

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-