Insurgent and Progressive Republicans, and his power is great in the Middle West.

His works, as an historian and writer of political sciences, are authoritative. They include A Study in American Politics (1885), The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics (1889), Division and Reunion, 1829-1909 (1909), George Washington (1896), History of the American People (5 Vols., 1902), Constitutional Government in the United States (1908), and Civic Problems (1909).

THE SOLDIER OF FREEDOM.

Gilbert K. Chesterton in the London Daily News and Leader of September 28, 1912.

A certain sort of Liberal, who largely dominated the last great Liberal century, seems to have disappeared entirely from our politics. . . . But whether or no the man be worthy of regret, he is certainly worthy of record. For he did most of the dirty work of cleansing Europe of a quite diseased and festering feudalism; and he can be judged with as much composure and magnanimity as a Jacobite. For he seems to have vanished utterly.

I mean the soldier of freedom, the Radical Militarist; the more romantic kind of Republican who wished his country or himself to be a knight-errant of the new equality. The whole prose and poetry of nineteenth century England was filled with his spirit; ever since Byron left hanging on the altar of Hellas a sword as splendid and more stainless than his lyre. The whole politics and public oratory of nineteenth-century England had echoes of him up to the time when Ruskin rolled his richest thunders against the desertion of insulted Denmark. Swinburne is full of him. Mrs. Browning is full of him. Rossetti is full of him; and so was George Meredith in "Vittoria" and "Sandra Belloni." Nor was it a mere atmosphere or spirit; this doctrine of military intervention in the cause

of liberty all over the world was taught by such writers in quite explicit phrases. Mrs. Browning wrote, in terms so clear as to be even a little commonplace:

Happy are all free nations too strong to be dispossessed,
But happiest those among them that dare to be strong for the rest.

Rossetti, in a celebrated sonnet on the refusal of military aid between nations, said that by this and by this only he was certain

That the world falls asunder, being old.

Swinburne was so fierce a Jacobin as to become a sort of Jingo, and threatened the White Czar with the fire and flood which overwhelmed that great Armada that presumed "to dare an English Queen." I may remark that all the quotations given here are probably wrong. I quote from memory both by temper and on principle. That is what literature is for; it ought to be a part of a man.

Now I am not blind to the limitations of this old adventurous sort of Republican. Of some things I hold sacred he was far more intolerant than are the Pacifist Liberals of today. He never understood how deep the religious root had struck amid the populace, as in Ireland or in Russia. The friends of Garibaldi were not quite so irreproachable, nor his foes quite so inexcusable, as such recluses as Elizabeth Barrett represented. There was some real blackguardism mixed up with the real brotherhood, some plainly impossible anarchy mixed up with the righteous indignation, as anybody can see in the poems of Byron or Swinburne. And certainly the rational society they sought has not proved all they fancied it, especially for the poor. Now that "republican" means in so many places what it means in America—a *bourgeois* league for the shooting down of the strikers—some of the things Shelley and Swinburne said about kings and priests might very well be retorted on their successors. A reactionary might not unreasonably fling back at the Republic the taunting question the Republican poet flung at the Church. He might ask, "Well, if it comes to that:

"Hast thou filled full men's starved out souls,
Hast thou brought fredom on the earth,
Or is there less oppression done
In this wild world beneath the sun?"

In all this I disagree with the Soldier of Freedom. But I admire him. I think he was a very fine fellow. Nay, I think he was a hard-headed and sensible fellow, in so far that, granted that he wished to intervene in foreign atrocities, he provided himself with weapons with which to do so. And though he and I and every other Liberal would like to see a just treaty between the nations, I should dislike any peace that forbade us to fight for Bolivia against America, or Poland against Russia, precisely as he hated the peace of the Holy Alliance. . .

The time seems to have come for misquoting a little more poetry, and I will end with this, which the reader may think entirely irrelevant, in which case the reader will be horribly deceived. It is all I can remember of the truest words (I think the only really true words) that Swinburne ever wrote; perhaps true of the future; certainly true of the present. It is from the speech of England in the chorus of the nations crying out to their mother, the spirit of European justice and liberty:

I am she that was and was not of thy chosen,
Free and not free.
I fed thy streams till mine own streams were frozen;
Yet I am she.
By the star that Milton's soul for Shelley lighted,
Whose rays ensphere us,
By the beacon-bright Republic far off sighted,
O, Mother, hear us!

THE WALKER.

Arturo Giovannitti in the International Socialist Review.

I hear footsteps over my head all night.
They come and go. Again they come and again they go all night.
They come one eternity in four paces and they go one eternity in four paces, and between the coming and the going there is Silence and Night and the Infinite.
For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell, and endless is the march of him who walks between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate, thinking things that cannot be chained and cannot be locked, but that wander far away in the sunlit world, in their wild pilgrimage after destined goals.
Throughout the restless night I hear the footsteps over my head.
Who walks? I do not know. It is the phantom of the jail, the sleepless brain, a man, the man, the Walker.
One—two—three—four; four paces and the wall.
One—two—three—four; four paces and the iron gate.
He has measured the space, he has measured it accurately, scrupulously, minutely, so many feet, so many inches, so many fractions of an inch for each of the four paces.
One—two—three—four. Each step sounds heavy and hollow over my head, and the echo of each step sounds hollow within my head as I count them in suspense and in fear that once, perhaps, in the endless walk, there may be five steps instead of four between the yollow brick wall and the red iron gate.
But he has measured the space so accurately, so scrupulously, so minutely, that nothing breaks the grave rhythm of the slow phantastic march.

Yet fearsome and terrible are all the footsteps of men upon the earth, for they either descend or climb.