

patient, amiable, simple and docile creature that he is. He believed, for instance, from the beginnings of his nationality that, though he was a chattel of the nobles, yet the land was his irrevocably. But when serfdom was abolished the land was partitioned, and the villagers got only a portion, which is now seen to be generally less than is actually necessary for the support of the inhabitants, whose numbers have greatly increased. New abuses have crept in, owing to the muzhik's simplicity, his lack of ambition, and the vices of drink, gaming, laziness and aboriginal disregard for the morrow, so that the nihilist writers declare his present state as a freeman a worse and more hopeless one than his former serfdom. And the calmest men—even in official life—admit that the condition of agriculture is desperately bad.

His government of his villages suggests the capacity the Russian peasant possesses, sadly rude and undeveloped as it is. His "artels" prove that this capacity is strong enough for him to govern himself, which we are taught is a mightier thing than the taking of a city. They show that he can make himself industrious, honest, thrifty, foresighted, responsible (nearly everything, in fact, that he is not—until such combination gives him the chance to redeem himself). The artelshik is a muzhik revolutionized—a beast of burden in man's guise transformed into a full-fledged man, or woman, for the women make good artelshiks also. They are developed out of the familiarity with and training in cooperative management which the peasants get in the little communes or village governments. To a certain extent the artels follow the same line. They are an institution peculiar to Russia, and of great interest to all mankind. In a foreign office report of Great Britain they have recently been most carefully studied and explained—a task which the Russians have never undertaken for themselves. It seems that an artel is simply a company or association of peasants for the prosecution of a certain kind of labor or trade in a certain place, or for the performance of a single task. The custom of forming these companies has obtained there since the fourteenth century, though it grew out of a habit of certain Cossacks formed four centuries earlier. These Cossacks were fighters and brigands, who continued their warlike organizations in peaceful times for the division of their labor and of the spoils of hunting and fishing, and for the sale of their war booty and plunder. They carried their trade up the Dnieper, and so taught the boatmen of that river the

advantage of forming the artels, which they still maintain. The system is to-day applied to the work of hunting, fishing, farming, mining, banking, custom house, post office and railway work, and there are artels of laborers, mechanics, porters, factory hands of many sorts, pilots, bargemen, stevedores, herders of every sort of cattle, musicians, beggars, and even horsethieves. It is impossible to say how many artelshiks, or even artels, there are, because no statistics upon the subject have yet been published. It is certain, however, that in the higher fields of labor the institution is vigorously extending, though in the simpler relations of unskilled labor the practice of hiring individual muscle in the ordinary way is elbowing out the simpler artels of laborers.

Until recently the government has practically closed its eyes to the existence of the artels (except as it has employed them in certain works), regarding them with disfavor as being socialistic institutions, and yet refraining from opposing them because they confine their energy to the industrial purposes for which they are formed, and because they undeniably tend to the improvement of the muzhik, his work and his value to the state.

#### "THE EARTH HATH HE GIVEN TO THE CHILDREN OF MEN."

An extract from "The Two Great Commandments in Economics," by James E. Mills, issued as a supplement to the April New Earth, and reviewed in The Public of June 4th.

The relations of God to man, of which the first great commandment is the generalized law, are relations of giver and receiver of life within and world without. The sense-world is the first of God's gifts recognized by the developing of man, and the response of the sense-world to the needs of both body and soul is the foundation of love to God. And although the superstructure rise far above sense until finally sense and all that responds to sense becomes incidental, still, on sense are life and love and wisdom based; and when the individual loses his sense-life of earth through death of the material body, his love still rests on the sense-world, now the sense-world of heaven, through the senses of the spiritual body. For without a basis in sense, or, in other words, without environment, there can be no life. The environment of earth is the means of union in love with God during the years when senses are keenest and sensuous delights are most engaging, and power for physical effort most efficient. In these early years

of a healthy life, the prayer for daily bread is, of necessity, prayer for the blessings of outer life.

If the economic conditions were shaped—as shaped they must be before God's kingdom can come on earth as in heaven—to the two great commandments, the youth on leaving the home of his childhood would be welcomed to his larger home in the world with the smile of God. He would feel his birthright to an equal share of God's love and God's loving gifts of earth. "Here my Father has placed me. I am equal heir with all my fellows to this fair earth about me, and to all its opportunities; heir to my place where I may stand upright and free, and may live out to its fullest and best the life he gives me, and may do my share of the world's work as he gives me to do. Here on this inheritance from our Father in heaven, the wife he gives me and the children he gives us shall live and grow with me to the full stature of the manhood and womanhood he made us to obtain, and here we will thank him and love him."

This, or such as this, is the attitude of youth and early manhood to God, to fellow-men, and to the earth, which the two great commandments contemplate.

But the youth who would stand in this attitude to-day would be called a dreamer of dreams; and if he tried to enforce his claim to an inheritance of God's earth, he would come into conflict with human laws, traditions and customs and habits of thought. He would find his place on earth held by other men, his claim of equal rights of access to the earth annulled, and he himself dependent upon other men for what his Father gave him outright; his sense of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man referred to the realms of sentiment, and the whole system of relations between him and his fellows and their common Father which follows inevitably from the spirit and letter of Christ's teachings, treated as impracticable idealism.

The mutual relations of the Divine Giver and the human recipient are confused and obscured by the intrusion of perverse human institutions between the individual and his Maker. The struggle of the ages has been to remove such intrusions. The still, small voice of the conscience of the people—persuasive voice uttering spiritual perceptions—amid the clamor of selfish interests is saying: "Stand aside from between me and God; let me come before him as he made me to come, in the full stature of manhood." And privilege is always talking back with grandiloquent assertions of its own importance and

greatness. The conscience of the people, which is, in fact, the common stock of revealed truth woven into the fiber of human character arranged and arrayed against evils under the influence and with the power of the Holy Spirit of truth, has set aside claims of priesthood and authority, and of divine right of kings and classes to rule over minds and bodies of men—forms of special privilege of individuals or classes. And steadily, through all this setting aside of human arrogance and usurpation of divine authority, the view of God has been growing clearer and truer, and responsibility to him more direct; and steadily the individual man has risen to a higher appreciation of his dignity as a child of God; and widespread and widening recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is emerging from amid the debris of customs and traditions and laws founded upon privilege, or, what is the same, widespread and widening recognition of the voice of God in the law of love.

#### THE DIARY OF A BUSY KITTEN.

A little girl is responsible for the following story:

7 a. m.—Got up and took a little exercise before breakfast. Mistress' workbasket was on the mantelpiece. Didn't think it was in proper order, so tried to set it to rights, but didn't succeed, somehow. The whole thing tumbled to the floor, and the thread got tangled around the chair legs. Gave it up as a bad job.

8 a. m.—People here get up so late that I am very lonely before breakfast. Tried to catch the canary for amusement. Just as I almost had one claw on him, through the bars of the cage, Betty, the housemaid, came in. My head has been ringing for half an hour with the slap she gave me on my ear.

9 a. m.—Got hungry. Tired waiting for the folks to come down, so helped myself to cream, which was not so thick as usual.

10 a. m.—Found my claws needed sharpening. Tried to do it on lace curtains, but the flimsy stuff came to pieces the moment I touched it.

11 a. m.—Time for my nap. Found a comfortable place on top of a large clock. Moved the big vase that stood on top of it out of my way. It fell to the floor and made a terrible racket. Had a fine nap.

2 p. m.—Slept till way past dinner time. They would not give me a bite, so had to find a mouse.

4 p. m.—Saw my mother asleep in the sun. Climbed up in a tree and jumped down on her just for fun. She didn't

take it that way. Had to run and stay hidden for a long time.

6 p. m.—Saw a bird in the cherry tree that looked as if he had been made on purpose for my supper. Got him.

8 p. m.—Happy at last on this delightful roof. Shall sit here and sing all night long. M-i-a-ow!—The Kingdom.

#### THE "WASHINGTON" OF CUBA.

Gomez, now 75 years of age, the "Washington" of this fight for freedom, is a remarkable man. His generalship is little less than marvelous, and is always baffling. His methods of surprise, his cool and cautious judgment, his economy both of the lives of his men and his ammunition and his wonderful mental and physical activity mark him as one of the great figures in that war for human freedom which is being fought in the territory of our island neighbor.—Joseph Dana Miller, in Godey's Magazine.

#### APPEAL OF PHILIPPINE INSURGENTS.

We make no radical distinction. We call on all possessing honor and national dignity. All are sufferers, the Filipino and the Asiatic, the American and the European. We invite all to help raise a down-trodden and tormented race—a country destroyed and hurled into the slough of degradation. We expect no one, not even the Spaniard, because in our ranks there are some noble Spaniards, lovers of justice, free from prejudice, who are supporting our demands for individuality and national dignity.

If the Anglo-Saxon alliance is made for mutual defense, and for fellowship in guarding the highest ideals of life, it will flourish and succeed. If it is made with a desire to secure universal dominance to our race it will perish from the rottenness which ultimately overtakes every monopoly—be it the Roman empire or a combination in oil and tobacco.—London Spectator.

We are so infinitely stupid that we think to promote civilization by setting up barriers to communication and trade. That is merely carrying the old curse of the war spirit of hate down into a later and better age.—President Gates, in The Kingdom.

Mamma—"You eat so much candy it's no wonder you have a toothe-ache." Johnny—"It can't be the candy, mamma. I eat candy with all my teeth, and there's only one that aches."—Puck.

I have seen wonderful things in my life, but I did not hope to see the day when "Fitz" Lee and "Joe" Wheeler would be major generals in the United

States. When recently I saw the boys in blue, and mine among them, marching through the streets of Louisville my heart was in my mouth; but when I saw at the head of the column a man whom 35 years ago I had taken-off the field of battle, then my heart burst and the tears flowed from my eyes. Whatever else besides, this war will settle the solidarity of this nation.—Hon. Henry Watterson.

"You are Irish, I think?" He beamed: "Yes, sorr, I'm Oirish, but I wasn't bornn in me natuv conthree."

#### SIX FEET.

My little rough dog and I  
Live a life that is rather rare,  
We have so many good walks to take,  
And so few bad things to bear;  
So much that gladdens and recreates,  
So little of wear and tear.

Sometimes it blows and rains,  
But still the six feet ply;  
No care at all to the following four  
If the leading two know why.  
'Tis a pleasure to have six feet, we think,  
My little rough dog and I.

And we travel all one way;  
'Tis a thing we should never do,  
To reckon the two without the four,  
Or the four without the two;  
It would not be right if anyone tried,  
Because it would not be true.

And who shall look up and say,  
That it ought not so to be,  
Though the earth that is heaven enough for  
him,  
Is less than that to me,  
For a little rough dog can wake a joy  
That enters eternity.  
—Humane Journal.

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