

corporate interest? Where does this noisome and dangerous web end?

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YOUTH.

For The Public.

O radiant, wondrous Youth! O Youth, that reign'st but once,

And gone, art ever gone, and com'st again no more,
Save in the shining spirit and the happy heart,—
How proudly insolent thou tread'st superb before
The world! All knowledge, truth, all faith and hope are thine

Inheritance. O Youth, what is not given thee!
With independence and disdain thou spurnest all
That serves thee not. In thee doth burn, intense and free,

The vital spark, the heat divine, resurgent strength,
Resplendent life. Thy veins with wine and fire swift flow.

Exultant love deep stirs thy heart and thrills thy sense

With thoughts that flash and flare, that flame and gleam and glow

Until all skies are turned to amethyst and rose,
Until all earth responds with song magnificent.
All beauty, spirit, charm, all grace and lure are thine

To fascinate, to hold in bright imprisonment;
Enchant, inspire, enfold in bondage wonderful,
Incarceration sweet, till silv'ry chains and ropes
Of gold thy prisoners enwrap. The rising sun
Upon thy forehead fair doth strike. Along its slopes

Of blazing light thine eagle eyes unshrinking gaze
Unhurt, undaunted, unafraid.

O glorious Youth!

With possibilities that grandly stretch adown
The coming years, wage thou the endless war of truth!

Waste not with careless prodigality thy force.
Strike with thine arm of marv'lous might resistless blows

For justice and for right. Give of thy peerless strength

To sweep away the wrong. The world's deep-seated woes

Assuage. Injustice banish; want relieve, and crime
Eradicate. An thou wilt answer true and high
Thy calling great, and justify thy noble gifts,
Advance! Give battle strong! Thy being glorify.

CHARLES EDWIN WINTER.

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THOSE OLD FENCES.

For The Public.

Fifty years ago the California legislature, after much discussion, expensively passed a law entitled, "An Act to Amend an Act to Prevent Hogs from Running at Large in the Streets of Yreka." The

newspapers made fun of it, of course. But still it marked a step forward; Yreka had cleaner streets, more gardens, and quite as much pork.

Little by little, year after year, the old ugly fences and all the barriers which they once created, began to disappear. One often sees low boundary marks, in lawn-grass which almost overtops them; children step easily across from neighbor to neighbor along the street. Sometimes one finds a whole block laid out, planted, cared for, by its twenty or more owners, as if it were really held in common. That is a most attractive thing to see.

The beauty and the dignity of such fenceless homes makes ones think of the old-time walls, now so rare in California, but many of which once existed. There was one in San Francisco—an ugly wall about a lovely garden. It was fifteen feet high, and set with broken glass on the top; the one door by which you entered was of sheet-iron. Only the friends of the owner ever saw the sheltered and charming garden within.

"It is easy to build your wall, stone by stone," someone explains, "when mortar is soft and an aristocratic seclusion has its charm." But when the walls are long-finished, cemented, moss-grown, ivy-covered, it is next to impossible to find the courage to break them down with stone-chisel and crowbar. They cannot be made over into anything modern. They are "old fences" to the end.

Still, the growing ideals of an ultimate democracy are clearly against patched-up old fences, and garden-hiding ancient walls. The useless barriers must come crashing down. Every fence and wall which keeps men apart to no good end, but rather for evil and misery, must utterly perish. And the burden of proof has to be placed on the builders and maintainers of such barriers.

The essence of all wise and sure reform lies in more neighborliness, more fellowship, and fewer fences of class and caste, of notions and prejudices. Broadening from less to more, as the years pass, one's thoughts dwell upon the multitudinous regulations, treaties, agreements, protocols and tariffs which have really been but walls built between nations instead of bridges across dividing rivers. As we grow wiser we shall make shift to live without any fences or walls between man and man, class and class, people and people. We are moving on towards the happiness of a real fellowship—"We be of one blood," all of us, great and small, high and low.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

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THE PASSING OF THE SHIP,

From an Editorial in the London Nation.

In certain primitive and necessary things there lies an irresistible appeal. We perceive it in a wind-mill, a water-mill, a threshing-floor, a wine-