

can see, and are bounded only by the horizon. There are the huge breasts of mother earth where half the world is suckled. From these wide fallows comes the bread of millions. Once harvested, the wheat is carried by the railroad to tide water, and from there it is carried in ships around the globe.

Water rates are reasonable, for it is easier to build boats than to secure railroad rights of way, and the competition on water is guarantee against extortion. But to get the wheat to tide water, the wheat growers are compelled to deal with the railroad company, and the railroad does not ask: "What can we afford to carry this wheat for?" It asks: "What will the traffic bear?" By virtue of its monopoly of the transportation business the railroad can take the lion's share.

But the railroad was also the great land monopolist of that region. As a subsidy, the government had given the railroad company millions of acres. Farmers were invited to settle upon these railroad lands with the assurance that as soon as the railroad secured its patents to the land, it would cede it to the settlers for the nominal price of \$2.50 an acre.

On one pretext or another the actual transfer of this land was postponed from year to year. At last, when the railroad got ready to sell, it demanded \$27 per acre. The farmers formed a league which had for its double object the election of railroad commissioners who would reduce freight rates, and a legal battle to compel the road to keep its agreement and sell for \$2.50 per acre.

Mr. Norris' novel deals with the fortunes of this league. The farmers are beaten in one court after another, and at last the railroad sells to dummy purchasers, and, with the aid of a United States marshal and his deputies, it undertakes to evict the farmers. Outraged by what they believe to be the shameless corruption of the courts, the farmers resolve to defend their homes by force.

Their spies inform them of the approach of officers, and they take a stand in an irrigating ditch with Winchesters in hand. But the shouts of those embattled farmers, unlike the shots at Lexington, did not go round the world, for the railroad controlled the wires and never permitted the world to get the farmers' version of the story. It was a bloody day. On the field of the dead the young bride found her husband, the mother her son. Men were cut off in the prime of life, and children were left without any defense from hunger. The savings of years were confiscated, household

goods were thrown into the roadway, and homes ruthlessly invaded. This was the act of a hateful monopoly that got its corporation lawyers nominated for judges, that maintained powerful lobbies and dominated legislatures, that made the law or defied it at will, that levied its tribute upon the industries of a great State, and was feared and placated and hated by all.

With the novelist, we follow these evicted farmers. Madness was the end of one. One simple German woman was found dead in a vacant lot in San Francisco. She had died of starvation, and a little child was crying in her rigid arms. Another, a comely country lass, a stranger in the great city, went the way of those whose feet lay hold on hell. And aloof from the squalor of the hunted and harried victims of monopoly, stood the palaces of the railroad magnates, where beautiful women and imperious men feasted and gambled and made merry amid scenes of royal splendor.

Is it without justification that the agitator, stung with hunger, looks at these palaces from his side of the social gulf, and shouts?

We know them for what they are—ruffians in politics, ruffians in finance, ruffians in law, ruffians in trade, bribers, swindlers and tricksters. No outrage too great to daunt them, no petty larceny too small to shame them; despoiling a government of a million dollars, yet picking the pockets of a farm hand of the price of a loaf of bread.

The railroad is an unspeakable blessing. But railroad monopoly is a beast, dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly; devouring its victims with iron teeth, and stamping them to death with hoofs of steel.

OPERATION OF OUR NEW "ALIEN AND SEDITION LAWS."

From the New York Daily News of Nov. 12, 1903.

It is a spacious, high-domed chamber, magnificently wainscoted and furnished. In the center stands a massive, imposing desk, equipped with a marvelous battery of electric buttons. At it sits William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration for the Port of New York. The scene is the Commissioner's office in the administration building on Ellis Island.

Presently a visitor is ushered in. He is a lawyer—Hugh O. Pentecost—and he wishes to see his client, John Turner, of England.

Mr. Turner has the distinction of being the first prisoner held under the act of Congress passed on March 3,

1903, which provides for the deportation from this country of "persons who disbelieve in organized government." Mr. Turner was arrested while addressing a meeting in this city on the night of the 23d of last month.

Commissioner Williams touches a button and a guard appears. An order is handed to him and he disappears.

Several minutes pass in silence. Although it is the 10th day of November, the air is so balmy that every window of the office is half opened. Through one window can be seen the Stars and Stripes fluttering from the flagstaff on the bay bulkhead. Across channel, flooded in the perfect sunlight, looms the giant statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

Then the door opens and a rather short, stockily-built, ruddy-cheeked, man of middle age enters. His face gleams with intelligence and is adorned with a thick, sandy beard, trimmed in what is called the Van Dyke fashion. This is John Turner, strenuous organizer of British trade unionism and, as he terms himself, anarchist. He is closely attended by a guard in the person of Captain Weldon, of the Ellis Island Federal police.

Turner and Captain Weldon seat themselves at the desk beside Commissioner Williams and Lawyer Pentecost. Captain Weldon produces a pad of paper and a lead pencil to take notes and Commissioner Williams signals Mr. Pentecost to begin the interview.

This is how Turner, the British subject and United States prisoner, is compelled to hold consultations with the lawyer retained for his defence upon accusations of having violated an Act of Congress.

"Now, Turner," observed Lawyer Pentecost, "Judge Lacombe will hand down to-morrow in the United States Circuit Court his order dismissing our habeas corpus proceedings. You will then be deported unless we appeal the matter to a higher court. What is your wish?"

Captain Weldon grips his paper pad and prepares to take copious notes.

"As I do not seem to be wanted in this country," says Turner at once wearily and sarcastically, "I think it might be best to let the authorities ship me back. I am a trifle homesick, anyway."

"But your friends may think it better for you to fight the matter to the last ditch," suggests Lawyer Pentecost.

"My position is just this," says Turner decisively and between his clenched teeth, "I am a British subject, and as such bow to the mandates of the

United States government, under which I have not the rights of a citizen. Personally I prefer to return to England, but if my good American friends think there is a principle involved in this matter, I will stay and fight it. This is an American question, in which, as a British subject, I am not personally interested. It is a question involving the constitutionality of an act of the United States Congress, rather than my personal well being."

"You should remember," observes Lawyer Pentecost, "that if an appeal is taken it may take six months to get a decision. This will mean six very sad and gloomy months for you in a cell on Ellis Island."

"I will gladly stay here till I rot," replies Turner, "if by so doing I can assist my American friends in their fight for the vital principle of liberty involved."

This ends the interview of lawyer and client in the presence of Federal government witnesses. A curt sign is given that nobody else is to be permitted to speak to Turner, and he is led from the room by Captain Weldon.

The scene is grotesquely reminiscent of a drama of the "shocker" variety, where the conspirator against the Czar is hied back to his dungeon after an inquisition before the imperial chief of the Third Section.

While waiting for the boat to leave Ellis Island something more is learned of Turner's treatment by those in a position to know. He is kept confined in a cell, with the exception of the period allowed daily for a brief walk. While walking he is closely guarded by keepers. The general conditions of this imprisonment are worse than any criminal undergoes in a State penal institution. Not a soul is permitted to talk to him except his counsel—and this exception seems to be a matter of courtesy on the part of the Commissioner rather than a right defined by the law. Incidentally it may be observed that a prisoner's consultation with his counsel is hardly of much value in his defense when the interview is held in the presence of prosecuting government officials who take fluent notes of all that is said. It is simply a hollow mockery.

All mail, either received or dispatched by Turner, is opened and read by the Ellis Island officials before delivery.

On the little steamer, as it ploughs its way across the sunlit bay to the Barge Office, Lawyer Pentecost is induced to indulge in a few reflections.

"What appeals to me most," he says, "is the humor of this act of Congress.

It is a law which, when some of its aspects are considered, is enough to make an American citizen roll over on his back and laugh uproariously.

"According to the law," goes on Lawyer Pentecost, "that very eminent American novelist, William Dean Howells, would be sentenced to five years' imprisonment if he invited Count Tolstoy to visit this country. Tolstoy, like Turner, is a 'disbeliever in organized government.'"

Mr. Pentecost is asked to elucidate. "The law," says he, "provides heavy punishments for those who aid and abet proscribed persons in reaching our shores. Say, for example, you had a boyhood friend in the old country whom you had only vaguely heard from in 20 years. Say you decided one day to write to him and invite him to come to this country and offered him your home and your friendship when he got here.

"It might so happen that this friend of yours had once printed or publicly expressed a disbelief in organized government or had indulged in violent anarchistic ravings. You might be entirely ignorant of this and be the most patriotic American who ever drew the breath of life. Yet proof of this utterance, together with your letter of invitation to visit America, forwarded to Secretary Cortelyou of the Department of Commerce and Labor, would be sufficient evidence to make you a Federal prisoner and subject you to the five years' imprisonment specified in the section of the law. You see, the act has some unique features."

Comment was made upon the copious notes made during the interview with Turner.

"The Federal authorities," observed Lawyer Pentecost, "are somewhat candid in admitting that they are extremely anxious to find out who—if anybody—invited Turner to visit this country. There's a nice term of imprisonment awaiting the party if they get him. Then they're mighty anxious to find out what steamship brought Turner to this country. There are heavy penalties for a master, agent or consignee of a vessel who lands a proscribed person on our shores."

In discussing the legal aspects of the case Lawyer Pentecost observed:

"It would fill a few pages of The New York Daily News thoroughly to show the absurdities of this law. We have, for example, a religious sect in this country called the Plymouth Brethren. Its members, I believe, are old-time, dyed-in-the-wool Americans. Their theology teaches them to repudiate organized government. To be con-

sistent, the United States Government would have to ferret them out and ship them all back to dear old London on the same ship with Turner. The law, you see, doesn't go after a man for what he believes in, but for what he disbelieves in, with the accent on the 'dis.'

"Another remarkable and somewhat humorous feature of the law is the absolute and despotic power it places in the hands of one man—Secretary Cortelyou. Mr. Cortelyou has the power to stop any steamship entering this port and dump the passengers—first-class as well as steerage—on Ellis Island and subject them to a secret, star chamber inquiry. It doesn't matter if the passenger is a duke or prince—it's the cell for him if Mr. Cortelyou suspects him of disbelief in organized government. Here's another proposition:

"Suppose some peaceful, lovable humanitarian disciple of Tolstoy had settled in the West some three years ago and now owned a prosperous farm. If Cortelyou caught him he could be first imprisoned and then deported back to Russia, although he had never opened his mouth upon the subject."

Mr. Pentecost seemed to see in the law, above all else, a covert menace to trade unionism in this country which deserved the attention of every thinking man.

This is the paragraph of Turner's speech on October 23, cited in the legal papers calling for his arrest and deportation:

"All over Europe they are preparing for a general strike which will spread over the entire industrial world. Everywhere the employers are organizing and to me at any rate, as an anarchist, as one who feels that the people must emancipate themselves, I look forward to the struggle as an opportunity for the workers to assert the power that is really theirs.

"The trade unions have been growing and have now reached big proportions. The inevitable outcome is a struggle between the two and the general strike offers to advance people an opportunity to demonstrate their power, and to us who belong to the advance movement, an opportunity to help the workers to gain in audacity and courage and thus determine as quickly as possible their emancipation."

The contention thus far successfully made by the Federal attorneys is that in the foregoing paragraph Turner has proclaimed himself a "disbeliever in organized government":

"From these remarks it is apparent

that this alien regards a 'general strike' as a means to an end, to wit—the overthrow of the government. Even small strikes are usually accompanied by violence, and a general strike would certainly involve great social disorder and confusion. If anarchy ever come about, even for a short time, it will no doubt be through the disorder and violence of a 'general strike.' A 'general strike,' therefore, cannot be regarded as a peaceful means of establishing anarchy."

"I have merely skimmed over the subject," said Mr. Pentecost, in conclusion. "It's a decidedly nice question on the whole. In general, I claim that the act is unconstitutional because it, among other things, bars out persons of certain religious beliefs. The law can practically be used against anybody. It will be used against trades unionists as soon as the people most interested get ready, and, from the attitude of things in the Turner case, it looks as if it won't be long before these people are ready."

Such is the situation to-day in the now celebrated Turner case.

Ashley—"Hatley bought Steel common for 50, and sold it for 12."

Hotchkiss—"In which transaction did he make the more money?"

G. T. E.

Congressman Baker, of Brooklyn, bobs up with his anti-pass resolution. It should be amended to provide that "no congressman named Baker and living in Brooklyn shall accept, use," etc. In that form the bill would probably go through with a rush and a whoop. Congress would pass it in no other form—not while congressmen are congressmen.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

BOOKS

THE JOY OF LIVING.

It seems to be characteristic of modern literature that while second-rate writers of fiction are giving the world pleasant enough romances that wind up happily, the really great authors are giving us gloomy, hopeless, pessimistic pictures of life, taken mostly from society as they see it to-day. Tolstoy, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Thomas Hardy, are almost overpowering with a sort of calm, pitiless realism, that conceals beneath the calm a fearful intensity, and beneath its pitilessness an awful heartache.

It is true that the great masters of the past have dealt with gloomy, tragic themes; these, however, usually felt the obligation to work out some solution, to show some wise purpose in the action. Not so with the modern masters. They simply tell the gruesome facts.

An illustration of this is found in

Sudermann's play, "The Joy of Living," excellently translated by Edith Wharton (Scribner's, \$1.25). Sudermann is one of the most powerful of modern writers, and this play is one of the best samples of his power. It grasps one's attention from the start and holds it through its painful course to the end. When the reader has finished it, he will turn away as from a loathsome sty and try to wash the mud out of his soul. And yet there is no exaggerated writing any more than there is any fine writing. One wonders where the power lies, until it occurs to you that perhaps it lies in the plain telling of things as they are. There is no preaching, no explaining—just the bare, natural talks and acts of living people. The only approaches to an exhibition of satire are the title of the book and the name of the heroine, Beata. So far from being "blessed," she spends her 15 years of infidelity in a feverish disquietude, and ends her miserable existence by poison. She is a type of those who vainly imagine that happiness—the joy of living—lies in following passionate instincts and fancied affinities, and overlook the real good of lawful, homely duties and affections. Many a married man or woman probably might by indulging the imagination and harboring selfish introspections, get wrought up to the notion that some other woman or man would perhaps be better suited to their precious ideals; but to such natures the chances are a thousand to one that there would be no more affinity in the one case than in the other. If Beata had been married to Baron Richard, they might, as likely as not, have discovered as much diffinity, as in their occasional intercourse they imagined affinity. But imagination runs riot in women who have nothing to do but society, who have housekeepers to keep their houses, nurses to nurse their children, and no religion except a ten-dollar prayer-book. Beata did not belong to the vainest class, but she apparently had no religion, and if she had had more to do than dream, she would have stood a better chance of finding the joy of living.

Apart from the main action, there are special touches in the play that make it a strikingly modern picture. For example, Baron Richard is an orator, and makes his debut in the reichstag by a great speech on the sanctity of the marriage tie.

J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"Bisocialism; the Reign of the Man at the Margin," by Oliver R. Trowbridge. Moody Publishing Co., 35 Nassau street, New York, and 79 Dearborn street, Chicago. To be reviewed.

PERIODICALS.

If anything was needed to prove that the real difference between the two wings of the Democratic party was not merely the so-called money question, but lay far deeper, the remarks of many so-called Democratic papers since the Ohio election would

prove the fact. "The heartiest rejoicing," says the Springfield Republican, "over the overwhelming defeat of Johnson and Clarke in Ohio may be found in the gold democratic papers. Yet neither Johnson nor Clarke was ever a free silver man."

J. H. D.

Popular magazines and weeklies seem to be more and more venturing to make note that all things are not lovely in our great march of civilization. Now comes *Coulier's Weekly* with the following: "Men most conspicuously desired in society have rati-ened on bribery and false pretenses. Some of them have been honored with public office. Nothing could be more respectable than they. They are our nobility, as able to ride over the scruples of classes below them as the nobility of birth once rode over plebeian bodies which blocked the street."

J. H. D.

The Springfield Republican has a disagreeable way of speaking plainly, which is quite unsuited to the delicate problems of statescraft and diplomacy. For example, in speaking of recent developments in Panama it says: "The Republican proposes to see things, if possible, as they are, and to call things by their right names. Away with humbug, cant and hypocrisy. We are witnessing what is really a seizure of the Isthmus by the United States government through military force, masked by the fake republic set up Tuesday last at Panama City."

J. H. D.

The Nation well says of Mommsen, the great historian who died the other day, that "he added to the glory of the special student that of the promoter of liberal ideas among his countrymen at large." Mommsen was indeed the very best type of a man of letters, one who in his books did not forget life and his fellow men. He has been a promoter of liberal ideas, not only among his German countrymen, but throughout the world. It was his great history that first discovered to modern readers the true import of Roman politics in their relation to the general progress of humanity.

J. H. D.

The London Daily News speaks in highest praise of the late Henry D. Lloyd, whose life was of the kind that always gets most eulogy after its end: "Born into the finest grade of American life," says the News, "highly cultivated, of most refined taste, fortunate in the external things of life, he made the poor and unprivileged man's cause his own from first to last, and was trusted by the workmen of America as almost no other. He was beloved no less by scholars. His circle of friends in Europe was almost as large as that in America. No other American was more warmly welcomed in the progressive circles of London."

J. H. D.

Could there be a better illustration of the prejudice of many periodicals against any book that arraigns social conditions than the difference in the way they are treating Mr. Jack London's *People of the Abyss*, after praising to the skies his *Call*

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