

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

understand. And it is because the world has never understood that men like Henry George in all the ages have had to pay so big a price for just the chance to serve."

Mr. Johnson's experience in Congress was to him something like what college is to most young men: "It gave me an acquaintance with men of many types from all over the country, broadened my outlook, enlarged my vision, and increased my sense of responsibility." The final resolution to end his career as a monopolist came partly from an interview of which he tells. A business friend called upon Mr. Johnson late one evening. He was worth many millions, and with his simple tastes couldn't spend his income.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I ought to stop business. I know it and I've tried it. My family seems to get some joy out of life and I ought to. But I can't get away from the office. I have stayed away for weeks at a time as a trial, and then I get so blue that I have to rush back. Then after I've been at the grind awhile I am overwhelmed with the awfulness of it all, as I was to-night when I had to come down here to see you."

"Well," I answered, "if you will play the game, you've got to take the thumps." He answered that he saw no relief in any course he could now take.

That incident set me to thinking seriously of my half-formed resolution to give up business. I asked myself whether it was possible if I continued in it that I should come to be possessed with the insanity of it as this unhappy old man was. Would it become a habit with me, like a drug? Would I find myself powerless to give it up, as a gambler is powerless to stay away from his games? I was young and strong and I dearly loved the stimulation that went with the fight. But I decided that I must get that stimulation some other way. I knew I "was as other men" and I foresaw that in the end business would control my destiny; that I should not rule it, but that it would rule me. No, much as I enjoyed the game, I wasn't willing to take the thumps, and having reached this decision I threw all my energies into my efforts to get out of the various things I was engaged in. This sounds easier than it was, and I never did get out entirely, but from the night of that old financier's visit I never lost sight of the fact that I must give up the money-making game.

Then comes the story of that great war upon Privilege in Cleveland which in the eyes of the public and in its most dramatic aspects centered in the traction question, but which as Mayor Johnson never forgot and often emphasized, was fundamentally a question of taxation. "The greatest of all privileges," he used to say, "is the privilege of having another man pay your taxes."

To give "good government" in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term, wasn't the thing I was in public life for. It was a part of our policy from the beginning of our work in Cleveland, it is true, but as a side issue, merely. While we tried to give the people clean and well-lighted streets, pure water, free access to their parks, public baths and comfort stations, a good police department, careful market in-

spection, a rigid system of weights and measures, and to make the charitable and correctional institutions aid rather than punish wrong doers, and to do the hundred and one other things that a municipality ought to do for its inhabitants—while we tried to do all these things, and even to outstrip other cities in the doing of them, we never lost sight of the fact that they were not fundamental. However desirable good government, or government by good men may be, nothing worth while will be accomplished unless we have sufficient wisdom to search for the causes that really corrupt government. I agree with those who say that it is Big Business and the kind of Big Business that deals in and profits from public service grants and taxation injustices that is the real evil in our cities and the country to-day. This Big Business furnishes the sinews of war to corrupt bosses regardless of party affiliations. This Big Business which profits by bad government must stand against all movements that seek to abolish its scheme of advantage. It was these fundamental wrongs that I wished to attack.

Because he believed his experience in Cleveland typical of fundamental reform's experience in any city, he was persuaded to write his story and write it in detail. This is why his story is so valuable. To men enlisted in similar wars? Yes, but who is not? Soon or late, consciously or unwittingly, must everyone take his stand for or against Privilege. And one great thing this book will do for every reader is to teach him the better and the sooner to recognize the contest and knowingly to choose sides. "My Story" will help to do just what in his fascinating chapter on his municipal co-workers, Mr. Johnson says the Cleveland movement did. It will "make men."

Living, Tom L. Johnson, alone in the United States, frightened the moneyed Interests into full use of their repressive and vindictive power; dying, he has left behind him a guide-book straight into their fearful souls. That this book was not suppressed must be for the same reason that Mayor Johnson kept gaining headway against Big Business. Big Business could not perceive the nature or extent of the new injury until after it had been inflicted, nor could it guess his next quick move. So now Privilege thinks that few will read and none can put the book into practice. Gratitude once more for that everlasting weakness of Mammon—its underestimation of the mighty moving power of Truth!

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.

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THE WOMEN CLERKS AND THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS.

Miss 318. By Rupert Hughes. Published by Fleming H. Revell & Co., Chicago. 1911. Price 75 cents, net.

Thanks to the operation of our new ten-hour law for women, Mr. Hughes' sympathetic and witty picture of the shopgirls' hardships during