

the labor movement, may deem it inexpedient or undesirable to abridge the freedom of other publications, is no answer to the proposition that the assumption of power to do so in any case, places the entire press of the country at the mercy of an irresponsible power, as great and as arbitrary as the Russian censorship, to be exercised at will. If the courts can enjoin the publication of any statement in "The Federationist," they can certainly enjoin the publication of the same statement in any other paper; and, if they can enjoin the publication of one statement, or the discussion of one subject, their power extends to all statements and to all subjects.

The truth or falsity of the enjoined statement is wholly immaterial and is not considered by the court, either in granting the injunction or in determining the guilt of the publisher when cited for contempt of court. The publication, contrary to the injunction, constitutes the crime, though the statement may be, as in the Gompers case, absolutely true.

The Constitution of the United States provides that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," but Judge Wright says that this provision does not guarantee the right of anybody to print or publish anything; that it is a mere inhibition upon the direct action of Congress, but leaves Congress free to create courts with power to abridge such freedom, by writs having the force of statutory laws. This is arrant nonsense and neither deserves nor needs discussion.

But, says Judge Wright, the defendants are charged with having conspired among themselves and with others to make the publication in question, for the purpose of injuring the property (the business) of the Buck Stove Company, and that, as the publication was but an incidental overt act in execution of the conspiracy, the court had a right to enjoin it, although an individual, not conspiring with others, might not be subject to such injunction. This involves the absurdity of holding that an individual citizen may lawfully and rightfully publish an article in a newspaper, which it would be unlawful for several persons, having the same object in view, to publish in the same newspaper.

What property of the Buck Stove Company were the defendants seeking to injure by the enjoined publication? Its business, of course. And how were they attempting to injure its business? By inducing the members and friends of organized labor to withdraw their patronage from the company during its controversy with the unions. But the Buck Stove Company has no property right in the patronage of its customers. If there is any property right in such patronage, it belongs to the customers and not to the company with which they may, at any time, choose to deal, and may be withdrawn by them at will, either with or without

reason. What possible property, or property right, of the company can be injured by requesting a customer to transfer his patronage to another? None. Yet an injunction can be issued in such cases, only to prevent injury to property or property rights of the complainant.

Another argument of Judge Wright is that the enjoined publication was, and was intended to be, an interference with interstate commerce, and was therefore a criminal act in execution of the alleged conspiracy. How did, or could, the publication interfere with or obstruct interstate commerce, assuming, although we deny, that it might be properly enjoined upon that ground? If every person in every State of the Union should, as a direct result of the publication, refuse to purchase any stove or other article manufactured by the Buck Stove Company, that fact would not in the least interfere with interstate commerce. The company would still be perfectly free to ship their wares into every State in the Union. They might find no purchasers in any of the States, but that is a matter entirely beyond the scope of the interstate commerce laws, and beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal Government itself.

Judge Wright, as a further basis for his decision, appeals to the higher law of necessity, "the argument of tyrants." He contends that, if such injunctions cannot be issued and enforced, there is no adequate protection to the citizen against false and libelous publications injurious to his business. Of course he does not find that anything published by the defendants was false or libelous. It was manifestly true, and its truth or falsity was legally immaterial in the contempt proceeding. It was true that the Buck Stove Company had been placed upon the "unfair list" of the American Federation of Labor, and it was true that members of the Federation "do not patronize" the company. These were the enjoined publications, for publishing which they were found guilty of contempt of court.

Injunction is not, and never can be, a remedy for libel or slander, but, if it were desirable to adopt such a remedy, the judicial department of the Federal Government has never been commissioned to legislate upon the subject.

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WAYSIDE FRUITS OF ABNORMAL CIVILIZATION.

P. J. O'Regan in the *New Zealand Times*.

Some few months ago a good ship was crossing the trackless sea to the south of New Zealand. Furrowing the freezing sea through the deep Cimmerian blackness of an Antarctic night, she struck a rock—one of the rugged sentry-posts of the least hospitable of the inhospitable Auckland Islands. Some of the sailors were soon engulfed in the watery waste, but thirteen survivors, clam-

bering into the rigging, thence groped to some towering rocks, and there they shivered till daylight. Day broke. It was an awful prospect! Of the sturdy ship even the wreck had gone from view, and there the castaways stood, some of them bootless and hatless, and all of them scantily clad, their bodies wincing under the biting lash of the blast—the breath of the icy spectres that guard the polar waste! Above them the shriek of the hungry sea-birds, around them the grunt of the angry waves, and beyond the limitless, bellowing ocean—all joining, as it were, in an awful chorus of death! Here surely was inevitable death! Men cast away on that lonely island, with little clothing, less food, with no roof to cover them, and the bare chance of lighting a fire! Yet these castaways lived, and when rescued some months later, were found to be in good health. Cast away in the heart of a great city they might have starved in the midst of plenty, as men actually do. But, there, where the “struggle for existence” was something more than the theory of some sleek professor of economics, these men lived.

How can we explain this paradox? How is it that men reduced to such terrible straits were able to conquer nature in her most niggard mood, and win from her food and raiment?

I reply that these men lived because they were able to apply their sturdy limbs and muscles to land without having first to come to terms with anyone calling himself the “owner.” The case of these survivors of the wrecked *Dundonald* is really a lesson in political economy if we can but read it aright. The land was poor and ungenerous, but it offered a site for the rude huts they planned, and no landlord barred the way. They were able to gather firewood without encountering warning posters that “trespassers will be prosecuted.” They sought roots and gathered them as they sought fish from the sea—without the inhuman toll of rent. They went hunting, not in shooting leggings nor accompanied by fancy dogs, but with the icicles clattering on their grizzled beards, as from rock to rock they followed the fluttering fledglings, and so they secured meat. They had neither gridirons nor ovens, but the meat they caught was sweeter to them than that for which the rent-ridden Wellington worker pays eightpence a pound. Later on they made needles from wingbones and boat ribs from scrub trees, and soon they fashioned the framework of the frail coracle which clothed in scant canvas torn from the rigging as they left the ship, bore them safely to the larger island where they found a food depot, and thus these brave fellows saved their lives. Probably when they reached civilization again the first thing they remarked was a signboard on which was displayed these words: “We sell the earth”; “this land for sale”; “now

is your time to buy shares in the Boodle Syndicate,” or something equally characteristic!

Given the natural opportunity to apply itself to land, labor needs no protection. Nature may be lavish here, niggard there, but she is ever sufficiently responsive to human labor to give abundance to the worker. Given freedom of access to land, and labor is really lord. The finest type of man who ever walked was the digger of the early days. Yet he was intrinsically no better than the poor bedraggled wharf “hand,” who hangs about for a job and listens listlessly to the declamation of some mob orator. He was a fine type of man, because he was free to “peg out his claim” without having to come to terms with some corpulent idler who “owned” the land which the Creator has supplied, rent free to all who are willing to work. I listen at the Queen’s statue to some hoarse harangue, and hear some well-fed critic mutter, “Nonsense.” Yes, my friend, but there is nonsense talked everywhere, even in Parliament. Do you dare to think that the willing hand that is forced to be idle should not strike against the wrong that robs it? You tell me there are loafers in the crowd—“wasters,” you call them. Perhaps there are, but some of them are honest men—heroes—if they got the chance. And even the worst of men have the right to work! It is a right that antedates Parliaments. The State has not created the right. It is the God-given gift of the poorest, the weakest and the lowliest. How dare you sneer at these unfortunate men who are robbed of their rights!

Men profess to be puzzled with the problem of want amid increasing plenty. New Zealand wants millions more of people. Yet we are told there is no room for immigrants! The finest assets the nation can have are men and women. The man with a large family belongs to the best white race league that was ever planned—he is the captain of the best garrison of his country’s defenders. Yet such is “the struggle for existence” caused by a cursed land system that there appears no room for people, and men dread the choicest of all blessings—children!

Yet, in spite of the babel of clattering theories, the cause of all this lies stinking beneath our nostrils. It is traceable to the private appropriation of rent. The masses of the people pay the bulk of the national taxation indirectly, and directly they pay an ever-increasing tax to the ground landlord. There is depression in the flax industry, and Gradgrind and Co. tell us that wages are too high. They forget to tell us that every ton of fibre yields £10 to the landlord for “royalty.” Butter is dear, and various causes are assigned. But the one patent cause is dear land. Let us ask Gradgrind and Co. how butter can be cheap if the land that grows it costs from £35 to £40 per acre? The cost of building is high, and we are

told that it is all due to the excessive wages. A lie I say; the largest item in the cost of building is the cost of building-sites. The building trades laborer gets 1s 1d per hour; the carpenter gets 1s 4d per hour, when he works. Dare Gradgrind say these workers should get less? What about the profits of land-sharks who threaten to ride over us in their motor-cars? Why not be honest enough to trace the evil to its cause? How does the man who gets a shilling an hour these winter months exist? How can he raise a family in civilized decency while the wealth he produces is pilfered from him by a cruel heathenish indefensible land system which not even those who profit by it dare defend?

As I write I have before me a circular. Why it was sent me I know not. It tells of the valuations of the borough of Miramar. Here they are:

1898	30,000
1904	386,000
1908	800,000
1912.....	Have you a share in this?

I say we should all have a share in it. What is more in accordance with morality and common sense than that these enormous values have been made by the whole people? These land-monopolists could not appropriate all this public property were it not for the mob at whom they laugh as they fleece them. Gradgrind and Co. tell us that "money is very tight" just now, but what they really should say is that money is locked up through over-speculation in land. Money locked up in land is made to perpetrate a double wrong—it is so much withdrawn from production, and it is used to tie up land and place it beyond the reach of those who would gladly use it if they could.

The remedy for all this is very simple, very effective, and easy of application. We could collect all this community-created wealth for the people without engaging a single additional valuer, without adding one penny to the cost of government. All we need do is simply increase our land-tax until we relax the baneful grip of the speculator, and thus open all the monopolized land to labor. The fight may be long and hard, but the fight is for justice and truth and so we may gather fresh inspiration to preach a holy war against the system that huddles innocence in unsightly slums, that robs honest toil of its fruits, that makes the masses of men mean and servile.

When the forces men have harnessed,
And have trained to do their will,
Ought to leave no homeless people,
And no hungry mouths to fill.

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"What is this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before." "Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word, you press this key and it makes a blur."—Boston Transcript.

BOOKS

THE LAW OF THE BREATH.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath: Teaching the generation, conservation and control of Vital Force. By Ella Adella Fletcher, author of "The Woman Beautiful," "The Philosophy of Rest." R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price, \$1.00.

The author has given to the reading public what Julian Hawthorne pronounces "an epoch-making book," adding that it is a book for profound and earnest study, and that no one can fathom its meaning in one reading nor in a score of readings.

With such a verdict the ordinary reviewer, with limited time and space, may well hesitate in the attempt to give in a brief notice a just estimate of such a work, which in itself indicates a profound investigation and trial of the philosophy and practice that it unfolds in a singularly clear and convincing manner. Very few writers of the "occult" school have succeeded in giving a rational and satisfying explanation of the Yoga system of alternate breathing, which is shown to be a return to the unperverted order of nature, rather than an arbitrary method imposed by ancient authority.

The whole philosophy revolves about that central and eternal Principle of Good which constitutes the inspiration and the common bond of all philosophies and religions that have endured the tests of time and use. The unfamiliar student along these lines may be discouraged by the Sanscrit terms, that might be translated into simple English with a possible gain in power for many. We find ourselves too often separated by technicalities too rigorously observed. What is needed is a universal language that will bring the real, vital spirit of all religions into greater harmony, and reconcile in outer relations that which is more or less interiorly divined by all.

But it is the vital truths underlying the system of correspondences which Miss Fletcher unfolds that hold the reader's attention. While the magic power of right breathing is clearly set forth, it is after all the virtue of right thinking which is insisted upon as the saving grace of life. Thought and will power, under the divine influence of the great Central Cause, are the regenerative forces of being, and inasmuch as "The Law of the Rhythmic Breath" lends its assistance to these spiritual powers, it is to be studied with that openness of mind which suffers no truth to be barred out by ignorance and prejudice. As Miss Fletcher says:

Humanity is just rousing itself to a realization of the depths of degradation to which the mad pursuit of material things as the be-all and end-all of existence is carrying the race. And it is waves of spiritual vibration, generated by lofty aspirations in the