

to daily life, is the golden rule, and it will surprise some folks to learn that Confucius formulated that rule nearly six hundred years before the advent of Jesus.

Where, then, did such leaders of men obtain their ideas of justice and love? Obviously within their own consciousness. And what does this fact prove? That there is a living god of justice, dwelling within man and working through man, for man is not self-created except to the extent that he cultivates the spiritual forces that he finds within himself as instincts. The habit of self-culture must begin in the nursery, during the period of helpless childhood, and thus "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." When that hand is paralyzed by ignorance—the mother of all our woes—we reap the fruit of ignorance, and the result may be seen in Europe today. Civilization has been throttled in the nursery because the mothers of the race have never yet been permitted to understand the deep significance of the fact that education, religion and life are one and indivisible.

Now for an interesting fact in psychology, the most neglected of all the sciences: Every great leader of men whose thought was constructive and not the opposite was set on fire by the idea of justice, and for this reason I say that Henry George was the greatest thinker that this country has ever produced. It was his natural sense of justice that impelled him to search for a cause of injustice, and his wonderful discoveries in the realm of economics were the logical fruit of research undertaken in the spirit of justice, but to my mind those discoveries, great and true as they are, are overshadowed by his vision of the monumental fact that justice is the supreme law. This idea must sweep the world before any real enduring progress is possible. The mind soil of the entire race is now being harrowed and ploughed as a necessary preliminary to the sowing of the seeds of justice, and men are thinking as they have never thought before.

Finally, the universal religion—the only path to peace on earth—will be the religion of justice, and as an essential, logical corollary of such religion we will see the rise in this country of a new political party—the Party of Justice. This will be a progressive party, founded on a progressive religion, and this party will endure forever, because it will conform with the law of balance, which is the law of justice.

There is but one nation in sight that is likely to lead us in the spiritual race, and that nation is Japan, the land of the rising sun—but that is another story.

(Note—It is a curious fact that we take a census of physical bodies, but not of spiritual bodies. A wise ruler ought to know what the people are thinking about; what their ideas and what their goal. It might save trouble, for ideas rule the world, and unfortunately our alleged free press confines its "news" to effects and ignores

causes. There is some food for thought in the fact that 60,000,000's of our people do not go to church. Does any one know what they are thinking about? I think not.)

CHARLES LUMUS ROBINSON.

BOOKS

PRISONER PRO TEM.

Within Prison Walls. By Thomas Mott Osborne. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.50 net.

"Gee! You're a dead game sport!" The prison gallery boy said this as he looked admiringly through the bars of Thomas M. Osborne's 4 by 7½ by 7½ cell on the second day of his self-imposed week of incarceration in the Auburn, New York, State Penitentiary. And Mr. Osborne wrote down in his diary later: "On the whole, I think that's by far the finest compliment I ever had in my life."

Ex-Mayor Osborne's prison experiment in September, 1913, was heralded by the Press from one end of the country to the other as a sort of good-natured fool's errand. But the Press was mistaken. Mr. Osborne's narrative proves that it was a big, human, brotherly thing that he did.

He was not disguised—except from his friends after he donned prison garb. He addressed the assembled prisoners before he put on the penitentiary gray, explaining what he was trying to do and why, and requesting them and their officers to try to forget that he was anybody but the Thomas Brown, Auburn No. 33333X that he became that same afternoon. On the next Sunday he spoke again to thank them for so wholeheartedly and carefully granting his request.

His story of that week is not one of horrors. Very hard and dreadful things happened to his fellow-prisoners and even to himself; but miraculously—no, not miraculously, naturally—even in a prison true story the spiritual dominates. The men that he knew were the world's outcasts, but they scorned hypocrisy and hated injustice, admired what was good in one another and responded touchingly and mightily to the sincerity and persistence and friendliness of Mr. Osborne's week of life with them. "All about me while I was in prison—that hard and brutal place of revenge—I felt the quiet strivings of mighty, purifying forces, the divine in man struggling for expression and development." One of the convicts whom he did not know in prison, wrote him afterward: "I wish to thank you for the interest you have taken in the men here. I know there are hundreds of people who have our interests at heart, but they imagine we are a sort of strange animal, and treat us as such. You know if you put a dog in a cage for five or ten years he will become unfit as a pet. Just so with us, we enter here intending to become bet-

ter men, but the treatment we receive from some of those who are in immediate charge of us, causes us to become embittered at the world in general."

Suppose prisons were little, set-apart communities where justice really ruled, where fair play was universal and tyranny never lifted its head. Suppose from out the great world full of the myriad injustices and social wrongs that meet all men and overwhelm many, the so-called "fallen" member, the "criminal," should be quickly and gently carried off into this littler, simpler community, there to meet only with perfect social justice. Suppose that he never for six months or a year or five years knew an unfair decision or a tyrannous act by those in authority; and that all possible responsibility for his own daily actions as related to his fellows were put upon him. Suppose, in short, that this outlaw had really lived "in retreat" in a thoroughly democratic—which is to say just—community. What manner of man would he be when he returned as a full citizen into the big, chaotic, tragically unjust world from which he had been protected until he could grow strong enough to face it and try again? What kind of citizen would this man be then? That is the question Thomas Mott Osborne wishes to see answered by society from experience; and he believes he can foresee the reply. For from his week of comradeship with "criminals" his faith has grown more profound that all men, in and out of prison, whether life-termers, time-servers, or trustees, are brothers.

Mr. Osborne's appointment last November as warden of Sing Sing penitentiary must have been doubly good news to those who had read his book or met him in prison.

A. L. G.



OUT-OF-DOORS.

The Back Yard Farmer. By J. Willard Bolte. **Success With Hens.** By Robert Joos. **Wealth From the Soil.** By C. C. Bowsfield. Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. 1914. Price, each, \$1.00 net.

The earliest and surest crop every year is the book about farming. Front lawn, back fence and chicken yard; empty window-box and vacant lot, worn-out, well-watered acres of our New England ancestors or unplowed desert lands of their western descendants—every rood of mother earth is attractive in the Spring and the publishers know this in January. There is in the reading of these out-door books each March a pleasure for the besodden city-dweller as magic as adventure itself, and there is, too, the same potential profit that we all derive from reading the back of the old cookbook or the front of the ladies' magazine.

But everyone does not live in the city; moreover, many a cliff-dweller will soon be a suburbanite, and successfully to use nature for one's own cre-

ative ends is to experience one of the great common joys of mankind. That is why "The Back-Yard Farmer" and "Success with Hens" are really inspiring volumes. They wake the dormant imagination and stir to energetic accomplishment this lazy longing to furnish fresh eggs and vegetables and flowers for the family table and to show the children how. The books are full of common-sense, homely advice. They are not, like some of the popular country magazines for city people, written for millionaires and their landscape gardeners, nor like Maeterlinck and Walton, for philosophers who will have animate texts. Neither are they at all the sort of books to satisfy a thorough workman and true investigator; for they contain no indexes, no bibliographies and not one single reference to the literature of their subjects.

"Wealth from the Soil" is written "as an aid to the many town people who wish to become farmers and land owners." Every topic, from choice of land, bookkeeping, and soil improvement to sheep, bees, and garden pests, is taken up and gilded with the alchemy of a wonderful optimism. It is all very interesting and alluring to read, but so utterly innocent is the author, at least so silent, about the greedy giants in the road to actual money-making, that one finds it difficult to accept his very practical agricultural precepts.

To write door-yard romances may be a praiseworthy pastime and a useful bit of work. But to persuade the pennies from the city worker's stocking and bury them quickly "in the little farm," whence only by genius and grand good fortune can they be disinterred—to write such books is, under present industrial conditions, to assume a promoter's responsibility indefinitely extended.

A. L. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

—Regulation. By W. G. Barnard. Published by Regulation Publishing Co., Seattle, Ore. 1913. Price, \$1.00.

—Are We Ready? By Howard D. Wheeler. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1915. Price, \$1.50 net.

—These Shifting Scenes. By Charles Edward Russell. Published by George H. Doran Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.50 net.

—Socialism as the Sociological Ideal. By Floyd J. Melvin. Published by Sturgis & Walton Co., New York. 1915. Price, \$1.25 net.

—Proportional Representation and British Politics. By J. Fischer Williams. Published by Duffield & Co., New York. 1914. Price, paper, 50 cents, net.

—Commercial Work and Training for Girls. By Jeanette Eaton and Bertha M. Stevens. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. 1915. Price, \$1.50 net.