

their own living and also making fat incomes for the men who are holding the unused lands and living in luxury and frequently in foreign countries. Canada, particularly Western Canada, is doing splendidly in developing and maintaining a foreign landed aristocracy. Of course, it is very pleasant to reflect upon this matter and to know that we are building up a well groomed aristocracy, but nevertheless it is a most expensive luxury and one that a new country can ill afford.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

LIFE.

For The Public.

A rift of dawn in the Orient skies,
And our lives begin.
Heirs to a world of sordid lies,
Where the day is one of mean compromise;
Where Justice stands with a cloth on her eyes,
'Midst a riot of stench and sin.

Amid the heat of the burning day
We stagger along.
Ever the sins of our fathers we pay;
Ever the victims of merciless prey.
O Lord, how long till Thy Judgment Day,
And joy's sweet song?

A shaft of red in the dying West—
The night draws near.
Beloved ones sob with hearts oppressed,
As the Soul prepares for eternal rest,
Beyond this vale of sorrow and jest
And poverty's fear.

ROYD EASTWOOD MORRISON.



CONCERNING PREJUDICE.

Scott Nearing, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

There are three popular beliefs which rise like mountain chains across the trail of progress. The first and most rock-ribbed is the belief that things are sacred because they are old, or, conversely, that things are dangerous because they are new.

The second is the belief that the "submerged tenth" wants to be submerged; that it enjoys dark rooms and revels in filthy alleys; that it gloats over insanitary plumbing and thrives upon malnutrition.

The third, no less preposterous, is the belief that the "submerged tenth" is submerged because it is degenerate; that the very fact of remaining submerged is proof conclusive of innate incapacity for improvement.

During every hour of the day society is wasting a vast store of latent human ability and power, and heedlessly creating untold misery and suffering. The loss and the pain are both due to social

conditions which are remediable through education and legislative action.

Could we succeed but a little in showing that old things are often old only because they are traditional, or, conversely, that in the evolution of new things lies social salvation; that the "submerged tenth" is submerged because of ignorance and low wages, and that the community abounds in latent ability which awaits the opportunity for development, we should perform a service of untold social value—turning men forever away from the outgrown things of the past, and leading them to a vision of social adjustment in the future.



THE AWAKENING OF ICELAND.

Jerome Hall Raymond, Professor of Economics and Political Science in Knox College, in *Twentieth Century Magazine* for January, 1912. Reprinted Here by Courteous Permission of the Editors of the *Twentieth Century*.

It was more than a thousand years ago that Iceland was colonized by hardy sons of Norway who refused to bow the knee to the "overbearing" King Harold the Fairhaired when he brought all Norway under his sole rule. The Icelanders consider 874 their natal year, though the island had been discovered some half century before that date. For four centuries, Iceland was an independent republic; and it is to those first four centuries of their national life that the Icelanders look back as their Golden Age. It was then that their great poets and historians flourished. It was then that their heroes and lawgivers wrought their mighty deeds, and their discoverers found America. Yet the life that was lived in Iceland in those halcyon days must have been a very rude, uncivilized, comfortless life as compared with the life that is lived in Iceland today, though nobody, apparently, thinks of calling this the Golden Age of Iceland.

In 1264, Iceland voluntarily placed itself under the rule of Norway, thinking thus to secure relief from its constant civil disorders; and when, in 1380, Norway passed to Denmark, Iceland passed with it and has ever since remained a Danish possession. It is today, in the formal phraseology of law, "an inseparable part of Denmark, with special rights."

With the loss of its independence, Iceland seems to have lost its glory. No more heroes arose; or if they did, there were no poets to sing their heroic deeds—and what is the use of being a hero if there is no one to praise you for it? So Iceland entered its Dark Ages, and the outer world thought no more about it.

In 1602, however, when Christian the Fourth was King of Denmark and was erecting those beautiful Dutch Renaissance buildings in Copen-