

world into which he is rudely thrust. He soon finds his ideals in his way. The ideals which inspire the business world do not point to personal excellence, but to excellence of position. The prevailing ambition is not to accomplish a noble deed, but to acquire a commanding place; not to be something great, but to get something great. The approved plan in practical life is to achieve distinction, not by bestowing a service upon humanity, but by extracting a service from humanity. One's success is measured, not by what he gives but by what he succeeds in taking. The desired end is reached by driving a bargain, by securing command of opportunities, by getting something for nothing.

The college man has to reconstruct the premises by which he has argued out a successful career. He has been taught that the ideal great man is the great poet, the great philosopher, the great inventor, and such he would humbly emulate. But he finds the great American ideal is the manipulator of natural resources, the man who gets in on the ground floor when nature offers her bounties.

The artists, the thinkers, those whose efforts have increased the sum of human comfort and enlarged the scope of human knowledge, do very well as the canonized saints of the next generation, but the man who has an eye to worldly success does not advise his son to follow them. The bonanza mine owner is a far more attractive character for imitation purposes.

The fact that we celebrate and canonize our heroes and our benefactors, even if it is after they are dead, does us great credit. It shows that we are secretly ashamed of our material standards. We would really like to be better and aspire to better things if the conditions under which we live would permit. We would all really like to have a condition prevail where the man who has been a moral force in his community, whose life has been a benediction to his fellows, whose days have been full of happiness, may be set down as the "successful man," instead of one who has only acquired the ability to bind more burdens upon his already overburdened fellow men.

JOHN TURNER WHITE.

I have not much stomach for any war, and little or none for a war which began for humanity, and then, by the ruling of an inscrutable Providence, or perhaps an ironical destiny, became a war for territory, or at least for coaling stations.—William D. Howells, in Harper's Weekly.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Leave to earn it by our skill;
Leave to labor freely for it,
Leave to buy it where we will:
For 'tis hard upon the many—
Hard, unplied by the few,
To starve and die for want of work,
Or live half-starved with work to do.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Fair reward for labor done;
Daily bread for wives and children;
All our wants are merged in one.
When the fierce fiend Hunger gripes us,
Evil fancies clog our brains,
Vengeance settles on our hearts,
And frenzy gallops through our veins.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Give us that, all else will come—
Self-respect and self-denial,
And the happiness of home:
Kindly feeling, education,
Liberty for act and thought;
And surely that, whate'er befall,
Our children shall be fed and taught.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Give us that for willing toil:
Make us sharers in the plenty
God has showered upon the soil;
And we'll nurse our better natures
With bold hearts and judgment strong,
To do as much as men can do
To keep the world from going wrong.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
And trade untrammelled as the wind;
And from our ranks shall spirits start,
To aid the progress of mankind,
Sages, poets, mechanicians,
Mighty thinkers shall arise,
To take their share of loftier work,
And teach, exalt, and civilize.

What do we want? Our daily bread:—
Grant it:—make our efforts free;
Let us work and let us prosper;
You shall prosper more than we;
And the humble homes of England
Shall, in proper time, give birth
To better men than we have been,
To live upon a better earth.
—Charles Mackay.

ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

We pray, "God give us this day our daily bread;" but our Father answered that prayer before the foundation of the world. Even in the present monstrous organization of production, the people could not by any possibility consume all that they produce in any given year; and the possibilities of production have scarcely been touched.

A conservative statistician estimates that the state of Texas alone, if its resources were all organized to that end, could support the present population of the world. An eminent Austrian economist figures that all that is produced in the Austrian empire would require but three hours a day labor from each toiler, if production were rationally organized and each man to toil; and that if the production of Austria were equitably distrib-

uted each family would have enough for an abundant life.

"If," says Henry George, "men lack bread it is not that God has not done his part in providing it. If men willing to labor are cursed with poverty, it is not that the storehouse that God owes men has failed; that the daily supply he has promised for the daily want of his children is not here in abundance."

In the early part of 1897, when meetings for the relief of the famine in India were being held in English and American cities, when contributions were received from newsboys and washerwomen, scores of ships laden with wheat, and carrying millions of money, arrived in English ports as rents from the people in India for the privilege of living on the lands which the English had taken from them.—Prof. Geo. D. Herron.

THE CAUSE OF THE IRISH FAMINE.

Ireland, of all European countries, furnishes the great stock example of over population. The extreme poverty of the peasantry and the low rate of wages there prevailing, the Irish famine and Irish emigration, are constantly alluded to as a demonstration of the Malthusian theory worked out under the eyes of the civilized world. I doubt if a more striking instance can be cited of the power of a pre-accepted theory to blind men as to the true relation of facts. The truth is, and it lies on the surface, that Ireland has never yet had a population which the natural powers of the country, in the existing state of the productive arts, could not have maintained in ample comfort. At the period of her greatest population (1840-45) Ireland contained something over eight millions of people. But a very large proportion of them managed merely to exist—lodging in miserable cabins, clothed with miserable rags, and with but potatoes for their staple food. When the potato blight came, they died by thousands. But was it the inability of the soil to support so large a population that compelled so many to live in this miserable way, and exposed them to starvation on the failure of a single root crop? On the contrary, it was the same remorseless rapacity that robbed the Indian ryot of the fruits of his toil and left him to starve where nature offered plenty. A merciless banditti of tax-gatherers did not march through the land plundering and torturing, but the laborer was just as effectively stripped by as merciless a horde of landlords, among whom the soil had been divided as their absolute possession, regard-

less of any rights of those who lived upon it.

Consider the conditions of production under which this eight millions managed to live until the potato blight came. It was a condition to which the words used by Mr. Tennant in reference to India may as appropriately be applied—"the great spur to industry, that of security, was taken away." Cultivation was for the most part carried on by tenants at will, who, even if the rack-rents which they were forced to pay had permitted them, did not dare to make improvements which would have been but the signal for an increase of rent. Labor was thus applied in the most inefficient and wasteful manner, and labor was dissipated in aimless idleness that, with any security for its fruits, would have been applied unremittingly. But even under these conditions, it is a matter of fact that Ireland did more than support eight millions. For when her population was at its highest, Ireland was a food-exporting country. Even during the famine, grain and meat and butter and cheese were carted for exportation along roads lined with the starving and past trenches into which the dead were piled. For these exports of food, or at least for a great part of them, there was no return. So far as the people of Ireland were concerned, the food thus exported might as well have been burned up or thrown into the sea, or never produced. It went not as an exchange, but as a tribute—to pay the rent of absentee landlords; a levy wrung from producers by those who in no wise contributed to production.

Had this food been left those who raised it; had the cultivators of the soil been permitted to retain and use the capital their labor produced; had security stimulated industry and permitted the adoption of economical methods, there would have been enough to support in bounteous comfort the largest population Ireland ever had, and the potato blight might have come and gone without stinting a single human being of a full meal. For it was not the imprudence "of Irish peasants," as English economists coldly say, which induced them to make the potato the staple of their food. Irish emigrants, when they can get other things, do not live upon the potato, and certainly in the United States the prudence of the Irish character, in endeavoring to lay by something for a rainy day, is remarkable. They lived on the potato, because rack-rents stripped everything else from them. The truth is, that the poverty

and misery of Ireland have never been fairly attributable to over-population.—Henry George, in "Progress and Poverty."

FORAKER ON THE CUBANS.

For my part I have a great deal more faith in the ability of Gomez, Garcia, and their compatriots of the army, and Masso, Capoti and their associates in the civil government of Cuba to rightly and in a satisfactory manner govern that island, than I have in any of the men who so maliciously and unjustly slander and vilify, the Cuban patriots and seek to assassinate their character and good name. Men who can organize and successfully conduct such a revolution as has been in progress in Cuba for the past three years of bloody struggle are worthy of the respect and admiration of every lover of liberty. And I believe still as I did last March and April, when I spoke in their behalf in the senate, that recognition of their government, which is republican in form and based on a written constitution, and now being administered by honorable, intelligent and capable men, so far as circumstances will allow, would be the safest and most creditable way to solve the Cuban problem.—Senator J. B. Foraker.

AMUSING FEATURES OF THE WAR.

Now that the war with Spain is over, it is safe to say that when the whole story is written it will contain more singular and comic situations than are to be found in any struggle of its size recorded in history. We have seen the governor of one of the enemy's possessions in the east fire a salute in answer to the guns intended to demand surrender, and when invited to come on board our ship to arrange the terms of capitulation send his polite regrets that his position did not permit of his indulging in such courtesies with strangers. No such amusing farce as this is likely to be found in all the pages of history. Recently we have witnessed the unusual scene at Santiago of the shipment of the Spanish soldiers for Spain going on at one wharf, and at the next wharf the shipment of the American soldiers to the United States, the amusing reflection being that Uncle Sam was paying the bills for both consignments. The situation in Puerto Rico has offered even more fund for laughter. Here our grim-visaged warriors move upon towns which, instead of erecting barricades and digging trenches, meet the enemy with open arms, cheer and dance while the bands play "Yankee Doodle," and

implore the commanding general to hurry along the stars and stripes to a people who are not crying for revenge, but for more American flags. To add to this comical situation, our soldiers draw from their knapsacks social letters of introduction to leading Puerto Rican citizens which they had obtained before entering the enemy's country, and which look to procuring business situations later.—Boston Globe.

DEMOCRACY AND DISCIPLINE.

It is a foreign observer of the fight of El Caney and San Juan who writes of the American volunteers that nearly every one of them seemed to be fitted to be an officer—in other words, that they were men of unusual intelligence and character, compared with the rank and file of European armies, and that they fought, not as dull and spiritless machines, but as men pushed on irresistibly by an inward spirit of courage and heroism. That is what democracy has done for the military service. It has made it nearly impossible to recruit from among the people an army of de-individualized human forms to be moulded into a compact and dead mechanical mass and wielded at pleasure by the commander as so much clay, but what it has lost in disciplinary effects of this nature, it has more than gained in the greater courage and power of the intelligent and spirited individual citizen soldier. For another thing which has been proved by this and our civil war is that moral courage does not destroy, but reinforces physical courage, and that the cultured and educated citizen makes the bravest and best soldier.

Such an army as democracy recruits may, therefore, be deficient in the discipline which stamps out individuality and reduces the soldier to the form of a spiritless and prideless physical mechanism, but its lack of superior efficiency for all that remains to be proved—and will so remain, we imagine, for a long time. It is an army which may insist upon reasoning why before the battle, and it is for that reason an army which tyrants and unjust causes cannot make a tool of for any purpose whatever, but once having set its face to the attack in an approved cause it becomes an army which is simply irresistible. — Springfield Republican.

WHENCE CAME THE HAWAIIANS?

An extract from an article on "Our New Fellow Citizens," by William Elliot Griffis, published in the Outlook of July 23.

Who shall declare their generation? It is like trying to separate giants in