

down or at least to look over those walls of partition. Ignorance which separates the minds of nations, tariffs which separate their material interests, militarism, and everything that tends to make a division, must be done away with. Above all things we must destroy the system of monopoly arising out of our patent laws, our money laws, our license laws, our taxation laws and especially our land laws.

Man is primarily a land animal; on the land and by the land he lives, and without land not. Under conditions natural to man (that is, to the spiritual man), conditions of harmony, the earth will "bring forth abundantly to satisfy the desire of every living thing." This is not poetry, but a statement of sober facts. As Prince Kropotkin says, no man yet knows the capacity of a single yard of earth.

But it is necessary first of all in order that the earth may bring forth at all, that men should be allowed to get at the earth, whether in order to cultivate it, or to dig minerals out of it, or to work on its surface, or to build houses on it.

We have allowed a system to grow up owing to which it is impossible for an ordinary man to live except by giving to another a portion of what he produces for the mere right to occupy a part of the earth, or else by taking for himself from his brothers such a portion of what they produce.

This must be done away with; whether it be done away with individually by the Shaker system of communal possession, or by a cooperative commonwealth, or by taxation of land values, is not of so much importance. When we see the thing must be done, we shall see a way of doing it; until we do see it, it is impossible for any of us to do it alone. All that we can do is to work to lift up the ideal—to show that it is not the divine will that some of mankind should starve while others are overfed—that it is possible as well as conceivable that all should dwell not only in peace, but in plenty.

But if we do this and while we are doing this, each one may enjoy the internal peace when he has come into harmony with his surroundings, when he has become so much a part of them that it is impossible that there should be a conflict between them and him. This was the peace of which Jesus spoke when, having clearly failed as far as it is possible to fail in his mission, deserted by his few followers, a felon already condemned, he said nevertheless, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

THE DOLLAR MANIA IS THE NATION'S CURSE.

A portion of a sermon delivered on the Sunday previous to the Fourth of July, at the Church of the Advent, Birmingham, Ala., by the pastor, the Rev. Quincy Ewing, as reported in the Birmingham Age-Herald of July 3, 1905.

Has the faith of the founders of the republic in the heroic highmindedness of its citizenship been fully justified down the generations to our day? Did they really succeed in establishing a nation whose great ideals would be forever dearer to the individual citizen than his own private gain and good in conflict with them? The passion of the founders was liberty and justice; on these they staked their hope of success for their grand venture. They believed that with liberty and justice the twin guiding stars of the great body of citizens, the largest and highest welfare of each would be assured.

What is the most conspicuous passion of their successors, the inhabitants of this land, to-day? I hesitate to answer the question with a dogmatic declaration, but regard for truth seems to demand that so it should be answered, and the answer given in one word is Money. Surely no impartial and infallible observer of society and citizenship in these United States at the present time could aver that the mass of the people are as certainly interested in anything else—liberty, justice, art, science, literature, religion—as they are in the piling up of dollars; and not to satisfy their legitimate needs simply; not to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, or the best things of life, but rather just to have money, just to be rich, just to enjoy the consciousness of possession and the power that goes with it—power, not to do good things, particularly, but just to do things, whether good or bad! As the late Senator Hanna is reported to have said of our greatest dollar-genius, with an income calculated to be over \$2,000 for every hour he sleeps or wakes—"money-mad, money-mad! Sane in every other way, but money-mad"—so, with modified emphasis one is moved to say that thousands of American citizens, sane in every other way, are in this year of grace money-mad!

And the frightening fact is, not only that there are thousands money-mad, but thousands apparently determined to gratify the insatiate hunger of their madness, even through heartless robbery of their fellow citizens, or despicable treason to the nation itself. One of the commonest words in con-

versation to-day is the word "graft." It is heard on the street, in the clubs, the drawing-rooms, the offices, the trains—wherever men congregate. The newspapers and magazines are full of the word itself and revelations of the thing it stands for. "According to these magazines and papers," remarked a young man to me the other day from his hospital cot, "It looks as if pretty nearly everybody had gone to stealing!" The time is past, if it ever was, when charges of financial corruption in high places could be fairly ignored with a sneer at yellow journalism. Too many charges have been recently made, and too many made good in journals that are not yellow, and too many have driven the individuals against whom they were made across the Canada frontier, or on longer trips—to say nothing of grand jury indictments and petit jury convictions. Within the last year several of our leading multi-millionaires, at the head of the country's most powerful corporations, have been repeatedly published throughout the length and breadth of the land, by a fellow millionaire, as thieves and scoundrels; and they have seen fit to meet no specific accusation with specific proof of its falsity—the easiest of things to do, in this case, if falsity there were. The law of the land, criminal and civil, has its penalties for the libeler. But the accused gentlemen have failed to invoke the law, and their failure to do it can be understood only on the ground that before the bar of justice they couldn't play successfully the role of plaintiffs. It isn't human nature at this date for one very rich man to endure patiently the outrageous slings and arrows of another very rich man, just to maintain his dignity of character, knowing as he does that his decency of character is being doubted or denied wherever his name is spoken!

Nay, that isn't human nature as common sense interprets it!

How long ago was it that a bishop of this church gave public credence to the rumor that the clergy of his diocese were not free to denounce civic corruption and at the same time save their salaries? There were so many grafters and boodlers, direct or indirect, renting pews in the Rhode Island churches—renting pews, and helping to pay for the benefit of the Ten Commandments said in a surplice!

It is still fresh in the public mind, the offer of the merchant prince of Philadelphia of millions to the city for a franchise, and the refusal of his offer. The city's guardians and the peo-

ple's trustees were unwilling to sell (for the city) a thing so valuable—and so they gave it away—that is, they seemed to! That transaction had rather prepared us for the recent announcement that, in the same city, within the past five years, not less than fifty millions of dollars have gone the way of the grafter; and we are hardly surprised that so conservative a journal as the New York Churchman should declare editorially in its most recent issue, that the Pennsylvania legislature is "apparently nothing but a recording machine to vote the orders of the political boss."

Just the other day, as I glanced at the morning paper, my eye fell upon these words in heavy black headlines on the first page: "Hears him with blanched face; Mitchell's life-long friend gives damaging testimony." The Mitchell referred to is the aged senior United States Senator from the State of Oregon, charged with a conspiracy to swindle the government whose commission he holds.

One is tempted to exclaim, sometimes, that old Diogenes, back with his lantern hunting for honest men in politics and at the head of great business corporations, would be in no danger of crowding! The cartoonists seemed to think, a few years ago, that most of the stealing in this land was south of the Mason and Dixon line—most often disastrous to watermelon patches and hen roosts; and perhaps some of us agreed with them. Nothing is more certain now than that all the stealing in the South on the part of our ex-slaves during the past quarter century is a mere bagatelle compared with the stealing that has been done in all parts of this country during the past decade, by some of its leading men in every sort of business, and by some of the people's trusted representatives, from the street-corner policeman to the United States senator.

Is there, I wonder, a State in the Union in which the grafter on a big scale has not gotten in his deadly work? Missouri, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, have been already stripped to our gaze branded deep with his brand; and who among us would be bold to say that the stripping process might not be continued indefinitely to something like the same result? It begins to seem as though our civilization were being attacked by a money-madness, which, unless allayed, will paralyze all its sanity.

The fact is, this nation, full-armed

and a giant in strength on the fields and seas of battle, is confronted to-day by deadlier foes and a graver menace than the new-born Republic of July 4, 1776, bidding defiance to the land and naval forces of Great Britain. Then the nation's foes—all save its marked and dishonored renegades—were to be transported from foreign shores, to fight in the open, with gleaming bayonets in their hands and red jackets on their backs; now, its foes are they of its own households, its own forts and citadels—leaders in its fields of commercial enterprise, trusted agents and representatives to carry out its high purpose—a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed, and exercising them for the benefit of those from whom they are derived. The soldiers of King George could only aim their guns at men loving their country's great ideal—loving it better because they were called to bare their breasts to shot and shell in its defense. The nation's enemies, to-day, are aiming their attacks at the nation's ideal itself; and they can aim true, and with most dire effect, because that ideal is in their keeping, because it dwells with them as in the house of its friends!

Were we shocked 40 years ago when a madman killed a President; and again when another madman killed another President; and again when the red flash of anarchy laid yet another President low? Aye, we were shocked, and the world! But far more shocking to us all who love our country than the homicidal mania of a Booth, a Guiteau, a Czolgosz, in its awful expression, should be our apprehension of the dollar mania that seems now to hold in its grip vast numbers of our citizens; and far more terrifying to us all who believe that the integrity of the nation's life depends upon the trustworthiness of the people's trustees—far more terrifying than any assassin's bullet aimed even at a President, should be our discovery of anarchists in public office—bribe-takers in city councils, and State legislatures, and in the national Congress—traitors to their trust from the people—corrupters of the only methods by which a republican form of government can be maintained—anarchists every one, striking at the nation's life from an inside point of vantage! Anarchy from the outside is relatively a petty matter. The individual anarchist is hurried to the gallows, his dead body to the ground—his memory lives in the execration of mankind. A President passes, another is at hand.

Not a wheel pauses, not a cog slips in all the machinery of government.

But anarchy from the inside—and what's the use of a president? and what becomes of the functions of government?—of the government itself? To the extent that such anarchy is, presidents are powerless; the functions of government are not performed; the city, the State, the nation, are in the hands of an insolent oligarchy;—taxation without representation is the order of the day.

Because such anarchy is, assuredly we, too, have a war to wage at this present time for our God, our country, and ourselves; and it may be a war demanding heroism more heroic than that which faces bullets!

But not for one moment would I be supposed to part company with the faith that inspired the founders of this nation. Not for one moment would I be understood as uttering any syllable of despair, or speaking to any text of pessimism. I believe the faith of the fathers was founded on a wisdom that has endured, and does endure, and will endure—triumphant. I believe in the ultimate complete realization and triumph of the nation's ideal, as I believe in the providence of a just and righteous God. The corrupt and corrupting captains of industry will pass with the passing of ignorance, of which they are largely the products. They are giving their money, now, to "higher education"—a thing their money cannot buy for themselves, and, lacking which, they have been without grace to perceive the relative insignificance of their many dollars in a world where Plato reasoned and Titian painted and Shakespeare sang—and its Greatest was the guest of humble publicans and yet humbler sinners! Every man truly endowed with higher education may be expected to move above the low and ludicrous plane where money is the chief thing loved and sought—in a realm of heart, mind and soul values, which need no Dun or Bradstreet to give them rating. The reason why, doubtless, there are so many of us money-mad is that so many of us do not know anything better. We shall be educated after awhile. We shall know something better. The schools are doing good work. Their endowment is growing. And the churches are going to do better work, helped by the schools. As the intellectual horizon clears and widens, the provincialisms of dogma will disappear; and more and more there will be one strong gospel preached and insisted on in the churches, instead of

a competitive fifty; and it will be a gospel of truth-thinking and right-living, a gospel of ethics, human and divine.

And as the money-madness of the people will have its healing, so the ideal of the nation will live on to its utmost triumph. The people are awake, to-day, as they never were before to the vital issues of their political and industrial life, and are casting their ballots with a mental and moral knowl- ingness which seems to give notice to the bosses and the boodlers that their fattest harvests are in the past, not in the future. I am optimistic enough to believe that the people of this country are making ready to con- clude that their representatives in pub- lic office shall represent them, and only them; are making ready to con- clude that, if there is bossing to be done, they will do it, to the end that the government called theirs shall be theirs, not in theory only, but in fact, also.

And so, for us who celebrate what the fathers saw and did, there is war- fare at hand and ahead, and grim enough, doubtless, it is and will be. But sturdy leaders are in the field, their bugle blast is heard, and strong men, and mor. of them every day, are enlisting under the banners of liberty and justice. There will be temporary defeats for the army of righteousness, but they will prove disastrous to the hosts of iniquity. The great purposes will be fulfilled: a government of, for, and by the people, will not perish from the earth; after generations will behold with vision clearer than for us, and declare with emphasis deeper than for us, a nation blessed whose God is the Lord!

BOOKS

AN ANGEL BY BREVET.

This is a local novel. It is New Or- leans from first to last. We understand that certain readers of that city have denied its merits, but it is impossible that they should do so so entirely, for it is unquestionably a good piece of work. and the publishers (Lippincott, Phila- delphia) are to be congratulated on bringing it out in attractive form. The book contains much good writing, and the descriptions of place and character are clear-cut and effective. Most read- ers will be inclined, in this twentieth century, to question the accuracy of the voodoo performance, but it is prob- ably true to life. Superstition lingers everywhere on the skirts of science, and nowhere would one expect to find the lingering vestige more persistent than

in the lower quarters of old New Or- leans, where the scene of this novel is laid. The book is worth reading for its folk-lore if for no other reason; and yet some of the "American" characters are well portrayed. The colonel is true to life, and we all know Mrs. Trezevant, the widow with money, who wants to do good, and may fall in love with the par- son in the process.

The portrayal of creole character and conversation is very clever. The trouble about the creoles is that they do not know how delightful they are. In this materialistic age they stand out finely for sentiment and a certain naive pride, in which money cuts little fig- ure; and yet when writers show these qualities they seem to resent the por- trayal. There are parts of certain par- ishes in Louisiana where the purest life in America may be found. The people are simple and honest. They are uned- ucated, in the way of the schools, but they love home and homely ways, and they care no more for Rockefeller and his money than they do for the phases of Mars. Neither do they care much for the great American public school sys- tem; and in vacant moods one is tempt- ed to wonder whether the great system is destined to do much for them.

Miss Pitkin's creoles of the city are very charming, and the reader of her book will be more interested in the per- sonality and conversation of these than in her story. The bringing of these into contact with such typical Ameri- cans as Col. Dabney, Mrs. Trezevant, and Dr. Paradise adds much to the value of the book as a study of life.

Miss Pitkin writes so well when she apparently makes little effort, that it is a pity she sometimes spreads herself and uses a vocabulary that is to found only in large dictionaries. Here are some of her words: springshine, april- ine, gallimaufry, ocherous, hebdoma- dally, nigrescent, chortled, subaudition, parquetry, omnitism. She ought to change such as these in a new edition. They are unworthy of what she can do.

J. H. DILLARD.

HENRY GEORGE IN URUGUAY.

From distant Uruguay comes an 80- page book on Henry George's doc- trines, which would stand the strictest tests of single tax criticism. Written in dialogue form, in excellent Spanish, it vividly portrays the injustice of land monopoly, with its concomitant poverty and crime, and clearly demon- strates the futility of remedies that deal with effects and ignore the under- lying causes.

Sofos, the doubting Critic, advances the stock arguments against the land value tax; and Bios, the single tax ad- vocate, in meeting these arguments proves his grasp of the fundamental principles of Henry George's philoso- phy.

As to the probability of the intro- duction of George's reform in his coun-

try the author makes no prediction; but he describes conditions that ought to facilitate the work of the single tax propagandists in Uruguay. The sim- ple methods of production in that country bring the people close to the soil, thus enabling them to better ap- preciate the true relation of man to the earth; and the principal benefi- ciaries of all special privileges being large land owners and the church, mo- nopolies of all kinds are identified with land monopolists. The fact that the two political parties are not domi- nated by great commercial and indus- trial combines still further simplifies matters.

This book announces that there are now in preparation translations into Spanish of "My Dictatorship," "Pover- ty and Discontent," by Zoyses; and Henry George's open letter to Pope Leo XIII. Dr. Bios is the translator. ["El Problem Nacional," by Dr. Felix Vitale. Montevideo: La Tribuna Pop- ular.]

C. L. LOGAN.

TWO SOCIALIST BOOKS.

The influence of socialist thought in the world, and the spread of social- ist agitation, have been such of re- cent years that no person with any pretensions to intelligence regarding common affairs can afford to be igno- rant of the essential character of this movement. To make a straw man of socialism and send it up into the clouds in smoke is easy enough, al- most as easy as to hurl verbal brick- bats at its agitators; but there is too much reason for socialism, and too much in it that is true, for this kind of treatment. Not only can socialism not be put down in that way, but it ought not to be put down in any way in the interest of the prevailing social order. Compared with a regime of privilege and plutocracy, socialism is infinitely to be preferred; for though it culminated in an intolerable bu- reaucracy and bossism, its ideals at any rate would oppose that tendency. Yet we do not believe that socialism can survive intense general discussion. such for illustration as met the sil- ver coinage question in the United States a decade ago and the greenback question two decades earlier. For, with all that is true in its philosophy and all that is desirable in its ideals, both its philosophy and its ideals pos- sess elements of weakness that need only clear recognition to prove fatal to socialism itself.

No socialist literature could make this more evident to reflecting read- ers of a logical mind than the two books that lie before us. Labriola's essays on history and Mills's work on the struggle for existence. Nor is this the fault of the books. Both are able, and Mills's is exceptionally lucid. The fault lies with their sub- ject, which as it would appear, can-