

"That is true," said The Reformer.

Thereupon The Reformer pointed out the wrongs and suggested the remedy, which lay close at hand and was marked "The Ballot."

"What you say is true," responded The People, "but if we use the remedy, you will receive too much credit for having prescribed it."

So saying, The People continued to suffer, rather than be cured.

Moral: Those who quietly suffer wrong deserve it.—Will M. Maupin, in *The Commoner*.

#### THE NEED OF MANUAL LABOR.

Leo Tolstoy in a letter, quoted in *The Artsman* for May.

A few days ago I received a visit from an intelligent and deeply religious American, Mr. Bryan, who asked me why I regarded manual labor as obligatory and indispensable. I answered him in almost the same words which I have used in writing to you: First, it is an evidence of sincerity in the recognition of equality among men; in the next place, it brings us into relations with the majority of workers, whereas we are separated from them by a solid wall when we merely profit by their needs; finally, such work brings us the greatest happiness—peace of mind—which a sincere man can never have unless he performs slavish labor.

[Tolstoy's meaning, doubtless, is not "slavish," but "manual."—Ed. Public.]

#### MORAL COWARDICE AND PHYSICAL COURAGE.

Strange that heroism to the point of death and cowardice to the point of the ridiculous could exist in the make-up of one man. The captain of the doomed steamer *Norge*, standing on the bridge of the sinking hull and striving to direct the feverish crew and the frenzied passengers in their desperate efforts to escape, is a figure to thrill the hero worshiper. Nerved by generations of tradition, his duty standing out as clearly as Rockall on a sunny day, he looked death in the face unflinchingly and stayed by the ship until washed off by the swirling waters.

On the initial day of that fated voyage he presented another picture. He fronted duty, recognized it, and failed to meet it squarely. See him in the owner's office. His vessel is licensed to carry 488 passengers; his sailing list bears 800 names. He can refuse to take the vessel out, thus exposing an attempted violation of the laws for safety, and bringing down on the

owners the condemnation of an imperiled public. He will lose his job by so doing. He falters, takes the ship out loaded beyond her capacity, and forfeits 200 lives that should not have been risked.

How abject a man in the fear of losing his job! How brave in the face of losing his life!—The *Berwick* (N. S.) Register.

#### "JUST FOR A HANDFUL OF SILVER HE LEFT US."

Ernest H. Crosby, in *The Whim* for June, 1904.

There is a little book of poems to be found in our libraries, written, most of them, thirty or forty years ago by a young Western man who showed in his works the marks of true poetical genius, even if his radicalism went almost to the point of anarchy. One of his finest poems is inscribed to Liberty. He compares the passions of the people to the sea, "now calm and beautiful, now giving away to elemental fury," but always majestic, and continues in the following strain:

So all in vain will timorous ones essay  
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty,  
For Freedom is its own eternal law;  
It makes its own conditions, and in storm  
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.  
Let us not then despise it when it lies  
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm  
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;  
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times  
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry  
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the  
flame

Of riot and war we see its awful form  
Rise by the scaffold when the crimson ax  
Rings down the grooves the knell of shud-  
dering kings.

Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,  
Shines that high light whereby the world  
is saved;  
And though thou slay us, we will trust in  
thee.

This is certainly a fine passage, but it is also pretty extreme. It is no wonder that the last three lines have for years been printed as the permanent headlines of the principal anarchistic journal of America, to-wit, Benjamin Tucker's "Liberty." If the author were a foreigner who had passed less than three years in this country, I would hesitate to divulge his name for our energetic Secretary of Commerce and Labor might feel obliged to deport him for an anarchist. But luckily, he is native-born, and no less a personage than Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State. It would indeed be embarrassing to the cabinet if one secretary were in conscience bound to capture and cage another, as Mr. Turner has been caged. But I must confess that Mr. Hay's anarchy goes too far for me

and I must protest that crimson axes and shuddering kirgs do not appeal to me, even in poetry. It is perhaps because Mr. Hay went so far in his youth that the reaction in the other direction has been so violent, and we find him engaged no longer in composing stirring verse on behalf of freedom, but on the contrary endeavoring, and not without success, to play the part of his kings before they were called upon to shudder, steeping his soul in the soul-destroying business of modern diplomacy, and calmly overthrowing in the Philippines that very Liberty of which he was once apparently enamoured. Alas, he is another victim to the miasmatic atmosphere of Washington, of the Court of St. James, of official life. Some men live too long. Lowell was one of them, and unless John Hay repents in dust and ashes we shall have to add him to the list.

#### THE SILENT, UPTURNED FACE.

For The Public.

Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace. . . .  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

Ex. Gov. Black, in the speech in which he placed Theodore Roosevelt in nomination for the presidency, said:

Men may prophesy and women may pray,  
but peace will come to abide forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men.

How closely this accords with the words of Him who said:

Verily I say unto you, Except ye . . . become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

In scores of pulpits to-day, ministers of the gospel are explaining to their congregations that the disciples of Christ erred in supposing that His kingdom was to be established by force of arms. They are telling the people that the multitudes hoped that His triumphal entry into Jerusalem was the first act in a coercive despotism. That the people of that day could not understand the Master's purpose of conquering the world by means of love alone. The ministers are telling their congregations to-day that Jesus' example was in perfect accord with His precepts; for He was led as a lamb to the slaughter—He was dumb before His accusers—He made no resistance when they pressed the thorns into His brow—He was silent when they spat in His face—He bore His own cross—He, who might in a breath have called legions of angels to His defense, rather than set an example of coercion to the world, suffered Himself to be nailed to

the cross; and, in that supreme moment, while all the hosts of heaven listened, and men, exhausted by the frenzy of their hatred, rested for a space, hark!—

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Black was right. Men may prophesy and women may pray, but peace will come to abide here on earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men. Not till men become as little children will peace come to abide here on earth.

But Black spoke, not as an exponent of this doctrine of the Christ, but as a scoffer of it. Hear him:

The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem, and yet, out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, up-turned face. . . . If the pressure is great, the material to resist it must be granite and iron.

No doubt, so long as the scoffers of peace, who sound the praises of war, are dominant, the silent, rigid, up-turned face will mark where passed the man of granite and iron; for war is the instrument by which the men of granite and iron decide the fate of nations.

But, you may talk of world powers, and the glories of battle; you may voice from the forum the wanton eulogies of strife; you may blot from your books the last note of every paean of peace and love, and yet, forever upon Calvary will appear the silent, up-turned face of One who died under the iron heel of the men of granite; died, without so much as lifting His almighty arm in His own defense; and in so dying, branded eternal infamy upon the hellish front of war. And over the crests of the centuries, wafted on airs of heaven, we hear the matchless words:

Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. . . . Peace on earth, good will to men.

And when (God hasten the day!) the will of the common people—the multiplying hosts of Christian democracy—shall have wrenched the helm of human destiny from the crimson hands of self-seeking demagogues, then war shall end, and peace shall usher in the blessed reign of human fellowship and love, beautiful as the dreams of childhood.

EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM.

The slave that is content is twice a slave, for not his body alone is in bondage, but his soul also.—C. V. Burke.

THE GREED OF A FEW A PERIL TO THE LIBERTIES OF THE MANY.

From the editorial columns of the Detroit Times of May 5, 1904.

We see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves us and causes us to tremble for the safety of our country.

As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money-power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed.

We feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of our country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that our forebodings may be groundless.

Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a refuge from the power of the people. In our present position, we could scarcely be justified were we to omit to raise a warning against the approach of returning despotism.

It is not needed or fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which we ask brief attention.

It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital, somehow, by the use of it, induces him to labor.

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed.

Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

We bid the laboring people to beware of surrendering the power which they possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to shut the door of advancement for such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be lost.

In the early days of our race, the Almighty said to the first of mankind, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and since then, if we except the light and air of heaven, no good has been or can be enjoyed by us, without first having cost labor.

And inasmuch as most good things have been produced by labor, it follows that all such things belong of right to those whose labor has produced them.

But it has so happened, in all the ages of the world that some have la-

bored and others have, without labor, enjoyed a large portion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue.

To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government.

It seems strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

P. S. There is no doubt that this editorial is pretty fierce. Doubtless there are those among the solid, conservative "sane" element who will declare that it is actually "socialistic," since labor is declared to be the "superior of capital," and entitled to all of its product. The suggestion that the Republic is in danger of destruction if the concentration of wealth be permitted to go on a little longer, will also doubtless be regarded as the product of an overwrought imagination. In fact, this editorial contains so much "dangerous" doctrine and so many extravagant statements that we should not now print it were it not for the fact that it was written by Abraham Lincoln 40 years ago, forming part of his Message to Congress in 1864. In reprinting it we have changed the Lincoln "I's" and "my's" to "we's" and "our's," but otherwise it is word for word as Lincoln wrote it.

We trust this explanation will be considered sufficient justification for printing so incendiary an article.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By Louis F. Post. Written for and published in the first number of the magazine "Successward," of San Antonio, Tex., and reproduced here by permission of the editor-in-chief, E. G. Le Sturgeon.

"Economy" is a term which refers to the management of resources. It names the process of adapting appropriate means to desired ends.

We know something, for instance, of the "economy" of birds, of the "economy" of squirrels, of the "economy" of beavers. They adapt the means or resources at their command to the ends they desire—the satisfaction of their respective wants.

So with man. He adapts the means or resources at his command to the ends that he desires—the satisfaction of his wants.

In the case of a Robinson Crusoe, this process of adapting means to ends is wholly individual. It is in no sense