

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

A VISION OF JUSTICE

For The Public.

Out of the hurly-burly,
Far from the struggle and strife,
Into the sanctum sanctorum,
At home with my boys and wife,

There came a vision of Justice,
So majestic and great and wise
That the scales she held in balance
Seemed hanging to the skies.

On her eyes appeared no bandage;
On her lips was a smile of love;
In her hands was equal freedom
From the Heavenly Father above.

She filled my heart with her beauty,
She freed my mind from its fears,
I saw, and knew that her glory
Would fill my life all its years.

I planned and fought for her kingdom;
I dreamed and struggled in vain;
Resistance was bitter and personal,
And life seemed shattered with pain.

Then I looked, and saw close above us
The beautiful vision once more;
I saw that our efforts would triumph,
That her kingdom was now at the door.

The lowly of earth she uplifted;
All privileged thrones she cast down;
Her reign was the promised millennium,
Only Justice and Love wore a crown.

No longer shall labor be burdened;
No more shall trade be restrained,
For democracy surely will triumph,
And truth shall then be unchained.

I've seen it, I feel it, I know it—
That justice on earth is at hand;
The nations afar all proclaim it—
Our just, equal rights to the land.

J. W. BUCKLIN.



"JUDGE NOT."

For The Public.

A wise and kind Philosopher once said:

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

We say of a child born in certain slum districts:

"It is inevitable that he shall be a criminal."
Or, "It is inevitable that she shall be a prostitute."

Why, then, when the Inevitable comes to pass, should we judge harshly? Why not rather unite in opposition to the—Inevitable?

In the same sense are we not all products of the Inevitable?

Was it not Inevitable that you, born with your particular hereditary tendencies, environed as you were, should be as you are?

Then what of the Rockefeller tribe?

Yet I, for myself, cannot plead the Inevitable.

I must hold myself responsible to myself.

And you to yourself.

Therein lies progress.

You must not judge me, however.

Nor I, you.

Yet "Murder is Murder."

HARRY W. OLNEY.



TRUE LITTLE TALES OF MINOR REFORMERS.

5. The Man in White Linen.

For The Public.

He was selling newspapers by Lotta's Fountain in San Francisco, long years since—an old, old man dressed in white linen in midwinter. The young school teacher, who had come to the city to buy some books, stopped to get a paper from this quaint and sweet-faced man.

"You look mighty neat, and as well as they make them," said the school teacher, smiling as he took the paper.

"Thank you, sir; I do thank you! It's all my dress and one or two other things. Yes! I am very well, and perfectly happy, and I truly expect to live to be as old as Methuselah. I could show everybody how to do that."

"Tell me about it," responded the school teacher, sitting down on the curb-stone.

"Well, sir, I found out, a good many years ago, that we musn't wear wool or silk next to the skin—we must wear linen or cotton. I learned too that one ought to sleep in the open—I slept under a tree in my garden summer and winter. Finally I got like this and now I enjoy all sorts of weather. I never wear a head-dress and I hate shoes. I like sandals on these dirty streets, but in the country I go barefoot. I really believe in one loose garment of linen belted about the waist, but it's too conspicuous, so I just wear a buttonless linen coat, and linen pantaloons—not a thing else."

"What do I live on? Oh, very plainly—fruit and vegetables and nuts and mushes, but never any butter, nor tea, nor coffee."

"Is there anything else? Certainly—the olive oil. I rub all my joints with pure olive oil every night. That spruces me right up and keeps me young as ever. Here I am over eighty, and feel as if I were forty!"

His eyes twinkled with a saving humor. "There's only one drawback to the olive oil. Since my wife died and I sold the garden, I have to board, and

all the women say that I spoil the bed-clothes. So now I furnish my own sheets and pillow cases. I use up a quart bottle of olive oil every week. It doesn't show on my clothes because I rub it off so hard with cotton rags every morning."

"It's very interesting," said the inwardly amused school teacher. "And certainly every fellow ought to live in the way that suits him, always providing that it doesn't upset any one else."

"Well," the old man replied, "my way would just about put all the doctors out of commission. But people can't yet see it. Once I wrote some leaflets about how to live, and had them printed. Then I gave them away for a long time. But I couldn't hear of any one else going in linen, nor sleeping in the wind and rain, nor rubbing in olive oil, so I quit on the leaflets. But I like to have a man ask me about these things."

"Of course every one who thinks he has hold of a good idea wants to see it spread," the young school teacher remarked. "That's the way I feel myself about several things. Now, I like your notion about sleeping outdoors in all kinds of weather. Very few persons do that as yet, but I think others will learn how. I can't say anything about the rest of your scheme of life, but it seems to suit you to a dot. But why not write another leaflet on just the outdoor idea, and wait awhile about your other points? One thing at a time."

"Perhaps that might be a good way," said the old man.

"Now here's the address of a printer in this city—a fine fellow who likes to sleep outdoors. He'll print your leaflet, I think, at cost, and will distribute some. But don't give them away. Sell five for five cents. Here's a silver dollar of our daddies that I earned pretending to teach school away up in Humboldt, and here's my address. Send me a hundred of your leaflets."

The old man fairly beamed upon him.

"I wish my wife were alive," he said. "I haven't had so helpful a word since she died and she would have known what to say to you. She used to look over my leaflets before I printed them."

"There!" said the school teacher. "I ought to have thought of that. I'll see that printer and you let him help you straighten out what you write. If I lived here I would rather do it myself. I expect he will want you to say that it's good outdoor sleeping if you put up a waterproof canvas in rainy weather."

"I thought so at first," the old man answered with a laugh. "But I found that one can sleep warm in a big storm, and get no harm from a sopping wet blanket. Only rub down good and hard in the morning!"

They shook hands and parted. The school teacher went off, thinking how many, many sorts of plans, hopes, schemes and ideals are walking abroad all over the earth, seizing upon the minds of men and shaping them in fire-heats, on anvils.

"May all the kindlier spirits that ride on the wings of the wind," he thought, "grant that at least one truly great and inspiring Reform some time sits at my fireside, puts on my armor, goes out to war unseen at my side, as Pallas Athene went with her chosen. Let me not spend my devotion on clothes and grub, on oils and unguents, nor on any little and lonesome problem of life. For the great world of people needs so much, and still has so far to climb into the full sunshine!"

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

BOOKS

WAGES AND LAND.

Arbetslönerna och Jorden (Wages and Land). A Collection of Facts from Various Lands and Times. By Johan Hansson. Published by Svenska Andelsförlaget, Stockholm, Sweden, 1911.

The well-known leader of the land value taxation movement in Sweden has by this little book of a hundred pages added another valuable contribution to the economic literature of his country, and one feels the same regret in reading it as one does with the others of his books—the regret that it does not appear in English, so as to reach a wider circle of readers. In this particular case the feeling of regret is all the more keen, as a very considerable part of the book deals with past and present conditions in England, showing the close relationship between land and wages. The book is written in a popular and interesting style, and may well be said to be a miniature history of land conditions in England, in particular, although also Germany, America, New Zealand, Australia, Africa, Alaska and Sweden are dealt with in specific chapters.

The author takes us back as far as the thirteenth century in England. He shows us how, contrary to common conceptions, the wages of labor have not constantly increased through the ages. The golden age of labor in England was the fifteenth century. The purchasing power of average wages in England, referred to the common standard of the price of bread, was in the year 1500 twice that in 1550, and more than four times that in 1803, and six times that in 1812. Abundance of free land and high wages—total monopolization of land and starvation wages—have gone hand in hand.

A most interesting part of the book is that which refers to the causes of the rise of wages in England during the past century. While many other causes, of course, have been contributory, the fact that millions of acres of free or cheap land became available to the toiling masses of Europe during the past century, has been the primary cause of the victories of labor in its struggle for a living wage. These millions of acres were