

The consequent extortions they endeavor to abate
 Through impotent commissions, who in vain investigate;
 The preposterous pretense that roads can thus be given away
 Being too clear to be seen through by such sharp-eyed folks as they.

Within their rugged mountains we conveniently at hand
 Coal, iron and all minerals that their various wants demand,
 But because their grandfathers sold the mines to some one, cheap as dirt,
 Dreadful coal, and iron famines they see no way to avert;
 For by their deep sagacity those people are estopped
 From knowing that mines justly taxed must needs be worked, or dropped.

So all their other common wealth, town lot and rural field,
 Into the hands of Privilege unquestioning they yield;
 And because the grandfathers gave or sold a title never theirs,
 The grandsons hire the earth to which God makes them equal heirs.
 That grandfathers cannot deed away their grandsons' liberty,
 Is of course a truth too simple for such clever folks to see.

While really toward freedom all their feeling strongly leans,
 They show but slight conception of what genuine freedom means;
 'Gainst wholesome foreign rivalry a tariff line they draw,
 Then when monopolies combine, despite restraints of law,
 And with merciless exactions make their lives a burden grow,
 Their brilliant statesmen reinvoke the sole relief they know
 And add on new restrictions to the old ones' sore abuse,
 Giving Privilege her weapons and forbidding her their use.
 Thus they overlook another point, too plain for them to see,
 That men must turn to freedom, not restraint, to make them free.

Doubtless that sagacious people will go struggling on for years,
 Their pathway damped sometimes with blood as well as sweat and tears,
 Just because the measures needed their condition to amend
 Are too simple for such cleverness to ever comprehend.

JAY HAWKINS.

In intimating the need of somebody "to save the republic from that kind of opulence by which public spirit languishes, and civic glory dies," Gen. John C. Black is none too clear.

Unhappily, the various kinds of opulence look alike to many.

Fancy our chagrin, were some of the best of us to act on Gen. Black's suggestion in good faith, only to find in the event that we had rescued the republic from the kind of opulence that carries elections for Christianity and humanity, or the kind that keeps the tariff in the hands of its friends, or

the kind that enables our territorial importance to be commensurate with our navy.—Life.

"The apartments on the tenth floor," said the manager of the Skyscraper flats, "command a higher rent than those on the other floors, because they're the safest in the building."

"Indeed?" remarked the home-seeker.

"Oh, yes! You see, few airships ever fly that low, and automobiles never jump that high."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Flatt—What causes this smoky haze in the atmosphere?

Mr. Flatt—Why, the janitor is trying to burn some smokeless coal in the smoke-consumer.—Indianapolis News.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to get all the "bad trusts" to step to the left, so that they could be punished without hurting the good ones?—Atlanta Journal.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE AFFIRMATIVE INTELLECT.

This is the title of a second book by Charles Ferguson, author of the "Religion of Democracy," a work which received very distinguished consideration two or three years ago. The "Affirmative Intellect" is issued by the Funk & Wagnalls company, in good, clear type and attractive form. The first thing a reviewer feels called upon to say of Mr. Ferguson is that his style belongs to a class which is as far as possible from being classic. The classic style, in whatever language, has a certain calmness and dignity; and while firm and confident, it still betrays a certain amount of respectful self-restraint. There is a style, the opposite of all this, which may perhaps be called the oracular style. It affects to put forth sentences, each one of which might be marked for quotation. Each sentence is an unconditioned statement, cast at the humble reader in such an emphatic way that he feels he dare not dodge it except at the peril of his eternal undoing. Some of the masters have had this style—as, for example, Carlyle and Emerson; but now that we can look back at these masters across the silence of a few years, we are beginning to suspect that their influence would perhaps be more abiding if they had been more careful, and less oracular, in many of their assertions. Mr. Ferguson's style belongs to this oracular class.

Then, in speaking of style, one can never omit the quality of clearness, that is, the quality of imparting to the reader a clear idea of what the author wishes to tell him. Now it must be confessed that an author may have thoughts so elevated or so new that it is very difficult to make them clear to the average reader; but all the more will he of course strive to speak simply and plainly. Furthermore we have to confess that poets and seers sometimes speak most effectively in symbols, and that the prosaic reader may find it difficult always to interpret these symbols with readiness; but this is a peculiar kind of literature for which we are prepared to make allowance. Mr. Ferguson's language is not symbolic, and has not this warrant for lack of clearness. His thoughts are, we believe, ele-

vated and new; but he certainly has not striven to make them clear.

Take his preface, for example. It consists of a dozen short sentences, half of which I should judge to be unintelligible to most readers. A few days ago I handed the book to a man of culture and intelligence, saying that it was a book well worth seeing, and asking him to read the preface. He did so, and professed that he had not the faintest idea of its meaning. He read several of the sentences over and over, and still avowed that he could get no meaning whatever out of them. One of the sentences at which he particularly stuck was this: "To be a friend to another is to defy him;" and this also was a puzzler: "The greatest man is the Man that is nearest—and farthest away." We humbly submit that writing of this kind is unpardonable, and that an author of earnest thought, such as Mr. Ferguson surely is, ought straightway to set about changing his style. In saying this much we beg him to accept the assurance of his own dictum, that "To be a friend to another is to defy him."

Turning now to the book itself, we venture to say that it is one of singular force and originality, and deserves a wide reading. We say this in spite of the humble confession that we do not just see what practical issue the author would have us make. But he is stimulating and earnest, and puts forth striking sayings, many of which will compel assent by their appeal to elemental principles, and will furnish texts to thinkers a century hence. The burden of his message would seem to be that all authority, all sanction of law, must proceed from within, and not from any external source. "The original sin of the world is not contempt for arbitrary laws, but respect for them." All imposition of law from without is evil. It discredits the human spirit. The discrediting of the human spirit begets social privilege and injustice and the principle of aristocracy. In other words, all our trouble lies in subjecting the wills of men to an external and transcendent authority. What we want is that all social law shall proceed "from the sanctified and consentaneous wills of the people." This is the principle of Democracy, which "clears the ground by abolishing all authorities, except the authority of God as realized in living men."

It would be impossible, without extending this review to undue length, to follow the author further in the development of this important central thought. He says many things on the way which we should like to quote. But there is one particular point which seems to us at present to call for special notice.

Mr. Ferguson states a truth admirably as follows: "The normal elements of production are two: nature and the workman—the intellect of God implicit in the order of the natural universe and the intellect of man making himself at home there. The orthodox economists . . . have made it out that the elements of production are three—to-wit, nature, labor, and capital. That is to say, they have split the human element into two parts."

Rejecting the so-called orthodox view and accepting the normal elements as he eloquently states them, he surprises the reader by his failure to give a more enthusiastic assent to the importance of freeing the element of nature from the curse of special privilege. It would seem that he, of all modern writers, should certainly see the importance of the issue as a practical basis for all further freedom of the human will in the contact with social conditions. We can agree with him that nothing will avail if people are faithless to democracy; but is not this step the primary need, and the very mark, of democracy at its present stage of development? We cannot close this very imperfect review of this truly democratic book without expressing the hope that its author will find anchorage in this belief. J. H. DILLARD.