

That no feet tread the nameless path through wastes
of empty days;
That trusts the everlasting voice, the glad, calm
voice that saith
That Order grows from Chaos, and that life is born
from death;
That from the wreck of rending stars, behind the
storm and scathe,
There dwells a heart of central calm—and this, and
this is faith:

What is the world's true Bible? 'Tis the highest
thought of man,
The thought distilled from ages since the dawn of
thought began.
And each age adds its word thereto, some psalms
or promise sweet—
And the canon is unfinished and forever incomplete.
On the chapters that are written long and lovingly
we pore—
But the best is yet unwritten, for we grow from
more to more.
Let us heed the Voice within us and its messages
rehearse;
Let us build the growing Bible—for we, too, must
write a verse.

What is the purport of the scheme toward which all
time is gone?
What is the great aeonian goal? The joy of going on.
And are there any souls so strong, such feet with
swiftness shod,
That they shall reach it, reach some bourne, the ulti-
mate of God?
There is no bourne, no ultimate. The very farthest
star
But rims a sea of other stars that stretches just as
far.
There's no beginning and no end. As in the ages
gone,
The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of going on.
—By Sam Walter Foss (author of "The Calf Path"*)

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PROTECTION AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Viewed by Old Tom Harder as Related To Wool.

"What's that? Has Jim Deepship got back from Washington? Sure thing! Two weeks ago. He paid me the half o' that loan I made him to pay his expenses while lookin' after the woolgrowers' share o' the protection at the Capitol. Fact is that when he got there he found that the Steel trust farmers an' the Sugar farmers, an' all the other farmers that make a livin' by the hard labor o' cuttin' coupons an' watchin' the ticker, was all on the job there, an' they was so well heeled that Jim didn't have to spend much money. The wool industry was loved an' looked after as well as Mary's little lamb. So he had some cash left to spare me a little on the loan."

"What'd he say? Not much of anything. There

wasn't much to be said. I says to him, 'How's it look for the wool, Jim?'

"'Looks like we'd git our share while it's goin' 'round,' says Jim.

"'Your share o' what?' says I.

"'Our share o' the protection,' says Jim. 'S'long's the gov'ment is in business o' buildin' industry we want to be built 'long o' the rest of 'em.'

"'Are you sure you're gittin' your share?' says I. 'I don't know for sure,' says Jim. 'I don't believe anybody knows. But s'long's the gov'ment is slingin' the protection dope round I want a show at gittin' some of it. It's right I should.'

"'Is it right for 'em to be slingin' the protection dope round that way?' says I.

"'How'm I goin' to know if it's right or wrong?' says Jim.

"'Do you believe in the ten commandments, Jim?' says I.

"'Some of 'em,' says Jim.

"'What about stealin'?' says I. 'It's wrong,' says Jim. 'Why?' says I. 'Why?' says Jim. 'Cause it takes away a man's property without askin' him for it, or givin' anything in return for it.'

"'Sure thing!' says I. 'It's gittin' something for nothin'. But, Jim, what's the difference between stealin' an' protection?'

"'Why?' says Jim. 'I hain't got the thing clear in my mind yet, but it looks like protection's gittin' something for nothin' accordin' to law, an' stealin' is gittin' something for nothin' an' takin' the chance o' gittin' into jail.'

"'Why do you stand for protection then?' says I.

"'Cause I want some o' the profits,' says Jim.

"'But what about the ten commandments, Jim?' says I.

"'Well,' says Jim, 'near's I can figure it out them ten commandments don't count when it comes to gittin' something for nothin' accordin' to law.'

"'Yes, sir. That's all that was said. There wasn't a syllable more that could be said.'"

GEORGE V. WELLS.

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HOW WE FOSTER OUR SLUMS.

Bolton Hall as Reported in the Proceedings of the
First New York City Conference of Charities
and Correction, May 10-12, 1910.

I spent part of the summer once with Professor Howard, an authority on mosquitoes, and he taught me a good deal, and when in our country home the mosquitoes became pretty virulent, I sought for the hole where they were breeding. There was a place between two trees that had a little water in it and I could see the mosquitoes rising up from there, so I poured on kerosene; a few days after, it rained, and the mosquitoes began again, and I again poured on kerosene, my little

*See The Public, volume xii, page 524.

girl on both occasions watching me. She asked me why I did this and I tried to explain to her, and her comment was, "Why don't you fill up the hole?"

I had never thought of that.

That is the way our minds work, and that, it seems to me, is what we have been doing here this evening, except that we have not been even looking for the hole. We have not been seeking the cause of the congestion. We have heard that congestion is responsible for the poverty, but we have avoided that thing, which we foster with our lies, because it enables the keen and the strong to live upon the simple and the weak, namely, speculation in land.

There is such a thing, I know, as people preferring to live in the slums, just as it is said that Dr. Johnson got a taste for putrid meat because he had had to eat it when he was so poor, but I tell you the people who live in these places, live there because they must, and the sweat-shop boss when he has made a little money, wants the first thing, to move up to the Bronx or somewhere where he can live with his children half decently. That is the first desire that springs up in their minds. It is becoming a commonplace that the poor pay more for their accommodations than the rich. Why? Because they are so poor that they have to live near their work, and, because by the appropriation of land and holding it out of use, and because of the speculation in land, our city is not one-quarter built up, but covered in whole areas with old shacks, "tax payers," as they are called, waiting a rise in the value of land which shall enable us to live without working at the expense of our poorer brethren. That is the main cause of these things.

We have been talking of poverty and crime and degradation and disease, and these are the things you and I have permitted and are permitting today by our acquiescence in and support of this system by which some men are allowed to possess themselves of the earth and then charge their brothers a fee for living at all. I wish we could think a little about this main cause of congestion. As we look at these tenement houses and see the valueless buildings in which most of the people live, and the enormously valuable land underneath, and realize that you can get anywhere in the country a decent house for five dollars a month, while you must pay for a single room in New York more than five dollars in the very poorest districts, we must see that this is the cause of congestion.

Materials are cheaper in New York than in the country, but the value of land is enormously higher, and we keep up that price and profit by it, and have a system of legislation to tax the immigrants and leave off the taxes from the values of land, so that we practically paralyze a man who tries to build model tenements, by raising his taxes, and so encourage him to keep the land vacant in order that somebody may profit by its

ascending value. If we are going to do anything but talk, we must take the value of the land in taxes and open up to labor and living and life the illimitable opportunities of the universe for living and making a living that have been approved by nature from all eternity.

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WHAT'S THE USE?—OF EDUCATION.

Address by Louis F. Post on Graduation Day at Miss Howe and Miss Marot's School, Dayton, Ohio, June 15, 1911.

When I was a boy, "What's the use?" was a favorite specimen of boys' slang. If some of the boys wanted another to play with them when he was already "played out," he would be very likely to drawl, "Aw, what's the use?" Not as a question, however, but as an assertion. If his mother told him to fetch her an armful of firewood, when he had more important business on hand, he would probably respond with, "Oh, what's the use?" If his father told him to—Well, no. I don't think that we boys of those days used to ask "What's the use?" when our fathers told us what to do.

This very slang of our boyhood has now become the serious slogan of a serious study, a test phrase of a school in philosophy. For several years some of you may have been hearing about pragmatism, or reading about it; and "What's the use?" is a slogan of pragmatism. What pragmatism is, I don't believe that I know; which might not be remarkable but for the fact that those who do know find the task of explaining it even to other philosophers so very difficult. This much, though, I think I may say, that when a philosophical problem confronts you, and the pragmatist tells you to ask yourself "What's the use?" he means that unless you can figure out a use for its solution, if the problem were solved, then it is of no use, at least to you under existing circumstances, and you had better think of something else.

It is in that view of the problem of education that I am proposing that you join me today in asking "What's the use?" of an education. And this pragmatic question seems to me to be peculiarly appropriate at the graduation of a class from school; for that which a school has been to its graduating class, the world is to be through all the rest of their lives.

You will please observe that the thought I have just expressed is not original with me. No doubt you have heard it often before now. In one phrase or another it is probably as old as graduation ceremonies, and in essence it must be as old as teaching and learning. This is my reason for repeating it, because it is old; for I think of the old thoughts, the time-tested thoughts, as the true thoughts.

So did Solomon. That is where Solomon and