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We are entirely free to admit that whoever undertakes to make a thick and thin defense of the steel strikers has a serious job upon his hands. Since the strikers are mere men, they are not infallible. But that is true of all strikers. It is likewise true of employers, which makes it just as difficult a task to defend the steel trust's behavior in this strike, through thick and thin. Yet there are papers, papers that assume the judicial pose, which do defend the trust and attack the strikers with as much partisanship as if they were hired attorneys. One of them is the Nation.

"The steel corporation," says the Nation, "has to seek for no justification except in the fact that war is being waged upon it." Consequently, in one comprehensive remark, the Nation puts aside all bad acts of the trust, saying, "in self-defense, measures are warranted which would be, without provocation, open to severe condemnation." But in fact the steel strikers have not waged war upon the trust. Whether in the future they may do so or not, they have not done so yet. All they have done is to quit working for the trust. Does the Nation mean to say that this constitutes provocation warranting defensive measures on the part of the trust "which would be, without provocation, open to severe condemnation?" It says so, whether it means it or not, for its language is open to no other interpretation. Accordingly it ignores those measures of the trust which, but for the strike, as it intimates, it would severely condemn; and it hurls all its anathemas at the strikers.

They are severely condemned, for instance, for advising some of their subordinate lodges to break a local contract with the trust, as if the trust were itself immaculate on the subject of contracts, and as if there might not be room for questioning the continuing validity of a labor contract transferred.

But the worst thing about the Nation's anathemas is that they are not strictly regardful of the truth. For example, it says that "the swift reply of the steel corporation to the assaults upon its property at McKeesport is an order to dismantle the works." Here is an implication that the trust property at McKeesport was assaulted physically, as by a mob. It is doubtless so understood by every uninformed reader of the Nation. Yet there have not been any such assaults. The trust is dismantling the works from no fear of their destruction, but in retaliation upon the business men of the town for not preventing the employes at McKeesport from joining peaceably in the peaceable strike. The order to dismantle was not a swift reply. It was in execution of a previous threat. Before the McKeesport men had decided to strike, the trust threatened to remove the works if they should decide to do so. This threat was made to excite the local business interests to a high pitch of hostility to the strikers. It was one of those measures, we suppose, which the Nation would severely condemn if the steel workers had not decided to quit working for the trust. But it failed. Nor is the Nation's false statement about the dismantling of the McKeesport works the only one in that connection. It tells of "the wonderful mayor who had announced that he would not protect mill property." The fact is that McKeesport has no such "wonderful mayor."

What the mayor of McKeesport did announce was that he would not prevent the strikers from peaceably accosting nonunion men upon the streets and endeavoring peaceably to persuade them to join the strikers. He did not announce that he would give a free rein to mobs or tolerate breaches of the peace. No question of disorder was involved. The only question was whether the mayor, imitating "government by injunction" judges, should make himself an agent of the trust for the purpose of obstructing strikers in the peaceable exercise of their rights as citizens. The mayor of McKeesport announced that he wouldn't do this, for which the veracious Nation describes him as having refused to protect mill property.

Now, while that policy is about what a bribed paper would adopt, we refuse to believe that the Nation has been bribed. It is influenced evidently by what the socialists call "class consciousness." Realizing that in this steel strike the interests of the "propertied class" clash with those of the "working class," its sympathies and misrepresentation run to the support of the former as naturally as water runs down hill.

The same spirit is exhibited in a more careful Nation editorial, in which it accounts for the strike as an effort to monopolize labor. In this article the Nation surmises that the object of the Amalgamated association was by gradual encroachments to unionize all the mills of the trust. It says:

To unionize a few more mills meant a determination ultimately to unionize all mills.

We think this is true. But it is equally true that the object of the trust was by gradual encroachments to de-unionize all the mills. The Nation itself furnishes evidence to that effect.

In the same article it says of one of the mills at McKeesport, that—
 there the Amalgamated association had made itself so intolerable to the proprietors that they had fought themselves clear of it, and their mill was publicly recognized at the last signing of the scale, as nonunion.

Why does not the deunionization of this mill as distinctly indicate the purpose of the trust ultimately to deunionize all, as a demand for the unionization of some indicates on the part of the strikers "a determination ultimately to unionize all?" Undoubtedly it does.

While the nominal issue in this steel strike is only, as the Nation puts it, "whether three or four mills out of scores should be unionized or not," the real issue is indisputably whether the union shall be recognized in all or in none. The strikers aim to have it recognized in all; the trust aims to disrupt it altogether. According to the Nation, the trust properly decided that if there was to be a fight over this issue "it had better be made at once, before the Malakoff of the defenses had been carried or weakly surrendered." We agree with the Nation that from the trust point of view that was a proper decision. But we cannot see why a decision to make the issue at once and over a trifling difference, if proper for the trust from its standpoint, was not proper also for the strikers from theirs. Was it not as necessary for the Amalgamated association as for the trust to make its fight "before the Malakoff of the defenses had been carried or weakly surrendered"?

One thing of exceptional importance in the Nation's pro-trust editorials, which we have commented upon especially because they are typical of the mental attitude toward the steel strike of the comfortable but nonvenal classes, is their assumption that trades unionism is an "encroaching tyranny over free labor and free capital." That it is an encroaching tyranny is true. But organically it is and always must be too weak to

make its tyranny dangerous. Of all the tyrannies that threaten us, trades unionism is for that reason the least to be feared. The only possibility of danger from it is through federation with trusts, by means of contracts like that which holds the Chicago steel makers in their places at a crisis in unionism, or through a shrewd business agent as in the case of the locomotive engineers and Mr. Arthur, or by means of some petty profit-sharing device like that now proposed by Mr. Morgan. Such a federation would indeed make trades union tyranny dangerous. But the germ of this danger would be not in the unions themselves, but in the trusts with which they form offensive and defensive alliances. But there is another point. Though we do regard trades unionism as an encroaching but weak form of tyranny, we do not regard it as at this time making any encroachments upon "free labor and free capital." There is not now such a thing as free labor or free capital. Neither can be free without industrial opportunity, and opportunities are gone. The Nation's class, through the institutions which the Nation strenuously defends, has monopolized them.

Trades unionism as a mode of defense against industrial oppression made possible by abnormal conditions, is justifiable or not according to its efficiency. Only those persons can reasonably withhold their sympathy from it who prefer to give their sympathy to the oppressor and who lend their influence to the maintenance of the abnormal conditions that make the oppression possible. As a mode of defense, therefore, we heartily sympathize with trades unionism. Though not in our opinion the best method of resisting industrial oppression, it is one method. But as a principle of industrial organization, nothing could be worse than trades unionism unless it were something more potent. The trust is worse, for instance, but only because

the trust is better equipped with weapons of arbitrary power.

Some idea of the absurdity of trades unionism as an industrial principle may be got from the recent experience of the Columbus (O.) Press-Post. Unionism on that paper appears to have been carried to the point of divesting its editor and owner, who is responsible to the public for its editorial policy and business standing, of the management of the paper, and of placing it in the hands of labor organizations which, in these respects, are wholly without responsibility. An industrial system cut upon that pattern would be intolerable. Bad as the present system is, it does on the whole identify management with responsibility. Let us not be understood as ignoring the notion that in an ideal industrial system, trades would be organized and that each trade would govern its own plant and membership. For example, that compositors would absolutely control composing rooms, without other boss than their own chosen foreman, who would really be their servant. Nor do we see any objection to that arrangement, provided the organization owns its own plant and bears the responsibility of management, and provided customers are at liberty to patronize it or to go elsewhere as the interests of their management and responsibilities may dictate. But a dominant industrial system based upon present trades union principles and methods, would be as oppressive as a dominant religious system based upon the military methods of the Salvation Army.

If the reactionary reorganizers of the Democratic party get any comfort out of the action of the Iowa convention, we are sure the element which they delight to denounce as "populist" will congratulate them. Their press was getting itself into a good "ready" to say about the Iowa convention what it has been saying about the Ohio and the Pennsylvania con-

ventions. In Ohio the Democrats decided to confine this year's fight to local issues. But because their platform made declarations on national issues, yet was silent about Bryan and the Kansas City platform, the plutocratic reorganizers, echoed by the Republicans, shouted joyously, pointing to this omission as evidence that the party was swinging back into the embraces of its old leaders. In Pennsylvania, also, the Democrats decided to confine this year's fight to local issues; and, mindful of the misrepresentation to which the Ohio action had been subjected by the plutocrats, they were careful to say nothing at all about national issues except to waive them. But that made no difference to the plutocratic press. It promptly pointed now to Pennsylvania as well as to Ohio, for indications that Bryanism was being repudiated. Next came Iowa. For days before the convention the plutocratic press described it also as certain to reject Bryanism. Had the reactionaries kept quiet, they might now have had as much color for saying that the Iowa convention repudiates Bryan as they had for saying that Ohio and Pennsylvania did so; for in Iowa, too, the only issue this year is local—the question of taxing railroad property equally with other taxable property—and national declarations might properly have been left out of the platform, as they were in Pennsylvania, to avoid antagonizing Republicans who are with the Democrats on state issues. But after what the plutocratic Democrats said as to the silence of the Ohio and the Pennsylvania platforms with reference to the Kansas City platform, the democratic Democrats of Iowa could not afford to make their platform also silent in that respect. Nor have they made it so. Though the reorganizers did influence the committee on resolutions sufficiently to furnish the plutocrats with their coveted opportunity to name Iowa as another state which had thrown Bryanism overboard, the minority brought the question squarely before

the convention and it sustained Bryanism. This is the first occasion on which the "reorganizers'" issue has been tested. It was not tested at all in the Ohio and Pennsylvania conventions. Even in the Iowa convention many democratic Democrats voted with the "reorganizers" for local reasons, and so made the minority larger than it would have been on a perfectly definite test. But the Iowa convention did make a test; it did vote on the question of keeping the Democratic party in line with its democratic policy of the past two presidential campaigns. This is the first vote on that question that has been taken since the last presidential election, and upon this vote the reorganizing reactionaries were distinctly defeated.

The newspaper dispatches upon the faith of which we stated last week that "Mayor Jones, of Toledo, has announced his intention of supporting the democratic ticket," were somewhat in error. Mayor Jones writes that that was not his announcement, what he did announce being this:

As between Kilbourne and Nash, I am for the former; but shall probably vote for some republicans, some democrats, some socialists, some nonpartisans nominated by free petition; and for some offices I shall refrain from voting entirely.

One of the republican papers of Chicago—the Tribune—has collected statistics of the prices of vegetables, meats, butter, eggs, cheese and fruit in the Chicago market as they prevail now, and compared them with the prices of a year ago. The increase is phenomenal. It ranges from nine per cent. for butter to 800 per cent. for cabbage. Producers who get the benefit of these higher prices are doubtless grateful to President McKinley, who is understood to have caused the increase, but why should consumers be grateful? When Mr. McKinley increases the prices of commodities he ought in fairness to in-

crease the wages of consumers, but he appears to have neglected that.

A useful political work of no little importance has been undertaken by the Ohio State Board of Commerce, (353 Superior street, Cleveland), of which E. M. Thresher, of Dayton, is president, and Henry A. Griffin, of Cleveland, is secretary. The organization is one of long standing and of deserved influence in business circles. It begins the work to which we allude with an address to the citizens and business men of the state, in which it frankly and fully states its purposes, and invites financial assistance. It intends to make a non-partisan legislative campaign this fall, educational in character, in behalf of the following three civic measures, which it believes the next legislature can be induced to enact:

1. For a general law for the organization of villages and cities that will secure to each of them every desired power for municipal self-government and render special legislation as unnecessary as it is undesirable.
2. For an amendment to the constitution to permit local option in taxation and a general simplification of our system of taxation by means of which gains of great and permanent value to every business interest can be secured.
3. For a system of public accounting and auditing that shall be uniform throughout the state, designed to promote economy and efficiency in the administration of all branches and departments of public business.

The benefits of these measures, once they are fairly in operation, are simply incalculable. Uniformity of accounting would make every accounting unit in the state a check upon every other, and no corruption that bookkeeping can reveal would be practicable. Every chief accountant everywhere and all the time would have to be a party to the corrupt conspiracy or it would quickly be unmasked. A comparison of accounts, which any citizen might make, would instantly raise suspicion when reason for suspicion existed, and suspicion so excited would lead as quickly to exposure. Local self-government

needs no defense. If we are ever to have good government, we must begin with local government. Not local government superimposed, but local government locally planned and administered. This is the highway to good citizenship, and good citizenship alone can make good government. The idea that a people must learn to be self-governing from teachers who govern them, is as false as the notion that one can learn to write without writing, to speak without speaking, or to swim without going into the water. Speaking is learned by speaking, writing by writing, swimming by swimming, and self-government by self-governing. There is no other way. Local option in taxation is, of course, implied by local self-government. No community can govern itself unless it governs its system of taxation. By enactment of these three measures, then, as proposed by the Ohio State Board of Commerce, the people of the Buckeye state will serve themselves and become an example to the rest of the country.

The plan of campaign announced by the board is to put regularly into the hands of at least 100 constituents of each member of the legislature a copy of "Public Policy," an able weekly paper, edited by Allen Ripley Foote, who is a devoted advocate of the three principles of government enunciated above. In that and other ways it is designed not only to educate the legislators but also to assure them, and this is very important, of the encouragement and support of an intelligent body of their constituents.

Along the same lines of local government the State Bar association of Ohio has recently gone on record. At its annual meeting in July last it adopted the following important resolution:

Resolved, that the constitution of Ohio should be so amended as to completely separate state and local taxation; and that each county of the state be vested with the power of taxation for the purposes of such city or county, subject to the au-

thority of the legislature to limit local indebtedness, and fix the maximum rate of taxation which city or county may levy.

The principle of local option in taxation is rapidly gaining ground. Our readers are familiar with the particulars of the constitutional amendment movement to allow it in Colorado, the legislature there having by more than a two-thirds vote in each house submitted the amendment to popular vote. In New York, where the idea originated, it is becoming visibly more and more popular. Several weeks ago (p. 144) we described its strong beginning in New Jersey—the township of Franklin, Essex county, of which Nutley is the intellectual center, having voted for it in regular town meeting. This New Jersey movement has progressed from the Franklin township vote to the stage of the establishment of a state organization, "The New Jersey Tax Reform association," which has its headquarters at 294 Market street, Newark. That the local option tax system is now in extended and successful operation in New Zealand, where it first received legislative sanction, is a fact with which our readers are familiar.

Nothing could be more encouraging than the earnest efforts that are being made by officials in the southern states to stop the lynching of negro prisoners. A Georgia sheriff has the honor of having begun this reform. He proved that a loaded gun with a determined sheriff behind it would hold the cowardly mobs at bay. Now his example has been followed by a sheriff in Mississippi, assisted by the governor, and by one in Alabama. Southerners who abhor lawlessness are to be congratulated upon these hopeful signs. But the blind and brutal hostility of white mobs to negroes is not ended. Lynchings are reported from two or three southern points, and the mobbing of the negro inhabitants of a Missouri town make one of the most shameful stories

of the whole reign of anti-negro mob law.

Negro hatred is not confined to the South. Utterly without reason it is growing at the North, and not among workingmen, but among the rich. What is to be said, for instance, of the American snobs who have formally protested against the admission to the London hotel in which they are stopping, of several American gentlemen, clergymen in attendance upon a religious council to be held in London, for no other reason than that the objecting snobs happen to be white and the clerical gentlemen happen to be colored? Perhaps nothing need be said, the hotel proprietor having said all that was necessary. This mere subject of a monarchy rebuked these enlightened citizens of a free and equal republic, with the following remarks:

I could not think of offering an insult to such men as Bishop Derrick, of New York; Bishop Janner, of Philadelphia; Bishop Gaines, of Atlanta, and Bishop Arnett. I told the Americans that when the Indian princes were here no one objected to meet them and I do not propose to make any distinction at the expense of Africans.

Prosecutions of trusts have recently been instituted both in the state courts of Ohio and in the federal courts, under the professional direction of F. S. Monett, the Ohio attorney general who fought the Standard Oil trust in that state until the Republican convention came to the rescue, and put him out of the fight by nominating another man for attorney general. Mr. Monett expresses confidence in these prosecutions. They are maintained at the instance of the American Anti-Trust league, 1229 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington—the organization of which M. L. Lockwood is president—which has assumed the responsibility of raising the necessary funds. It is now soliciting contributions.

For once a set-back has been given to the stupid municipal system of compelling peddlers and showmen to

pay license fees for serving the public in their particular way. This setback, it is unnecessary to explain, took place in Cleveland. Two ordinances were passed by the Cleveland council, one requiring a license for hucksters and the other for circuses, and Mayor Johnson vetoed both. To the huckster license he objected that such licenses do not serve as a police regulation, but are "an attempt to prevent competition" and withal—

a plan for taxing consumption rather than property, for taxing poverty rather than privilege. It is one of the tricks, so often resorted to by the owners of valuable property and privileges, to avoid burdens which they themselves should bear. While property to the value of \$100,000,000 escapes taxation in this city, it seems to me worse than folly to attempt to levy taxes on small traders.

Mayor Johnson's objections to circus licenses were similar. Both veto messages were reproduced in these columns at page 303. What is quite as satisfactory as these vetoes, is the fact that the city council has now sustained them; not merely by a vote against them of less than two-thirds, but by a large majority vote in their favor. In a council of 22 only 6 members voted to override the vetoes.

What is the explanation of hard times in Germany? She tolerates no money but "sound" money, gold being her standard. According to the Clevelandites, then, Germany ought to be prosperous. She also has a high protective tariff which has been long in operation. According to the McKinleyites, then, Germany ought to be prosperous. But in spite of the gold standard and protection to German industry, Germany is not prosperous. What is the reason? Is it too much wealth, the protectionist explanation? Or is it too little confidence, the "sound" money explanation? Or isn't it either?

When we quoted on page 273 the declaration of the Maryland democratic convention that "such action

must be taken as to prevent the control of the state government from passing into the hands of those who have neither the ability nor the interest to manage public affairs wisely and well," it did not occur to us that the quotation might be ambiguous. But a reader so regards it. He asks whether it refers "to the ignorant poor or to the educated rich." Our correspondent has doubtless observed that the rich as a rule take no more interest in government than tramps do, except as it serves their selfish ends, a degree of civic spirit which even the most degraded tramp manifests when sober. This observation suggests our reader's question, which, it need hardly be explained, is what Artemus Ward would have called "sarkasm." But the sober truth is that the quotation was intended to refer neither to rich nor poor, neither to educated nor ignorant, as such, but to persons of dark color and African descent, regardless of their wealth or intelligence. It exhibits the spirit of one kind of so-called democracy. We wish it were called democracy only in derision.

SOMETHING ABOUT HEREDITY.

Guizot said that men are not satisfied with power alone; that, having gained power, if evil power, their next concern is to justify it upon some theory of righteousness. This was true when Guizot wrote; and it is true now, except that another basis of justification than righteousness has been introduced.

As in Guizot's time, and before, so now, there are pietistic pleaders for divine right; not so much for the divine right of kings as formerly, but; what is essentially the same, for the divine right of millionaires. When nothing better can be urged, these unctuous upper servants of our aristocracy of plunder tell us that God discriminatingly gives great wealth in trust; an amiable exegesis of the camel's-eye parable, which is supposed to silence the protests of the plundered. It at the same time conveniently justifies the "trustees" without

subjecting them to any accountability to their "cestui que trusts."

These pietistic pleaders for the rich and powerful, whose ways and manners were perhaps even more familiar to Guizot than to us, have been reinforced in our day by a nominally hostile but really supplementary school of apologists. Atheistic pleaders for the privileges of the rich and powerful now vie with the pietistic cult in indiscriminately justifying oppressive power, but not upon the basis of righteousness. Being atheists, they do not believe in righteousness. Their justification rests upon the theory that, in the nature of things material, and "there are no other things," social conditions as they from time to time exist cannot be helped. The pietist throws the responsibility for the oppressive power of men confidently upon God; the atheist refers it hopelessly to insentient natural law. The one passes the plundered and oppressed along to divine mercy and a harp hereafter, while the other leaves them to their "unavoidable fate."

One of the insentient natural laws to which the atheist appeals is what he calls "the law of heredity," an appeal in which his pietistic coadjutor, in a spirit of liberality toward "science," not infrequently joins him. The law of heredity is supposed to account not only for physical peculiarities but also for intellectual characteristics and moral qualities. Poverty, weakness, crime, wealth, strength, virtue, vice, are to be accounted for by heredity. Arbitrary power, and poverty in the midst of an abundance produced by the poor, are due, not to social maladjustments, remediable by rational readjustment, but to hereditary influences. The virtuous are good and the criminal are vicious because their blood is tainted. The rich and powerful are so because their inherited intellectual and moral qualities are superior; the poor and weak are so because their inherited intellectual and moral qualities are inferior. And this is a process of the ages. We are almost literally governed by the original pair of monkeys. General progress toward equality or equity, therefore, is possible only as strains of bad blood are

expelled and strains of good blood are cultivated, something which involves patient and painful processes through ages yet to come.

So the social question appears at bottom to be essentially an individual question. It is social only in the sense that the power of society is called in to regulate individual life; only in the sense that a man's religion was a social question in the day of the Inquisition and would be now if pietists could have their way. Here again the pietistic and the atheistic pleader for privilege meet on common ground. As the one justifies evil power by perverted principles of righteousness and the other by perverted scientific conceptions, so the one would have society forcibly impose his devilish piety upon individuals while the other would have it forcibly experiment upon them with his Godless science.

It is the latter, he who rests his explanation of poverty and crime and his justification of evil wealth and power upon heredity, whose plea we wish at this time to consider.

We profess no expert or so-called "scientific knowledge" on the subject of human heredity. We have no vast amount of statistics on hand, some of them useless and others not true, with which to make a show at the round table of the pseudo scientists. Yet suggestions regarding the subject, even from one who is largely ignorant of the statistics to which its advocates refer, who begs leave to doubt some that he is not ignorant of, who disputes the inferences with reference to moral qualities that heredity experts draw from statistics they report, and who believes that in the field of social investigation the doctrine of heredity is sadly overworked—suggestions even from such an unscientific source may be worthy of at least passing consideration.

There is one vast quagmire into which heredity experts seem to sink with astonishing ease and almost incredible unanimity—for scientists. They confuse hereditary influences with influences of environment.

Their star statistics, at least for pop-

ular use, afford an example. These tell of a bad woman who lived a century and a half ago and whose prolific progeny through several generations were all, or nearly all, criminals. Such statistics are absolutely useless to prove hereditary transmission of moral qualities. They do not make even a *prima facie* case. Indeed, they belong in the same category of proof with the voluminous testimony of persons who hadn't seen him commit the crime which the Irish criminal offered to produce in his defense. These statistics utterly fail to negative the possible—aye, the extremely probable—influences of environment. When a bad woman rears children, who rear children of their own, and so on for several generations, all her descendants being criminals, the theory of vicious heredity can draw no strength from these facts, even supposing them to be facts, unless the environment of the family, which is presumably criminal, was in truth a virtuous or at least neutral environment.

It may be fairly doubted if there has yet been produced a single instance, at once authentic and impressive, of the apparent transmission of moral characteristics from one generation to another, which excludes all reasonable possibility of environment as the explanation. A perfect instance is impossible. For the influences of environment, as distinguished from heredity, begin before birth. If the child, during gestation, were affected by moral peculiarities of the mother, there would be no possibility of determining whether they were caused by environment or heredity; for it is evident that during that period the child may be influenced by enviroing influences acting upon the mother, through whom it is then being nurtured as truly as it will be later when it clings to her breast. Prenatal influences, in the strict sense of that term, cannot be regarded, therefore, as hereditary influences. The materialistic doctrine of heredity, as an explanation of social conditions, must fall, unless moral qualities are shown to be transmissible through the blood of ancestors, under circumstance which exclude the possible influences of environment upon mothers in preg-

nancy as well as upon the child after birth.

It is conceivable that within limits—a few generations at most—physical defects or advantages are hereditary. It is conceivable, also, that some of these physical peculiarities may produce intellectual defects or advantages; for, as the intellect is dependent upon the brain as its physical implement, it will be more or less efficient according to the adaptability of the brain. Consequently, in an environment in which morality is recognized as expedient, it is conceivable that the possessor of a good physical inheritance would be apt to be moral, seeing that this would pay best; whereas his opposite in hereditary equipment, not having so efficient an intellectual implement, might be immoral, mistakingly assuming that that would pay best. All this is abstractly conceivable. But it is not susceptible of scientific proof, as materialism conceives science, because of the impossibility of gathering authentic statistics of enough instances reasonably free from the influence of environment.

Even if proved, it would not follow that inheritable defects and advantages are transmitted in perpetuity. The blood constantly tends to purify itself. Nature persistently tries to adjust herself to normal, and not to abnormal, conditions. She is always at war with disease, and the blood that would transmit a defective brain is diseased blood, weakened blood, not normal blood. In harmony with natural law, therefore, blood so affected would, and in fact does, either expel the disease and resume normal conditions, or, failing that, give way to the disease and terminate the diseased genealogical line.

Diseased blood is an inheritance only in a very restricted sense. It is not a bequest of the ages. Ingersoll was wrong when he implied that God makes disease catching instead of good health. God—nature if you prefer—makes good health catching in the long run, and not disease. The physical weaknesses of our time, so far from being attributable to remote ancestors, are traceable to virtually contemporaneous violations of natur-

al law, either individual or social, or both. As to blood inheritance of the superior type, nothing is better verified by experience than that if it exists it speedily degenerates.

It is not individual blood, transmitting moral characteristics that makes permanent differences in social conditions. It is the blood of society itself. This blood is not the red fluid of individual veins and arteries. The blood of a nation, a community, or a family is its speech.

Language is the current through which thought is transmitted and upon which institutions are borne. The difference between the waif in the slums and the hope of the palace, between the lower classes and the upper, between nation and nation, is not a difference in blood corpuscles. The physiologist would examine these in vain to find any other difference than temporary disease. But the intelligent sociologist might find explanations of all social differences in the different ideals, the different outlook upon institutions, the different ambitions, the different affections, the different associations, in a word, the different trends of thought, which differences in language indicate. Language is the blood of human association. If a German differs characteristically from an American, it is because they have a different language, and consequently a different thought—one that differs in degree as the genius of the language differs. If a German-American differs, it is because this transfusion of social blood has not been successful. He is still Germanic. The British accent and the American differ in degree as American and British characteristics.

As with nations so with groups. The blood of aristocratic society is its modes of speech and not the red blood of ancestors. It is similar with the argot of thieves. If interlopers in either circle expose their breed, it is not because the blood in their veins differs, but because they do not think in the unaccustomed language.

When one thinks in French, he is a Frenchman, but not otherwise. Carl Schurz, for instance, though of German birth, is an American. He thinks in the idiomatic English in

which Americans think and consequently thinks after the manner of Americans.

Of course in speaking of language as the blood of a people, we speak in metaphor. But all references to the "blood" of peoples are metaphorical. When it is said that Americans are of English blood, this must be a metaphor; for the country is full of Americans who haven't an English ancestor. But they inherit English traditions—through the English language—some of them the democratic traditions of Magna Charta, and some the divine right traditions of King Charles. An ignorant laugh went up once when Gov. Altgeld, German born, appealed to the principles of "our" revolutionary forefathers. But the patriots of '76 were as truly, in the social sense, his forefathers, as yours or mine; for, thinking in their language, he drew inspiration from their principles.

The only inheritance, in the social sense, that any man can have is the inheritance that is transmitted socially by language, as physical life is transmitted individually by blood. In this social blood, and not in blood of vein and artery, we must look for the strain that enervates or the strain that vitalizes social life. Here it is that we shall find the moral taint, the institutional disease, the vicious ambitions or the noble ideals that are capable of indefinite transmission from generation to generation.

We shall not find them here by mere philological examination. That would be to an examination of the blood of society what an examination with the naked eye would be to the blood of the physical body. The examination we mean is sociological, looking beneath the surface of language into the crystallizations of thought it transmits. These are the inherited things, and their transmission is the only kind of heredity that need seriously concern sociological inquiry.

Let us reform the ideals, crystallized into institutional disorder, which the society of to-day has inherited through language from the past and is in danger of transmitting through language to the future, and we may safely leave the problems of

blood inheritance to family physicians, insanity experts, and dabblers in heraldry.

NEWS

The steel strike is still the center of public interest, though nothing exciting or decisive has yet occurred in connection with it. At the time of our last report (p. 297) the South Chicago lodges of the Amalgamated association had, on the 14th, refused to join in the strike, and Mr. Tighe, the official representative of President Shaffer, had revoked their charters. On the 18th it was announced that this revocation had been suspended until the 24th, upon the expectation, presumably, that meantime the lodges might reverse their insubordinate action; but on the 19th President Shaffer announced that the South Chicago men who had remained at work were no longer members of the Amalgamated association, and that if they should strike hereafter it would be upon their own responsibility. On the day of Mr. Shaffer's announcement, the 19th, a dozen or more highly skilled employes of the South Chicago mills followed the example and advice of their district vice president, Mr. Davis, in joining the strike as individuals. This individual action at South Chicago appears to be even more extensive, though most of the workmen who quit work do not avow their motives, but plead illness or other personal excuses.

As organized bodies, however, the local lodges remain insubordinate. They issued an address on the 20th, to labor organizations and the public, in which they explain their position. They claim to have been always union men, and to be conforming to union principles in the present instance, since their refusal to strike is based upon an existing contract with their employers. On that point they make the following statement of facts:

The members of our organization work under a contract with our employers, which is perpetual, unless terminated in a manner provided for in the contract. It is specifically provided that this contract can be broken under no circumstances except by either party to the agreement giving three months' notice of its intention, the notice to be given previous to October 1. A copy of the contracts under which we are now working, as well as every change made in the

agreements from time to time, are sent to the officers of the national lodge and placed on file there for their inspection and approval. These contracts are signed by a committee representing the lodge on behalf of the members, and the general superintendent on behalf of the company. After taking legal advice we feel certain that President Shaffer's claim that our contracts are void because the Illinois Steel company, with whom our agreement was made, had been absorbed by the United States Steel company, is without foundation.

This address concludes with the assertion that Mr. Davis, the district vice president, who is now trying to induce the lodges to reverse their insubordinate action, originally supported them in it.

Whether or not Mr. Davis did originally advise the South Chicago lodges not to join the strike, it is certain that he himself joined it when the lodges refused, and has been active ever since in urging others—both individuals and lodges—to follow him. More through his assistance, doubtless, than from any other cause, Mr. Tighe was able to induce the lodges at Joliet and Milwaukee, which have similar contractual obligations to those of the South Chicago lodges, and which had decided to follow the Chicago example, to reverse that decision and join the strike. The question came first before the Joliet men. They met on the 15th, and were addressed by Mr. Tighe, who was accompanied by Mr. Davis. Four days previously they had voted not to strike; but at this meeting of the 15th, after a discussion lasting several hours, a secret ballot resulted in the necessary two-thirds majority for the strike, and a successful motion making it unanimous. There are three lodges in Joliet, and the number of men now out in consequence of the strike there approximates 6,000. From Joliet, Mr. Tighe and Mr. Davis went to Milwaukee, where they addressed a meeting of the Bay View mills workmen on the 17th. These men also had decided on the 11th against joining the strike. But after discussing the subject five hours on the 17th they reversed that decision and decided to go out by a vote of three-fourths, afterwards made unanimous. The vote was secret. This adds about 1,500 men to the men who are out.

A news dispatch of the 17th from Pittsburg asserts that not more than

half of all the strikers are out of work. This is its explanation:

The closing down of the United States Steel corporation's mills caused a boom in the business of all the independent concerns, and moreover furnaces that have stood idle for years have fired up, and every man who could be put to work has been engaged.

The dispatch names more than a dozen independent plants that have started up since the beginning of the strike, and which are employing strikers, besides several other independent plants that are nearly ready to start up.

The war in South America comes next to the strike in importance as a news event. Ecuador has now joined in this complex warfare, in which only Colombia and Venezuela, each with an insurgent party, were previously engaged. The dispatches do not make the situation very clear. Judging by them exclusively, the war is nothing more than a very much mixed factional fight. But read in the light of the larger history of Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, these dispatches indicate that a great question is at stake. Originally the three nations were Spanish provinces—New Granada and Venezuela—united in one viceroyalty. In 1810 they rebelled and set up a republic under the presidency of the great South American liberator—Simon Bolivar. It was called the Republic of Colombia. When the republic achieved independence, after a long struggle, the external dangers that had held it together were succeeded by internal dissensions that forced it apart, and the republic was divided into three independent nations. One of these was Colombia as it now appears upon the map. It took the name at first of the Republic of New Granada. The other was Venezuela and the third was Ecuador. That was in 1831. Various changes have since taken place in all three, including the change of name from New Granada to Colombia in 1861; but the old union sentiment would appear never to have wholly died out. It seems now to have become vital and to be dominant with the liberals in all three countries.

President Castro, of Venezuela, is the leading spirit in this movement for reunion. He came to the presidency through a revolution in 1899 (p. 280), and is being fought by

reactionary insurgents. In Colombia the government is conservative, and is accused of giving aid and comfort to the reactionary insurgents of Venezuela; while within its own borders an insurrection is in progress under Gen. Uribe-Uribe, who represents the reunion sentiment in Colombia and is aided by Castro, of Venezuela. Now comes Ecuador into the conflict, apparently in support of the reunion policy. Ecuador had been neutral as between Colombia and Venezuela until her recent presidential election, at which the liberals ousted the conservative government. But on the 18th and immediately after this change a dispatch from Quito, the capital of Ecuador, told of the advance of Ecuadorian troops across the Colombian border.

Another dispatch, received at Washington on the 17th, from the American consul at Maracaibo, Venezuela, reports an invasion of Venezuela by Colombian troops near Cucuta, where a battle took place and the invaders were driven back. The report of last week that the Colombian insurgent, Gen. Uribe-Uribe, had been killed in battle is now denied. He is reported to be moving on Bogota, the Colombian capital.

The war in South Africa is evidently not yet ended, despite the Kitchenier proclamation described last week; for reports of deadly conflicts still come to London, not all of which are favorable to British arms.

In the Philippines (referred to last at page 250), though the war is understood to have been ended long ago, a five hours' fight took place in Batangas province on the 7th; and on the 15th the Americans captured Col. Cabrera, which is described as the most important capture since that of Aguinaldo. Cabrera is said to have controlled all the insurgents in southern Batangas and also those west of the city of Bantangas. It was announced on the 16th that Archbishop Chapelle is about to return to the United States. He went to Manila last year in behalf of the Catholic church as apostolic delegate. It is understood that his mission was not successful.

The Chinese settlement, last mentioned at page 249, is still under advisement, the protocol not yet having

been signed or even definitely agreed upon.

The subject of American politics calls attention this week to Pennsylvania, Virginia and Iowa. To begin with the least important, Virginia, the Republican convention of that state met at Roanoke on the 21st and nominated Col. J. Hampton Hoge for governor. The Democratic convention had previously met and adopted a colorless platform. The Pennsylvania Democracy convened at Harrisburg on the 15th and nominated for supreme court judge, which is the head of the ticket this year, Judge Harman Yerkes. The interest centered upon the platform. It is confined absolutely to state questions, expressly "waiving all questions and propositions upon which the people of the nation divide into political parties," and inviting "all political parties, all organizations of men heedful of the public welfare and all Pennsylvanians to join" in "a crusade for the purification of the polluted channels of public authority." The rest of the platform is an indictment of the Republican ring of Pennsylvania and the "unworthy Democratic legislators" who have assisted it; and it closes with a disclaimer of all intention of making the fight as "a political organization seeking partisan advantage." The third, and from a national point of view the most important of the political conventions of the week, is that of the Democrats of Iowa. The Republican convention of that state met on the 7th (p. 280) and nominated A. B. Cummins for governor. It is followed by that of the Democrats, which met on the 21st. The most strenuous contest was over the platform, it having been widely published that this would ignore "Bryan and Bryanism." As reported by the resolutions committee the platform completely ignored national politics. Its most important plank applied to the subject of taxation "the fundamental principle of democracy, 'equal rights to all and special privileges to none,'" and, declaring that "the burdens of taxation should be borne equally by all taxable property subject to the jurisdiction of the state," pledged Democratic legislators "to formulate and urge the adoption of such a law as will compel the burden of taxation to rest on corporate and individual property alike, without favor and exemption of any interests." This was acceptable to

all. But some members of the committee urged recognition of the Kansas City platform, and on this point the committee split. The majority brought in a platform confined to local issues, and the minority, while accepting the platform as reported, submitted the following preamble as an amendment:

We the Democrats of Iowa, in convention assembled, hereby reaffirm the principles of the Democratic national platform, adopted at Kansas City, July 5, 1900, and without surrendering our convictions or abating our loyalty to our national policies we believe this campaign to be particularly one that should be confined to state issues.

The amendment was adopted by the convention by a vote of 661 3-5 to 558 2-5. T. J. Phillips was nominated for governor.

NEWS NOTES.

—The National Negro Business league began its session at Chicago on the 21st.

—Michael Davitt delivered the principal address on the 15th before the United Irish Societies of Chicago in celebration of Lady day.

—At Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 15th, the sheriff, armed with a shotgun, drove off a mob of 50 men that had come to the jail to lynch a negro prisoner.

—At the meeting in Buffalo of the National Association of Business Women on the 18th Miss Matae B. Cleveland, of Chicago, was elected president.

—New Orleans, Mobile and other gulf cities were flooded on the 15th by a tidal wave, causing loss of life and property equal to the loss occasioned by the great storm of 1893.

—For the purpose of studying leprosy, Dr. Knapp, a practicing physician, separated from his family on the 20th to become the nurse of a Chinese leper found in St. Louis two weeks ago. The two are to be completely isolated. Five other physicians applied for this privilege.

—The statistics of exports and imports of the United States for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1901, as given by the July treasury sheet, were as follows (M standing for merchandise, G for gold and S for silver):

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
M	\$109,031,158	\$72,897,087	\$36,134,071 exp.
G	2,786,571	1,668,808	1,117,763 exp.
S	3,838,447	2,217,112	1,621,335 exp.

\$115,656,176 \$76,773,007 \$38,882,169 exp.

—The steamer Islander, of the Canadian Pacific Navigation company, struck an iceberg on the 15th, which stove an immense hole in her bows. The heavy inpour of water made it impossible to close the water-tight com-

partments, and to intensify the horror of the accident the boilers burst. The loss of life is reported to have been 70 passengers and crew.

—Pierce City, Mo., was reported on the 20th as under the rule of a white mob, which had driven out all the negro inhabitants, except car porters, and murdered three negroes by lynching, besides burning to death one negro man who was too old to escape from one of the five negro dwellings to which the mob had set fire. The cause of this lawlessness was the murder of a white girl by an unknown assassin.

—The sheriff at Sardis, Miss., supported by the prompt action of Gov. Longino, saved a negro prisoner from lynching on the 15th. At the first appearance of the mob he appealed to the governor for troops, and warned the mob that meanwhile he would protect the prisoner with his life. Fifteen citizens volunteered to help him, and upon the arrival of troops the prisoner was safely removed to the penitentiary.

—The commemoration at Cleveland on the 2d of September of Henry George's sixty-second birthday is to take the form of an open evening meeting at Association hall. Rev. Charles D. Williams, dean of Trinity cathedral, is to preside. Louis F. Post, of Chicago, will speak on "Henry George, the Philosopher;" Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, on "Henry George, the Statesman;" Rev. Charles A. Eaton, of Cleveland, on "Henry George, the Prophet;" and Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, on "Henry George, the Man."

—The forty-seventh annual convention of the International Typographical union closed its session at Birmingham, Ala., on the 17th. One of its important acts, proposed by Ben Harrison, of New York, was the authorization of a petition to congress for the removal of the tariff on wood pulp. But it defeated a resolution offered by Mr. Sherouse, of Florida, for a committee to inquire into the operations of the paper trust and kindred combinations with a view to discovering the source of their power to restrict employment. It also defeated a resolution offered by C. H. Govan, a delegate from New York, and evidently a single taxer, for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the effect of taxation upon wages. The latter resolution was vigorously opposed by C. H. Bandlow, of Cleveland, a prominent socialist.

MISCELLANY

Mr. A. H. van Ewyk kindly informs us that the poem "To the Men Who Lose," which appeared in the Public of August 17, credited to "Unknown

Author," was written by George H. Broadhurst, and appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* a few years ago under the title "To the Vanquished."

A REBEL OF THE VELDT.

Saddle and bridle and girth,
Stirrup and crupper and bit;
Man on the top of a little horse,
Shaggy and strong and fit.
Rugged and bearded face,
Ragged old hat of felt,
Rifle that kills at a thousand yards,
And a tight-crammed cartridge-belt.

CHORUS.

Oh, it isn't by turning out your toes,
You can beat the foe in a fight,
Or by learning to march like a marionette,
Or by keeping your buttons bright,
And it isn't the way that you crook your arm

When you shut your eye to shoot;
But it's taking to cover at every chance,
Hillock and rock and root.

He doesn't know how to dress,
And he doesn't know how to drill;
But he met the smartest troops in the world,
And fought till they had their fill;
He's a slovenly, awkward chap;
He's a lubberly farmer man;
But he lay on the veldt, from dawn till dawn,
And shot till they broke and ran.

CHORUS.

For it isn't the way that you keep the touch,
Or the way that you wheel about,
And it isn't by pulling your waist belt in,
And by padding your tunic out;
And it isn't by cocking your forage-cap,
Or by gluing a glass in your eye;
But it's knowing the way to shoot like—
And it's learning the way to die.

They have gathered his kith and kin
In a prison beyond the sea;
But they can't imprison a daring soul,
That lives in a bosom free;
They have shattered the calcined walls
Which sheltered his child and wife;
But they can't extinguish the flame they've lit,
Till it dies with his dying life.

CHORUS.

For it's never the heat of a burning home
That has softened a foeman's heart;
And it's never the reek of a lyddite shell
That has riven his ranks apart;
And it isn't money; it isn't men,
When the guns' loud song begins;
But it's feeling your foot on your native land,

And it's being right—that wins.
—Bertrand Shadwell, in *Chicago Evening Post*.

SLUMS UNDER THE SHADOW OF PALACES.

Through a bold assault on George McGovern, of 248 Rush street, by five rough characters which occurred in front of the residence of William H. Cade, 331 Chicago avenue, last evening, the existence of a gang of thugs known as the "Garey alley gang" was exposed to the police.

The discovery of the gang led to an investigation of the whereabouts

of Garey alley, a street that has seldom been heard of in the criminal incidents of Chicago. It is an interesting thoroughfare, located almost under the eaves of the mansions of the millionaires on the Lake Shore drive, running from Walton place to Delaware place. The homes in the alley, directly behind the mansions, are like the tenements of the ghetto. It is there that the "Garey alley gang" has been reared.—*Chicago Chronicle* of August 3.

NATIONS ALSO ARE SUBJECT TO SPIRITUAL LAW.

Nations should be judged as we judge men. Thomas Jefferson said the same thing. Franklin elucidated the same truth, when he said a nation is only a great gang. We must apply to nations the same principles as to the individual. I believe it to be right for men to be ambitious to be great and influential. There are two ways. One can try to make his neighbor think as he does. A quarrel may result. So much time will be spent in coercion that there is no good done. There is a better way—and that is to live so well, to do so well that the neighbor cannot find anything better to do. I'm going to show how as a nation we should apply this principle. I am going to give you a text for our national life. It is this:

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." I know of no other way of exterminating evil. Then "Let your light so shine." I know of no other plan for overcoming save with good, letting your light shine. There is no philosophy outside of the Bible that will take its place. It is proper for a man to be great. But how shall he be great? You republicans cannot get around the Bible. In the contention in the Bible as to who was to be chief, the answer was that he who was to be chief of all must be the servant of all. Service is the measure of greatness.—Wm. Jennings Bryan, at Galesburg, Ill., July 29.

TAX MONOPOLIES OUT OF EXISTENCE.

The tariff is not the chief source, or the only source, of the trust's power. In his recent testimony before the industrial commission at Washington President Schwab said: "The great advantages which the new company enjoy start with the ore, embracing the well-known ranges in the northwest—80 per cent. of which the United States steel corporation own or control." These ore fields, monopolized by the trust, are, as President

Schwab testified, extremely valuable, for the reason that they contain only a limited supply of ore, a supply which cannot "last very long, perhaps 60 years." He continued: "We own something like 60,000 acres of Connellsville coal. You could not buy it for \$60,000 an acre, for there is no more Connellsville coal. I believe that Connellsville coal will be exhausted in 30 years."

That monopoly control of the raw materials, without which there can be no industry, furnishes the trust an impregnable fortress against which the hosts of labor cannot hope to prevail with their present methods of warfare.

It is contrary to public policy to permit such a gigantic monopoly of raw material provided by nature.

To prevent such a monopoly there are but two courses open. One is socialism. If we were to try to cure the evil of private monopoly by taking the remedy offered by socialism we should probably be like the Irishman who said that, on account of the awful medicine prescribed for him, he was sick a long time after he got well.

The other course is that suggested by the platform of the Ohio democracy, the most radical anti-plutocratic platform ever adopted by the democratic party. Mr. Schwab says the Connellsville coal is worth \$60,000 an acre and declares that the ore fields of the northwest are of almost inestimable value.

The employe of the trust, if he saves enough to own a house, will pay taxes on 60 per cent. of the full value of that house. Would it not be interesting to know how much taxes the trust pays on its 60,000 acres of coal fields?

President Schwab says the value of the great ore fields of the northwest is more than equal to the entire capitalization of the United States steel corporation.

Why does the trust acquire property in all those fields?

Certainly not because it has any present use for them, but because it wants the legal power to keep others from using them, so that it may command a monopoly price for this raw material.

The way to destroy that monopoly power is to tax it to death. Let the trust pay taxes on the true valuation of its property and it would not find it so profitable to hold idle the raw materials without which competition is impossible.

The power to tax is the power to destroy. With that power intelligently used, the people could eliminate the

element of monopoly from industry, increase the security of all legitimate forms of property and increase the opportunities for remunerative employment for both labor and capital. But no one is going to drive them to freedom. Until they gain wisdom we must expect their blind protests to end in failure.—Editorial in Columbus (O.) Press-Post of Aug. 12.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

Capt. Charles J. Holmes, of the ill-fated yacht *Idler*, is again a free man. Mayor Tom L. Johnson yesterday afternoon, with John Curran, a real estate dealer of the West side, signed the \$1,000 bond that released him from jail. It is needless to say that Capt. Holmes was the most surprised man in Cleveland when late yesterday afternoon he was taken to the office of the United States circuit court clerk. Mayor Johnson and Mr. Curran were there.

"Mayor Johnson and this gentleman have agreed to go on your release bond," said the clerk.

Capt. Holmes was at a loss what to say for a moment and the tears were ready to spring forth when he turned and thanked the men who had voluntarily taken such an interest in his welfare. The bond was prepared and duly signed. Mayor Johnson shook hands with the captain, remarking: "I have been watching your case. I think you are an honest man, and I didn't want to see you in jail any longer."

Again the captain thanked the two men and hurried back to the jail, a burden lifted off his heart. At the jail there was general rejoicing among the officials, as well as the prisoners, when it became known that the captain was free.

"Who signed your bond?" asked the sheriff when the captain said he was to leave the jail.

"Mayor Johnson and a man by the name of Curran," replied Holmes. "I didn't have any idea that men who were perfect strangers to me would treat me so kindly."

The prisoners crowded around Holmes when he entered the corridor to get some books and other belongings. "Glad to see you free, old man, but we are sorry to lose you," exclaimed several in chorus.

"Well, I am sorry to leave those who have treated me so kindly, but, of course, I am glad to get my freedom again."

Bidding the sheriff and all the deputies good-by, Holmes, who has been a model prisoner, walked out to take a car for his home on Abbey street.

"There goes the nicest man we have

had in jail for a long time," said Sheriff Barry, as Holmes walked away. And the deputies all agreed to the statement. During his incarceration he has always been the same pleasant, modest, unassuming man, never grumbling, never uttering a word of complaint and always disposed to make the best of a bad case.

Capt. Holmes, it will be remembered, was indicted for manslaughter by the federal grand jury over a year ago. He was let out on bond and failed to show up for trial at the last term of court. Just as Uncle Sam was about to declare his bond forfeited the captain showed up and told a strange but evidently truthful tale of having been shipwrecked on a far-away island, unable to get back in time for trial. He was sent to jail and has been there for over three months, no one offering to go his bail until yesterday morning, when Mayor Johnson sent word that he would sign it with Mr. Curran, who had also interested himself in the captain's behalf.—Cleveland Plain Dealer of August 18.

The Johnson administration has taken its turn at holding up garbage company bills. During the past week over 100 complaints have come to the city hall about garbage wagons that are so loose the contents are scattered over the streets and others that make a deafening noise owing to the loose iron covers.

Yesterday the mayor issued orders that no more of the company's bills should be paid until the company put its wagons in proper shape.—Plain Dealer of Aug. 21.

A Labor day proclamation was issued by Mayor Johnson yesterday as follows:

"In conformity to the custom of my predecessors, I call public attention to Monday, September 2, proximo, as Labor day, ordained by the governments of the United States and state of Ohio in honor of labor and in celebration of its dignity and blessings. The people are admonished that labor is the corner stone of the republic and of individual character. It is this fact which makes our political institutions the last, best hope of earth.

"Let the day be observed by relaxation from daily toil, by innocent pleasures, individual rejoicings and by recognition of the human brotherhood."—Plain Dealer of Aug. 21.

"Philadelphia slow?" said the railway magnate. "Why, we got our franchise grab through in the quickest time on record!"—Puck.

KIPLING AT HIS WORST.

The London Times, in its issue of July 29, published a poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Lesson," embodying the idea that Great Britain has learned from the war that her military system is all wrong, and has had, "All her most holy illusions knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite." Following are the cabled lines:

It was our fault, and our very great fault,
and not the judgment of Heaven;
We made an army in our image on an island nine by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its maker's
Ideals, equipment and mental attitude,
And so we got our lesson, and we ought to
accept it with gratitude.

We have spent some hundred million
pounds to prove the fact once more
That horses are quicker than men afoot
since two and two make four.
And horses have four legs, and men have
two legs, and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson, and
very cheap at the price.

It was our fault, and our very great fault,
and now we must turn it to use,
We have forty million reasons for failure,
but not a single excuse.
So the more we work and the less we talk
the better results we shall get.
We have had an imperial lesson; it will
make us an empire yet.

But yesterday and the publication of a Kipling poem was an international literary event, an occasion for an almost unanimous chorus of praise. To-day, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, "The Lesson" is received with "groans and hisses." The parodists and paragraphists fell upon it with intent to kill. The Commercial-Advertiser printed the following:

It was all our fault and our very great
fault—we praised him in the beginning.
So it isn't his fault, not all his fault—he's
as much sinned at as sinning.
We worshiped his face and sang his songs
from a page just 9x7ly;
So we got our lesson and got it good, till
the task was far from heavenly.

For 9 times 9 makes 81 and 2 plus 2 is 4.
And horses are quicker than messenger
boys, and a Briton runs quicker than
a Boer,
And bikes are quicker than bob-tailed cars,
but the quickest of all that class
Is the blubbering automobilly goatee, pe-
troleum, steam, or gas.

So it was our fault, our terrible fault; by
the Great Horn Spoon!—Who knows?
Had we jumped on him with a Saxon vim,
his verse might'n't now be prose.
So the more he works' and the less he
prints, 'twill be better all round, you
bet!

We have had an imperial lesson, and we'll
profit—lest we forget!

The New York World thinks that
"The Lesson" Kipling might have

written and didn't should read something like this:

It was our fault, and our very great fault,
that angered the Lord to smite;
And black are the weeds the widows wear
for the bones on the veldt bleached
white.

The bones bleach white on the rain-washed
veldt where the red stain lingers long
To bid us curb our stiff-necked pride and
purge our souls of wrong.

—Public Opinion of Aug. 8.

THE DECLINE AND DECAY OF KIP- LING.

Doubtless there is something sufficiently pathetic in the passing of any once popular favorite. The inevitable contrast of old days and new, of vanished honor and present neglect, the potent reminder of the instability and vanity of all human affairs—even the overturning of a heathen idol—must suggest some melancholy reflection.

But when we hear that in this country the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling are no longer in demand, I submit that, aside from sentimental considerations, the occasion is for thanksgiving and a feeling of relief.

We may indulge this feeling without prejudice or malice, and without denying or trying to obscure the splendid ability of the man. Surely it is a wonderful gift that has gone so far astray.

What powers of expression, what strength and indomitable vigor of style, what command of words marshalled and aligned with what skill and variety of resource! A vision so clear in some ways if so clouded in others, and the apparent possibility of the gods' own grace of utterance—all gone awry for the lack of a soul and guiding spirit.

And for this lack no gifts, no powers, no graces atone. It is the inward spirit that determines the ultimate value of every artist's work, and with all his magnificent technical endowment the spirit animating Kipling's work was always bad, always reactionary, always indurating and blinding to him that read.

Of this American readers seem to have made clear discovery. No swifter fall from favor has been known in literature. Four years ago this was the most popular of living authors; today the sale of his books is merely nominal.

In his own lifetime he has become a name and a tradition. Of a collected edition issued by an American publisher two years ago, not enough sales have been made to pay for the binding, and for separate volumes the booksellers report a demand almost imperceptible.

At the libraries it is said that Kipling, once most in request, is now less read than any one of 20 American authors.

Exactly what Kipling stood for in the essence of his writing was not revealed to us until the beginning of the South African war, a struggle already of more and even stranger results than the ruin of Britain's military glory.

Then it came upon men in a flash that this was the thing he had always meant and always apotheosized—the strong arm, the dominance of brute instincts, the coarse, hard fiber of life, the love of cruelty and savagery, the negation of sympathy and brotherhood, the lust for power and land and wealth, the right of might, the cynical indifference to justice, the burden of strong races upon the weak, the thirst for preying and plundering.

With the "Absent-Minded Beggar" the illusion snapped like a thread. We had not seen that under the wonderful brilliancy and fascination of the man's style these were the springs of his faith; the war and his view of it and callous delight in it were all made clear. Men perceived that the "Recessional" was mere sound; that its author had no heart in it, and that while with front of brass he sang of Christian peace, he was casting about for further feats of national brigandage and shame that he might sing these with all his soul.

In the narrower view, we may be glad that the difference between English civilization and American civilization has been so sharply revealed.

We may be glad to see so clearly that we have not drifted so far from the lines of progress that the destruction of a brave people fighting for liberty seems admirable. We can see no glory in the triumph of 40,000,000 over 200,000. We are not stirred to joy by the fall of a little republic before a huge empire.

We may think with pride also that evidently we do not delight in cruelty. We do not greatly care for brave force, we are not charmed by the savage spirit of aggrandizement.

We have some belief that suffering calls more for tears than for laughter, and we have no joy in battle for the sake of battle, nor for the sake of gold.

We are not of this man's race.

Moreover, in a broader view, here is a sign of progress. The world has known a time when the singer of blood and battle and the glory of physical strength was the dearest of all lyrists. We have passed from that state as

from the state of skin clothing and the work of the stone hatchet.

The world at heart has grown sick of these things. It asks for literature now, not so much the entertainment of cleverness as some note of help or hope. In all Kipling has written is no such note.

From the reading of him no man has ever arisen with any renewed sense of the sorrowful state of man, with any new tenderness for his brother, with any kindlier or gentler purpose, with wider sympathy or with deeper feeling.

It is better that such a man should pass.

After all, one touch of the universal heart is above all possible achievements of style. After all, it is better to pity than to be clever. After all, sympathy is the soul of art. After all, it is only love that endures.—Charles E. Russell, in *New York Journal* of July 20.

SOME OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The following graphic description of the taking of Peking, and the terrible march thither, was written on the ground at the time by a member of the Fourteenth United States infantry to his brother in England, and has been furnished to *The Public* from the original manuscript by a member of his family.

Peking, China, Aug. 18, 1900.

Dearest Brother: I will ease your mind at once by stating that I am unscathed and unscratched, and safely encamped here in the suburbs of Peking. I have passed through two of the most fierce and inhuman battles here that I ever had read, heard or thought of.

The first big battle took place at a large, well fortified town, 18 miles from Tientsin. The name of this town, or in fact of any of those we passed through, is not known to me at this date. This town was garrisoned by about 50,000 Chinamen, soldiers; and all had the best, most approved, modern artillery, with which they sadly raked our ranks. The Fourteenth in fatalities and casualties lost in that battle 103; the date was the 5th of this month. The Japanese lost (killed and wounded) three hundred odd, and the English 36 men.

After routing the Chinese we rested half a day, and then moved forward toward Peking, which is 125 miles from Taku, where our first landing was made. The Japanese forces now took the lead; they having an army here of over 60,000 men, had no difficulty in routing the enemy from the small towns along the trail, which towns were very numerous; in fact we

passed one every mile on an average.

The Chinese apparently had lost heart after their awful defeat at Tientsin and again on August 6, and did not make a very good stand, all of them evidently retreating toward Peking, there to unite in great force. Truly they did muster there, and on our approach to the outer walls of Peking we were met with a disastrous shower of lead, fired from large holes and embrasures in the walls. This outer wall is, I should say, 60 feet high and 35 thick, and is intersected with turrets and small lookout castles on its summit, which gives an awful advantage to the besieged. The mode of entrance is through immense solid iron doors, 18 inches thick, and braced and riveted with monster bolts, with heads as large as mine.

Through one of these seemingly impassable doors, which were locked and barred securely, we made an entrance, alas! wading through the blood of our comrades, who died in the breach. The loss to the Japanese and Russians was fearful, and to the Americans proportionately great.

How did we open their doors? Thereby hangs a tale. They could not be opened by any ordinary means, nor is there a battering ram in the world of weight sufficient to accomplish it.

Well, we shot the door open with cannon balls! The United States light artillery backed up two of their cannons to within six feet of the door, and aiming precisely where the bars and locks on the inside should be, they sent heavy projectiles crashing continuously in the same places, until finally, with a rusty shriek and groan, the immense double doors swung asunder. In rushed the infantry—Russian and American—to be cut down horribly by the enemy concealed in garrets and on roofs of houses.

Fortunately, and for some unknown reason, the Chinese used hardly any artillery fire against us here, although they had cannon of first class make. Our loss must have been terrific had they poured shells into our ranks as we rushed through the doorway. As it was, O God! the thought of that doorway makes my flesh creep. Men were dead *standing on their feet*, had not room to fall, so were they propped up by their dead comrades.

We were now in Peking. (All this August 15th.) But, alas! we had four solid hours' fighting, and had to scale the inner side of the wall, with impromptu ladders made from rope, to get to the enemy, ere we had a chance to draw a breath, or rest an aching limb. * * *

Here we camped (rather say "fell down") for the night, and early next morning marched 800 yards to a second wall, similar in every respect, I think, to the first.

There again the key used to unlock the doors was Capt. Riley's U. S. artillery projectiles. Here, alas! Capt. Riley was killed, shot through the head, while leading his stout battery through the breach he had so nobly made. Here many another poor soul went home to its Maker, both Russian and American. Well, to shorten the story of door forcing, we shot our way through *four doors* and advanced through *four walls* ere we halted; and Gen. Chaffee (commanding the American forces here) said that the Americans had now done their share, and that Russia must do the rest (if more remained to be done), but he expected the enemy would now surrender. He informed us that there still remained three walls to be passed, yet ere arriving at the inner or imperial portion of Peking. That would make in all seven walls. * * *

Between the fourth and fifth walls we encamped for that night. Early next morning we were relieved by the Russians, who were to continue the assault, if continuation of it were necessary, and we retreated to a portion of the grounds between the outer and second wall, where we now are. Everything is quiet now, and has been for two days; the result as yet is known to none. It is said the queen and royal family have fled from Peking, and are traveling to another town.

I am stretched beneath a mighty palm tree, where the shade is glorious, and my haversack makes quite a nice desk. Fortunately I saved a pencil and this paper through all the strife, else I could not have written, for the Lord knows when. Even now I see no way of sending it for awhile. The railroad between here and Tientsin has been destroyed, and no mail can go out until it is repaired.

Aug. 19.—Dear Brother: Just here occurred an interruption. "Call to arms" was sounded in the camp, and I hastily bundled this letter into my haversack. A scout had come in with news that 10,000 armed Chinamen were rapidly advancing to attack us in camp. Not desirous of being caught like rats in a trap in this sylvan, wall-surrounded glade, we at once got on the march to the ascent, or "Ramp," leading to the wall top. There we could have full view of the

enemy, and woe betide him if he advanced through the open space between the outer and second wall, we being in skirmish line, and with our artillery on crest of second wall. This proved a false alarm, and after lying out there all night we came back to this same camp this morning. News has reached us now that the Russians, making their attack where we left off (on the door of the fifth wall), were attacked by legions of the enemy and repulsed with great loss; that fortunately the Japanese immediately reenforced them, or rather "ran over" them, and turned the tables, causing the Chinese to vacate the entire inner or most sacred imperial city. Therefore Peking is now ours.

It is worthy of remark that the Fourteenth infantry was foremost in the first battle over here, and were again the first to enter the city of Peking. 'Tis said no foreigner ever trod the soil inside the second wall of Peking. If that is so then Col. Daggett, of the Fourteenth, and Capt. Riley, of the Fifth artillery (God rest him), were the first white men to stand within the walls.

The dirty part of Peking, between the outer and second wall, is not called sacred or reserved, but after passing the second wall it is sacred ground, and from there it is called "The Imperial City."

I cannot yet tell you the losses to the allied forces, as they have not been summed up. I should say on a rough guess, the United States lost 450, killed and wounded; the Japanese, 1,000; the Russians, 200 or 300, and the English about 63 men. If the Germans or French lost any it is not known. I don't think they took part in any fight, and the English took but little. The English troops here, I should say, muster about 2,000, the Russians 8,000 or 9,000, the French 1,000, the Germans 1,000, Japanese 60,000, United States 2,000. It is said the Chinese had in all over 7,000,000 men bearing arms against us. This I think a slight exaggeration, but really cannot corroborate or deny.

From the second wall inward this is a delightful city and resembles more a country tract interspersed with fantastic and picturesque mansions than it does a metropolis. Shade trees and waving grass have here a home indeed. Delicious wells of ice cold water abound. The birds of Ireland are here, and some of those of America also. The climate is identical with that of New York, U. S. A. That

part of the inner city which we have not as yet gained admittance to is, so far as we can see from the top of the walls, even more beautiful than what we have seen. In there are the domes and spires of glittering palaces and places of worship, surrounded by, and peeping here and there through, the grandest old shade trees imaginable. The houses are not huddled together, but dotted here and there through sylvan glades. The buildings are, however, very fantastic, being built in all kinds of impossible shapes, and decorated and painted like Christmas toy houses. The walls are red and yellow, the eaves blue and green, and the roofs of yellow tiles. On some of these roofs sod is placed and gardens bloom; rare exotics and choice flowers send their tendrils and blossoms down from above to peep in at the windows, being met by luxurious tree tops and creeping vines of sweet peas, etc., from the gardens below. The "Heathen Chinese" may not understand God, but he certainly "saves" Heaven, and he has made Peking a Heaven on earth.

The magpie of Ireland is here, also some of the smaller Irish feathered tribe, none of the songsters though, I think. There are rookeries, but the crows do not congregate in such large bodies. The climate, when one can avoid the heat of midday sun, is lovely, and I imagine China is a healthy country.

All the Chinese I have seen are very dark skinned, nearly brown, far darker than those to be met at Manila, this probably being because all or nearly all were warriors and exposed to the weather while on this campaign. Those we captured are very docile and make willing servants for us. They don't seem to have much spirit. They are good soldiers as marksmen, shoot straighter than the Spanish or Filipinos, but they sadly lack the persistent courage which a soldier must have to accomplish anything when it comes to the point of grim death or glory in a charge.

You know the United States had only eight companies of the Fourteenth infantry here, and the entire Ninth regiment of infantry, together with some of the marine corps. Our Sixth cavalry arrived at Taku too late to take part in any active service.

Now for a brief description of the foreign soldiers of all nations—"our allies" here.

The English, of course, you know, but it is not their white troops they have here, with the exception of a

few; they are their "Indian" soldiers—mounted "Lancers" and foot soldiers, immense, strapping, straight-backed men, wearing a drab duck uniform, and a fantastic head-dress of cloth wound round the skull like a Turk. The English were sensible not to waste their white troops over here. These Indians are fine in appearance and very clean and neat in their persons. There are, I fear, a number among them not overburdened with courage, however; or, as we say, they are "cold footed." This term is applied to a soldier who lacks "grit." I suppose it means that a man who runs must want to warm his feet. It only applies, of course, to those who run to the rear. Well, I saw some of these Indian British soldiers, in our first battle, dodge and hide behind mounds and trees when their presence was in request in their ranks. I saw them, ostrich-like, try to bury their heads in the ground when the shells flew thickest, instead of trying to retaliate on the opposing artillery with their rifles. Speaking of this to an English soldier subsequently, he became offended and asked me: "What the bloody 'ell I meant." As we were warned to have no disagreement with our allies, silence was my answer. Speaking to an English corporal after that first battle, of our losses on the American side, he remarked: "Well, I always did 'ear as 'ow the bleedin' Hamericans were 'ot 'eaded, but I didn't think they were such bloody bloomin' hidiots as all that hamounts to." He referred to our charge on that day; which indeed was made a little prematurely, and many a poor lad's life would be spared had we waited until our artillery had more demoralized the enemy, ere we charged them on foot.

Now as to the Russian soldiers—they are a brutal, lustful, dirty, undisciplined mob. The name of soldier should not apply to the Russian butchers and cut-throats composing its army. After the taking of Tientsin they attacked unfortunate Chinese women on the very threshold of their places of religious worship, robbed, outraged and then murdered them; all this in the eyes of their officers, who are as bad as their men, and who even in some instances took a part in such proceedings. They love war only for the chances it gives them for looting and sacking towns. In appearance they are dirty, villainous and brutal, wear a linen uniform and cap once white, I suppose, and hideous big knee boots. They carry one filthy kettle to cook everything in. This they never

wash, though a river flows at their feet. But what wonder, when they never wash their faces or hands? They carry some of their rations, principally rye bread and horse meat, in their caps. Imagine (if your stomach is not weak) a man eating soggy bread that has been broiled and baked between his perspiring filthy head and Old Sol overhead. Ugh! enough of them.

The German martial representatives here are few, as far as I have seen. They also wear a linen cream-colored uniform and square cap, and have high boots. They are clumsy and heavy looking, look sleepy and stupid, but harmless. The Germans have not done anything in the line of fighting here that I can discover.

The French here are the marines only. I see none of those gaudy uniforms of France we read of. The French marines are horribly poorly clad in short-sleeved, sky-blue duck jackets and trousers, and wear a white (?) helmet with anchor design on front. They have done nothing here either except loot and rape, and they keep dirty as possible. Weaker than the Russians, they are as vile in every way.

The American army you know of. We wear brown khaki uniform to fight in, and broad brimmed drab campaign hats, with tan shoes of calf skin.

Now last, but not by any means least, the Japanese soldiers. Hal! what a relief to think of those neat, trim, active, honest, energetic, brave little warriors! They are a credit to any army. And, as they say, they could whip the Chinese without any help. They wear a neat-fitting white uniform, kept wonderfully clean, a white cap bearing a silver star in front on a yellow band, neatly fitting short brown leggings and small boots. They are all small men and brave as lions, generous and cheerful on all occasions. Having a bitter enmity to the Chinese, they do indeed execute some cruelties on the prisoners they take; but I will say nothing against them for that, as it is hereditary, I guess.

Speaking of the Japanese, their homes in Nagasaki are kept clean and neat as a pin, their women are always washing and cleaning and scouring. Some Japanese women are extremely pretty, and wear a chronic smile. Nagasaki is as pretty as a poet's dream. On approaching by boat you see before you sloping green hills, dotted here and there with picturesque towns. It isn't one town, but a series of little towns. Imagine Queenstown, Ireland, on first view from the open

sea—how the city rises from the water edge back up the slope to a peak. Now imagine a lot of little Queens-towns, and you have Nagasaki, the difference being that all through are parks and open spaces, trees and fountains, houses built of wood and stone with tile roofs. There are no horses in use, people are drawn about the streets by natives in harness in sedan chairs, called "rickshaws." I took a ride in one of them; found it a novel sensation to be drawn by a man instead of a horse; didn't enjoy it much though, on that account; hadn't the heart to witness the poor fellow perspire, so only went a short distance and paid him double per hour what he asked, which was only ten cents American money. The folks are hospitable and generous to a fault with strangers; God bless the Japanese!

Now, brother, I will speak of our long and arduous march from Tientsin to Peking in the sweltering August sun. My God! I have been on many a march in the past 14 years in America, Cuba and the Philippines; but none to compare to that one for hardship, misery and horrors. You see Gen. Chaffee's orders were to rush us to Peking with the greatest expedition, and it had to be done. The roads were fearfully bad, knee deep lay the dust, and when the wind blew we were blinded and choked by it. When it rained the rain was cold as ice, and then we floundered through mud like glue. Our principal suffering was from thirst. Wells there were, but few and far between; no streams, no surface water, indeed, except a river hot and muddy, which we only encountered twice anyway on that march.

Each man carried two days' rations, hard tack, bacon and canned corn beef. We had a blanket roll to carry, containing a shelter tent and change of underwear. These rolls with all they contained the men were forced to throw away, as utter exhaustion and weakness compelled us to march as light as possible. Here the Japanese put the United States government to shame; they have thousands of ponies and little carts to follow them on their march, and in these are transferred all their bedding and clothes. They carry only a canteen of water and day's rations. We had to either carry the burden or sleep cold and miserable without a blanket. But the nights were so chilly we did not sleep at all, and usually a frigid rain poured on us.

Just think of the Fourteenth infantry arriving on a sweltering August day, parched with thirst and suffocated with dry dust, at one little

well, very deep, and only about three feet in circumference at its mouth. The halt was only of three to five minutes' duration, and over 900 men were to secure a drink of the coveted nectar in that impossible time. Did they get it? Of course not. Perhaps from 100 to 200 got a mouthful. The bugle sounded and the weary disappointed others had to move on, to tramp a mile—maybe two or three—to another well; there to meet the same disappointment in many cases. Gen. Chaffee had orders to get to Peking with all speed possible; military reputation was at stake; Gen. Chaffee ordered "FORWARD!"

At these wells a rope was necessary to dip water; the government does not furnish ropes. Some men picked up strings of various kinds along the route, and knotted them together. On reaching a well some found the impromptu rope too short by a foot—might as well be a mile. They ran wildly about looking for more string; the bugle sounded; Gen. Chaffee ordered "FORWARD!"

I tore three pocket handkerchiefs into strips. It served very well for hauling up water. Lent it to others when there was time; most of them had discarded kerchiefs with their blanket rolls. I saw a man whose tongue hung swollen from his mouth, hurriedly lower his tin cup into the well, when within a yard of the surface the frail rope broke; cup fell back into the well; Gen. Chaffee ordered "FORWARD!"

An exhausted, half-crazed soldier, completely worn out with heat and fatigue, was urged forward by his comrades. He staggered along to within eight feet of the next well. The comrade begged a rope to get the sick one a drink. No one even heard him. The minutes flew; the bugle sounded; the men hastened to their places in ranks; there was a rifle report; the poor man who was so sick had put himself out of his misery. Some of us envied the dead man. Gen. Chaffee was told of it; he ordered "FORWARD!"

One unusually hot day, two days' march from Peking, the men fell exhausted by dozens. Some became insane, and bit into the banks of the roadside where the clay looked moist; thus choking themselves with dirt. The regimental doctor informed Gen. Chaffee of the condition of the troops, said they must have rest. Gen. Chaffee had Peking in his eye! Gen. Chaffee said he was "going onward to

Peking, if there was not a man left." Order was given: "FORWARD!"

I think if the shade of Milton had been along that line of march with a kodak he would have produced some choice sketches for "Dante's Inferno."

During the first battle we had, things were if possible still more horrible.

A wounded comrade falls by your side. He says: "For God's sake, don't leave me, chum." You must leave him, or be called "cold-footed" for loitering in rear, or shot as "deserter."

An exhausted man falls, not wounded. Hospital corps men ask:

"Are you wounded?"

He replies: "No, but I am sick as a dog; cannot go another inch."

They reply: "We are looking for wounded."

They leave him. Ten minutes later they find his remains so completely chopped to pieces by some blood-drunken, sulking Chinese that he is almost beyond recognition. It is dangerous to fall exhausted in battle, the Chinese always have cut-throats skulking in rear for such tid-bits.

Now, brother, as I could not even begin to tell you one-fiftieth part of the incredible horrors of this war, I will drop the gruesome theme and close my poor scrawl. Indeed, this pencil is but a stump, one-half inch long, stuck in a ferrule of a Chinese opium stem; and I fear it will scarce suffice to write any more.

Rumors reach us that the Fourteenth infantry will return to the states inside of a month. I hope it is true. This regiment has surely done its share of foreign service—two years in Manila, and then over here, and I by changing regiments, caught all the wars. But alas! I pine no more for glory; too many horrors are attendant on such honors. Will close now, dear brother, hoping you can master the contents of this wretched scrawl. Will try and mail this letter as soon as possible. If you address me at Peking, China, perhaps it will be all right—anyhow it would follow me anywhere in the army. Ever your loving brother.

HE WAS ONLY A MONKEY.

There was once a solemn monkey lived within a southern grove, And filled himself with fruit and nuts wherever he did rove; But his fellows held convention when he was not around, And parceled out a thousand trees to each one on the ground;

And the next time he came out his cave about his meal to see
He found that he must hungry go, for he did not own a tree.
For the good of that monopoly he prayed with every breath,
And he took just what they gave him, and he slowly starved to death.
Now, should you be at all inclined to blame this hairy shape,
Remember you would do just so, had you been born an ape/
—Missouri Socialist.

"But why," asked the young Chinaman, "are the powers imposing an indemnity?"

"I am not sure," said his venerable friend, "Some people say it is because we can pay, and some say it is because we can't."—Puck.

"What, another new trust?"

"Yes; the burglars are now forming a combine."

"Oh, just another steal trust."

OTTO K. DORN.

Hazen S. Pingree, of Detroit, is dead, but Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, still lives.—Chicago Commons.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Immortal Pilot" (by Richard W. Boddington, Chicago: Press of the Campbell Printers; privately published), is in its dress an attractive bit of artistic book-making. It is no less attractive in its composition and thought. The style, poetic prose, though it interferes at times with the lucidity of the philosophical statements, is on the whole agreeable. But the defective instances, few as they are, are unfortunate; for the book is essentially philosophic. Its aim is to expound the fundamental concept of government by the governed, and to suggest a practical method of realizing that ideal. Mr. Boddington is evidently not a materialist. He deals with the whole man, spiritual substance as well as material form, and not alone with that part of man which consists only of his animate corpse. The book will therefore not interest materialists except as a foil. Neither is it likely to interest pulpsters, or pietists generally, of the atheistic sort. But intelligent theists will find in Mr. Boddington's "Immortal Pilot" much which they will recognize as profoundly true. Its keynote as to government is right as against might and it explains social evils as a resultant of human insistence upon policies of spoliation. Mr. Boddington so far opposes brute force as to deny the familiar maxim that self-preservation is the first law of nature. He maintains that acts in self-defense are but struggles against practical denials of what is indeed the first law of nature, namely "the divine law that all are created equal." Barbarism is due to these denials, for barbarism "is not the seed of nature, but is the creature of the act of mankind;" and what is called civilization "is but an era marking the development of barbaric methods from crude to complicated form," while what "is called degeneration is but the process of enervation by which mankind returns to the ways of simple barbarism." It is to enable society to emerge from barbarism, instead of floundering in it, that Mr. Boddington proposes an automatic mechanism for establishing and perpetuating government upon a popular basis, but by picked governmental agents. The practical purpose of this mechanism

is to secure to each individual absolute freedom of choice in the selection of legislators and administrators. Whether it would accomplish that purpose is doubtful. At any rate Mr. Boddington does not make its practicability clear. This part of his book is very brief and the least satisfactory of all. His idea, in general terms, seems to be a modified town meeting, ward, or precinct system, under which at meetings part of the attendants would each voluntarily name a representative from the body, himself retiring from further participation. These representatives, after performing such functions as might pertain especially to their body, would then in like manner choose from their number for the next highest body, and so on up to the chief administrator or representative. Entirely aside from the merits of this inadequately explained proposal, "The Immortal Pilot" is a conscientious, thoughtful and able as well as interesting contribution to the great social questions of the time.

MAGAZINES.

—No. XI. of the first series of "Facts About the Filipinos" (Boston: Philippine Information Society, 12 Otis place. Two dollars a year; 10 cents a number), being the issue for August 1, which has just appeared, deals with the period of guerrilla warfare.

—The "Expansionist" (New York: The Expansionist Publishing Co., 256 Broadway. Two dollars a year; 20 cents a copy), the publication of which began with July, has issued its second or August number. We commend its motto to the humorists: "Expansion is life; to stand still stagnation; while to shrink would be death. Let us therefore live." It is an appropriate motto for imperialists and cannibals.

—The single tax movement is to be congratulated upon the "Single Tax Review" (edited and published by Joseph Dana Miller, 62-64 Trinity place, New York. One dollar a year; 25 cents a copy), the first number of which has just appeared. It is a quarterly of 64 well-packed pages, the initial number being the midsummer issue for 1901. In appearance this magazine presents a pleasing contrast to the fantastic typography and crazy covers so many magazines now affect. Severely simple, the cover is suggestive of the serious mission of the magazine; and while the typography of the inner pages can and doubtless will be considerably improved in future numbers, it is to be hoped that there will be no departure from the simple style of the first one. Mr. Miller, who is a magazine contributor of note and a writer of a high order of verse as well as a thoughtful economist, contemplates making the Review "a record of the progress of single tax and single tax reform throughout the world." The first number not only gives promise of a successful execution of this plan, but is itself more than a fair approximation to it. Henry George, Jr., contributes a reminiscence paper on the late James A. Herne, the actor who was a leading single taxer; Byron W. Holt dissects Mr. Schwab's testimony on the steel trust given before the Industrial Commission; Lawson Purdy reports the Buffalo tax conference; James Love, who is profound and clear as an economist as well as witty and keen as a satirist, has fun with the mumbly-cum-spludge cult of economic professors; while Thomas Scanlon outlines the single tax movement in Great Britain and A. Pohlman in Germany. The rest of the magazine consists of single tax news from different parts of the world, excerpts from newspapers, and discussion, all relating directly or indirectly to the single tax, besides two portraits—one of James A. Herne and the other of Tom L. Johnson. With the Herne portrait goes a verse by Mr. Miller and with Johnson's one by Frances M. Milne. The Review has an advantage over most specialist magazines. Its peculiar subject is so interwoven with and normally directive of general life and thought—the single tax being neither a hermit reform nor an Adullamite revolt—that the magazine may be made vital with general human interest. Mr. Miller and his associate, Mrs. George P. Hampton, seem to appreciate this advantage and to aim to make the most of it.

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