

ments of monopoly were destroyed, it is inconceivable that life would be held so cheaply as now, or that so many would fall in the industrial battle. With the last vestige of monopoly gone, and God's storehouse open to all alike, the light of brotherhood would break upon the earth and we could say without any cant:

Labor, wide as the earth,
Has its summit in Heaven.

But the more we appreciate the service and sacrifice of labor, the more intolerable becomes the thought that any should enjoy the legal privilege of living without labor.

One entrance to the Powers' department store, in Minneapolis, is built upon leased land. The owner of the land receives a ground rent of one thousand dollars per month. The land is only about seventy feet square. The tenant has put up the improvement and pays the taxes, so that the lord of the land has an annual income, for doing nothing, of twelve thousand dollars. The customers do not see him. Yet they pay toll to him. They pay it in the price of what they buy. At the door of every store there is one of these invisible toll collectors. The tribute they exact is tremendous, not only in its aggregate amount, but also in its vicious, indirect influence.

Must some men die to give us bread, and others eat and give nothing in return? How would it do to make these lords of the land support the government out of their unearned incomes? If they have not made these land values, if the city has made them, why then, should they have them? Why should not the city take them? Why tax industry and leave the land owners in possession of something the city has produced? Why not take this step towards the goal of the emancipation of labor—labor, wide as the earth with its summit in heaven?

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL M. S.

Dear John: Theodore has killed a cinnamon bear. I don't know how the boys toted the bear out there, and if I did I wouldn't tell; but Theodore got him. I know you will be interested, as you have kept your hunting interests alive beyond boyhood; but I've about quit butcherin', myself, except fer meat. I used to be a great hunter, too; but then I needed the provisions.

A man likes the excitement of the hunt well enough, but after he is really grown up he begins to doubt the justice of getting a modern gun and shooting some

unarmed animal, just because he can. He feels a little mean and "streaked" afterwards; and, if he is really a dead game sport, quits hunting and looks up something a little less one-sided—something where he'll meet one of his size.

And it ain't hard to find. There's plenty of game in America right now for a sportsman with knightly instincts—one of the old St. George kind. You mind, John, how George went out and slew the dragon that was eating the common people, and you made him a saint for it, hey? He wasn't chasin' around after no cinnamon bear, George wasn't. The dragon was eatin' the girls, and George went for him. There was danger, and George went right at him—didn't take no vacation, but sailed in lickety split, no hunters a-beatin' the bushes, and no niggers in the lead. Man! I'd like to see St. George tackle my Coal Trust, or Beef Trust, or Oil. It wouldn't take him no two years to get into a fight, I bet you.

Fact of the case is, John, I don't know what in the dickens to do. The trusts and combines have put up prices so people can't live on their wages, and they are strikin' for more. The trusts can't give any more and keep up their dividends. In fact, the trusts, every one of 'em, allow their employes enough—about enough—to live on, if it wasn't that some other trust comes in and takes it all away. The trusts are like the chief cashier who steals one thousand dollars from the bank, and the under cashier finds it out and steals one hundred thousand, and the chief cashier dare not tell, and must stand for the whole graft. What are they goin' to do? I dunno. It's up to them. The present plan is to make the boys take the same wages or starve—or same wages and starve a little. I guess they'll make it go too fer awhile; but the end must come sometime, because there's a limit to starvin'.

One mighty queer thing has come out of it. I've got another revolution on my hands! My courts have overridden Magna Charta. They have set aside trial by jury. It's in all the State and Federal constitutions—Magna Charta is; and trial by jury, you remember, is a corner stone of the charter of John. "Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur." Do you mind the old lingo—I most forget, but it means, "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized or outlawed or banished or in any ways destroyed, nor will we pass upon him unless by the lawful judgment of his

peers or by the law of the land." That's the ticket King John had to sign for his courts, and ever since no bill would stick in chancery before a judge alone unless it said without lyin' that there was "no remedy at law (by jury) only in chancery." If a jury could try the case, the bill must be dismissed. That's the law for me and you, John. There's no blinkin' it. Now look at it! I have judges takin' criminal jurisdiction by means of a bill in chancery; I have judges plowin' domestic corn by chancery writ, and Lord knows what is a comin'—never was such a revolution heard of since the commons yanked John to law at Runnymede in the seventeenth year of his reign, and made him swear also that all these things "shall be observed bona fide and without evil subtilty." They were dead tired, the commons were, of being pulled up before a judge and sent to prison without a jury trial, and they stopped it.

But the trouble about a revolution is that you don't know how far it's goin' to revolve. Judges ain't the only folks that can disregard the law. A whole lot of people may take a hand in it, and the sooner we creep back under the protection of the big Charter, the safer we'll all be. That's my judgment. What do ye think?

But who's a goin' to bring my judges to a sense of sin? Who's a goin' to make them sign Magna Charta? Congress won't do it. In fact, my Federal judges deny the right of Congress to limit their jurisdiction. They are great big fellows, and hold under the Constitution direct. Then what's a goin' to happen? You can't imagine that Magna Charta and jury trial is goin' to be set aside permanent in America. Who has the first move? What'll end it? Will some Cromwell send a file of soldiers to the Supreme Court and turn the inmates out? Will my barons now running a strike in Chicago, and throwin' coal and milk bottles, send fer 'em to a new Runnymede and refresh their learning? I dunno. Something is bound to happen soon or late, and people with property and lives to lose may well be uneasy when the law is violated in high places.

UNCLE SAM.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP AS RELATED TO THE BALLOT BOX.

A brief address delivered by Wiley Wright Mills at the Christian Endeavor rally at the Englewood Christian Church, in Chicago, March 2, 1905.

The subject assigned implies that a Christian has civic duties, which is true. Attending prayer meeting does

not relieve a voter from the duty of attending the primary, and joining the Christian Endeavor Society does not excuse him from joining the Ward Club. Neither is a disfranchised majority of the church and Christian Endeavor Society excused from the exercise of a positive and just influence upon the trend of legislation and the policies of the government. The fact that the natural right to vote is wrongfully withheld, in no way affects the sacred obligation which it confers of learning and teaching the necessity for the persistent application of ethical principles to public business and practical affairs. All are to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. If, with Pilate, we attempt to wash our hands of the innocent blood of the victims of injustice, we shall receive the just scorn of posterity.

The scourge of Christendom is poverty, and poverty is caused by laws and institutions maintained by official corruption in the interest of monopoly and privilege. Even so conservative a man as Wayne McVeagh a decade since declared to the students of the University of Pennsylvania that in this country we had more to fear from the black flag of corruption than from the red flag of anarchy. These are hard sayings, but they are worthy of all acceptance; they are not "as harsh as truth." The truth is that while corruption is prevalent from United States senators and judges to county constables and alley inspectors, the majority of the people seem to think it is universal, that every man has his price. This belief seems intolerable, but what is still worse and far worse, is the indifference of a plundered public, the fact that they take it as a matter of course, and, as a rule, do not regard it seriously—that "My people love to have it so." Wisconsin, Missouri and the new "bleeding Kansas" have shown us that if we do not love to have it so, we need not continue to have it so, and they point a way to the better day that is dawning.

But in the language, yet not in the spirit of the corruptionists, "What are you going to do about it?" In the first place we must have faith to believe that righteousness shall prevail, that corruption shall be done away. And then we must have the courage to do, at whatever cost, the work that is necessary to eradicate corruption and establish freedom—faith to believe and courage to act.

The worst form of practical atheism is the prevalent cynical doubt as to the very existence of absolute Right and

of its ultimate triumph in the affairs of men.

Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

If our young people had faith in the complete triumph of righteousness, would they clutch at the skirts of power and prostitute their talents to the base service of predatory wealth as they now do? Yet, as Tom Johnson well says, this is one of the worst results of plutocracy or the reign of graft. With Lincoln, "Let us have faith that right makes right, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." This faith and courage will make the work easy, or rather, less difficult (for the struggle to overthrow corruption in government will not be an easy or pleasant one). "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." The struggle for freedom and justice is time-long and world-wide. Right now it is acute in Russia, in Colorado, in Kansas, and in Chicago. In the great struggle that is now on for the restoration of our streets to our people, the stake is so immense that all the powers of darkness will be enlisted and the very elect deceived. Wealth, social standing, political place and power and newspaper prominence await the young men who will give hearty support to the traction interests; poverty, neglect, villification, or ridicule will be the portion of those who refuse to perform their base and corrupting service. Yet the people will triumph because they are aroused, they are vigilant, they are right. Moreover, in spite of all the dust and darkness, and mystification of a mendacious press, the issue is clearly drawn and the leading candidates are truly representative of the opposing interests.

Then we must work to establish in our system of government the initiative, the referendum and proportional representation in order that the popular will may be expressed and respected. A corruptionist scheme is now on foot to amend the public policy law of this State, so that it will be practically impossible to have even an advisory vote. Each signer must give his ward and precinct, and each page of the petition must be sworn to by some one who signed it. As no one could sign it but once, no one person could procure hundreds and thousands of names, as at present. We must meet this bold defiance of all that is fair by greater ef-

fort to have the initiative and referendum as a matter of right, and binding upon officials, a proposition, by the way, for which the people of this State gave a large majority at the election in November. Our safety lies in greater freedom, not in restriction. To quote De Tocqueville, "The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy." Some have fondly supposed that if the right of suffrage were restricted to men who are educated and possessed property, we should have good government—government by the best citizens. Unfortunately for this easy expectation, Rhode Island has always had a property qualification for the suffrage, and has a relatively small foreign element in its staid population; yet we know, as Lincoln Steffens has shown in McClure's for February, that Rhode Island is the most corrupt State in the Union, and that it is there that popular government has most completely failed, and that because it is least representative. Until we have the means of making our servants carry out our wishes, of taking away from them the temptation to betray their constituents and violate their official oaths, and until we allow representation to minorities, we shall not have truly representative government. At the election last November the people of this State voted overwhelmingly in favor of direct primaries, and the candidates for governor and members of the legislature were pledged to it, yet now enough of our old servants betray us to leave us still largely at the mercy of the machine politicians. Our servants become our masters, and we are helpless. In Oregon, the Legislature during its first session after the adoption of the initiative and referendum, about four years ago, defied the people of that State in much the same way, but with a different result. During the first session there was no corporation lobby at Salem, but the people were defied by the failure of the legislature to pass the direct primary and (liquor) local option bills. Immediately after adjournment of the Legislature, petitions for these two measures were circulated and the necessary eight per cent of the voters' signatures soon obtained, with the result that within a few months both measures were adopted by a popular vote and were enacted into law.

But we must go still deeper. All rational curative treatment looks to the removal of the cause of the disease. The initiative, the referendum and proportional representation are only means by which we may check the ravages of corruption and remove monopoly, which

is the cause of the disease of which corruption is only one symptom. "Private monopoly is indefensible." It depends entirely upon human laws and institutions. God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions, and of all those many inventions the one most fraught with evil is the monopoly of God's gifts to his children. To destroy this monopoly and remove all the evils which flow from it, it is only necessary to repeal the laws that grant special privileges and that shift the burdens of government from land to labor. We must abolish all forms of indirect taxation and raise all revenues by a direct tax. This will mean not only a more just and economical administration of government, but what is of vastly greater importance, it will take away the chief means by which the crafty plunder the industrious. We call ourselves free, and pay tribute to scores of trusts controlled by the impudent and arrogant men to whom "God in his wisdom has entrusted the property interests of the country." While boasting of our freedom, we are paying 14 cents for 4-cent oil; \$6 a ton or more for \$2 coal; and a dollar for 50-cent gas. To pay tribute to all these monopolies we are hustling ourselves into early graves. We do still go to the polls, sometimes, but we have no time to think, and we vote for the men who are foisted upon us by machine politicians and permit our thinking to be done by a mercenary press.

Brethren, these things ought not so to be, and they cannot long endure. "The nation and the people that forget God shall perish, yea, they shall be utterly wasted." Even now the day of our deliverance is at hand, but it must be a deliverance by ourselves. The complete triumph of Justice is as certain as the morrow, and much nearer than any of us realize, but it is not coming without a fierce struggle. It will require faith, it will require courage, it will require conviction, it will require persistence, and it will require the character that is the product of all these. In the words of Altgeld, one of the greatest souls Illinois ever nourished for the human race, "Let me remind you that compromisers, traders and neutral men never correct abuses; never found or save free institutions; never fight for human rights. They always become the instruments of the enemy. Wherever they are in control the party [and the church] is unworthy the respect of mankind. Only men of courage and conviction can save this land. Only

the men who stand erect ever get recognition."

HIS STATESMANSHIP.

When Daniel Webster Franklin Green went to the legislature
He vowed that all the walls of fame should bear his nomenclature,
That down the vista of the years, far as the future reaches,
Should pour the torrent of the cheers roused by his burning speeches,
That from the limbs of shackled ones his hand should take the fetters
And that his fame should be inscribed in never-fading letters.
A pleasingly majestic mien
Had Daniel Webster Franklin Green.

He drafted bills—to benefit us all was his intention—
A bill to crush the wicked trusts is one that we may mention;
Another one to regulate the railway rates he fathered;
A dozen others he got up—however, he was bothered
Because his work was not received with public acclamation,
Because with all of this he did not get a reputation.
"Too much to higher thought I lean,"
Mused Daniel Webster Franklin Green.

Whereat and whereupon he sat him down and drafted measures
Providing that the plutocrats should parcel out their treasures,
Providing that all bachelors should pay for being single,
Providing that society with hoi polloi should mingle,
Providing that the price of eggs should be a dime a dozen,
Providing that a man could wed his uncle's second cousin—
"I guess your Uncle Dan is keen,"
Smiled Daniel Webster Franklin Green.

He saw this was the proper course, and while he thought upon it
He drew a bill prohibiting the high priced Easter bonner.
In geometric ratio his fame grew all the greater
And people whispered as he passed: "The wondrous legislator!"
He grew in girth, he rose in worth, beyond all our conjecture
And now the hall is packed each time they bill him for a lecture,
And in each leading magazine
Shines Daniel Webster Franklin Green.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

Mack—Do you think Emeline had a good time?

Kate—I guess so. Mother and I took to our beds after she left, and she writes that she took to her bed as soon as she got home.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist church, and a staunch believer in hell-fire-and-brimstone, was once asked if he thought Emerson would go to heaven.

The good old man was puzzled, and thought for a long time.

"He doesn't seem to have the saving faith," he said, at length, "but I can't imagine what the devil would do with Emerson."—The Pilgrim.

BOOKS

TWO STRONG NOVELS.

When one takes up nowadays a novel which the critics have called strong, there is no telling what the special theme will be; but it is pretty certain that the book will contain scenes or discussions unsuitable for Sunday-school libraries, or for reading aloud in family circles. Modern novels, especially those of the genus strong, unless they belong to the weakish romantic revival, are apt to deal with some acute situation of some of the many moral or social problems that are vexing men's souls. If they are to deal with these problems—and why should they not?—we must expect them to deal truly and frankly, and truth and frankness lead oftentimes away from conventional propriety.

Let no one, therefore, be surprised or shocked. The novelist of to-day knows that he is the author to tell the truth to the great modern public, and he will not stop short. The spirit of the age has made his work the characteristic literature of the day, and we must take the consequences. What though many of the writers of novels are false purveyors, bent only on turning dishonest pennies, shall this prevent true artists from plying their trade? The artists do not think so. They are going their way, and are leaving it to the public and critics to see the difference between the false and the true, between the method of the artist and the method of the shyster.

It cannot be said too often that there is all the difference in the world between the methods of dealing with delicate situations involving social and moral problems. The writer who is writing merely to commend his wares to a false or uneducated sentiment, palters to human propensity for prurient excitement. The artist will deal with the same situation in a way so large and impersonal that the broad principle is kept in the foreground, veiling the crude offensiveness of the individual application.

The trial scene in Tolstoy's Resurrection is an instance in point. How different is his whole treatment of the painful theme from that which a lesser writer might have employed. The one makes it a great moral tonic, the other might have made it a disgusting exhibition of low passions. We ought to have always in mind, very clearly, this difference. It is the same in the art of literature as in the art of painting and sculpture. It is the difference between the work of a master and the displays of a bill-poster.