

purpose to do for his neighbor what he would do for himself. He must give his neighbor justice and a square deal as he claims them for himself. He will demand justice of himself for his neighbor and he will demand it of other men for his neighbor.

Christ depended on this basic principle of love to one's neighbor as to one's self to preserve social justice and to bring about in the world a true fraternity. Fraternity regards the rights and needs of all, and leaves no man to pursue his own way or conduct his own business or do his own work without regard to the welfare of each and all. What justice may not even demand as a right, fraternity may impose as a brotherly obligation. Christ leaves absolutely no place in the relations of men for the application of any economic, social, or political practices that are unfraternal.

These teachings of Christ are practicable for those who have caught his view point, his ideals, and his spirit. They are practicable, not for cloistered saints for whom they were never intended, but for men and women set in the trying conditions of domestic, social, economic and political life. For his disciples they are imperative. By doing them and leading others to do them the kingdom of heaven will come in the realization of the social ideal of Christ. The Kingdom of Heaven will have farms with crops growing on them, factories with goods in them, railroads for transportation, employers and working men, newspapers and political institutions even as now, but the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule will be practiced in all the relations and duties of life. It can be done. Some time it will be done. By some in every relation and condition of our broken and disordered social life it is even now being done.

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THE EASTERN POLITICAL CON- SCIENCE.

From an Article in the *San Francisco Star* of February 11, 1911, by W. G. Eggleston of Oregon.

When I migrated from Philadelphia to Chicago in 1885, men were discussing the Australian Ballot; political bosses were examining it with great suspicion. The Direct Primary law was an unlaidd egg; the Initiative, Referendum and Recall were unknown in America; the Commission form of city government was unheard of; direct election of United States Senators was in the dream form; and the idea of raising all public revenues by a Single Tax on land values had taken root only in the minds of a few harmless or harmful "cranks," depending on the point of view.

When I went from Illinois to Montana in 1896, most of the northern States had what is called the Australian Ballot law; the Recall and the Com-

mission form of city government were still unknown, but the Populist party had twice demanded the Initiative and Referendum in its national platform, though not in the form now being adopted in so many States. It was in 1896, under the direction of Governor Altgeld, that the Democratic party of Illinois put into its platform a plank for county home rule in taxation, and it was in January, 1897, that Governor Robert B. Smith, of Montana, recommended to the legislature the application of the Single Tax to all lands belonging to the State and at the same time recommended the submission of an Initiative and Referendum amendment.

Fifteen years ago it would have been hard to get a corporal's guard of votes for the Initiative and Referendum in any State east of the Mississippi river; now it would be very difficult to defeat an Initiative and Referendum amendment in any of those States except Mississippi; and the sentiment for Direct Legislation is a true index to the mind of the people. The public conscience of the East has been awakened; it is the new conscience that demands representation as a remedy for misrepresentation, and popular government instead of delegated government. It demands all the democratic tools of government by which the people may manage their own affairs, regardless of political bosses.

All through the East the people are interested in Oregon; not because fine fruit is grown in this State, not because of Oregon's forests and soil, but because politically it is the most progressive of all the States. That is, the people of Oregon have and are using for their own benefit more political power than is possessed by the people of any other State. The people of the East are interested in everything that is done in Oregon, because they want for themselves the democratic tools of government that Oregon voters have. They listen attentively and ask questions about the working of the Initiative and Referendum, the Recall, the Direct Primary law, the Corrupt Practices Act and the extension of the Direct Primary nominating system to Presidential nominations; they contrast our method of electing United States Senators with the auction-block system still in vogue in the old States.

One would hardly suspect this from reading eastern metropolitan papers; but go to the editorial offices of the really great magazines. Go to Everybody's, the American, Pearson's, Hampton's, Collier's, the Outlook, the Independent, the Saturday Evening Post—where you can get a more accurate record of the pulse of the people than you can in the office of any daily paper in any large city of the East.

One proof of the successful invasion of the old East by new ideas of government is the fact that some of the New Governors of Eastern States have just recommended the Initiative and Referendum

to the legislatures of their States. Most State Governors are merely political camp followers; few of them represent the people. But Foss of Massachusetts, Wilson of New Jersey, Osborne of Michigan and Davidson of Wisconsin are notable exceptions east of the Mississippi River. These men are working for the people rather than trying to work the people.

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THE CALL.

For The Public.

An awakening and a stirring
Under ground!
A whispering and a listening,—
'Tis the sound
Of the mighty magic trumpet!
At its call
All the countless hosts are moving —
That is all.

Smiling lies the pale arbutus
In her dreams
Of the warble of the blue bird,
Song of streams;—
'Till the violet shyly whispers,
"Dear one, hear,
'Tis the Resurrection Angel
Drawing near!"

The rich meaning of the message
Who can know?
Over hill and over valley
Sweet its flow;—
Psyche suddenly awaking
'Neath Love's kiss—
Fair Persephone escaping
Halls of Dis.

Childhood springs to greet the sunlight,—
All is new.
Clouds may gloom,—behind the greyness
Shines the blue.
Faith arouses from her sleeping,
And the soul
Safe and trustful in His keeping,
Knows the whole.

Such a light shall reach the doubter
Mid his dearth,
Giving glimpses wide of Heaven,
Wings to earth!
Cold, indeed, the heart not lifted
By this call,
With its note of love for many,
Hope for all.

GRACE ADA BROWN.

BOOKS

THE IDEALS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

When I began to pick up the various writings of William Morris, both prose and verse, clear back to his youthful Oxford romances, I only knew him

as a designer, a worker in the lesser arts, and a preacher of the doctrine that all things must be made beautiful.

But now as I read his remarkable books, the manly and womanly ideals and the wonderfully broad human fellowships which he so clearly sets forth, have made him one of the most suggestive of modern writers.

I do not mean to include with any especial emphasis his "News from Nowhere" and the "Dream of John Ball," now more widely read, I think, than those books which, for me at least, count for much the most in the contribution made to human happiness by this very lovable man.

Almost out of print in these days are his "Sundering Flood," "The Glittering Plain," "Well at the World's End," "Water of the Wondrous Isles" and "Roots of the Mountains." Nor are there so many who read his most striking poem, "Sigurd the Volsung."

Nevertheless in all these greater books William Morris appears to me constantly making suggestions about a glorified and a transformed social order based upon Service and Fellowship. Outwardly he was writing about medieval romances, old Norse legends, and all sorts of strange wonders occurring in "lands east of the sun and west of the moon." In reality he was endeavoring to reveal to his fellowmen the world as it might be—filled with splendid struggle and unbreakable fellowships. Into such things as these Morris poured his ripest imagination, shaping some of the fairest and most sane ideals possible to this or any future age.

No one can thoughtfully read the almost forgotten "Roots of the Mountains"—a story of hunters, shepherds, soil-tillers and craftsmen into whose lives came the threat and horror of "the dusky men"—without re-shaping it, as Morris meant we should, and applying more than a little to the needs of our Today. Everywhere in these great prose romances, so full of health, eagerness, devotion to high causes and loyalty to the best there is in man, one finds joyous labor, ceaseless battle against evil. Everywhere one finds large, free spaces, valleys filled with homes, tree-covered mountains, towns and cities where Brothers of the Guilds dwell together with song and mirth in happy-hearted toil.

Though Morris puts in many a nobleman, prince and emperor, these are but the embroideries of his tales—he does not more than half believe them himself. The ideals that truly underlie all of his romances are very plainly those of his famous lectures to workmen and his articles in *The Common Weal*, the organ of the Socialist League.

It would require detailed analysis of these very fascinating tales, and liberal quotations, to fully show the essential unity and the constantly broadening ideals of life which exist in all the writings of William Morris, quite as much in his so-called