

nings Bryan, and Sir Horace Plunkett. The most important feature will be an experience discussion of the actual problems of social-center development as they are being met in various cities, towns and rural communities. [See vol. xiv, pp. 1114, 1121.]

—At a mass meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union in Albert Hall, London, on the 17th, the policy of extreme militancy was indorsed. And thereupon Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence withdrew from the organization. The separation was not unfriendly, but it deprives the organization of "Votes for Women" as its organ, the paper being owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel have consequently started another paper, "The Suffraget." [See current volume, page 922.]

PRESS OPINIONS

Science and Idealism.

Chicago Record-Herald (Rep.), Oct. 9.—Science in the period of its youth was lusty and a little shrill; it occupied itself largely with negation. It has long since passed through that phase; it has now entered upon the phase of affirmation. And only in this latter phase has the truth about science become obvious to every one—that its basis has always been highly idealistic.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

AN OFFERTORY.

For The Public.

I bring to Thee, O Christ my King,
This most unworthy offering;
Thou gav'st Thy precious life for me,
These paltry coins I give to Thee.
If only offerings justly earned
Were taken—mine might all be spurned.
Thine eye doth see each inward part—
My hands unclean, my selfish heart;
Not praise I merit—only blame.
Accept, O Christ, my humble shame.

SPENCER J. HALL.



Tyranny always follows the lines of least resistance. Encroachments upon rights of free speech and free assemblage which we have looked upon with indifference because they were for opinions which to us seemed false or hateful, we have suddenly found applied to ourselves. Here is repeated again for us the warning of which all the histories of liberty are but the record. The outposts of our rights are to be found in the maintenance of the rights of the least of our brethren. The more odious they, the more do we need to keep our lamp of vigilance trimmed and burning for their defense. It is through the weak gate of our uncared-for liberty that the despot will steal upon us.—Henry D. Lloyd in "Mazzini, and Other Essays."

THE ROBBING OF LAND.

The October Land Values Says That the Italian Funny Paper L'Asino (The Ass) Thus Treats of the War in Tripoli, in a Dialogue Held By an Italian Soldier and Farm Laborer, and an Arabian.

Arabian: What harm have we done you, since you are coming here to attack us?

Soldier: We are coming here to seek new land.

A.: Won't your own land do?

S.: Our own land? We soldiers have no land, you know. It belongs to the masters—the princes, the lords, the baronets and other grantees, and they let large parts of the country lie waste and wild. No, we have no land, and many of us are forced to go to America in order not to starve to death.

A.: Consequently, it is because you cannot get land in your own country, you will take our land from us.

S.: (Is struck by that conclusion, and keeps silent.)

A.: Allah is great! If he will now let you gain the victory and if you take the land from us, what use is it to you?

S.: (smiling melancholily): To me? The land is of course to be sold to people in no want of money. From whence do you think I should get the money?

A.: Then, it is the Italian farmers who are to buy it?

S.: The farmers? They are just as poor devils as we.

A.: But, by the Prophet's beard, who will be the owners of the land?

S.: The lords, of course, because they alone are in the possession of money.

A.: Thus the same men who let your own land lie waste?

S.: Exactly. We farmers and laborers have nothing but our own arms.

A.: Allah is great, but that is beyond my understanding. Then it is not for your own sake you and your friends are coming here to take the land from us. It is in order to procure still more land for those masters, who do not even cultivate the land they already are in possession of. I beg your pardon, my friend, but only the *camels* are just as sly as you and your comrades.



THE TALE OF MILLION DOLLARS

And Why He Left the Town.

Written by Alfred D. Cridge. Illustrated by J. W. Bengough. From the Oregon Journal.

When Mr. Million Dollars sought a lodging in the town, a cheery Million Dollars, intent to set-