

political, for the term "political" implies human intercourse.

But when we transfer our thoughts from a lonely Robinson Crusoe to mankind in general, the fact of human intercourse is disclosed and trading phenomena begin to appear. Trade is one of the phases of human economy in the social sphere. It is a natural method of co-operation, whereby men mutually adapt their available resources or means to the end of satisfying their respective individual wants.

The best name for this co-operative economy would be "social economy." But governmental organization has become so intimately identified with social concerns as to affect our economic thought with political impressions and to color our language with political terms. We are consequently accustomed, when we mean social economy, to say "political economy." Strictly, political economy is merely government economy—the economy of public finance. But as most commonly understood, the term is synonymous with the social economy of mankind. It refers to the co-operative processes whereby the means available to man are by man adapted to the end of satisfying human wants.

Although political economy is a subject of wide and varied application, often subtle in detail and sometimes mysterious, its fundamental principles and great governing facts are extremely simple and easy of apprehension. All its facts, little and great, fall into two categories: (1) man, and (2) man's natural environment; and its processes are but the varying relations of these two things with reference to the adaptation of the latter to the wants of the former. Nothing whatever exists in this world of man and matter, from a clod of earth to a "captain of industry" and the most stupendous and intricate machine he controls, which is not one of those two things or a product drawn by the one from the other. It is man himself; or else it is some part of man's natural environment; or else it is some artificial adaptation of his natural environment by man for the satisfaction of human wants.

In the terms of political economy those three classes of objects—the active producers, the passive resources, and the desired products—have distinctive names. Man's natural environment is called "land;" his economic energies are called "labor;" and the products resulting from the economic application of his energies to his environment are called "wealth." Thus we have the fundamental formula of po-

litical economy, that "Labor from Land produces Wealth."

With a clear understanding of that formula, the subject of political economy is as an open book. All the subdivisions, such as capital, interest, wages, rent, profits, insurance, skilled and unskilled labor, wages of superintendence, exploiter and exploited, competition, etc., are then readily classified according to their true relationships; and all economic problems, such as taxation, public ownership, trusts, tariffs, trade unions, strikes, boycotts, and the like, are thereupon illuminated with a brilliant and steady light.

Equipped with a clear understanding of that primary formula any intelligent person may study political economy in all its ramifications, with pleasure to himself and profit to his community. Instead of a dismal study it will then be to him the most interesting of all possible studies—the study of the phenomena of men at work making a living for mankind.

#### THE RUSSIAN RETORTS.

Said the Russian: "No one ever saw me in a town with such a name as Be-o-wa-wee,

Billerica, or Chacaboula,  
Kokebona, or Wallula,  
Which are in that wild America. And look!  
Here's Ocheyedan, Chincoteague and  
Schaghticoke.

"Isn't it a mighty lucky thing for us  
We have no names like Agamenticus,  
Or Guadelupe-Cala,  
Or Choccolocco-Aia,  
Cheektowago, Auchincloss, or Alexauken,  
Cuddebackville, Mehoopany, or Weehawken?

"If we held Anasagunticook in Me.,  
With the Japs at Metabetchouan in Que.,  
I rather think 'twould threaten us  
With geographical tetanus!  
Or if we were down in Waxahachie-Tex.,  
And they fell back to Ixcaquixtla-Mex.!

"Wouldn't the correspondents jeer us with  
a will

If we had a town called Aptakistic-III?  
A Kishacoquillas-Pa.,  
Or a Kinchefoonee-Ga.,  
A Quinnipack, or plain Shetucket-Ct.,  
A Michlgamme, Mich., or Queechee-Vt.?

"D'ye think I'd live in Wapapello-Mo.?  
Wapwollopen-Pa., or Wapakoneta-O.?  
Or Nitta Yuma-Miss.,  
Or Kronenwethers-Wis.,  
Toughkenamon, Onondaga,  
Squannacook, or Cuyahoga?

"Daguscachonda-Pa. and Quambah-Minn.  
Rather make a simple-languaged Russian  
grin.

Yet no doubt they think us dippy  
At Bogue-Chitto-Mississippi,  
And conceive our brains as buggy  
In Alabama down at Chunnenugee!"  
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Columbus (O.)  
Press.

#### SOME NON-PARTISAN POLITICS.

Editorial in August 1st issue of Farm, Stock and Home, of Minneapolis.

The soul of the American citizen must be out of tune or his partisanship fit stuff to armor ships with if he does not have a higher regard for W. J. Bryan now than he had before the late Democratic national convention. This is not said because Mr. Bryan is a Democrat, but because he is an American citizen of whom every other citizen ought to be proud. When in the beginning of his last speech at the convention he modestly, reverently, and with slight paraphrase, quoted Paul's words: "You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight; you may dispute whether I have finished my course, but you cannot deny that I have kept the faith," it is no wonder that 10,000 men rose to their feet and gave the speaker an indorsement that, all things considered, is perhaps without parallel in the history of politics or oratory. And the indorsement came because the words were as true as when Paul spoke them.

And it is well to be proud of an encouragement in well doing a fellow citizen—who is a politician—who will "keep the faith" that is in him, when faithlessness is all round him, and where policy is pushing principle from the platform, and where "what is right" is made subordinate to "how can we win?"

While Mr. Bryan's efforts were defeated by the convention delegates he was triumphantly indorsed by the voteless mass that, constituted an immense majority of convention attendants; and it is now admitted by everybody acquainted with the facts that he came out of the convention with more strength as a leader than he went in with, all of which is more creditable, however, to public sentiment than to Mr. Bryan; it honors itself in being just to that gentleman. Upon this point the following editorial expression of the Chicago Record-Herald, a strong political opponent, is submitted as a sample of many similar expressions that might be quoted:

In the contrast both of cause and of persons the Nebraskan shows to such great advantage that he should receive a tribute of respect even from those who have differed from him most widely in the past upon political principles.

We believe, moreover, that his cleanliness of character, his fine moral qualities, his purity of purpose, his political zeal and his unrivaled gifts as a orator absolutely preclude the idea that he has ceased to be a force in our public life. Whether one approves all his tenets or not, one should recognize the power that is in him, and it may affect millions in the future as it has in the past.

It was ardently hoped and confidently

prophesied that the late convention would end the political career of Mr. Bryan. If that hope and prophecy had been realized it would have been a greater disaster to the nation than to Mr. Bryan; for when the public opinion and the politics of any nation can no longer tolerate men of his character and ability those forces are neither pure enough nor potent enough to safeguard the nation's interests or life.

We believe that the closing sentence of the foregoing quotation will prove to be prophetic. It does not seem possible that the American people will very much longer endure the systems and practices that are so alarmingly effective in centralizing wealth in a few hands. It takes the mass of the people a long time to see or comprehend the silent, insidious centralization of a nation's wealth in the hands of a plutocratic class. In fact, history does not record that it ever was seen until it was first felt, and then something happened at once. It has taken longer to feel it in this country than it would have taken in any other, because of its amazing natural resources. But it will be felt here sometime, and possibly soon, and when the feeling comes such men as Mr. Bryan and his kind will be needed, will be "called," and will be trusted because they have "kept the faith."

This article, be it remembered, is not written by a partisan, but by one who tries his best to be a patriot; it is not written of Mr. Bryan as a Democrat but as a man; the writer does not refer to dangerous systems and tendencies as an alarmist but as a student who thinks he sees clearly the things of which he writes, and his strongest desire is that his countrymen will earnestly strive to see whether he does see clearly or not. And finally, this is written because admiration for courage, ability, integrity, and loyalty to conviction, though the heavens fall, makes silence impossible.

**AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HON.  
JOSEPH H. CHOATE, AMBASSADOR  
OF THE UNITED STATES TO  
THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.**

A letter to Reynolds's Newspaper (London) for June 26, 1904.

Sir,—The rules of good sense, good manners, and good taste alike prescribe that a foreign resident in a country shall refrain from public expressions of his personal views on the domestic affairs of that country. The obligation incumbent on those who have no representative character, is of immeasurably greater force in the case of one entrusted by his fellow

citizens with the duty of representing them in a foreign country.

You have trampled under foot the rules of good sense, good manners, and good taste, and, still worse, you have allowed yourself to throw to the winds all the restraints imposed upon you by the high office you hold. On a recent occasion you prostrated yourself before Lord Roberts. You told your hearers that his fame had filled three continents. "Let us," you said, speaking in the name of the United States, "let us have a little share of the glory. I do most cordially invite him, both in my official and in my personal capacity, to cross the ocean. I can assure him that he will have a reception such as no other Englishman has had in the United States, or in any other country."

Sir, I will not stay to ask whether you were authorized thus to speak in the name of the country of which you are the accredited representative. That is a matter which rests between you and those whom you represent. I am concerned only with the fact that these words were spoken in England by a foreign ambassador.

You cannot but be aware that the mere mention of Lord Roberts' name brings a blush to the cheek of thousands of the best men and the best women of this country. What is this fame which has filled three continents—this glory, of which you desire a share? It is the fame of the devastator, the glory of the man who deliberately set himself to destroy all the works of peace in a vast territory. Not as a painful necessity of warfare, but of fixed purpose, Lord Roberts destroyed thousands of farmsteads, burnt school-houses, cut down fruit trees, trampled crops into the earth, broke down irrigation dams, destroyed sheep, cattle, the very implements of husbandry. Two of your fellow countrymen, Messrs. Putnam and Van Der Weyde, have energetically protested against the imputation that a precedent for this destruction could be found in the deeds wrought in your Civil War.

But this is not all. Unable to conquer the men who, like your brave forefathers in the War of Independence, were fighting for their freedom, Lord Roberts made war on their women and children. Six years ago—only six years from now—President McKinley addressed to Congress a celebrated message. He denounced the methods adopted by General Weyler in his war on the Cubans. "Reconcentration, adopted avowedly as a war

measure to cut off the resources of the insurgents, worked its predestined result. It was extermination. The only peace it could beget was that of the wilderness and the grave." With what sincerity, or want of sincerity, you can judge better than I, he declared that the adoption of these methods left to the United States no choice but to intervene in the sacred names of Humanity and Civilization. "The war in Cuba," he declared, "must stop." Lord Roberts bettered the instruction of General Weyler; the graves of more than 15,000 children testify to his success.

I will not dwell on Lord Roberts' earlier career. I have not to tell here of his deeds in Afghanistan, where he carried fire and slaughter into unresisting villages. It is not those exploits that have caused you to prostrate yourself and your country before him. He killed two Republics, ruined a vast land, and instituted his foul "camps," in which these thousands of children were done to death. It is those deeds which have carried his fame through three continents; it is for those deeds that you invite him to cross the Atlantic to receive the homage of America.

Sir, with grief I say it, you need not to have left your country to find fitting subjects of your eulogies. You have at home soldiers whose fame has filled the world—the practicers of the "water-cure," the General who gave orders to "shoot everything over ten;" in a word, the butchers of the Filipinos. Go back to your country, and there worship at the shrine of Militarism—a Militarism which has revived the methods and the infamies of the sixteenth century. In your own country preach the gospel of fire, sword, slaughter, famine, desolation, the murder of innocents. The area of the United States is wide enough; be content with it. There you will be within your rights. Here we do not need your aid.

**AN ENGLISHMAN.**

**GOLDEN RULE JONES'S OWN DAY.**

Not since Lincoln was buried has any American community paid greater tribute to its dead than Toledo lavished upon the loving life and public service of its Golden-Rule Mayor. Nothing had ever been too much for him to undertake for his city. Its citizens withheld nothing from him that their hearts could yield. None was higher in his esteem or in command of his life than his fellow townsmen. No one had ever been so much to all of them.