

contending. Tom is all roight, as far as the principles, in thimsilves, is consarned. He makes the fatal mistake, however, av supposing that oideals is intinded fer ivery day use. Oideals, me frinds, are moral aarnimints, thot do no harrum to a political spaich if used in moderation, and discreetly. Roosyfell, himself the chief aarnimint av the American schtump, is past masher in the practical use av ideals. Phwat harrum did ut do anybody whin Roosyfell, in the wild abandon av frinzied aaritory, cried: 'Wurruds, me frin's, is useful whin backed by deeds, and only so!' Doesn't iverybody know, be the ricord av the mon, phwhat koin'd av deeds 'll folly thim worruds?

"Ye moight as well ate noth'n' but punkin poi, aall the pholle, marn'n', noon an' noight, wurruld widout ind. as t' throy t' live an oideals—an' Roosyfell has the sinse to know ut. An' roight here is whare Tom L. Johnson gets off! He is aall the pholle thryin' to revolutionize our schplendid system av government by inthrojucing his blashted maaraal oideals into ligslation and practice! Faith, if that felly had 'is way, there wudn't be anny poor payple in the worruld! Sure, where wud be the incitemints to phil-anthropy—how cud a Rockyfelly or a Carnegie eximplify the lofty possibilities av althruism but for a needy pooblic as an object av their munificence? How cud the payple av the United Sthates dimonstrate their devotion to the golden rool, if tneere was no shtarving India, no bleeding Macedonia to excolite their ginnyrus impoises!

"Tom Johnson would say: 'Let the schpirt av iquity dominate aich and ivery individual, and thus, upan a foundation of univarsal althruism in perpetual practice, will arose the schplindid superstructure av univarsal affloonce and well-being!'

"Thru for you, Tom Johnson; but there's no illmint av picturesqueness about that koin'd av althruism. Man loves the schpectacular; ye can't hov plumed knoights wid flaming schwords, asthraddle av prancing shtees, widout somethin' betther nor a pig to shtick the sword into! for anny lanthern-jawed gossoon can shtick a pig, while it takes a sojer brrave to impale the cowering inimy upan his Damas-cooz blade! If yer oideal is but to do the square thing, phwhat's the use? Annybody can do thot—if he's a moind to.

"Besoides, Oi agree wid the Chicago Tribune—that there's an appearance av insincerity in Tom Johnson's

condooct. Grantin', fer argymint's sake, thot Mистер Johnson's principles are O. K., sthill, if they shud be adopted in practice, and afterwards it shud thranspire thot the gentlemon had been insincere in advocatin' thim, phwhat a humilliation ut wud be to society! Wud the binefits av iquity offset the chagrin av bein' juped? Not on yer loife, Mистер Johnson! As the Tribune says, Tom Johnson's a rich mon. He got his scads under the prevailing indoosthrile system: THEREFORE, d' ye moind—THEREFORE, phwhat roight has 'e to kick? The logic av the situation is a two-edged sword, an' ut hits Mистер Johnson both goin' an' comin'; he survoived undher the prevailing system, therefore it is probable that, in his heart av hearts, he approves av ut, no matter phwhat he says. And, anny mon thot cud survoive under the prevailing system, is a thraitor to his felly survoivors if he attimpts to make ut aisier for thim thot are loike to make a failure av ut.

"There is more practical value in this sthoyle av ralsoning than ye hov anny oidea av, Donovan. It logically estops the rich and powerful from butting in, and the poor and weak are, as all min av undherstand'n' know, a negligibubble facthor."

"Don't ye be so sure av thot," said Donovan. "D'ye moind the reign av terror in France, and the bread riots in Loondon?"

"Go way back an' sit down Donovan! Faith, ye're as green as ye luk! Ye don't seem to royaloize thot we hov a previntive of reigns av terror and bread royots thot thim back noombers hadn't sinse enough to use."

"And phwhat's thot?"

"Free soup. The souphouse is wan av the schplindid flowers av modern civilization. Ye can't scharve to death nowadays, Donovan, unless ye forgit t' ate. And here is another illoosthration av the practical value av the prisint aardher av things; for who wud furnish the soup for the shtarving payple, if Tom Johnson had 'is way, an' the monopolists and tax-dodgers couldn't save oop money agin the day av harrd toimes? And it comes wid a poor grace from the mon thot has accipted the succor av the rich to raise a howl agin a system thot presarved his loife, as we moight say. If he had stharved to death, he moight 'ave had a kick comin', and aall the world wud be glad to listen to 'm!'"

"But," ventured Donovan, "ye'll not

be denoyin' thot the poor hov soom raison for complaint?"

"Oi'll not go agin' you on thot, Donovan. But lave the mon thot has got rich undher the prevailing system, kape schtill! And laye the mon thot has been saved from scharvation under the prisint system, kape schtill!"

"Wud ye think, Mистер Mulligan, thot thim thot's nayther rich nor poor wud hov a kick com'n'?" asked Donovan.

"No, sorr," answered Mulligan, decisively. "The affloont middle classes shud be the lasht in the wurruld to lay an indoictmint agin consichooted society. They are the invy, at wanst, av both the rich and the poor; the raypositories av the choicest fruits av social aarganoization, the bond av the body politic, the bulwark av civilization!—lave thim kape schtill!"

While Mulligan was putting on his coat and lighting his pipe, Donovan sat in profound meditation upon the words of wisdom that had fallen from his leader's lips. The click of the door latch roused him from his study, and, looking round, he saw Mulligan in time to stop him, by a last question.

"Oi say, Mulligan, ye hov confessed thot the poor hov cause av complain', and ye won't lave thim kick for thimsilves, an the ground thot they hov acciptid succor from the rich; and ye sctopt the mouths av the middle classes, be pointing to their affloonce; and ye rayfuse to hear Tom L. Johnson, because, as ye say, he moight be insincere. Now, Oi'm not pretind'n' t' argyfy wid you, d' ye moind; but Oi'm axin, phwat if the caase av the poor shud happen, soom toime, to rise oop, av itsif, an' fall down at yer feet—phwhat wud ye say to ut?"

"Kape schtill!" answered Mulligan, as he passed out into the night.

HORACE CLIFTON.

#### THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

"All the delights of Heaven are conjoined with uses, and are inherent in them, because uses are the good works of love and charity, in the practice of which the angels live."

In the opening hours of the twentieth century—a supremè duty devolves upon parents and instructors, and that is the teaching of the young that labor—honest toil—is the most dignified ambition of man. Instead of having servants running after our children, it would be well if we should lead them to see that he who serves with a loving heart is great in the sight of God and of all whose approbation is worth the seeking. Honest toil gives expression to the spiritual being and

shadows forth the highest ideal of infinite activity. We must exalt labor by placing it on the throne of honor in the mind.

No man can escape the performance of the labor necessary to develop the individuality. Work is a divine privilege, not a curse from Adam. The very life as well as the joy of the normal soul and the proper development of the intellect depends upon it. It is by labor that we build, each his own character in his own way. It is through work that we prepare ourselves for the to-morrow of existence, so that when we pass into the higher order of life we shall not have to pass this way again or come in contact with the same problems of thought life.

Nor is it enough to toil grudgingly and with naught but sordid ends in view. He who works merely for gain loses the soul of labor, while he who labors for the sake of labor puts soul into every touch of the hands. Love for the work that is to be wrought glorifies labor, even as the rising sun glorifies the glistening mountain peak and its last smile bathes the valleys with golden splendor.

This is a commercial age, and the very commercialism which flaunts its tawdry robes and, Belshazzar-like, boasts of its greatness and its prosperity, has, by making gold and material wealth the end instead of a subordinate means to the end of life, served to dwarf the soul and shrivel the higher faculties of man until it is no exaggeration to say that there are few great, well-rounded intellects in America to-day,—few men whose mental and moral power is giving western civilization the elements of permanent greatness and enduring progress.

Think not that wealth wrung from slavery in any form, or power achieved through ignoring the moral law, can by any species of legerdemain spell out greatness. Rome was never so imposing to the casual spectator when viewed from afar as when, rotten at the heart, her mantle of material wealth covered a civilization stricken to death in all its vitals.

Let us not deceive ourselves or be deceived by false shibboleths. We are living in an age so given to commercialism that the highest utilitarianism as well as the noblest ethics are being subordinated by a society insane with the lust for gold.

So strong has been the reaction from the noble idealism that bloomed in the birth time of our republic and toward egoistic materialism, that the great institutions which should ever conserve the ethical and spiritual realities have become largely recreant to their trust. The school and the university to-day tend too much toward the teaching of

labor for gain and to a superficial view of life that is born of crass materialism. In religion, also, the same falling away from the spirit to the worship of things material and the dead letter is noticeable. That artistic element which enriches life by its great simplicity of thought and childlike attitude toward work for the joy of working, is happily far removed from the sordid side of human existence. Unlike the theological concept which regards work as a curse placed on man for sin, it finds in toil dignity, beauty, and peace which afford the weary mind the sweetest and most restorative rest.

We cease to live spiritually the very moment we try to shift the labor of the common, daily life onto the shoulders of others, and seek by cunning ways to absolve ourselves from contact with the humbler uses of this life. We are spiritually lost the very moment we try to escape from the common labor of the hands and the honest thought which is the fruit of that labor. It is, indeed, hard to keep pace with one's highest ideals in an age that is permeated with commercialism and when the lust for gain has made the gambling spirit not only tolerated but almost dominant in business life.

It is at our work that we must pray. It is good to pray in churches, but the real prayer of the soul is at the carpenter's bench, in the field, and at the household work. The scent of the shavings made in the little shop in Galilee was as an incense that mounted up to the heavens of man's fondest hopes. Our blessed Lord labored at the bench in the early morning of his life, and thus he left an impressive and practical example for the youth of the age wise enough to appreciate the true meaning of the gospel of service, the evangel of sane and healthy work. He forever dignified labor, making it the glory of God, not the curse of Adam. "My Father wrought hitherto, and I work,"—such were his words to the carping conventional critics of his age.

We are losing much of the value of real life in these days of materialistic commercialism, because of our worship of ephemeral baubles and our pursuit of pseudo-pleasures. We have lost the key to true growth, happiness, and contentment, and have come to entertain a false and ignoble view of common labor, the reverse of that held by the Master. Every artist knows that it is when he is at labor in his studio or with nature that the muse comes with her most soothing touch and uplifting inspiration, sending life thrilling into the clay or beaming from the canvas; and men call the result a work of genius. The artist knows full well in his own heart that it was his

preparation of common labor which made possible what the muse did while his hands were honest and his heart was sound.

The effort to escape work on the part of a portion of the community demoralizes society throughout all its ramifications. It curses the essentially dishonest ones who acquire what others earn, and it curses their offspring. It imposes unequal and enormous burdens upon others, making slaves where there should be freemen; and the consciousness of injustice deadens the finer and stimulates the baser elements in the nature of the poor. Thus, crime is augmented and the misery and wretchedness of society increased. Give man freedom, under just conditions, or an equality of opportunity, and it is astonishing how the divine will assert itself and greatness will spring from the ashes of baseness. We have a most impressive illustration of this character in the development of the Australian commonwealth. Little did England think when she sent her criminals to the wilds of Botany Bay that in so doing she was founding one of the most prosperous and powerful colonies of her domain. The secret of the development of the criminal up to self-respecting and ennobled manhood in this great colony was common labor and freedom to rise, without the artificial restraints and the injustice and inhumanity to man that one finds in the large commercial centers. The English criminal in Australia found himself in an entirely new environment, thrown on his own resources, and with plenty of honest toil at hand; and he demonstrated to the world that the human soul, if given a chance, will prove itself divinely good. London offered no opportunities to be good, for there the poor were the slaves of the wealthy class. The over-rich did not and do not give the poor much chance to be free and to live as God intended them to. In cunning and devious ways they shift the toil they themselves should do in this world onto the shoulders of their brothers, and the result is crime. Low cunning and the reaping where others have sown, far more than drink, are the causes of the poverty, wretchedness, and crime in the social cellar.

I know of no surer way of ridding man of cunning diplomacy than by leading him back to a wholesome respect for common labor, where each shares alike in creative and utilitarian service that makes for individual development and for the common weal.

Is it too much to ask the artist to work with his own hands on his own statues; the wife and mother to return to her own home and there labor for the good of

those who love and look up to her for the comforts that make for the honor and glory of right living; the man to go out into the field and come in contact with Nature in her sublime moods and there learn that honesty of dealing which lives and lets others live, and the wage-earner to learn to love and respect the toll that God has put in his way? When this is achieved, the most perplexing social and economic problems of the age will be near solution; for all classes will be coming together, touching hands on that high plane of usefulness where, according to the old Egyptian concept, the great god Ra, when he walks in the two countries of the soul—the upper and the lower—will find all men brothers, and when Isis, mother of beauty and of all living things, will find her children giving their true name honestly, and not withholding it, having it written in shining letters on their foreheads,—and that name shall be "Labor," the glory of heaven and earth—Labor, the symbol of eternal happiness; for God so loved the world that he came in His divine human nature and taught us at the carpenter's bench in Galilee the most useful lesson that humanity will ever learn.

Ra, in the sun boat, rises from the East,  
The labor of a day dawns in the sky;  
Man lifts the sleeping body from the ground,  
Life is renewed under the blazing eye.

The sounds of nature rise in melting waves,  
The heart of man throbs pure and strong;  
The sower seeks the fields of earth,  
The maiden laughs at labor with a song.

The sun boat sinks again in western glow,  
The laborer leaves his work for honest sleep;  
Evening shadows like a blessing fall,  
And the souls of men are in God's keep.  
—F. Edwin Elwell, in Arena for October, 1903.

"Well, if England evacuates Egypt will you evacuate Manchuria?" they finally asked bluntly.

Russia coughed in a deprecating way. "Pulling up stakes is one thing in the soft alluvium of the Nile and quite another thing in the frozen soil of the Yalu," protested Russia.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Small Catherine spilled the ink over her mother's desk, the rug, the chairs, and her own apron. When her father returned at night, his little daughter met him at the door and asked: "How much does a bottle of ink cost?" "Oh, about five cents." "Five cents!" exclaimed the little girl, in a tone of deep disgust. "And just to think that mamma would make all that fuss about one little bottle of ink!"—Lippincott's.

## BOOKS

### THAT GREAT LYING CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Morrison Davidson's latest book is aimed against the English church ("That Great Lying Church of England," F. R. Henderson, 26 Paternoster Sq., London; paper 1s., cloth 2s.) It is significant that in his attack he finds strong support from earnest members of that very church. One of the most devout and zealous clergymen of the American church which especially represents the English establishment recently said: "I hate the church." He said this in spite of the fact that he literally gives his life to the church.

Whence the paradox? Does it not lie in the fact that there are two churches? Is there not a church of the humble, the modest, the faithful and obscure workers, the sincere worshippers who hold to the things of the soul? Is there not, on the other hand, a church of the organization, the officials, bishops, elders, stewards, priests, a church that indulges in the limitations of all other earthly institutions?

History takes account of the latter. This is the church of the council, and of metaphysical dogmas. This is the church that holds conventions and elects dignitaries. This is the church that entered courts in the middle ages, and is loud in modern newspapers.

The other church has ever been silent. It is made up of simple, honest priests and ministers who go about doing good, and of humble members who love true religion, and find consolation in the communion of common prayer and worship.

One may easily hate the one and love the other.

Thus it is that "the best men in the church," as Mr. Davidson himself says, "are the readiest to admit and unavailingly to deplore" the painful shortcomings of the authoritative, institutional, official, governmental forces that stand for the church of Christ. These forces no more represent the real body of the church than the official governments of the world have represented the best thought and will of the humble masses. Not so much; for the loud and aggressive elements have less opposition in the churches than they have in ordinary political life, and they push themselves forward over humble ministers of the church who are busy about their Master's business, and care as little as possible for bishoprics and other orders.

The church would have been dead long ago if its life depended upon bishops, councils and its various official paraphernalia.

The official church has always been on the wrong side. As Mr. Davidson says: "It is impossible to name a single great reform, for a century or more, that has not been met by the episcopate and clergy with cynical indifference or deadly enmity." This state-

ment is painfully true with two amendments. He should have said, for all centuries; but as to the clergy, he should have modified it by saying, those who have made themselves heard. The trouble is that the humble are humble, and have allowed the ambitious to misrepresent the true spirit of the real church. So it has been since Constantine brought officialdom into Christianity, and so it is to-day.

If anyone wants to see a striking illustration of the two churches, let him read the life of Francis of Assisi, and mark the difference between the church which he loved and the church which adopted his work and killed it.

Mr. Davidson's book is a terrible attack, but the official church deserves it.

J. H. DILLARD.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

—Why I Am a Vegetarian, by J. Howard Moore, Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago, 25 cents.

—A Secular Anathema on Fakery in Business, Social and Professional Life, or Twentieth Century Conduct, by Charles Wallace Silver. E. B. Wright, Urbana, Ill., \$1.00.

—Concerning Human Carnivorism. By the Rev. J. Todd Ferrler. Paignton, Eng.: The Order of the Golden Age. Price, 38 cents, net. A series of essays against flesh-eating, in which the subject is treated with reference to history, science, economics, humanity and religion.

### PERIODICALS.

It is a high compliment which the Nebraska Independent pays to single tax writers in its issue of December 31: "The editor of the Independent must confess that there is an unguarded place in his heart which the single taxers are always finding, and they do it with a grace and courtesy that come near disarming him." Some old philosopher long ago remarked that the surer the advocate was of his cause, the more courteous he could afford to be in presenting it.

J. H. D.

The following note, which comes from Kansas by way of the Springfield Republican, would have met the hearty approval of Herbert Spencer: "Miss — I wan yue 2 distinctly understand if I kepe susan ote of skul 2 help du the washenan skrubbin it is nun of yurs or the troont offers bisnes its me is runen mi kids and yue an the stalt of Kansas tend 2 yure owen bisnes, mrs —." Mrs. Blank is doubtless all unconscious of the fact that she and her

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