

pair of pants goes through fifty-one hands. The particles into which it is divided is so small that you could not write them out. One girl is sewing all the time on watch pockets, another on the large pockets, and so on,—on all those little particles. By working all the time now I can make only \$10 a week."

This girl had for two or three years worked sixteen hours a day. That was when she earned \$13 a week. It was before the ten-hour law was passed. Much of the work was done by electric light. "The girls they have all to wear glasses thereby and suffer most terrible with the headaches. Myself have spoilt my eyes, and now wear these glasses all the time." . . .

Two other impressions which have been very much strengthened are, first, that the spirit of co-operation among the workers, the disposition of the stronger ones to help the weaker — of the skilled operators, for example, to protect "those babes" as they called the little girls who do the basting—is one of the most hopeful conditions in our modern life; and, second, that the spirit of antagonism and hostility which is being engendered by the evident partiality of the police and their brutality is most dangerous. After I had been shoved by a policeman and told to move on simply because I was standing beside a photographer who was trying to take a picture of one of the factories, with its quota of policemen and detectives standing around the door, I found myself looking upon policemen as my natural enemies instead of as my protectors and guides, as I had always before thought of them.

* * *

JOSEPH FELS AS SEEN BY LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Reprinted from the American Magazine for October
By the Courteous Permission of the Publishers.

Five minutes after meeting Joseph Fels you know him; in an hour you have the illusion that you have always known him; and then, next, you feel the certainty that you always will know him. And the reason for this is that he is all there all the time. There isn't much of him physically. He is just about five feet tall.

"This city will be bigger some day," said a St. Louis judge who was answering a speech by Fels. "You yourself are bigger than you were when you were born, aren't you?"

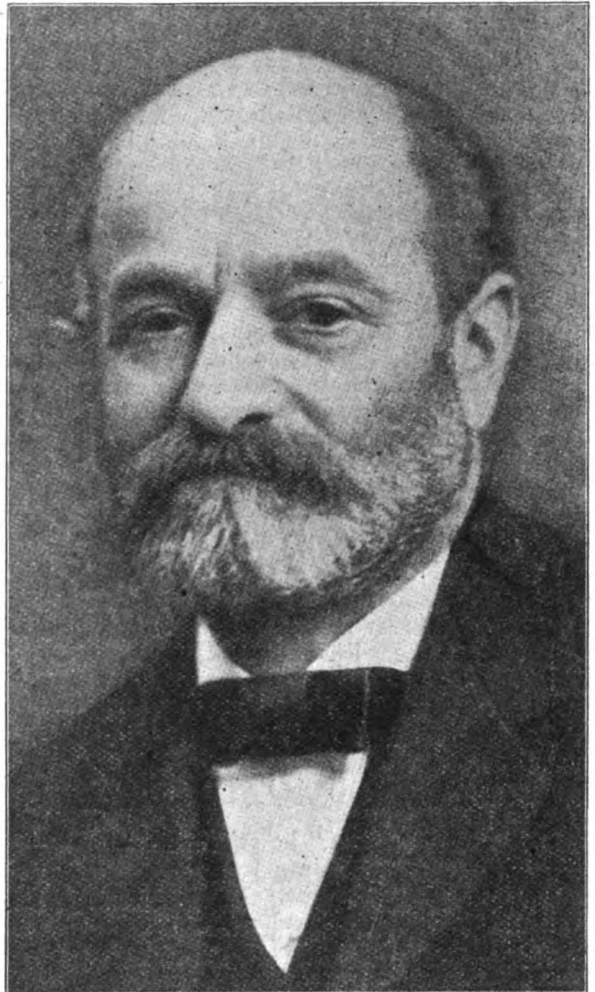
"Not much," said Fels.

But this tiny body hasn't anything to do with his being. Quick, nervous, eager, glad, his horsepower, so to speak, is that of Theodore Roosevelt. He flies at his work, like an insect; he is gay about it. "It's so easy," he says.

And he has humor and wit. His wit has been sharpened by the heckling he gets while campaign-

ing in England, but it is founded on humor, and his humor is founded on his success in making money; soap, too, but principally money; very much money.

"It is so easy," he laughs. "You get a monopoly. Then you get a lot of people to work for you, and you give them as little as you please of all they make. It's easy, as easy as stealing."



In his speech at the Chicago City Club (March 11, 1910) he said it was robbery. Addressing "the Armours" and other rich men he said:

"We can't get rich under present conditions without robbing somebody. I've done it; you are doing it now and I still am doing it. But I am proposing to spend the damnable money to wipe out the system by which I made it." And he invited all men to match him dollar for dollar in the fund he has established (to "the extent of his swag," as he put it) to "abolish poverty."

And he laughs; not maliciously, but with amusement; and some wonder.

"Isn't it strange?" he says. "They don't see that. They don't think it is robbery; they don't

believe I mean what I say. And yet, the fact that I have money gives me a certain authority, and so my statement has the sensation of news. The truth I utter is old, but it's news because a rich man says it."

And poking you in the ribs, he puts you in the crowd and laughs at you. For he knows that you also think a little more of what he says because he is a rich man. He can see it.

And that's the point about Fels. He sees. He has imagination: he sees the machinery of life as vividly as a mathematician sees a geometric figure, or an astronomer a constellation. Most men see stars. "Or bread," said Fels, helping out the expression, "or soap." Fels sees the economics of soap-making, bread-making and human exploitation.

"Most Jews do," he says. "That's why we succeed so well in business. We see it as a system, as a diagram. And that's why we hate so to work for wages. We can see that that's no way to make money. That is the way to make soap all right, and bread. But the way to make money is to get hold of land or a franchise; water, gas, transportation; or, a food monopoly; any privilege that men must have the use of, and then—then hold 'em up to get the use of it. And most men don't see it; they won't see it; they won't see it when you tell them. Well, we see it, we Jews, and—some others."

It's because Fels' friends see what Fels sees that they know him so well. And they know him so quickly, because with his quick, sharp, explosive sentences he has learned to present his point of view, his philosophy, his vivid picture of the world completely and instantly. Also his feelings about it all.

For Fels cares. He is deeply concerned about the facts he laughs at.

"I didn't use to be," he said once. "I've been a Single Taxer ever since I read George's books. I've seen the cat for years. But I didn't do much till I was converted. And, strange to say, I was converted by a Socialist. Single Taxers and Socialists don't agree; too often they fight. But it was Keir Hardie who converted me to the Single Tax or, as I prefer to call it, Christianity. I came home on a ship with him once and I noticed that he never thought of himself. We were together all the time, all those long days at sea, and we talked about England, America, politics, business—everything; and I talked and I thought of myself. But Hardie didn't talk of himself, and I could see that he never thought of Keir Hardie. He was for men."

Fels paused, recalling those days evidently. Then he resumed:

"Well, that did for me. I saw that I was nothing, and that I was doing nothing, compared with a man like that. He saw and I saw, but he worked. He did things, and I saw that that made

him a man, a happy man and a servant of mankind. So I decided to go to work, forget myself and get things done. And," he laughed again, "that's easy too. Not so easy as making money; giving it away is harder than getting it. But by careful management I believe it can be given back without doing much harm."

And that is where Joseph Fels may achieve his distinction among rich men. He may prove to be the most successful of the givers of "tainted money." It's a business. Rockefeller has found that out; and Carnegie—they all have discovered that it is harder to redistribute than to collect money. And most of them really fail at it. Naturally. They don't know how they take money. They think they make it. Fels knows that he doesn't make it, that it is made for him. He gets it, and he knows how he gets it, and he sees that the system which makes the rich rich makes the poor poor. Seeing that, therefore, he does not attempt to alleviate the misery he helps to cause. He gives not a penny for relief, either of individuals or classes. He poured out thousands in London to put the unemployed on vacant lands held for the rise, but his mind was not on the destitute; it was on the land. He saw no use in feeding empty stomachs; he was trying to fill the vacant heads of the poor and the overcrowded heads of the rich with the sight of what men could do for themselves if they could but get access to wasted land; land that was owned but not used. And he succeeded in part.

The land is an issue in English politics now, and Fels financed the agitation which made the land tax in the Budget the question of the day. Which is what he is up to in all countries. He is giving in England \$25,000 a year; in Denmark, \$5,000; in Canada, \$5,000, and so on—altogether \$100,000 a year. And he is offering to give \$25,000 (or more) a year for five years (or longer) in the United States on condition that Americans who see the "land cat" will match him dollar for dollar. The money is to go into a fund which is to be spent to finance movements which seem to be making most directly toward the cure of the causes of poverty.

"I want to make me impossible," he says. "I want to spend my fortune to make such fortunes as mine impossible. And that's a serious, worthy, happy occupation for a man of executive ability."

Once when Fels had been stating his proposition at length a listener who was impressed by the genial humor, the profound kindness and the serene wisdom of this little Jew turned to him quietly and said:

"Fels, the Jews call themselves the Chosen People; the world has acknowledged the title, and I, for example, am willing now, in your presence, to admit that they are indeed the chosen. But what are they chosen for?"

"The Jews?" said Fels, with a careless wave of

his arm. "The Jews were chosen to introduce Christianity."

BOOKS

OUR RAILWAY LANDLORDS.

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers. Volumes II and III. Great Fortunes from Railroads. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 1910. Price, \$1.50 per volume.

Vanderbilt, Gould, Morgan and Hill are the heroes of Mr. Myers' second and third volumes, with brief accounts of Blair, Garrett, Elkins and the famous "Pacific Quartet." They were all alike. They all stole. Their loot was land. And that land was in large part our public domain. Their methods varied little. They all involved corrupt assemblies and courts and sagacious effrontery. Sage was perhaps the most painstaking and taciturn robber, a contrast to Hill, the magnanimous and talkative highwayman. That, however, is a difference of temperament. Their ideals were alike. The eyes of all were on the same goal—the ownership of the most possible land.

Under the guise of railroad rights of way and with the aid of bought-up legislatures and courts and Congress, enormous blocks of land, timber, mineral, agricultural—the richest treasures of our country were gotten and are still held. In his youth Senator Elkins and a few friends, under the infamous Maxwell grant, gained permanent possession in New Mexico of over 1,700,000 acres, 2,680 square miles of land! And Hill's Northern Pacific railroad "was endowed with a land grant forty miles wide running across the continent west of the Missouri River," including vast "stretches of the very richest timber lands." "Forty miles!" Some of us guileless travelers supposed the railroad's land to be limited by the fences along each side of the track.

If half the book is half true—and the author refers to his sources—many of our "foremost citizens" should be nameless—merely numbered. And our lost property—our land? Returned, of course. What else would common sense do with it? Conservation of the barn is sensible. So is resumption of the horse.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.

BOOKS RECEIVED

—The Gold Brick. By Brand Whitlock. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 1910. Price, \$1.20 net.

—The Conflict of Colour. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. 1910. Price, \$2.00 net.

—Among Friends. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. 1910. Price, \$1.25 net.

—My Brother's Keeper. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 1910. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.



The teacher was telling the story of Red Riding Hood. She had described the woods and the wild animals that live there. "Suddenly," she said, "Red

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