one-third of the total vote cast. . . . In Missouri, the vote of the two largest cities on the measure calls for particular attention. . . . In California also the chief cities showed themselves not unfavorable to it. . . . Everett, the fourth city in size in the State of Washington, adopted the Singletax by 4,200 to 2,200. . . . While the Singletax in Missouri, California and Oregon proved indisputably unpopular in the agricultural districts—and that is no surprise in American experience—its strength in the cities must command attention. The number of votes polled directly for the measure in St. Louis, Kansas City and Everett, and indirectly in San Francisco and Los Angeles, were cast, it must be remembered, for an idea wholly unsupported by a party organization or the personal prestige of a popular ex-President. The Singletaxers form no political party, they run no one for office. They simply offer a principle, let it stand on its own intrinsic merits and fight its own way. Nobody's personal popularity has been capitalized in support of it. The Joseph Fels fund supplies the money for agitation, that is all. It is clear why no political party ventures to indorse the Singletax in this country. It is clear why Mr. Roosevelt would have nothing to do with it. The Singletax, meritorious as it is in many ways, particularly for urban land, is susceptible of a sort of attack by opponents that prejudices it bitterly among the farmers; and the farmers in the United States can make or break any political party in existence, new or old. . . . The impression the detached observer gets from the election results in Missouri and on the Pacific coast is that if the Singletax movement is to follow the line of least resistance in this country, it will be so directed that the propaganda will be concentrated upon the cities.

The Sensible View of Woman Suffrage.

Emporia (Kansas) Weekly Gazette (William Allen White), Nov. 7.—It is not expected that women will make politics cleaner. But the broader outlook upon life that politics brings to women will make them worthier friends, wives, sisters, mothers and companions for the men and children of this State. That incidentally will react upon politics, and the participation of better men and women in politics will cleanse it.

Human Solidarity.

Collier's (ind.), Nov. 23.—The most characteristic note of modern life is the dominance of crowd psychology. Present-day thinking is done very largely in the mass. The individual who stands out like a lone pine above and apart from his fellows is not so common as he once was. More and more men come to do things together, and together to reach toward the heights and to sink into the depths. They gather together in many places and for many reasons, at the theater, before the score board at the corner, on the sidewalk as the parade goes by, and for a moment they are as one man, swayed by one emotion, driven by one impulse. Never before in history has this been so universally true.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

MAZZINI'S STATUE.

From the Italian of Carducci, Rendered into English Verse by Alice Stone Blackwell.

For The Public.

A fine statue of Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot and revolutionist, now stands in a public square of Genoa, his native place.

As Genoa springs, a pillar o'er the sea,
From arid rocks, a marble giant white—
Thus, o'er the wave-tossed century, from old days
He rises, grand, austere, in moveless might.
From those same rocks whence young Columbus once
Beheld new worlds arise above the sea,
This man, with Gracchus' heart and Dante's mind,
In heavens dark saw the Third Italy,
And, with eyes fixed on her, did drag her forth
Out of a graveyard, and behind him place
A long-dead people. The old exile now
Is thinking, with his stern, unsmiling face
Raised to the sky of soft and tender blue:
"O mine Ideal! Thou alone art true!"

THE DEATH'S-HEAD NIMRAVUS.

For The Public.

Anita Vaile was a social worker in San Francisco. She came from a notable Southern family; her people had always been able to "do things," and though her rich uncles were surprised when she chose her occupation, they were gentlemen and took it nicely.

Of course Anita struck many strange episodes in life, but she had cheerful courage for everything as it came along; she met each new issue with strength, intelligence and her own delightful humor.

A lot of her joy in life was because of her roommate, Susan Wright, who taught science in the Girls' High School.

One evening, Anita said: "It's very queer, Susan, how hard a new idea will sometimes hit one. Here I have been at work ameliorating conditions all about me for five years, and yet I never saw a death's-head as the guardian angel of a family until today."

"That sounds like the emperor who ate his meals with a skeleton at the table, and a slave to chant at intervals: 'Such as I am thou wilt become.'"

"Really it is a lot more serious than that. I've had a lesson in perspective; I've learned the value of the broad-gauge view: I've seen something that is much more exciting than Judge McGuire's illustrious Cat of high pedigree (though I have no objection to that wise domestic creature)."

"Now, Anita," her roommate urged, "let me hear about this unbelievable discovery. Anything to beat the useful Singletax Cat must be a Sabre-toothed Tiger or a Nimravus."

"What on earth is that last, Susan, you tireless student of old bones?"

"It's just a still bigger and meaner sort of long-toothed cat whose fossil we found once up in the Oregon mountains. The Nimravi could eat lions and tigers for breakfast. They were once the aristocrats of the whole Felidiæ group."

"Well," said Anita, "that sounds large, I confess, but it collapses on examination; size does not count in the things we are working at. Here's my experience. I went over to help Mrs. Hegan with her sick children. They are poor as can be, and live, seven of them, in one room, you know. They have an old color-print on the wall, however, that the whole family is very fond of, for the grandfather had it about 1859 and it's been moved a thousand times or more.

"There's a river in the foreground, then a bit of wall and vines and an old arched doorway of stone, then trees and sky. In the sunlit arch are two children playing with bricks and spreading out a lunch. The colors are pretty strong, but it's very well drawn and had always seemed to me a useful and cheerful picture. The Hegans like it immensely. They long ago named the boy and girl Tom and Katy; the Hegan baby always kisses 'Katy' good-night.

"Well, today when I went up the stairs to the Hegans, they were trying to clean up a bit, and the picture was against the wall at the end of a long passage way, in the full light, so that I saw it forty feet away. Susan, it was nothing at all but a ghastly and terrible death's-head, with immensely long and ghoulish teeth; it was a grinning and aggressive sort of Neanderthal skull, and the lovely children's sunlit heads, as it turned out, were only the eye sockets!

"I helped clean up. They brought in their beloved picture and hung it on the wall, but for me it was utterly spoiled; I couldn't get close enough to escape the death's-head even though I touched the frame. And no one else saw what I saw. The baby kissed 'Katy' good-night, and Mrs. Hegan spoke of the picture with great affection: 'It do be fadin' a little, but it's a mighty sociable sort of a paintin'.'"

"Then," said Susan, "you wondered whether you ought to show her the real meaning of the picture, and you decided that she must discover it for herself. But you thought what a vision of one of the realities of life you had suddenly found."

"That is exactly how I felt. Here I was, giving them a trifle more of knowledge and strength, a few sparks of life, a little more endurance—but what else besides? How did I essentially differ from the old-time charity visitors except that I could think in terms of sanitation and microbes? I looked again at that scorching realism, that picture designed by some unknown artist more than sixty years ago, and color-printed in the earliest style of chromo. It tore at my heart as if it had been made for my benefit before I was born. Immediately I saw that the man who wrought it had been poor, unhappy, even desperate, and had meant that the thing should arouse the souls of men and women in years to come.

"Then," Anita continued, "I remembered something else. There was once a famous old Fort Miller down in Fresno County, and the walls of the officers' quarters, now in ruins, were once hung with old chromos and engravings. This very death's-head, I am sure, was among them, but probably no one understood it excepting one old Indian servant. She must have seen the real picture, just as I have, because the old pioneer who had been blacksmith at the Fort, told me that she would not go into the rooms where the picture hung because she said it told her she 'must die pretty soon quick.' Campers stole most of the Fort Miller pictures in later years, but no one knows where this one went. And now the same thing has thundered in my face as it must have thundered in the face of the Indian woman!"

"Well," Susan asked, "what is the message?"

"Not that we are mortal; not that life is sadly uncertain; not, in the last analysis, that the ruined arch and wall and the children at play within the grasp of death are an essential part of all life. These were but the lesser and merely personal moralities. But that there was a living river fed by springs somewhere back in great mountains; that there were broad and fertile fields; that heavenly skies were overhead. If the wall should be pulled down, the ancient arch broken, stone by stone, if new trees and vines should be planted—there would then be no death's-head to dominate the picture."

"Your solution of the problem in the picture begins to be clear, Anita. The wall and the arch, as that unknown artist tells us, mean caste, class feeling, special privilege, the pressure of the dead hands of time-honored systems."

"Yes, all that. And I saw how the industrious Hegan and thousands like him were often out of work, although the earth needed and would amply reward the labors of millions more. I say it is not right, and what's more, it is not necessary."

Susan's eyes lit up. "Nothing that is wrong is eternal," she cried. "The twentieth century can put its clenched fist down in front of that death's-head Nimravus, and declare war upon all that it represents."

"That," said Anita, more quietly, "is a large contract! Such old castle walls, such iron-hard mortar, such long-enduring ruins, such a spirit of tradition and convention, eternal and unchangeable."

"But think," Susan responded, "how much has already fallen into the valley and the river;—and it is no longer a living castle full of noisy freebooters."

"That is true," replied Anita. "It is only a fossilized Nimravus after all, and the growing children of the human race at play in the ruined arch,—they are really growing up, and finding their way to a fuller freedom."

"Yes, you have it, I think. It is merely the right translation of our college social science into everyday terms and living issues."

Anita, the social worker, now aroused, went on with simple earnestness: "The Hegan picture, the Hegan family have taught me in a living way that human happiness and freedom require the control—by the people, not by individuals or groups—of all the natural resources, air, water, mines, forests. Besides these things, there are many values which are produced by the general activities of the community as a whole which we call Public Utilities. By equitable taxation, the results of all human labor can be justly distributed."

"All true," said Susan, "but somewhat like a social reform lecture."

Anita hardly paused; she drove ahead with her idea:

"That's only part of it, Susan. It came home to me as a social worker. It hit me pretty hard. If we are to have a new social order, its responsibilities are to rest in the end upon all the individual members of the body politic. We must at last reach a perfected democracy, in which ideal I do believe."

"What you mean, Anita," said Susan, "is that we must transform the social order of classes and special privileges into one which depends upon the fully spiritualized responsibility of each individual for the public welfare."

"Yes," was the answer, "for the ghastly alternative is a subdivided and mechanical bureaucracy that would create only a greater death's-head on the ruins of mediaevalism."

"Good for you, Anita!" cried Susan. "You know that I have always told you to avoid the sleep-thorn poison of the idea that we can forever patch, repair and tack together the old social order. Save the babies' lives, of course, but give them something more to live for. Help the toilers, but put them on the fighting line of a noble evolution."

"Do you remember, Susan," said Anita, "how Draper's 'Religion and Science,' once a famous book, tells how all Europe before the days of bathrooms depended on perfumes to sweeten the human atmosphere? Last summer up in the Cisco region I heard of a young man who bought a regular pig-stye of an old house, and proudly told the postmaster how he had poured six bottles of Florida water down the decayed wooden drains 'to kill the bad smell.' The somewhat wiser postmaster advised chloride of lime, but a John-Muir sort of a fellow who happened along, said: 'Burn it up; build a new cabin on fresh ground; get you vitrified clay drains.' That is like our social order It is beyond perfumed waters or even disinfectants. They are useful while we are laying the foundations for a new house, but that's all. That's what Mrs. Hegan's colored print has taught me."

"Truly," said her friend, "I do believe your death's-head creation was meant for a Nimravus. That frightful sabre-toothed beast was a ravenous creature with very small brain, and in its time it dominated the American continent with its ferocious special-privilege doctrine. But better and higher forms of life developed; all of the Nimravi perished."

"And so shall this one, Susan," Anita replied, as they turned to their letter-writing and study.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

BOOKS

A Correction.

In the review of "The Four Evangelists in Classic Art," edited by Rachel A. La Fontaine (Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, $2.00), which appeared in the Public of October 18th, page 1002, through an oversight the work was described as having been "written from the Roman Catholic point of view," when the point of view should have been announced as Anglican Catholic. We regret the error and gladly make correction.—Editors of The Public.

NEGATION OR AFFIRMATION?

Primitive Christianity and Early Criticisms. A Work of Negation. By A. S. Gerretson. Boston. Sherman, French & Company. Cloth, $1.50.

In his prologue Mr. Gerretson says:

> Christianity embraces the best ethical thought and precepts of any system of religion that has thus far been conceived. It has elevated man by elevating his ideals. Whether its esoteric doctrines be true or not, makes no difference in its effect on living men; it is the splendid idealism of Christianity that makes men better, for men are in a degree good as they in degree follow, portray and live good ideals.

Having granted this much, Mr. Gerretson's "Work of Negation" becomes, in a way, a vain labor, for the unquestioned facts of the Higher Criticism are already accepted as a matter in no respect invalidating the essential truths of a living, practical Christianity.

None the less Mr. Gerretson gives us in a condensed form, a useful historical summary of events in the early Christian era, and a fine selec-