

sions no matter how much they tried. The fellows who construct these fine places for the sports of millionaires can't have any one of them, and live in shacks and hovels. It's so no matter where you look. The men and women in the world that invent and build have none of the things they make. The fellows who do nothing in the matter of production are the ones that own not only the product but the producer; not only the invention but the inventor; not only the construction but the constructor. Think of it a minute and then ask yourself if there isn't something radically wrong in a system that deprives a man of possessing the products of his own labor, and gives to the man that is not a producer and couldn't be if he wanted to, the labor and person of the other? O, yes, there's a remedy, but we are not trying to apply it; no, not even trying to learn what it is.

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### The Uses of Logic.

Harper's Weekly (ind.), May 21.—No one is born to logic, more than he is born to virtue. We have painfully to learn the art in each case; but some are born with an aptitude, and, in the former case as well as the latter, that is worth cultivating. Virtue is always desirable, as the gorse is always in blossom, but logic at the moment is out of vogue. Yet it too is a great good, worth a great premium and a long apprenticeship, if only as subsidiary to the other. Logic never made a life easier, but it makes it wiser, kinder and far profounder. And beyond peradventure the life deep-rooted, high-reaching, the life which is lived not at the surface, but at the lower levels, is the life of blessedness. Vexations may fret the surface, and the storms of desire and dislike and distress may lash it to a foam, but in the depths where the great currents of cause and effect flow recognized and resistless, and the unutterable understandings, the vital passions, underlie all wanes and tides, there peace and power are one. . . . The world does not love pure reason—how, indeed, should the great, gross, overgrown world, with its rule-of-thumb, its rough-and-ready averages, love it? The world is just a big, absurd hobbled-hoy, and likes its own kind, the sort of Simple Simon that fishes for whales in a bucket and would buy ples without a penny. . . . Man thinks, but he also feels; he grows, but he never grows all around at once, therefore he is lopsided. Thus it comes that theory and practice never keep pace. They go together like glove and hand, but rarely are they found together. . . . Truly this is sad—but stay! At last it all works out to the good, to the bringing in of the kingdom. We can count on some to go beyond their bond, and on some one to keep the standard up. Even those poor beggars that do not the good they see, that follow the evil they would not, even they, when loving the unattainable good, abhorring the inexorable evil, with a passion no just man has ever dreamt of, serve the laboring world more strongly and more warmly than they deem. So this logic that lies at the very root of us lightens heaven and hell, makes a man strict with himself, merciful with his fellows, and patient and of good cheer whatever befalls. And, as nothing else can, it makes a man master of the event.

### Mr. Roosevelt in England and Egypt.

The (London) Nation (ind. Lib.), June 18. On Tuesday (the 14th) Sir Edward Grey relieved Mr. Roosevelt of all responsibility for his Guildhall speech by adopting it as his own, and even stating that its author had communicated its substance to him beforehand. So far from embarrassing the British Government, or insulting them, it was both friendly and complimentary, and he had seldom listened to anything with greater pleasure. This astonishing statement was backed by a more guarded survey of the Egyptian situation than Mr. Roosevelt's. Sir Edward eulogized Sir Eldon Gorst—whom Mr. Roosevelt's speech had embarrassed and discredited—stated that the charges against him were unfounded and untrue, and added that the whole situation, though bad, had been painted in too dark colors. But he said that Wardani would be executed; hinted at martial law if political crime continued; insisted that the British occupation must remain, and developed a strange doctrine that there could be no further progress in self-government while the "agitation" against that occupation went on. Sir Edward Grey's speech was heard in silence on his own side, and Sir Henry Dalziel, criticising it on Wednesday, said plainly that his attitude to Mr. Roosevelt did not represent the party either in the House or in the country. Not a single Liberal paper had endorsed his speech. He wondered whether Sir Edward Grey would have received Mr. Roosevelt with the same cordiality if he had told us either to govern Ireland or "get out" of it. . . . If it is true of Mr. Roosevelt that he vulgarizes everything he touches, it is also true that he succeeds in stating an issue with a trenchant crudity that focusses public attention. We owe it to him that, twice in one week, the problem of Egypt has been under the review of the House of Commons. We have seen our imperialists range themselves behind his adjectives and his imperatives, to second his plea for some sharp assertion of British ascendancy in Egypt. We have witnessed the still more remarkable confession from Sir Edward Grey that the "big stick" which Mr. Roosevelt waved over the heads alike of Sir Eldon Gorst and the Egyptian people was placed in his hands by the Foreign Secretary, who avows that he watched the use which he made of it with approval and enjoyment. We have also seen a protest of a kind that has been too rare in recent years, from the Radical and Irish benches. Our own complaint of Mr. Roosevelt's interference is mainly that it was a display of ignorance and haste, that it reflected the opinions of a local clique, that it carried with it none of the authority of close study or temperate judgment, that it was calculated to inflame the passions of the Egyptians and the prejudices of the English colony, and, finally, that its manner and phrasing were models of tastlessness, violence, and conceit.

\*See Public of June 10, page 541, and Public of June 24, page 591.

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I conceive it is indisputable that to pass over land in a balloon, at whatever height, without the owner's or occupier's license, is technically a trespass.—Sir Frederick Pollock, "Land Laws."