

embodies sentiment and is based on faith, for the Russian proletariat is essentially idealistic and impulsive.

The younger herald, though not yet forty years old, was leader of the "Group of Toil" in the first Duma, and represented a million and a half peasants not bereft of the temper of those who led by a priest flagged and stopped a train, bearing elected members to the Parliament, and required them openly to take oath to stand for the people's interests, and one of whose favorite songs is called "The Whirlwind of Wrath."

This speaker's English is difficult to understand, with its accent like the clamping of flesh between harsh fetters, and calls for continual and wearying tension to glean the sense, but the power of his spirit leaps every barrier, as in his distraught land his girl and boy comrades pass all the cordons of the Bureaucracy's secret police.

His skin suggests the Cuban, and shines as if burnished on the forehead; the ears are prominent, and the eyes smolder as with embers dangerously heaped behind them from his experiences and the sights he has witnessed, easily flaring as he speaks into such a fury of emotional fire as to make his neighborhood seem a zone of peril. His mouth below the short thatch of brown mustache now is drawn inward between the partly-open teeth, with lips compressed by incensed feeling, and now is spread from the teeth with a smile on the brink of sarcasm, swiftly curving deep at the corners again with solemn grief of a whole people's "miscrere."

The gesture of his index-finger and arm extended straight before him, while the eyes narrow to glowing slits, has the pitiless conviction of a witness singling out a murderer from a throng. His voice spans a gamut from a reedy, tenor-high resonance, singularly metallic like strokes on a steel bar, down to a deep-throated leopard-challenge, while once when he tells of calling a Russian official who was misappropriating famine-funds, a "swindler" to his face, the word leaps and lashes like a fighting snake.

After finishing his English address, the young tribune speaks for a time, at the request of his countrymen present, in his own tongue, and at the first words his Russian auditors leap excitedly to their feet and shout their delight. The manifest relief to the orator to relax into his native speech, even with all its intricate bayonet-clash of staccato Muscovite consonants, mingled with the burning fuses of the sibilants, is as if after long toiling up flint-strewn slopes he had reached the level of one of his Simbirsk steppes, and leaping into a waiting sleigh, were whirled away over sunrise-gilded leagues of snow.

But it is known that spies of the Czar's government have been following these revolutionists through the American cities, reporting their activity and speeches, and it is a sinister realization that one of the swarthy enthusiasts who so ap-

plauded the younger agitator's Russ address, may well have been a mercenary of the Reaction, dissembling his feline watchfulness under this effusive display of sympathy.

If Tchaikovsky be Haggai the prophet to this generation of Russians, reminding them of what their forebears wrought for freedom two score years ago, as the Hebrew seer encouraged the builders of a new temple by recalling the glory of the former, his young comrade is their Hosea, in the flush and vigor of youth uncomplainingly bearing his lot of hatred and rejection by the rulers, and flinging passionate, broken cries across seas and lands in behalf of those he loves, and for whom he risks his life as lightly as a girl the loss of a flower that lay blood-crimson against her quick white breast.

ELIOT WHITE.

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THE MAKING OF THE BRUTE.

To Theodore Roosevelt.

Hail, blustering statesman, butcher of big game,
Less president than prince in pride of will,
Whose pastime is the princely sport, to kill,
Whose murderous feats unnumbered fools acclaim!
On all things big thy braggart thoughts are bent—
To strip the lordliest lion of his skin,
The bulkiest trophies of the chase to win—
Big bag, big story, big advertisement!
Roosevelt, for him whose callous heart is blind
To human kinship with the lower kind—
Seen but as "game" for man to persecute—
A line there is, that from some poet fell,
With inner meaning thou should'st ponder well:—
'Remember, He who made thee made the brute!

—Henry S. Salt.

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THE ALDRICH THAT IS.

A Keen and Just Analysis by Herbert Quick in the American Magazine for May.

I protest against Mr. Lefevre's estimate of Senator Aldrich in the March American Magazine. I have watched Aldrich in the Senate day after day, and I have studied him in Rhode Island, and I am firmly convinced that Mr. Lefevre has been led into an overestimate of the man, mentally and morally.

We see the work done and we are likely to think only of the tool, especially if it is the thing seen; but the power that wields the tool we are apt to overlook, especially if it is unseen. Aldrich stands on his emplacement in the Senate, protected against attack, guarded by every device which foresight can erect about a precious tool. He stands in need of no such ability as must be possessed by Senators who rely on their own powers for their places. Public opinion has very little to do with his Senatorship. He is returned by the owners of the borough, that is all. Once, I believe, he was financed into the Senate by a well-known trust,

which found his cause *in extremis*, invested in bold Rhode Island bribery the cash necessary to his salvation, and took out of the transaction a tariff advance which made them perhaps a million for every thousand they put in. This did not require ability on their part or on his. It merely required the coexistence of a disgraceful State, an ambitious candidate for the Senate, and a corrupt and corrupting trust. The ability necessary to the transaction could have been furnished by Hinky Dink or Bathouse John.

And here is where Aldrich is overestimated—his low cunning is taken for commanding intellect. Not that he hasn't ability, but that he has far more low cunning of the Hinky Dink sort. In his Senatorial career I have never seen him display any more ability than any clear-thinking member of a city council in a town of 50,000 might be expected to show. If he wants the vote of a Senator from Louisiana, the button that leads to the Sugar Trust is pressed. If he wants a man from Georgia, the railway-combine button is pressed. And it has taken no great ability to install this system of push buttons. The stupid George III had almost as good a one to the rotten boroughs of his day.

Do you see my point? The thing required is ruthlessness—which Aldrich has; clear common sense—which Aldrich has; moral depravity—which Aldrich has; and a bomb-proof emplacement for the tool—which Aldrich has. It needs the Hinky Dink order of intelligence—that is all.

Aldrich may be the greatest tariff expert in the country, but his handling of himself in the last tariff debates showed him merely full of the sort of expert knowledge which a tool would have—an immense amount of cooked-up, *ex parte* information. Often his failure to answer the arguments of his opponents would have been ruinous—if the debates had been addressed to the intelligence or conscience of the Senate. Time after time Aldrich turned pale and trembled under the attacks of the Insurgents; and time after time he left the Senate floor, whipped. But the power of which he is the tool was never whipped.

As in the tariff, so in his work for currency revolution, Aldrich is the tool and not the power. Still Rhode Island's rotten-borough condition, freeing him, as it does, from the pressure of public opinion, makes him the perfect tool. So he goes forth to win for that power more power. The thing which will tax his ability is getting the votes in spite of public opinion, and not the financial plan—that is easy. All that is necessary for that is to take the British, French and German systems, and "edit" out of them their subjection to government. The power back of Aldrich will by the same stroke of the pen be "edited" in. Any good committee of currency specialism could accomplish this in a few days.

But getting the votes is a different matter. And in getting the votes Mr. Aldrich's ability will be

exercised, not along the intellectual lines of Hamilton, Pitt or Webster, or even of Thad Stevens, but along the devious lines of Hinky Dink. In his Western trip, Mr. Aldrich never gave forth a single syllable of illumination on the subject of a central bank of issue. He went feeling about like a ward wire-puller, shedding darkness and subtracting from the sum total of human knowledge.

BOOKS

LAND NATIONALIZATION AND INTEREST.

The Economic and Social Problem. By Michael Flurscheim. Published by Jefferson Publishing Company, Xenia, Clay County, Illinois.

This book is a very earnest plea for a better world than the one in which we now live. Whether it will have great effect in the direction evidently intended by the author is doubtful, for while it contains much interesting data, it also abounds in hasty conclusions and rather rash assertions, as well as unmerited flings at some who would receive his contribution in a spirit of friendliness.

Land nationalization and the abolition of interest are the ends to be attained.

To achieve these results all other matters are subsidiary, if not objectionable. Socialism and the Single Tax are quite as much in the way as is monopoly and the rest. Meanwhile the referendum and the initiative, especially the referendum, are desirable. And the final outcome may be Socialism after all—particularly in the United States. But the Single Tax is all wrong because, among other reasons, Single Taxers "are wedded to special methods, which can never be successful."

The "special methods" seem to be the holding of such economic heresies as "free trade," "sacredness of property and full play to individual effort," "the professed belief that most landowners will voluntarily consent to the imposition of the single tax," "the notion that wages and interest rise and fall together," etc., etc.

Incidentally, in one paragraph, the value of land is attributed to three different sources: "What produces most of the land's value is not the improvements made by the landowner, but those made by others outside of his land;" "the main value of both improved and unimproved land would be created by the neighborhood of millions of men and women who need this land as a place of work and residence;" "what gives to land most of its value is not the labor of its owner, but that of all humanity, since untold ages." Of course the actual or potential need of men and women to use gives value to land—nothing else. But the