

so already, rid our libraries and book shelves of all books that extol fighting, and that paint army life in attractive colors, and fill their places with others which will teach our boys and young men (yes, and our girls and young women, too,) that the truest field for patriotism is peace, that the noblest heroisms are those of peace, and that the glory of our flag lies in making it everywhere the emblem, not of war and destruction, but of progress, and human service, and Christian civilization?

4. If any of us as Sunday school superintendents or teachers, have failed to give our schools or classes proper instruction regarding peace, war, international arbitration, The Hague Court, and the like, or if any of us as ministers have been neglectful of our responsibilities to our congregations relating to these important matters, shall we not avail ourselves of the approaching Christmas season as a fitting time to make good our omissions, and to do our duty?

5. Last but not least, and as especially pressing at the present crisis time in our national history and in the progress of the cause of arbitration and peace among nations, shall we not at once set about doing whatever lies in our power to give our United States Senators at Washington to understand that the intelligence, the patriotism and the enlightened conscience of this country demand the prompt ratification of the just, reasonable and immensely important treaties of arbitration with Great Britain and France, which only await senatorial assent to become the most conspicuous and inspiring land-marks in the progress of the peace cause that the world has ever seen?

Having done these five things, that is to say, having thus proven our sincerity by turning in some measure our words in praise of peace into intelligent efforts to promote peace, we shall have earned the right to celebrate Christmas without appearing to be hypocrites, the right to call ourselves in some true sense disciples of the "Prince of Peace," the right, without blushing with shame, to join in the angels' song of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!"

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

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HARMONY.

For The Public.

Harmony—beatific word! Among the legion of sounds from the tongues of humanity can we find one more expressive, comprehensive and beautiful?

Doubtless when "the Lord spoke to Moses" admonishing him as to his leadership of Israel's children, that word, or its Hebrew equivalent, was the keynote of his discourse.

Where is the condition of life where harmony is not as necessary to effective action as the air we breathe? Yea, if we cannot harmonize with

our proper environment 'twere better we did not live.

As a commonplace illustration, take any business firm, shop or factory employing help; the most indispensable officer or manager is the one who has mastered the technique of business harmony, especially in its application to his own conduct towards subordinates.

The personality of the orchestra leader reflected in harmony in each member of his band, from first violin to the banger of drums and cymbals.

If the head of a business firm fails to cultivate and apply the principles of that magic word, the symptoms are in evidence from his general manager to the woman who mops the office floors. If he is a martinet, a task-master who grudges faithful employes proper remuneration or periods of vacation to relax, keeping them always keyed up tense and disgruntled, he is throwing his business keyboard out of alignment, and the result is destructive discord and discontent.

The sulking employe, balking at a little extra duty, or grouchy at needed and saving reproof, becomes a fly in the commercial ointment, or like a slippery fiddle-string which must be tightened or snapped.

If harmony could be injected into every marriage relation, every home, whether flat or mansion, would be a cooing dove-cote, and divorce lawyers and judges would be available for useful and productive employment.

Could honest harmony be established in politics and government, grafters, bosses and lobbyists would disappear like the bloodthirsty pirates of old, and we might be able to prevent the conditions which breed in one generation the criminals which we have to build jails for in the next.

The whole world groans and travails for peace 'neath the tread of the gun and bayonet-bearing martial host, armed and drilled to slay brothers. Could we inoculate the warring nations and their rabid dogs of war with the blessed serum of harmonious peace, rifles could be seen only in museums, and battleships would be selling for a trifle per ton as curious and antique junk.

It is not sacrilegious to suggest that even the church needs harmony to make consistent the Babel of creeds and dogmas, so that a reasonable faith would not be a rarity, and the prophecy of "One Church, one Shepherd" might be fulfilled.

If a cut-and-dried recipe for harmony could be marketed it would be more valuable than radium, and would be sought for like an elixir of life. Yet the great quality can be cultivated into a habit of mind. Such mental habit had those wise, immortal leaders, Washington and Lincoln, whose watchwords in practice were Truth, Forbearance, Reconciliation, Justice, Mercy, honorable Peace; all crowned with the winning kindly tone and smile that smoothes the frowns of discordant fol-

lowers, who must involuntarily follow, and lay the vibrant chords of their hearts open to the master's touch.

Many of us are often lost in the thick mazes of life, bewildered by a myriad roads which seem to lead nowhere. If at such times we allow the venom of morbid discord to settle on our mind it will affect the whole physique, even to clogging the intestines and depressing the circulation; and all the pills and potions on earth will not heal until we seek the hygienic sunlight of harmony where the winds of peace blow freely.

The weird and fairy music of the æolian harp is dumb unless it is placed in the silent window nook where peaceful zephyrs are blowing; the human being is the most wonderful instrument, full of emotional sensitive strings on which the winds of Life must play.

Deep in the great soul of the Universe there is evidence of a central organ of all action from which emanate only perfectly harmonious chords, as when that mystical inner voice in the midst of jarring discord whispers, "Peace, Peace, be still." If we obey in silence we shall share the vibrations of that Great Harmony which is in truth the acme of Peace—"the essence of things hoped for, the substance of things unseen."

JOSEPH FITZPATRICK.

BOOKS

A FELLOW-SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE.

My Story. By Tom L. Johnson. Edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 1911. Price \$2.00, postage 20 cents.

To every personal friend of Mayor Johnson's—and no one knows how many thousands look upon him as a personal friend—there may come at first regret in the reading of his book. For this is not in the usual sense an autobiography. It is not "the story of my life" but "the story of my nine years' war against Privilege." So boyhood and manhood and incidents and intimacies are touched upon in the narrative only to make clearer the mayoralty period. With the true editor's insight and the friend's divination, Miss Hauser has in her introduction and final chapter compensated for the book's impersonality. She is very right to open with an appreciation of Mr. Johnson's character and the conditions under which he worked, and to close the book with a brief and beautiful account of how he bent to his life's purpose those last hard months on earth. Any remaining regret at not being told by himself more of what manner of man Tom L. Johnson was, is speedily lost in the inspiring story of what he did and how he did

it. And at the book's end it flashes upon the reader as he thinks over the story that better than by relation of incident or diary of thought and emotion, has the man been revealed in his works.

The first third of the book—a hundred pages—is about Mr. Johnson's life before he was elected Mayor of Cleveland, his life as a monopolist, he calls it. His younger childhood was spent in Kentucky during the war. "Joe Pileher and I," he writes, "were playing on the floor with a Noah's ark and a most wonderful array of painted animals. . . . After infinite pains and hours of labor my playmate and I had arranged the little figures in pairs, according to size, beginning with elephants and ending with the beetles, when one of the young ladies of our household, dressed for a party, crossed the room and with her train switched the lines to hopeless entanglement in the meshes of the long lace curtains, two of the animals only remaining standing. Joe, who was somewhat my senior, burst into tears, while I smiled brightly and said: 'Don't cry, Joe; there are two left, anyhow.' My mother never tired of telling this story and its frequent repetition certainly had a marked influence upon my life, for it established for me, in the family, a reputation as an optimist which I felt in honor bound to live up to somehow. I early acquired a kind of habit of making the best of whatever happened. In later life larger things presented themselves to me in exactly the same way. Nothing was ever entirely lost. There was no disaster so great that there weren't always 'two left anyhow.' My reputation for being always cheerful in defeat—a reputation earned at such cost that I may mention it without apology—is largely due to this incident, trivial though it may seem."

Of his first monopoly, when at the end of the Civil War a train-conductor carried papers for him only, and he made eighty-eight silver dollars in five weeks, he says: "The lesson of privilege taught me by that brief experience was one I never forgot, for in all my subsequent business arrangements I sought enterprises in which there was little or no competition. In short, I was always on the lookout for somebody or something which would stand in the same relation to me that my friend, the conductor, had."

The magically rapid rise in the business world through invention, manufacturing and street railway manipulation, the lessons learned at Johnstown from the flood, the chance reading of social problems which resulted in lifelong devotion to Henry George and his teachings, are all briefly told. His little comment on Henry George is one of those rare remarks which show how sympathetically conscious of its intent one great soul is of another. "It is this, this disregard of self-interest, this indifference to one's personal fate, this willingness to 'raise hell' for the sake of a cause or to give one's life for it that the world can not