

dustries, to retain its full earnings, must forsake civilization and betake itself to a spot distant from the benign influences of neighborhood. Or unable thus to migrate, it comes into the towns and cities, there to contend for employment with labor already located.

Land ownership, atheistic and inhuman, is the force mistaken for capital. It and it alone drives labor into submissively accepting a "fair living wage" so-called, or into thankfully accepting a wage based on the supply of labor.

The continuous, persistent act of simony in turning God's gift into something to be bought for money, is a crime of which society must repent—a crime it must cause to cease.

When this act of repentance is performed, then, and then only, can we ascertain easily what labor really produces. Labor restored to the free use of the earth can employ itself and retain all it produces, and its earnings while thus employed afford a standard by which to measure its wage when it decides to enter the employment of another.

Between society and peace and good will among men, between mankind and the kingdom of heaven on earth, rises the barrier—the monopoly of earth's resources. . . .

Men now buy land, not to use it, but to reap future profit as its value increases. Destroy this sordid hope, and men will hold land only to produce on it. Land develops value, when, and only when, men appear on it and stay, and labor, and act righteously. No one individual can give value to land. It is produced by the many, and therefore only to the many, to the public, to the community it righteously belongs.—James T. Barnard, in *Hamilton (Can.) Herald*.

#### "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

Extracts from notes on "The Man With the Hoe," made by the author, Edwin Markham, and recently published with the poem, illustrated, by Doubleday and McClure, of New York.

From boyhood till this hour I have wondered over the hoary problem that has been passed down to us from Job. Why should some be ground and broken? Why should so many go down under the wheel of the world to hopeless ruin as far as human eyes can see?

I had also been stirred by the faith of Isaiah, by his great faith in the coming of social justice when men "shall not build houses and another inhabit

them; when they shall not plant and another eat."

Then, too, I knew how the world's injustice had forced from Christ's strong heart that cry against the mouths that devour widows' houses, and that other cry against the feet that walk over graves.

Fourteen years ago I came upon a small print of Millet's picture of the Hoeman; and it at once struck my heart and my imagination. It was then that I jotted down the rough "field notes" of my poem. For years I kept the print on my wall, and the pain of it in my heart. And then (ten years ago) I chanced upon the original painting itself.

Millet's "Man With the Hoe" is to me the most solemnly impressive of all modern paintings. As I look upon the august ruin that it pictures, I sometimes dare to think that its strength surpasses the power of Michael Angelo. To me it comes wrapped around with more terror than the fearsome shapes in Dante. This Hoeman is on earth; he walks among us.

For an hour I stood before the painting, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. I stood there, the power and terror of the thing growing upon my heart, the pity and sorrow of it eating into my soul. It came to me with a dim echo in it of my own life—came with its pitiless pathos and mournful grandeur.

I soon realized that Millet puts before us no chance toiler, no mere man of the fields. No; this stunned and stolid peasant is the type of industrial oppression in all lands and in all labors. He might be a man with a needle in a New York sweat-shop, a man with a pick in a West Virginia coal mine, a man with a hod in a London alley, a man with a spade on the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

The Hoeman is the symbol of betrayed humanity, the Toiler ground down through ages of oppression, through ages of social injustice. He is the man pushed away from the land by those who fail to use the land, till at last he has become a serf, with no mind in his muscle and no heart in his handiwork. He is the man pushed back and shrunken up by the special privileges conferred upon the Few.

In the Hoeman we see the slow, sure, awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless and joyless labor. Did I say labor? No—drudgery! This man's battle with the world has been too brutal! He is not going upward in step with the divine music of the world. The motion of his life has been arrested, if not actually reversed. He

is a hulk of humanity, degraded below the level of the roving savage, who has a step of dignity, a tongue of eloquence. The Hoeman is not a remnant of pre-historic times; he is not a relic of barbarism. He is the savage of civilization.

The Hoeman is the effigy of man, a being with no outlet to his life, no uplift to his soul—a being with no time to rest, no time to think, no time to pray, no time for the mighty hopes that make us men.

His battle has not been confined to his own life; it extends backward in grim and shadowy outline through his long train of ancestry. He was seen of old among the brickmakers of Egypt, among the millions who lifted wearily the walls of Ilium, who carved the pillars of Karnak and paved the Appian Way. He is seen to-day among the stooped, silent toilers who build London and beautify her tombs and palaces.

These were some of the memories and agitations that pressed upon my soul as I stood in the presence of this dread thing—the Accuser of the world. So I was forced to utter the awe and grief of my spirit for the ruined majesty of this son of God. So the poem took shape. It sprang from my long purpose to speak a word for the Humiliated and the Wronged. I have borne my witness. It is said; it is truth; let it stand.

A certain few who obviously have not read Millet's letters are saying in the public prints that the Hoe-poem does not interpret the thought of the painter. They say that he saw only idyllic grace and beauty in his earthworn figures of the furrow. But here is the way Millet writes to his friend and biographer, Alfred Sensier:

My "Man With the Hoe" will get me into trouble with the people who do not like to be disturbed by thought of any other world than their own. But I have taken up my position, and mean to make a stand there. . . . I see the haloes of dandelions and the sun, also, which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well in a rocky place a man all worn out, who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. . . . Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry.

These are the words of Millet.

Again there are a few who say that the hideous Hoeman does not exist anywhere in the world. Do they hope to dispel this Shape by denial? Happy the day when a shrug of the shoulder can dispel this imbruted man—this Accusation.

But those who have eyes to see can

see him. Carlyle, than whom there is no greater authority on the wage-slaves of Europe, gives this eloquent testimony:

Two men I honor and no third. First the tollworn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. . . . Hardly entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles were so marred. . . . But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even earthly, knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two specters, Fear and Indignation, bearing company. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated!

It is not the mere poverty of the Hoeman that I deplore, but the impossibility of escape from its killing frost. There are two kinds of poverty. There is that of the pioneer, which is bracing and enduring. Hope has its roots in such poverty, because the means of self-help are not removed. The pioneer has no obstacle between himself and success except his own inertia. There is nothing degrading in the hardship he endures. No middleman comes between him and nature. He has ready access to the land and to other natural resources. With all of his limitations, there is still a path of escape into the heights.

But there is another kind of poverty—hopeless, enervating, destructive of ambition; the poverty of the toiler depicted by Millet, lamented by Ruskin and grieved over by Carlyle; the poverty of the bent drudges in the sweat shops, the factories, the mines.

Do I need to say that the Hoe-poem is not a protest against labor? No; it is my soul's word against the degradation of labor, the oppression of man by man.

I believe in labor, as some believe in creeds. I have little respect for an idler, whether at the tramp end or the millionaire end of the social octave. It is against the public good, against the economy of nature, for any man to be at the same time a consumer and a nonproducer.

I believe in labor; I believe in its humanizing and regenerating power. Indeed, I believe that a man's craft furnishes the chief basis of his redemption. While a man is making a house he is helping to make himself. While he chisels a corner stone he is invisibly shaping his own soul.

And it does not matter much what a man does—whether he hoes a field

of corn or builds a poem, whether he guides a plow or directs the destinies of a nation. The thing of importance is the way he does his work. It must be done thoroughly, and in the spirit of the common good, in the spirit of the social welfare. Work of this order is a living sacrament, a perpetual prayer.

The spirit of loving service sends a gleam of the ideal into every labor; and man needs the ideal even more than he needs bread. The ideal is the bread of the soul.

But while it is true work is beautiful and holy, it is also a fact that excesses are evil—a fact that joyless, hopeless, endless labor, overwork and underpaid work, tends to break down both men and nations. And this waste of life is as evident in the pallid faces and buried sympathies of the office and boudoir as in the distorted bodies and torpid minds of the factory and field.

So, in a large sense, the Hoeman is the stunted man in any walk of life. He is any man who has not had outlet for the sleeping forces of his higher self. He may be an editor, a banker, a merchant, a soldier—any man who forgets that we do not live by bread alone; who has let things get into the saddle; who is smothered under the weight of material concerns; who has died to the higher world of ideas and aspirations.

Men have achieved political liberty. The next forward step must be the achievement of industrial freedom. This will be an event greater than was the achievement of political freedom. It will mean the effacement of the barriers that interpose between the common man and the achievement of the common destiny.

And this freedom will be the freedom of all. It will loosen both master and slave from the chain. For, by a divine paradox, wherever there is one slave there are two. So in the wonderful reciprocities of being, we can never reach the higher levels until all our fellows ascend with us. There is no true liberty for the individual except as he finds it in the liberty of all. There is no true security for the individual except as he finds it in the security for all.

It is therefore the obligation of the all-of-us to withdraw the foolish permission which we have given to the Few to own the things which should be the common possession of the People. The withdrawal would be in the interests of the primary rectitudes—in the interests of justice and broth-

erhood. All that the happiest of us possess should be made possible to the least and the lowliest. It is our sacred duty to keep open the gates of opportunity, "so that every creature, from the least to the greatest, may make his life a moral adventure and a joy."

Am I then my brother's keeper? . . . A Voice answers from Eternity: "Thou art, and as thou keepest him, so will God keep thee."

Clusters of grapes on a lofty tree;  
"Pooh!" said the Fox, "too sour for me!"  
Just then an inspiration came—  
On a low branch he placed his name.  
Happening soon a Crow to spy,  
"Nice grapes!" he cried; "Miss, won't you buy?"

Said she: "I'll buy, and pay you well,  
Only first prove they're yours to sell."  
"No fear!" he cried, "behold my name!"

#### MORAL:

No grapes too high for some to claim!  
—Oliver Herford, in Scribner's Magazine.

In his book entitled "The Railway Problem" Mr. A. B. Stickney, President of the Chicago & Great Western Railway, shows the power of railways to tax, and says that the small increase in freight rates of one mill per ton per mile will annually increase the revenue of the C. & N. W. R. R. Co. \$1,804,701.00; C., M. & St. P. R. R. Co., \$1,620,923.00; N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co., \$2,775,582.00; Pennsylvania & Ft. Wayne Railroads, \$5,470,108.00.—Jay D. Miller.

Donohue—Phwat d' yez suppose would happen if wimmin wor allowed t' vote?

Hogan—Bad luck t' thim! Sure, they'd do it so chapely th' min would give up votin' in disgusht!—Puck.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, publish William Liebknecht's paper on the question of political trading, which has become a burning one in the socialist party of Germany (of which he is one of the famous leaders), owing to efforts within the party to minimize the socialist economic programme and make the organization a party of opposition in politics. The paper, which has been translated by A. M. Simons and Marcus Hitch, is entitled "No Compromise—No Political Trading," and, as the title suggests, it opposes the efforts to divert the party from its original aims. Mr. Liebknecht's essential point is that the socialist party must stand for proletarian class consciousness, or cease to be socialist.

"The Social Forum" (published monthly by the Social Reform union, 322 Association building, Chicago) devotes the April issue, a special ten-cent number, to the production of the suppressed part of the ninth biennial labor report of Illinois. When George A. Schilling was secretary of the labor bureau of Illinois, during the Altgeld administration, he prepared two biennial reports. In point of usefulness and popularity, they lead the list of all