

in slaves did not save slavery, and ere long we shall again ask in the burning words of Whittier:

Is the dollar only real? God and truth and right a dream?
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood
kick the beam?

And be sure that our answer will be a "No" as emphatic as the answer which we gave the same question in 1863.

How long must the Filipinos and our own countrymen alike suffer from our pride and obstinacy?

The dawn of freedom for the Philippines is breaking. Have patience and courage. We shall yet live to see the full day. This great nation will yet be more proud of having done an act of justice to their weaker brothers than if all the fabled wealth of the Orient were won by "criminal aggression."

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THE TEN WISE OLD FOGIES.

For The Public.

Ten wise old fogies, standing in a line.

A modern theory finished one; then there were but nine.

Nine ancient fogies, not one up to date.

One drowned in a thought current; then there were but eight.

Eight solemn fogies, till a mental leaven

Acted fatally on one; then there were but seven.

Seven settled fogies; in the modern mix

One chanced to change his mind, expired, and left but six.

Six belated fogies; one happened to arrive

At a liberal idea, and that killed all but five.

Five sleepy fogies; for "good old days of yore"

One fell a-pining, died, and there were four.

Four hard-shell fogies, set as set could be.

An agitator tackled one and left the score at three.

Three pious fogies, of antique point of view.

An unconventional remark reduced the three to two.

Two crabbed fogies, objecting to the sun.

A light ray did for one of them; then there was but one.

One lonely fogy with groups of fossils linked

Till he slowly petrified; then they were extinct.

LEONORA PEASE.

+ + +

"I bought a dozen fancy vests to-day, wife."

"A dozen! What for?"

"Economy."

"Well, buying a dozen vests at a time doesn't look like economy."

"Oh, yes, it does. You see, I'm getting so stout that it will take more material to make a vest for me, so I got 'em before I got any stouter!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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The German girl who presided over the soda fountain in Heckelmeyer's drug store was accustomed to patrons who did not know their own minds, and her habit of thought was difficult to change.

"I'd like a glass of plain soda," said a stout man, entering one day in evident haste as well as thirst.

"You have vanilla, or you have lemon?" tranquilly inquired the young woman.

"I want plain soda—without syrup. Didn't you understand me?" asked the stout man, testily.

"Yes," and the placid German face did not change

in expression or color. "But what kind sirup you want him mitout? Mitout vanilla, or mitout lemon?"
—Youth's Companion.

+ + +

"Do you reckon this hurts the worm?" asked Johnny, as he baited his hook.

"That's somethin' I don't believe we've got any right to inquire about," said Tommy, watching his cork intently. "It ain't any of our business. All we know is that there's lots of worms. If they ain't for fishin' with I'd like to know what they are for. 'Sh! I've got a bite!"—Chicago Tribune.

BOOKS

THE LAND QUESTION IN CROMWELL'S TIME.

The Digger Movement in the Days of the Commonwealth. As revealed in the writings of Gerard Winstanley, the Digger, Mystic and Rationalist, Communist and Social Reformer. By Lewis H. Berens, author of "Toward the Light," etc. Published by Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., London. Price 7s 6d net. Sold by The Public Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, \$2.25, postpaid.

The Diggers were Englishmen of the Commonwealth period who intended, as they said, "not to meddle with any man's property nor to break down any pales or enclosures, but only to meddle with what was common and untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man." Accordingly they set about digging the common lands and sowing the ground with parsnips, carrots and beans, for which they were haled before Lord Fairfax and questioned.

It was upon this occasion that they declared themselves as quoted above, regarding the digging of the common lands, to which they added that they would not defend themselves with arms; and while before Lord Fairfax they stood with their hats on, because he was but their fellow creature. These circumstances led Carlyle to note the germ of Quakerism in their movement. Mr. Berens finds in it also the germ of the modern single tax movement, and describes its leader, Gerrard Winstanley, as the Henry George of the Seventeenth Century.

This book does more than tell us of an obscure reformer of 250 years ago. It restores a phase of the rising democracy of that time, a phase that history hereafter is likely to account of more importance than other phases of the same period which have heretofore been within the rays of the historian's limelight.

Mr. Berens' interesting story of Winstanley and his associates is set in the framework of the Reformation, of which both in Germany and in England, he makes instructive analyses and reaches this interesting conclusion:

In Germany, as we have seen, from a religious and popular, the Reformation degenerated into a mere schol-

Publishers' Column

The Public

astic and political movement, favorable to the pretensions of the ruling and privileged classes, opposed to the aspirations of the industrial classes, and conducive neither to moral, social, religious, nor political progress. In England, on the other hand, it ran a very different course. From a merely political, it gradually rose to the height of a truly religious and popular movement, infusing new life into the nation and lifting it into the very forefront of the van of progress, curbing the insolent pretensions of king, priest and noble, purifying the minds of the people of time-honored but degrading conceptions of the functions of church and of state, inspiring and uplifting them with new conceptions of political freedom, social justice, moral purity and religious toleration, which, despite temporary periods of reaction, have never since entirely lost their sway over the hearts nor their influence over the destinies of the British nation.

It was in this stream of progress that Winstanley appeared in the first half of the seventeenth century. He was born about 1609, and became a small trader in London. Finding the conventional piety of his time repugnant to his religious sense, he turned to the Bible, and thence derived his religious and economic convictions. The rationality of his religion may be inferred from this quotation from his writings:

The Sprit Reason, which I call God, the Maker and Ruler of all things, is that spiritual power that guides all men's reasoning in right order, and to a right end . . . and knits every creature together into a oneness, making every creature to be an upholder of his fellows; and so everyone is an assistant to preserve the whole. And the nearer man's reasoning comes to this, the more spiritual they are; the further off they be, the more selfish and fleshy they be.

Out of this really profound religious philosophy, Winstanley brought forth the elementary truth that the earth was not made for a few men, but for all; and in 1649 he and 45 associates issued an address to the privileged classes from "the poor oppressed people of England," in which they announced their principle and purpose in these stirring words:

We whose names are subscribed, do in the name of all the poor oppressed people of England, declare unto you that call yourselves lords of manors and lords of the land, that, in regard the King of Righteousness, our Maker, hath enlightened our hearts so far as to see that the earth was not made purposely for you to be lords of It, and we to be your slaves, servants and beggars, but it was made to be a common livelihood to all. . . . And further, in regard the King of Righteousness hath made us sensible of our burthens, and the cries and groanings of our hearts are come before Him, we take it as a testimony of love from Him, that our hearts begin to be freed from slavish fear of men such as you are, and that we find resolutions in us, grounded upon the inward law of love one towards another, to dig and plough up the commons and waste land through England; and that our conversations shall be so unblamable that your laws shall not reach to oppress us any longer, unless you by your laws will shed the innocent blood that runs in our veins.

His argument for his radically democratic convictions, made after the execution of the King and during the Commonwealth, is no bad bit of reasoning:

But you will say, Is not the land your brother's? and you cannot take away another man's right by claiming a share therein with him. I answer, It is his either by

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creation right or by right of conquest. If by creation right he calls the earth his and not mine, then it is mine as well as his; for the Spirit of the whole Creation, who made us both, is no respecter of persons. And if by conquest he calls the earth his and not mine, it must be either by the conquest of the king over the commoners or by the conquest of the commoners over the king. If he claim the earth to be his from the king's conquest, the kings are beaten and cast out, and that title is undone. If he claim title to the earth to be his from the conquest of the commoners over the kings, then I have right to the land as well as my brother; for my brother without me, nor I without my brother, did not cast out the kings; but both together assisting, with purse and person, we prevailed, so that I have by this victory as equal a share in the earth which is now redeemed as my brother, by the law of righteousness.

It is a mellow story of days that are ancient and of ideas that are never new and never old, that Mr. Berens tells; but he can give no glimpse of his hero save through the latter's writings. Uncertain as to the place and year of Winstanley's birth, he neither knows where he lived nor when he died. Yet in the obscure writings of this obscure man of a stirring time in English history, Mr. Berens finds a lesson well worth consideration by the best thought of to-day, which is possibly more likely to welcome it than the best thought of the day in which Winstanley lived. "His words still appear to us," Mr. Berens feelingly writes, "prompting us to cast off the blinding and distorting spectacles of convention and custom, to look the facts of social life fairly and squarely in the face, and boldly to proclaim whatever social truths reflection and study may reveal to us."

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