

anon of its instructing the delegates to the national convention to cast their votes for President for Hearst.

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Civilizing the Negro.

Chicago Record-Herald (ind. Rep.), August 15.—It is sometimes said in the North as well as the South that the Negro cannot be made orderly unless he is terrorized by swift and horrible punishment of his crimes. But if the Negro is to live in the United States he must be civilized, and he cannot be civilized by being treated as a wild beast by white wild beasts.

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"Bread and Butter" in Education.

The (Philadelphia) Saturday Evening Post (ind.), Aug. 5.—An able and admirable woman expresses the wish that teachers in the United States may rise above a "bread-and-butter" attitude toward their profession. With no invidious intention whatever, we suggest that the wisher herself probably rises high above that attitude by virtue of possessing a very comfortable fortune. The teacher's average wage is fifty dollars a month. An individual teacher, with fifty dollars in hand, finds himself or herself completely surrounded and engulfed, so to speak, in a bread-and-butter attitude. . . . When the general public that employs school-teachers, is thinking so constantly and intently about bread and butter that it refuses to tax itself enough to pay them good wages, is there really much hope that the teachers will soar above a bread-and-butter attitude?

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The British Revolution.

The (Ottawa daily) Citizen (ind. Con.), August 24.—The members of the House of Lords will realize very soon that instead of being degraded they have been really ennobled. George III. thought he was exalting his throne by asserting his individual power. He was placed, despite himself, upon a constitutional throne and made the real sovereign of the British people. And that throne has lately been seen raised high upon the love and loyalty of a worldwide empire in honor of its new occupant. Will anyone pretend that, even as an autocrat, George III. could have been as glorious as is George V. today? The same is true of the House of Lords. Even with the cardinal defect of the hereditary principle, it will be a body of real senators. It will retain its old honors and will win new ones. It will be, not a lackey of one party, but an honored adviser of both parties. It will be the balance wheel to steady the machinery of legislation. And, should the time ever come when neither throne nor senate is needed to assist the work of democracy, the history of both these venerable and useful institutions will be an inspiration and guide to the statesmen of that long prophesied day.

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The Conference on Charities and Corrections.

The (San Francisco) Labor Clarion (labor), July 21.—Mr. Fels called attention to the fact that charity workers are doing little or nothing to remove the

cause of poverty, and that many of them are either indifferent or opposed to the reforms that would have this effect. . . . He suggested that a committee be appointed, composed of members in whose fairness and intelligence all could have confidence, to make a thorough investigation of the merits of all proposed plans to end poverty and to report to the next annual conference. The adoption of this suggestion would not have committed the conference to any particular idea. The committee would have been free to investigate the relative merits of Single Tax, Socialism, Anarchism, public ownership and any other plan. He only asked that the committee be properly constituted so that it might have the confidence of all. . . . The failure to act on Mr. Fels' suggestion justifies the suspicion that a majority of the Conference is not particularly interested in seeing poverty abolished. This puts the members in a rather awkward position. If they are unwilling to do what they can to abolish poverty they necessarily assume some responsibility for its continued existence. Consequently their charity amounts practically to inadequate payment of damages for injury done the recipients.

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Metropolitan Provincialism.

The Chicago Record-Herald (ind. Rep.), Sept. 11.—A New York paper published the other day a map which showed Mobile to be west of New Orleans. The wonder is that a New York mapmaker knew there were such places as Mobile and New Orleans.

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The Spirit of Tom L. Johnson.

The Mirror (Wm. Marion Reedy), August 10.—The Chicago Public, issue of July 21st, was a Tom L. Johnson Memorial Number. It contained a selection of the estimates of the late great Singletaxer appearing in the papers at the time of his death. The sum of these obituaries is that the people's Mayor of Cleveland, ex-Congressman, manufacturer and street railway magnate made a decided impression upon his time, by his forthright honesty, by his clear exposition of his social and economic faith, by his rather unusual quality, for a militant reformer, of bonhomie, by his unshakable pertinacity of purpose. Looking at him from the multitudinous angles represented by the writers of hundreds of notices, and allowing all weight to de mortuis nil nisi bonum, he appears to have produced a deep and lasting effect by living his gospel. The most un-sentimental reader cannot but look behind these little pictures of the man for the spiritual inspiration of his energy. A faith that will make a man abandon the pursuit of profit, give up the accompaniments of material success, engage in conflict with his own financial interests and range himself with the Have Nots as against the Haves, must be more than a materialistic philosophy, however it appears superficially to be concerned only with material things. A life lived thus for a cause is testimony of the cause's worth, for even though, as the Tempter showed St. Anthony, in Flaubert's masterpiece, men have died for falsities, that is a quibble, since what the men really died for was the truth behind the falsities as it appeared to them. Tom L. Johnson lived, after his first reading of Henry George, for the eco-

conomic emancipation of the masses of mankind from the oppressions of privilege and for the Georgan method of that emancipation. . . . Knowledge went before theory with him and that is why he won his fight.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

A SONG FOR LABOR DAY.

Will M. Maupin in Eryan's Commoner of
September 1.

I have builded your towns and cities,
And over your widest streams
I have hung with a giant's ardor
The web of strong steel beams.
I have carved out the busy highways
That mark where your commerce reigns;
With hammer and forge and anvil
I have wrought your golden gains.

I have girded the rock-ribbed mountains
With rails for the iron steed;
I have delved in the old earth's bosom
To answer the great world's greed.
I have clothed you, housed you, fed you,
For thousands of years gone by;
I have stepped to the front when duty
Has called, and I've answered "I!"

I have wrung from the soil denied me
Your toll of the golden grains;
I have garbed you in silks and satins--
And fettered my limbs with chains.
I have given my sweat and muscle
To build for you, stone on stone,
The palace of ease and pleasure--
The hut I may call my own.

For a thousand years you've driven--
A thousand years and a day.
But I, like another Samson,
Am giving my muscles play.
My brain is no longer idle;
I see with a clearer sight,
And piercing the gloom about me
I'm seeing, thank God, the light!

I see in the days before me
My share of the things I've wrought;
See Justice no longer blinded,
The weights of her scales unbought.
I see in the not far future
The day when the worker's share
Is more than his belly's succor;
Is more than a rag to wear.

I see on the morrow's mountains
The glints of a golden dawn;
The dawn of a day fast coming
When strivings and hates are gone.
Lo, out of the vastly darkness
That fetters my limbs like steel
I can hear the swelling chorus
That sings of the common weal.

For a thousand years you've driven--
For a thousand years and one.
But I'm coming to take possession
Of all that my hands have done.
And cities and towns and highways
I've builded shall be mine own;
And Labor, at last unfettered,
Shall sit on the kingly throne.

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A LABOR DAY FORECAST.

Mrs. Lona Ingham Robinson in the Des Moines
Register and Leader of September 4.

Again the day has arrived when the city's visible genii of the lamp—those who mysteriously bring magical things to pass; those who unmistakably do things; workers who, with farmers, create all the wealth there is, will be for a few hours visibly in evidence on our streets.

Since our childhood days of fairy tales, folk-lore rooted in the dark ages of absolute monarchy, we still incline to the old habit of thought unconsciously breathed in through the pages of primitive romance clear through to the end where the good princess celebrated her marriage to her true prince by ordering a measure of golden coins distributed to each of the poor peasants in the realm; to those tilling the fields, digging in mines, working in looms, clearing forests or burning charcoal in the pits.

Never did it dawn on our innocent minds how the bushels of money came into the possession of the royal family, who never did a stroke of work in their lives, nor how the various toilers in the kingdom, working from dawn till dusk, came to be in such dire need of financial aid.

Thus it became traditional to feel that wealth belonged at the top of the social scale, to those families which for generations did not work, and that poverty belonged by rights to those who were so foolish as to toil, dig and smite and shovel and build and weave all day long.

Even to-day our prevalent political doctrines and the laws and institutions that result therefrom assume that laws must protect those who have wealth in order that a modicum of it can somehow percolate down to the masses and insure them plenty—of work! In Europe to-day a sleep-walking working class concurs in a large measure in this theory and bends the servile knee to the "quality" able to command.

In this country a few centuries of pioneering in our primeval forests and prairies, and of retaining the fruits of honest toil, has bred in our people a common sense "I'm-as-good-as-you-are" feeling now growing more articulate every day, that weakens the social scepter of plutocracy. In a certain pioneer town of South Dakota a few families were sharp enough to acquire wealth and luxury, and naturally would have liked to do a little lording on their own account among their fellow townspeople.