arrested, their manhood distorted by it. It is unnecessary to recall the evils that result from this failure of law to reach actual conditions of life. They stand out glaring and hideous whenever the light of the law itself is let on to the conditions; and to one who recognizes the law, the question is, What is the breach of law that causes all this failure, and perversion, and misery, and evil? * * *

The failure is in the distribution of the products of labor. From the nature of the relation of wants to production, the world's workers* need all the products of the world's work, and to them, by the law of service, they all belong. But some men do find means of securing the products of labor, or, what is the same, the service of other men, without rendering adequate service in return. Some of these means are classed as fraud, robbery, embezzlement, or other crime, and are restrained by law; but a very small part of the great diversion of the products of labor from the producer is due to recognized crime. The mass of men would quickly find ways to limit to narrow bounds the perversion of the economic system and the diversion of the returns of their labor from their own homes, if they could trace it to recognized crime. The great means of the diversion is privilege established by law and approved by the conscience of the masses themselves.

Privilege, in the sense here intended, is the ability, conferred by law upon a man or class of men, to secure the services of other men without rendering adequate service in return.

The chief privilege which nullifies the law of service, and robs society and individual manhood of its blessings, is the same that nullifies that other great law, the law of equal right of access to the earth, namely, the private ownership of land, the bestowal upon some men of the right to the earth, which is the property of all men.

The two laws—the law of equal right of access to the earth and the law of service—are the two central principles of political economy, flowing directly from the relation of man to God and to fellow men, and based upon his relation to the earth. Reasoning down from first principles, it follows that a breach of these great central laws of being must introduce wrong, disorder, and evil into the industrial system; and, reasoning up from conditions to causes, we can trace the world-wide economic evils and miseries of today to the same breach of central laws.

*To prevent possible misunderstanding, I repeat that by "worker" is here meant one who works with head or hand, with or without capital, for wages or the immediate product of labor, to satisfy bodily, mental, moral, or spiritual wants of men.

The man whom nature has appointed to do great things is first of all furnished with the openness of nature which renders him incapable of being insincere.—Carlyle.

LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 4. The Lodging-House Landlady and Her Daughter.

For The Public.

Peter Scott was a homely and plain-spoken man who went about a good deal in various lines of business. He was apt to think that his personal responsibility towards others began and ended with his own family and friends.

"Really, now, every tub must stand on its own bottom," was the way he sometimes put it, when he was asked to "lend a hand."

In this frame of mind he was once moving around the Sacramento Valley, selling fruit trees to farmers and orchardists. The little but awakening adventure which this story makes public began to happen about 6 o'clock one evening in January, when he went up a stairway to the somewhat dilapidated "Regal Lodging House," in the foothill town of Oro, expecting to engage a modest room for one or two nights.

"Needs repainting," thought Scott, "but mighty clean everywhere. Hope my folks won't ever have to keep lodgers."

Then as Scott went down the hall to where a red bellcord hung over the register-table, he heard a man's loudly complaining voice from the rear of the building—a voice bulwarked by some alcohol, and by assured legal rights.

"Phoebe," it said, "I gotta have more money. Time that big girl of ours earned her own living. Fork over those three dollars you took in a minute ago."

Then Scott, flushing because of his unconscious eavesdropping, moved loudly forward as if he was just coming in, and jangled the bell riotously. He heard a gentle voice briefly answering the man; presently a quiet, gray-haired woman, full of dignity and refinement, came forward to show him a room, left in some disorder by its last occupant, who, as she explained, had just given it up.

The landlady called her daughter while Scott registered. The girl came, a tall, modest, studious young creature, smiling a shy welcome at Scott as she passed. She somehow reminded him of his own Malvina in the Chico High School. The thing "took hold of him in a new place," as he said later, and while the two women were busy in the room, he sat down and considered the situation.

"Poor stick of a man, but a nice sensible wife, and a mighty fine girl. Lots of hard times, no doubt, and temptations for her, too. Wish I had brought my wife along. She would know all about it at once; a man has to do lots of guessing. But that girl ought to have a chance; she's most as trim as our Malvina."

The landlady gave him the key. Scott surprised himself by saying that he wanted the room at

least a week. He surprised himself still more by adding: "Wish Mrs. Scott was with me, madam. And I have a girl as big as yours; an awful nice girl, too."

She looked at him good and hard. Then she suddenly shook hands, and went off with her daughter.

"Don't see what's come over me," said Scott to himself. "But they are the right sort."

Then he crossed the street for his supper; it was a cheap all-night restaurant, where, as usual, he picked up some acquaintances, got on the track of several farmers who wanted trees, and heard of a number of colts for sale. He dealt in horses now and then, as a side-line.

After a while a somewhat shabby man came in, tried to borrow a dollar from a young blacksmith, failed, and slipped out.

"That chap," said one of Scott's acquaintances, "is the husband of the woman who runs the Regal Lodging House. He says he can't find anything in his line, so he loafs around. Don't think he has any line whatever."

"Perhaps he has," answered Scott, again surprised at his interest in a stranger. "I noticed his fingers, and the way he holds them. He's handled lots of horses; think he's druv trottin' stock in races when he was younger."

"That's what he says, but nobody believes it."

"What's his name?"

"Alick Morden."

"Well, tell him to hunt me up late tomorrow afternoon, for I want to talk horses, and maybe I can throw an honest dollar his way."

Scott went up to his room receiving a look and word of good-will as he passed the landlady and her daughter. He sat down and reflected awhile. "I always said it was silly to try and pull anyone else's chestnuts out of the fire. Wonder whether there's any sound wood left in Morden. If he loves horses there's something to nail to. Really, it's none of my business." Thus ran his gently irate, and somewhat disconnected ideas. "Think I'd better leave this place. Every tub——" he broke off suddenly, pulled a picture of his wife and daughter out of his inside vest-pocket, and looked at it awhile.

"They don't really look much alike," he said presently. "But somehow they begin to seem alike to me. This Morden girl deserves a better chance." He added in a tense whisper: "Far as her father goes, you drank too much yourself, Pete Scott, for a number of years."

The next day Scott drove a thriving trade in trees. Late in the afternoon Morden came along, and they fell into "horse-talk." Scott offered him a commission, gave him some memoranda, told him to "wade right in," shook hands and left him.

After supper Scott hunted up an old friend of his named Lewis, who owned numbers of buildings in Oro. He came right to the point, and said he had taken a room at Mrs. Morden's.

"Good place," replied Lewis. "I happen to own that house. She's a fine woman, with a first-class girl. The man is no account. She keeps the rent up, but can't get ahead any."

"Now see here, Lewis," said Scott. "You are a stay-at-home speculator, with mighty nice children. I am a run-about speculator with one splendid big girl. Both of us when we trade horses believe that every fellow must take care of himself. Both of us let our wives keep up the church end."

"That's about it," Lewis replied with a laugh. "Come right out with it—what's the game?"

"Now, Lewis, suppose that woman can't keep up the rent; bad season, weak husband, and so on. Suppose she breaks down. Suppose that nice girl goes to the devil. Then there's one less home. It isn't always right, Lewis, for us to think just as property-holders. I've made that mistake sometimes. One has to think sometimes as a man does about his neighbor-folk."

"I don't exactly see what you are driving at, Scott."

"Well, now, Lewis, if we was sailin' in a boat with these two women, and they was stumblin' overboard, we'd hang on to them, wouldn't we?"

"Of course."

"Well, ain't life a sort of a voyage, anyhow? Aren't all of us taking it together? Let's help the Mordens."

"What started you on this, anyhow?" questioned Lewis.

Scott told him with entire simplicity, and added: "That fellow Morden will prob'ly earn some money in a few days, for he knows horses, and he is as excited as a boy going to his first circus. Those women are worked to death worrying over him. If he keeps straight for a while maybe he can get the chance to drive horses in a breaking cart; he knows how all right. But that's nothing. The biggest end is what I'll put right up to you."

"Go slow now," said Lewis.

"Sure!" chuckled Scott. "It's only this: You spend a little on new paint and paper, and whatever the place needs to make it take a big new start. You do that, and as I move around I can send lots of travelers to The Regal."

"Then I'll raise the rent on her, Scott."

"You can, Lewis, but you won't, for you'll want to see that family take root again, and pretty soon your wife will be inviting them around to your house."

"Stick to the main point," said the cautious Lewis. "How much do you want me to spend?"

"Leave it to Mrs. Morden. Make it the neatest lodging house in town. Advertise it as 'renovated from garret to cellar.' Start the game tomorrow, old friend, and don't bring me into it at all. I'll

keep still. It's your pie. You'll have the time of your life."

Lewis laughed. "Possibly I'll get as far as a coat of alabastine on the inside walls," he replied. But Scott, as he went off, laughed back, "I shall send your wife half a dozen new roses whenever The Regal is put in shape."

A few days later Scott met Morden, who had "struck a new gait," was really taking hold, and proudly showed some definite results.

"Wish I was on a stock ranch," he said.

"That's easy, if you can keep sober long enough."

"I used to. Might do it again. Love to handle horses."

"That's it. You are liable to hurt horses and train them wrong, if you take a single drink."

"Never thought of it that way. Looks reasonable. Might have to take a night-cap when I go to bed."

"Not much harm in that, if you never take two," said Scott. "It's the social drinking, and having weeks to waste in a saloon, that has knocked you out."

"I hate to stay in a house," Morden replied.

"Look here," was Scott's sudden suggestion. "You go to Lewis. He's a fine fellow, and he owns plenty of vacant lots. You can borrow one to raise vegetables on for your family and for sale. Tell him I sent you. Pitch into that lot whenever you haven't horses in hand. Keeps you out of the saloons. Makes your women folks happy."

Morden replied: "I planted Lima beans once; I know which side to put down."

"That's more than most people do," laughed Scott. "Go along and make your talk; buy a spade this afternoon, when I pay your commission."

A week later Scott was through with his work in Oro; he had sold lots of trees, and had shipped off a dozen young horses. He went up to The Regal, now in the throes of a complete renovation, and had supper with the Morden family. The tall girl, who so reminded him of Malvina, lit his pipe afterwards. He felt perfectly at home; he said, "My dear," to her, and then blushed furiously, hoping that no one had noticed.

Mrs. Morden's lips trembled, as she looked across the room after supper, to where Scott was sitting. She was saying under her breath: "God bless him forever, and all such good men as he is. God bless his Malvina."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

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Any explanation is good enough for grass, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven. But only one explanation is good enough for the beauty of grass. It is the explanation that springs to the lips of every good savage, of every good poet and, I may add, of every good theologian. It is a God.—G. K. Chesterton.

BOOKS

"BEYOND WAR."

Beyond War: A Chapter in the Natural History of Man. By Vernon L. Kellogg. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1 net.

Man may not be wholly but he is largely a biological being, subject to the laws that govern the rest of the animal kingdom, and largely determined in his conduct by the evolutionary struggle of life toward fuller expression. Hence to the economic and political arguments against war, of a thinker such as Norman Angell, must be added the biological arguments if the pacifist's case is to be complete.

Professor Kellogg of Stanford presents this argument in the form of a brief evolutionary history of man, showing how fighting plays an ever lessening part, and an ever more injurious part, in his life as he becomes civilized.

The book is a small one, but it is closely reasoned and its author has succeeded in putting a pretty solid biological platform under the idea of the brotherhood of man.

Incidentally Professor Kellogg mentions the Egyptian king Akhnaton, who had a vision of peace among men, and who, only the other day, was severely censured for it by no less a person than Mr. T. Roosevelt, who writes for The Outlook. "He, like others," says Mr. Kellogg, "was seeing forward, and the time was not come for the vision's realization. The time has come now, and hence it is so much more of a pity that one of the foremost warrior figures of our country, a man who has himself been a forward spirit in so many phases of humanity's advance, should reveal himself so backward a spirit in that phase of human progress in which the early Egyptian king was so advanced. . . . Mr. Roosevelt makes special text of the immediate result of Akhnaton's visionariness as a horrible warning to the similarly minded mock humanitarians of today. But in the very words of this critic is Akhnaton praised! 'With the best of intentions and in the loftiest spirit' Akhnaton failed to make Egypt greater in terms of mailed might or territorial aggrandizement; for that is what is meant by 'wrought incalculable harm to his native land,' which are the actual words that complete the quotation."

LLEWELLYN JONES.

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Tourist (at Irish hotel): "You seem tired, Pat?"

Waiter: "Yiss, Sorr. Up very early this morning—half-past six!"

Tourist: "I don't call half-past six early!"

Waiter (quickly): "Well, half-past foive, thin."—London Punch.