

of the question of having a prize fight in that city.

One aspect of this question is suggested by the argument that the proposed contest will bring business to the city. This may be so. But men who look at a question from that standpoint are apt to shave down their principles to fit their pockets.

One gentleman is reported as offering in extenuation of the fistic art that he once met a prize fighter who was a perfect gentleman. This pugilist, he pleaded, practiced his art only as a business venture, as though that altered the character of the business. This pugilist had over \$100,000 in government bonds. Of course, if a man has \$100,000 in government bonds he must be a gentleman. Those bonds, no doubt, lend a respectability to everything he does.

It is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. It is hard for a man who is looking for business to see a moral principle.

Business! Fort Thomas brings business to Cincinnati, but that does not argue that standing armies are necessarily a good thing.

If the state were to locate an insane asylum here it would bring business; are insane people, therefore, a desirable class of citizens?

Business! Some men would be ready to whitewash the character of Satan himself, if they saw the prospect of a little business.

I am not saying that business men deliberately wink at wrong for the sake of increasing their trade. But I am saying that their interest and their training, and their habit of mind, make it difficult to look at a matter of this kind from the standpoint of ethical ideals. These men seem to be in for a prize fight, or any other kind of a fight, when they see an opportunity to open up new markets and extend their trade. It seems to make little difference to them whether they trade in the morals of a city, or barter away the liberties of a people. Business, at any cost, let us have business. He is the modern God for whose passing smile we surrender the pearl of great price.

#### WHAT DEMOCRACY IS TO DESTROY.

An extract from "The Religion of Democracy," by Charles Ferguson. See review in the department of Book Notices in this paper.

Democracy stands to-day at the grand junction and crossroads of history. The world autonomy now announces itself in unescapable contradictions. The old order and the self-

made man have now at length to reckon with the new order and the man of the modern spirit. We can postpone the issue no longer. Democracy now at length, the world over, takes in the last man; and that is fatal to the old way of the world. For the last man is a million—the hitherto bulked, estimated multitude. It was something that the masses should get themselves enumerated, and should become a multitude. But that is nothing to what is in store; the counters are going to take a hand in the play.

This is the very whirlwind of moral revolution. The world has never seen anything like it up to this date. Always heretofore revolutions have meant merely some wider distribution of privilege, more top hats and togas, and that 10,000 instead of ten should mulct the multitude. But now at length it has been decided that the multitude should not be mulcted any more; and this resolution, adhered to, will turn the world around and set the foundations of society on new and hitherto undiscovered bases.

The bottom fact of social philosophy, ranging wide through literature, the amenities and courtesies, religion and the fine arts, is an economic fact. The books and pictures, the etiquettes and rituals, are what they are, according to the terms of the settlement of the bread question. And this, not because flesh is God, but because God is flesh.

Now the broadest, the basic fact of the old world, which democracy comes to destroy, is that it has got its bread with injustice. The old world has been, by the witness of all the wise, a vain world and a liar, a world of dreams and inveterate illusions. And the spring and source of all its lies is theft. Speculative mistakes in the theory of morals may be got along with; it is the practical lie that kills. And theft is the root of all abstraction—the very substance of vanity, the stuff that dreams are made of.

Always one class has preyed upon another class. The strong, from the beginning, have stolen their bread; and, what is worse, they have despised their bakers. They have discredited the natural facts of alimentation, and they have sponged upon the poor. What hope of wise, deliberate science, of joyous, perennial art and permanent civic glory in a world that is ashamed of its stomach, flches its food, and despises the souls of laborers? What hope of religion if you flout the central sacrament of the body of God?

To be sure, there has always been a man that would not lie—an artist, a poet; there have been true books and

pictures, and perfect deeds, an unbroken tradition of democracy. Nobody ever wrote, ruled, carved or painted, and left anyone out, without leaving himself out, and being forgotten. The torch has been carried on, but flickering, like a candle in a cave. And the prophecy is still waiting its fulfillment.

Do you wonder that the fine arts are overfine or underfine; that their beauty is wistful; that the literatures lapse and die, and the great scriptures of the world, given for joy, sound in our ears only of judgment; that history swirls in dizzy, bewildering cycles; that science is full of panic and terror, and philosophy is only a wan surmise? It is to be written on the sepulchers of the old cities: They took the bread of the poor, and they despised the souls of the laborers.

#### THE FARMER AS A CITIZEN.

From an address delivered by Mrs. George B. Rounsevell at the annual banquet of the Alleghany County Farmers' club, at Belmont, N. Y., December 4, 1900.

The only dereliction of duty which I ever feel like seriously bringing home to farmers is in connection with their duties as citizens. It is a stupendous, and will in the end prove a fatal, mistake to assume that government of the people and by the people will act for the people automatically. It will never do so. No man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent, and it is almost equally true that no man is good enough to govern another without that other keeping an eye on him. In this matter of keeping an eye on our public agents, our representatives and governors of high and low degree, a peculiar obligation devolves upon the farmer on account, first, of his financial independence—not his wealth, observe, but his financial independence, which is a very different and much better thing—which affords him sufficient leisure for study and thought and a fuller degree of freedom in political action than is enjoyed by any other considerable class of citizens; and on account, second, of his precarious and obviously temporary hold upon the outskirts, as it were, of the domain of privilege, which gives, or should give, a vital concern in just and equitable industrial conditions.

I will not waste your time and insult your intelligence by arguing that evils and dangers exist in our social and governmental systems. I need only urge you to accept their existence as a fact, for which no party is