

withered youth-flowers of the oppressor.

A MARRIAGE REFERENDUM.

Allowing the people to settle who is to be your wife, by a Referendum vote, would hardly be possible anywhere else than in Spain. The Spanish people very generally admire their young King and are quite anxious he shall marry the most eligible young woman in Europe. "An enterprising illustrated magazine in Madrid," says the Chicago Post, "recently instituted a vote to show the preference of its readers for a wife for King Alfonso. In the voting Princess Ena of Battenberg was a strong favorite, emerging from the test with 30,128 votes. Princess Patricia of Connaught was favored by 21,236 voters and Princess Louise of Orleans by 3,002."

What could be more practical than this mode of settling a question? The *Diario Ilustrado* in a spirit of patriotism presents a page of magnificent half-tone portraits of the eligible princesses of Europe, with a succinct statement of their merits, political and personal. It calls upon the public to express its choice. The public—or that part of it that reads the *Diario* and has time to vote—sends in its preference. The *Diario* notified the ministry:

The People have Spoken, and by the glorious and infallible test of the Referendum the Princess Ena is selected to be Queen of Spain.

Postscript: Please inform the king at your early convenience.

It is to be hoped the young woman will not veto this Referendum vote in her favor.

GEORGE H. SHIBLEY.

SOME "PROBLEMS" HAVE BEEN OUTGROWN.

From Thomas Wentworth Higginson's Introduction to "The Aftermath of Slavery; A Study of the Condition and Environment of the American Negro." By William A. Sinclair, A. M., M. D. (Financial Secretary of Howard University). Small, Maynard & Co., 1905.

One who . . . has seen the strong effort made by so many of the Southern whites to do justice to the Negro . . . must needs feel an impulse to take a hand when a colored writer enters on a manly and courageous argument for his own side, such as may be found in the volume which follows. . . .

Reading the book with some care, I could point out a few passages with which I disagree, but surprisingly few; and in some of these cases the disagreement proceeds from the fact that

I am a man old enough to recall a time when there existed all around us at the North instances of the same kind of injustice of which we now properly complain when we see it in the South. It seems like a bit of Egyptian darkness to Dr. Sinclair for those States to have entirely separate schools for the two races, but that does not seem so hopeless an evil to me, who more than 50 years ago in two different cities in New England took a hand in abolishing just such schools. The first great step is to have public schools at all, either for white or black. In the same way men justly complain of the "Jim Crow" cars, . . . but I, who can remember the time in my childhood when a colored woman was taken out of a stage coach opposite what is now Cambridge common, because other passengers objected to her color, cannot feel the evil to be so hopeless as he does. The South is merely passing through a period such as Massachusetts passed through long ago, and the great fact of importance is that it is being passed through, and men will get beyond it sooner or later.

HOW TO BE CLEVER, THOUGH A BLOCKHEAD.

Once upon a time there was a blockhead.

For a long time he lived happy and content, until at last a report reached him that everybody considered him a brainless fool.

This roused the blockhead and made him sorrowful. He considered what would be the best way to confute this statement. Suddenly an idea burst upon his wretched mind, and without delay he put it into execution.

One day an acquaintance met him in the street and began to praise a celebrated painter.

"Good God!" cried the blockhead, "do you not know that this man's works have long since been banished to the lumber room? You must be aware of the fact. You are far behindhand in culture."

The friend was alarmed and immediately concurred with the blockhead's opinion.

"That is a clever book that I have read to-day!" said another of his acquaintances to him.

"God have mercy!" cried the blockhead, "are you not ashamed to say so? That book is utterly worthless; there can only be one idea concerning it, and did you not know that? Oh, culture has left you far behind."

And this acquaintance also was

alarmed, and he agreed with the blockhead.

"What a splendid fellow my friend N— N— is," said a third acquaintance to the blockhead. "He is truly a noble man."

"Good heavens!" shrieked the blockhead. "N— N— is a notorious scamp. He has already plundered all his relations. Who does not know that? You are sadly wanting in culture."

And the third acquaintance was also alarmed and instantly accepted the blockhead's opinion. Whatever was praised in the blockhead's presence he had always the same answer. And in every case he added reproachfully: "And you still believe that authority?"

"A spiteful, venomous man." That was how the blockhead was now known among his acquaintances. "But what a head!" "And what language!" added others. "What talent!"

And the end of it all was, the editor of a newspaper intrusted the blockhead with the writing of the critiques in his journal.

The blockhead criticised everything, and everyone, in his well-known style, and with his customary abuse.

And now, he, the former enemy of every authority, is himself an authority, and the rising generation show him respect, and tremble before him.

And how can the poor youths do otherwise? Certainly, to show him respect is an astonishing notion; but woe to you if you would take his measure or try to make him appear as he really was, you would immediately be criticised without mercy.

Blockheads have a brilliant life amongst cowards.—Turgenief, as rendered in the *Conservator*, of Philadelphia.

THE ONE THING THAT STANDS IN THE WAY OF LABOR'S WELFARE.

Ernest H. Crosby, in the *New York Daily News* of Sept. 4, 1905.

I am asked to write on the subject, "Some Things That Stand in the Way of Labor's Prosperity," but I will only touch on one thing, and that the most important and fundamental. The chief fault of the labor movement is its failure to take a wide and scientific view of the situation.

The world is monopolized in various ways. The labor man, having no natural monopoly, tries to set up a counter-monopoly of labor. This is perfectly natural, but it is only a fighting measure. He feels the wrong of monopoly, and fights the devil with fire, but devils and fire will never make a paradise.

I have always been a strong friend of the trade union movement, but I cannot overlook the fact that it is only a temporary makeshift necessitated by intolerable conditions. So long as monopoly lasts it must last, but its final end should be the death of monopoly, and not an eternal series of bickering and coquetting with it.

I am not arguing for the introduction of politics into the unions, for I believe that the policy of Mr. Gompers in that respect has been altogether right, but I am arguing for the recognition by union men of the fact that there is no promise of finality in their campaign.

The one thing needful to enable labor to claim its own is the abolition of monopoly, and chiefly of the great underlying monopoly of land, including urban sites, rights of way of railways, the rights exercised in the use of streets by rails, pipes and wires, terminal facilities, etc.

And this land question must be settled first, or else all our other reform work will merely play into the hands of the landlords.

A great movement is on foot to secure municipal ownership of public utilities, an excellent thing as far as it goes, but if it is secured first, without also putting an end to all monopoly in land, it will simply help the landlords in the end and no one else.

If fares are reduced, up go the rents uptown and in Brooklyn. And it is so of every reform. If trades unionism succeeded in obtaining high wages for all workers (which it cannot do) it would merely increase the demand for better apartments and enable landlords to raise their rents, and thus collect the increase of wages received by the men.

The method of putting an end to land monopoly was pointed out with the greatest force and clearness by Henry George 25 years ago, and nothing need be added to what he said. His plan is simple, scientific and practicable, and can be introduced either immediately or as gradually as we please.

Nineteen years ago, in the election of 1886, it did seem as if organized labor understood the problem and was ready to tackle it. If they had followed up that brilliant skirmish, we should have been by this time well on the way to economic justice. But alas! the enthusiasm did not last, and to-day of those who try to look beyond the end of their noses, most are led away by the vague generalities and impracticable programmes of socialism.

The one thing that stands in the way of labor's prosperity to-day is its failure to follow the teachings of Henry George.

THE ROOT OF ALL GOOD.

Editorial in New York Nation of Oct. 5.

Our blood boiled when we read that a country clergyman had had the effrontery to offer at a religious meeting here in New York a resolution declaring that "no talent for high finance, no useful service to the community, no benefaction to the church or to objects of philanthropy, can excuse or atone for dereliction in trust, contempt for the rights of others, or disregard of the rules of common honesty." Bishop Potter, who was presiding, very properly frowned, and passed over the matter in a paternal manner. If he and the Episcopal church do not make stand against this reckless abuse of our best citizens and most devout worshipers, no one will; and the tongue of slander will run on unchecked. Just because a few officers and directors of insurance companies have been "caught with the goods on," there is a wild howl about a frantic and unscrupulous scramble for gain. A day or two ago the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst joined the chorus; William Allen White has an article about it in the *October Atlantic*; President Nicholas Murray Butler has been solemnly warning his boys at Columbia; and at a little social gathering in Cleveland, John D. Rockefeller has been lamenting that more of his dear friends do not choose the higher things of life in preference to filthy money. Of these four men only one is qualified to testify as an expert. Dr. Parkhurst is a minister, and of course wholly ignorant of business; Mr. White is a Kansas editor, who probably has not to-day a paltry half-million of unencumbered property; and Dr. Butler is nothing but a college president, pegging along on \$10,000 or so a year. Mr. Rockefeller ought to know whether it is worth while to get rich. Whatever he may say when speaking for publication, his real feelings are expressed by his actual choice of good things.

The intimation that he has not chosen wisely should be resented by every loyal New Yorker. What are we here for, if not for money? Is Wall street a health resort? Is Broadway a golf links? Are the roofs of our sky-scrapers breezy mountain tops? Are the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria the echoing aisles of a primeval forest? Does Manhattan Island lift its fronded palms in air? Dr. Butler is no backwoods deacon that he should chatter about reputations melting like snow before the sun of publicity. Apparently, he alludes to such men as James W. Alexander, James Hazen Hyde, and Chauncey Mitchell Depew; but they are not making any

complaint. They got what they wanted, and they are not crying because they have lost what they didn't need. Your professional thief must reckon upon spending at least a quarter of his time behind prison bars, at hard labor, with poor food. But all three of the men we have mentioned made off with more than the most skillful cracksman could hope for; they are at large, with comfortable houses and well-cooked dinners; and one of them is a member of the United States Senate. They are not beggarly school-teachers and preachers whose stock in trade is reputation; they are not butlers or coachmen on \$50 a month that they must have letters from their last employers. They are high financiers; and if you don't admire them, you can do the other thing.

The people who work in the money mill have taken the job with their eyes open. Walk through Wall street and look at them. Listen to their talk at the bars and in the restaurants of the financial district. They are not fools, as Dr. Butler and Mr. White would have us believe. They are getting the objects that are worth having in this troubled and transitory life. They acquire power. When a man has piled up enough millions he can make existence a burden for his enemies on the Stock Exchange. John W. Gates and James R. Keene are as happy every day as a bulldog killing a cat; but Dr. Parkhurst doesn't enjoy a thrill like that once a decade. If you have enough money, you can always see your name and your picture in the papers. Your slightest cold in the head throws the yellow journals into hysterics of red and green ink. Your wife and children run a gantlet of photographers while daylight lasts. Your house is pointed out to the people who are seeing New York. The wages you pay your servants, the price of your cigars and of the underclothing of your whole family, the food you eat, and your last divorce suit are matters of public discussion. It's much better than being President or even a popular actress.

After all, however, these are only intellectual pleasures. It is to the real man, the physical, that money caters as nothing else can. We do not observe that Dr. Butler and other apocryphal moralists are living very high. They cannot afford private cars, private yachts, and automobiles. They have to work so hard that they cannot indulge in ten-course dinners, nervous prostration, and other things which the wealthy and well-bred now reckon among the bare necessities. William Allen White is not opening champagne every night at the club; his purse couldn't stand that pace for a single month. Let us free our minds,