

tion we disregard "vested" wrongs in the interest of human rights. Let us place property upon a moral basis.

Heretofore there has been a strenuous insistence upon the theory that everything is either "mine" or "thine." In these changing times there is a demand that everything be considered as "ours." But neither idea of property rights is morally sound. Some things belong in the category of "mine;" they are what I produce or have freely and fairly got in exchange therefor. Other things belong in the category of "thine;" they are what you produce or have freely and fairly got in exchange therefor. And just as true it is that other things are "ours;" they are the common inheritance without access to which no one can produce anything. Establish property rights upon this basis, and property will be secure; refer wealth distribution to this standard, and distribution will be equitable.

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## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

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### FRANCE.

Paris, June 9.—Chesterton remarks in one of his essays, and, as is usual with him, against the common view, that it is not the much-traveling people who are the true representatives of the breadth and depth of life. It is rather those who live close to and know well their fixed surroundings, and have their thoughts on the great phenomena of the universe, such as the phases of the weather, the birth of children, and, in short, all the common but no less marvelous round of life, growth and death. Such as these have their thoughts on the things that put all men on a common ground. Your globe-trotter sees the surface, and is constantly pointing out differences and making comparisons. Is there not much truth in Chesterton's seemingly paradoxical assertion?

And yet, if the traveler has his mind on resemblances, it is resemblances that he most finds. It is in the superficial things that human beings mostly differ. The human heart and the supreme facts of daily life are pretty nearly the same in Paris and Chicago. If one so chooses, he can be much more struck with similarities than with differences. In the garden of the Tuilleries this afternoon, mothers and nurses were sitting with their children, boys were playing and romping, men were sprinkling grass and digging in flowerbeds, and maples and chestnuts were waving their branches overhead. Along the walks people were going hither and thither across the grounds, and in the Rue Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde hundreds of vehicles were coming and going.

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It was impossible, while one stood there, not to be struck with the common humanity of the scene. And the thought also naturally came that these

very spots had witnessed great scenes which expressed the common conflict of humanity the world over. The age-long fight for democracy had some of its keenest battles nearby. Almost within a stone's throw stood the guillotine which took off Louis XVI's head. The guillotine has not been the universal method of dealing with kings, but whatever different phases the battles for democracy have taken, the underlying motive has been the same, and the French Revolution was not for France alone. The historians have dwelt mainly on its terrors; yet France would not be a republic to-day but for the work of those years. The magnificent statue in the Place de la Republique tells the story in bronze around the base, and on the front of the base are the simple words, "Universal Suffrage."

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Yet the French Republic, like our own, has much to do before her watchwords, "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," shall become more than words. One sees the words everywhere in Paris, even on church walls. I mentioned this to the cabman who was taking me to the Pantheon. He shrugged his shoulders, which led me to say that perhaps it was more words than reality as yet. He quite agreed, and finally I ventured to say, thinking it might be near enough the truth in France, "Je suis socialiste." It was most interesting to see how eagerly he took the statement, and to hear the rapidity with which he said three times, "Moi aussi, moi aussi, moi aussi." There was no doubt about the genuineness of his faith, as he understood it. I could see in my talk with him that the word "socialisme" simply meant to him, in a general way, advance to better conditions. He said once, as we passed the often-repeated words, "Not much yet, but we advance a little." He was an intelligent companion whose talk was more interesting than the sight he showed.

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It is hard to conceive how a city could be eternally more beautiful than Paris. As one looks up or down the Champs Elysees, by day or night, the view is magnificent. Almost everywhere in the main part of the city the sightseer is confronted by some notable and splendid building. And yet in the midst of all this splendor there is poverty to every degree, most of which of course escapes the eyes of fleeting travelers.

The best time for seeing the degrees of poverty is the early morning, before the owners of the early shops are awake. I was in Rouen on Wednesday morning at 5 o'clock and wandered through the town with interest divided between the glorious churches and the poor folks that I saw nearby, between the memorials of Jean Darc and her brother peasant of the town who were early astir in their various occupations. In the square by the cathedral, at half past five, there was a large group of workingmen waiting for I knew not what. At one of the doors of the cathedral sat crouching half a dozen old women, apparently expecting alms. Across the square a peasant-woman was tugging a heavy cartload of vegetables.

The cathedral towered up with magnificent spire

door in the early morning light. It is one of the most famous in all Europe; and yet there is in Rouen a church still more beautiful—St. Ouen. The central tower of St. Ouen, 285 feet high, once called the "crown of Normandy," is indeed a crown of grace and beauty—in its kind unsurpassed and unsurpassable. So airy and ethereal it appeared against a blue sky that it seemed hardly a part of the low earth at its base where men and women were starting their daily toil for existence. One old man with a child in his arms was hunting the streets for any refuge of the night. I saw him pick up a half-smoked cigarette, the young child balancing itself as if used to the movement.

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The richness of Paris in architecture and all the arts is past telling. Her monuments seem countless. And with all her care for beauty, there seems no neglect of the more common-place functions of administration. Surely no city could be cleaner. In the Place de la Concorde at night the myriad lights shine on the pavement as if it were polished by hand. Here and throughout Paris much of the pavement is of wooden blocks, and this fact, along with the rubber tires, makes the city far less noisy than one might expect. The two loudest things are the automobiles and the men selling papers. Apropos of papers, it may be interesting to state that the Paris edition of the New York Herald to-day has a large picture of Mr. Bryan in the center of its front page, and tells us that all wings of the Democratic party are uniting in support of him as the next candidate.

J. H. DILLARD.

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## NEWS NARRATIVE

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To use the reference figures of this Department for obtaining continuous news narratives:

Observe the reference figures in any article; turn back to the page they indicate and find there the next preceding article on the same subject; observe the reference figures in that article, and turn back as before; continue until you come to the earliest article on the subject; then retrace your course through the indicated pages, reading each article in chronological order, and you will have a continuous news narrative of the subject from its historical beginnings to date.

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Week ending Wednesday, June 27.

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### The Norwegian Coronation.

Haakon VII, the first independent king of Norway for nearly 600 years (p. 275), was crowned at Trondhjem, the ancient capital, on the 22d.

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It was at the death of Haakon V, in 1319, that Norway lost her independency. As Haakon V left no male heirs, the national assembly elected his daughter's son, Magnus VIII, of Sweden, to the vacant throne. The Swedish union continued through the reign of Haakon VI, son of Magnus; and Haakon's son, Olaf IV, having been elected King of Denmark in 1376, extended his rule to Sweden and Norway upon the death of his father in 1380. This triple government was perpetuated upon Olaf's death

in 1387 without heirs, by the election to the triple throne of Olaf's mother. Sweden broke from the union in 1523, and through the treaty of Kiel in 1814 Denmark was forced by the allied powers, as a penalty for her Napoleonic sympathies, to resign Norway to Sweden. Norway opposed but could not resist, so in 1818 Charles XIII was declared joint king of Sweden and Norway, but with independence to each country respecting home affairs.

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This relationship lasted, though with much discord relative to international representation, until about a year ago (vol. viii, p. 26), when, the joint king having withdrawn in favor of his son as regent, the latter ambitiously tried to construct a Scandinavian empire. The situation consequently became so disturbing that the king resumed his sovereign functions. Meanwhile, in May, 1905, the Norwegian parliament had adopted a bill for separate consular representation abroad. This bill the king vetoed, against the protests of his Norwegian ministers, and Norway promptly renounced her allegiance. Instead of resorting to coercion, Sweden entered into negotiations with Norway, through which arrangements for separation were made, subject to approval by a popular referendum in Norway. The referendum favored separation almost unanimously. An attempt to submit the question of republic or monarchy to referendum having then been defeated in the Norwegian parliament, apparently in consequence of hostile influences from other European countries, the parliament decided for monarchy and nominated Prince Charles of Denmark for king. His nomination was submitted to popular vote, and he was elected in November last by about 235,000 to 65,000. On the 18th of that month the Norwegian parliament confirmed his election, and upon accepting, he announced his intention of taking the name of Haakon VII. He took the oath of office on the 27th of November. On the 13th of June Haakon began his journey from Christiania to Trondhjem to be ceremonially crowned on the 22d.

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At 11 o'clock on the 22d the members of the cabinet in company with high ecclesiasts from all parts of Norway, marched down the aisle of the Trondhjem cathedral to await the king and his wife in the pavilion at the entrance. Ten minutes later the organ began to pour forth the strains of the national anthem, and the vast audience rose. The king and his wife then took their places upon the dais, where the first part of the ceremonial was performed. Proceeding then to the throne Haakon was crowned by the Prime Minister. After this his wife was crowned as his queen—a mere social formality of course, for she had been elected to no office. Among the spectators were Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bryan of the United States.

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### Bryan in Norway.

The day after the coronation of Haakon VII, the Norwegian-American delegates held a meeting in the garden of the old archbishops near the cathe-