

he had but a single acre of land and that last year he raised two acres of "water-millions." When asked how that could be possible he replied: "Well, Boss, I jist done turn it up idgeways an' planted bofe sides." That explains how you captain-Republicans get thirty square miles of farm-lands never before found in the county containing Chicago, and thirty-five square miles of new farm-land in the county containing Cincinnati. You "jist done turn it up idgewise an' planted bofe sides."

Mr. Push—I ignore the interruption. The method we adopted with regard to labor gave results which were not exoterically true. For instance, an ice-harvesting firm which employed, say, ninety-six men for one month to harvest ice, and for the rest of the year so few that we need not consider them, made a report which showed all the money paid in one month to ninety-six men as distributed to eight men during twelve months. This, of course, showed an individual income much in excess of the exoteric fact.

Frank—And yet in spite of all this esoteric juggling, your "cooked" census shows average earnings to have dropped 2 per cent. since 1900.

Mr. Push—Hush! Not so loud! We don't know who may be in the outer office. It will never do to let it leak out that the country is not prosperous. We depend upon making the m(asses) think our prosperity is the next presidential campaign.

Frank—I say, Pater, your all-the-year-round ice-farmer reminds me of a story.

Mr. Push (sighing resignedly)—Out with it before it congests and kills the boy.

Frank—Two Irish women met and greeted each other thus: "Och! Mrs. Muldoon, but me mon Moike have a foine job. Do yez be afther guessin' phwat it is?" "He's a loyer, an' thries cases." "Faix he thries no cases boot cases av gin." "A contractor, thin." "He contracts nothin' boot grip." "Oi give it oop. Phwat is his job?" "Pickin' peraty boogs aff'n the roses in the park." "Will it last all winter, tink?" "Plaze God, I think it will."

Mr. Push—Is this where we laugh? Frank, life is business and business is serious. There is no time for levity. While your mouth is open laughing some captain of industry is stealing your breath.

Frank—Um, like a smaller cat. I must hurry, hurry, hurry. I must

outrun the sun. I must be a shadow on the dial ahead of the hand. I must strive to make my life an inverted history yet unborn. In short, if I would be great I must capitalize the St. Vitus's dance. Your bible—Dun and Bradstreet—is the gospel according to St. Vitus. Excuse me; I'm a candidate for the Apocrypha.

Mr. Push—Frank, I've tried to open your mind to the glories of business and thus far I seem to have gotten results diametrically opposite to those desired. If this failure is to continue, and the more I open your mind to our ways the more you spurn them, what am I to do?

Frank—You'll have to do as did the young surgeon who told his first patient he had appendicitis and must be operated on.

Mr. Push—What did he do?

Frank—He killed the man cutting him open, only to find everything perfectly normal.

Mr. Push—Pshaw! Then what?

Frank—He sent him to his family in a box marked, "Opened by mistake."

Mr. Push (strikes at Frank's ear. He dodges blow)—I feel minded to put five nails in your box.

Frank (at door)—You need a gusset in that reach, Dad.

Mr. Push—Confound you, you imp!

Frank—You misunderstood me; "g" not "c," I said "gusset." (Exit Frank.)

Music pp.—Slow Curtain.

END OF ACT IV.

MELVIN L. SEVERY.

### "THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY."

For The Public.

What charm, then, Spring, to stir these sluggish hearts,

And bid them leap against the sides confining

Of these, their prisoning cells,—what art of arts—

What alchemy hast thou in care—refining? Thou dost awaken new desire to be;

Through dormant nature like some magic thing

Thou stealest. Man breathes his immortality,

And cries: "Awake, my lute, awake and sing!"

But when at last the tender dawning breaks

Of that bright year when black injustice quakes

And falls; when there shall blossom in its place

Freedom, equality and brotherhood;

Then shall thy charm, O Spring, be understood,

Then shall we read thy secret, face to face.

GERTRUDE COLLES.

"You had a lot of books this year, didn't you, Mollie?" "Yes," replied Mistress Mollie, with all the serious-

ness of perfect sincerity; "I had five improving books on my Christmas tree, and two to read."—The Woman's Journal.

"And is it true that nearly all the people in the west can read and write?"

"Ay, my lord! But many of them read and write so much that they haven't time to think!"—Puck.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah, I've been nominated.

Sarah (with delight)—Honestly?

Politician—What difference does that make?—Detroit Free Press.

## BOOKS

### IN MANY KEYS.

It is said that a recently translated Mesopotamian brick contains an eloquent lament over the decline of literature. The date of the brick is approximately 2000 B. C. Doubtless, as the world rolled into the new twentieth century B. C., the Wordsworths, Tennysons and Brownings had passed away, and there seemed nowhere any to take their places.

Thus the testimony accumulates that it has always been so. After the great ones are gone and their names have become enshrined, we forget that they were not always thus accounted great. We forget how long Wordsworth was laughed at, how long Tennyson wrote unknown. Many can even remember when Browning was more celebrated as the husband of his wife than for his own work. As a rule, poets have had a peculiarly hard time in getting recognition. The public does not willingly admit a new name into the sacred list. And yet there are always poets among us. At this very time we can find in odd corners of papers and magazines poems that are worthy of any of the great names that we revere. May it not be that among the makers of these will arise some one to write a new great poem? For it must be confessed that there has been no recent attempt, if we except Mr. Phillips's dramas, of sufficiently ample and original scope to bid for the title of great.

So, in this little volume by Mr. John Wilson Bengough, "In Many Keys, a Book of Verse" (William Briggs, Toronto), while we find no single poem ambitious enough to call itself a great poem, yet we find poems that stand the test, both in matter and in form, of good literature and good poetry, though they come to us fresh from the new twentieth century. Some of them, too, have the distinct note of the new spirit, which will make them doubly welcome to many modern readers who may be willing to admit that there can be modern poetry. There are poems here which could not have been written 25 years ago, not only as regards

their subject, but more as regards the spirit which pervades them. Take these lines for example, in the "Apology of Edwin Markham":

The Pioneer is poor, but loves his work;  
'Tis bracing and enduring—'tis the soil  
In which the flower of hope forever springs,  
Because the Pioneer is Man, and free;  
He feels no degradation in his sweat,  
For he is King of his hard circumstance,  
And owns no master 'twixt himself and  
God,  
Who made the land and gave it to his  
hands.

And these, from the poem, "Father Edward McGlynn":

Thy parish was the world of toll and pain;  
Thy disinherited, the weak, the mass,  
Submerged in hellish slums by social  
wrong,  
Were thy parishioners, and in their cause  
Thou didst not shrink from obloquy and  
loss,  
Ending in spooled career and martyrdom.

And, above all, take these three stanzas from the poem, "Henry George":

The Seer of our age, whose pen,  
Like Moses' rod, cleft through the sea  
A path to life and liberty  
For tolling men,  
Lies on the mystic mountain-top, but knows  
the hosts shall enter in.

Dead—white—appareled for the grave—  
Not dressed for honors all but won,  
He silent lies, the cause undone  
He strove to save;  
A pale, cold corpse, with empty hand, like  
sculptured martyr, pure and brave.

His cause undone? Nay, sprung anew!  
His cause was God's—his prophet call,  
"God made this fruitful earth for all,  
Not for the few!"

The sun is up and lights the world, and  
men have seen, and truth is true!

The volume is well named "In Many Keys"; for there are poems on a great variety of subjects and in many styles. This is a striking element in the author's strength—that his sympathies are not narrow. His own lines seem true of himself:

For no true poet ever hated man,  
Tho' hating deeds and policies of men.

Some of the poems are Canadian, some international, some miscellaneous, some personal, and some memorial. In the last group Queen Victoria and Gladstone stand with Father McGlynn and Henry George.

Several of the humorous poems are very good, especially the conversation between John Bull and Uncle Sam on the Open Door in China, and the Canady Farmer. The author shows considerable skill in handling dialect verse; though the reader, as in all such verse, is frequently called upon to help out the meter.

The poet seems most happy in quiet blank verse, which he writes with the apparent ease, and with much of the characteristic simplicity and delicacy of Wordsworth.

A noble valley, stretching league on league  
To the far hills that meet the melting sky—  
A foreground of green fields and rushing  
stream,

Then for the rest a riot of all things  
That make a sight to satisfy the heart.

He writes this meter with singular correctness and beauty, and can, we predict, give us something in this kind that will enshrine in classic form some fuller exposition of the new thought.

The noble poem on Edwin Markham, already mentioned, is written in this meter, and gives prophecy of more that can be done. With his mastery of this meter, which suits the English ear, with his wide, catholic sympathies, with his insight into modern problems, the author of this attractive little volume has already "staked his claim" among the poets of the new day.

If it would not make this notice too long, we should like to mention and quote from other of the poems; but we cannot forbear giving in full the beautiful lines on "Sympathy":

Beside the grave's new-rounded sod  
By some dear instinct close we come,  
Heart draws to heart, tho' we are dumb,  
And humbly seeks to share the rod;  
We do not know what is to be,  
We cannot guess, we cannot see,  
We can but stand and wait for God.  
As when the winter tempests fall  
With blinding snow-wreaths on the steep,  
And clouds and darkness dread appall,  
What can they do, th' unknowing sheep,  
But gather close and silence keep,  
And listen for the shepherd's call.

We must say in conclusion that the illustrations and the vignette portraits of Carlyle, Kipling, Henry George, Dr. McGlynn, Edwin Markham and some others add not a little to the attractiveness of the volume.

J. H. DILLARD.

#### "THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION."

For a quick but comprehensive glance at the spirit of the socialist movement, we can commend Karl Kautsky's two lectures, delivered in Amsterdam about a year ago, one making a contrast between reform toward socialism and revolution by socialism, and the other describing with modest prophecy what is to occur after the socialist revolution. These lectures have been translated by A. M. and May Wood Simons, and are published in one small volume (price 50 cents) under the title of "The Social Revolution," by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

While Mr. Kautsky prefers revolution to reform, in which he undoubtedly reaches the same conclusion that prevails among orthodox socialists, the revolution he has in mind is not like those of the past. It is not to be a military conflict, unless possibly in Russia; nor a sudden uprising of any kind, but rather a long drawn out yet non-military civil war. One of its peculiar methods of warfare is the labor strike, which, at a certain point of economic development will be used for political effect, as has been already done to a degree in France and Belgium.

When political power shall have thus been secured by the socialists, problems of reconstruction are expected to arise the solution of which cannot be foreseen. Mr. Kautsky, therefore, protests that he belongs with those socialists who oppose programmes, devoting themselves to the revolution while the revolution holds the stage. Yet, thinking it "a help, to political clearness to examine the problems that will grow out of the conquest of political power by the socialists," he makes his modest inquiry into future possibilities. Those who follow him here will be pretty sure to conclude, we fancy, that he would have done better had he stuck to the socialist policy of exclusive devotion to the work of getting into power, and left the complicated question of the use to be made of that power entirely alone.

In one part of this investigation, however, Mr. Kautsky puts his finger upon the seat of the industrial disease. Referring to what socialism in power will have to do, he remarks that "it will in all cases be compelled to solve the question of the relief of the unemployed," for "enforced idleness is the greatest curse of the laborer." He then adds this peculiarly sound observation:

That the laborer of to-day is compelled to sell himself to the employer, and that the latter can exploit and enslave him, is because of the ghost of the unemployed and the hunger whip that swings above his head. If the laborer can once be sure of existence, even when he is not working, nothing would be easier than for him to overthrow capital. He no longer needs capitalists, while the latter cannot continue their business without him. Once things have gone thus far, the employer would be beaten in every conflict with his employes and be quickly compelled to give in to them.

True words, those. And in the truth which they express lies the solution of the whole labor question, the whole industrial question, the whole social question, the whole issue between labor and capital. They mark, also, the difference in method between socialism and the so-called single tax. Socialism would make laborers independent by waging a prolonged class conflict in a great process of historical evolution, and at the end they would provide for the laborer by complex systems of governmental machinery. The single tax, on the other hand, would simply reform the existing order, so that, without class conflict or proletarian revolution, without any social upheaval at all, demand for labor would become and remain continually in excess of the supply. That would put an end to "the ghost of the unemployed," which, as Mr. Kautsky truly says, is what now compels laborers to sell themselves to employers.