

ing out competition, and from making contracts with any person to cause the latter to refrain from selling oil in Kansas.

—Cecil R. Atkinson, of Maryland, died at Asheville, N. C., on the 7th. He was long active in Maryland politics as a democratic Democrat, serving part of the time as a member of the legislature, and since 1886 and until his death had been active in the Single-tax movement.

—Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, has had his academic honors added to by the King of Italy who has decorated him with the "Crown of Italy" in recognition of his interest in and appreciation of Italian science. Professor Starr has been also honored with the Grand Prix for his exhibition of photographs representing the tribal marks of people of Central Africa at the Brussels Exposition of last year.

—Cipriano Castro, ex-President of Venezuela, who has been living in the Canary islands, is reported to be on board a steamer called the Consul Grostuck, which arrived in Haytian waters on the 13th, flying the German flag. The news purveyors assert that the vessel carries a large supply of arms and ammunition. The German government has repudiated the right of the vessel to sail under the German flag. [See vol. xiii, pp. 160, 542.]

—It will be remembered that a group of American financial experts sailed for Persia in April, under contract with the Persian government to reorganize the entangled finances of that country under its new regime of constitutionalism. One of their number, W. Morgan Shuster, has been created American treasurer-general of Persia, and on the 13th a bill giving the new treasurer-general direct effective control of all financial and finance operations of Persia, was passed by the National Council. On the 16th the Premier, Mustofi-el-Mamalik, without resigning, hastily left Teheran, ostensibly bound for Europe for his health. This hurried departure is laid to his loss of the support of the National Council and his reluctance to submit to the rigorous financial control directed by the Council. [See current volume, page 351.]

—Frank S. Southard of the Seattle law firm of Southard & Shipley, a famous Singletaxer of the Northwest and a graduate of Harvard Law School, died on the 3rd at the age of 46. At a dinner of the Commonweal Club of Seattle on the 10th, addressed by Charles Frederick Adams of New York, a memorial tribute was authorized in which Mr. Southard is described as "an ardent and faithful worker in the Singletax movement, giving liberally of his time and means," and one whose "integrity was unquestioned and his habits clean and wholesome," which "with his standing in the business world made him a valuable factor" in the Singletax movement. The memorial resolution is authenticated by Mary G. O'Meara as president of the club, Florentine Schaze as secretary, and Joe Smith as toastmaster of the occasion.

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This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth, by poverty oppressed.

—Samuel Johnson.

PRESS OPINIONS

Bryan's Influence With the People.

Chicago Tribune (Rep.), June 17.—Mr. Bryan, who serves notice on his party enemies that he will not submit to be cudged or scoffed into silence, may take this comforting knowledge to himself: There would be no objection to his counsels or his advice if men influential in the Democratic party, but opposed to him, did not recognize him as still powerful. If what Bryan said went to careless ears his party opponents might grin, but they would not protest. They do protest, and the grin is Mr. Bryan's.

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Bryan and Underwood.

The Commoner (Dem.), June 9.—The Underwood bill has been endorsed by a Democratic caucus and will pass as it was reported, unless Republican ridicule shames the Democrats into amending the bill. The manner in which the resolution was received by the opposition when it was read in the House ought to give the Democratic members some idea of the mortification which will be felt by Democrats throughout the country when they have to meet the jeers and taunts of Republican protectionists. The Underwood bill leaves a 20 per cent tax on wool. This is a step backward at a time when the tariff reform sentiment of the country is moving forward. The Democrats put wool upon the free list bill nearly 20 years ago. Mr. Underwood defends the 20 per cent tax as a revenue measure and insists that it is necessary. That is the way most protective tariffs are defended. The Commoner does not accept Mr. Underwood's reasons and does not believe that the country will. . . . Many honest men have been misled by Mr. Underwood's specious argument, but The Commoner asks these Democrats to watch the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. If he is tainted with protection, as The Commoner believes he is, he will show it on other measures as he has on this. The hope of tariff reformers is not in his leadership but in the fact that there may be enough tariff reformers on the committee to outvote him. If time proves that The Commoner's estimate of him is erroneous an apology will be forthcoming; if events prove that this estimate is correct those tariff reformers who have followed him will have an opportunity to repudiate him.

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Tom L. Johnson's Victory.

The (St. Louis) Mirror (Wm. Marion Reedy), June 15.—If Tom L. Johnson had lived a few weeks longer, he would have seen the complete triumph of his three-cent fare idea. At the time of his death, the Cleveland Street Railway Co. was charging three-cent cash fares and an additional cent for transfers. It has now been shown that this extra charge for transfers is unnecessary and it has been abolished. The Associated Press is making no great effort to let this fact become generally known and many plutocratic papers are still deliberately giving their readers the impression that three-cent fare in Cleveland

is a failure and has been abandoned. Three-cent fare was not by any means the ultimate aim of Tom Johnson. He knew, what the people of Cleveland will soon realize, that the effect of that reform will be to increase land values in the suburbs and force the residents to pay in rent to landlords all that they will save in street-car fares. But he also knew that this will interest the people in the land question. In Glasgow, where municipal ownership has given the people the benefit of good service and cheap fares, land values have also risen in consequence. But this had the effect of converting the people of Glasgow into strong advocates of land value taxation. Johnson foresaw the same thing for Cleveland. His foresight will soon be vindicated.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE HIGHER CATECHISM.

Let us ask ourselves some questions; for that man is truly wise
 Who can make a catechism that will really catechise.
 All can make a catechism—none can keep it in repair;
 Where's the workman can construct one that he'll guarantee will wear?
 We are fronted from our birthday onward to the day we die
 With a maximum of question and a minimum reply.
 So we make our catechism; but our work is never done—
 For a father's catechism never fits a father's son.
 What are we here for? that's the first one; that's the first we want to know.
 We are here and all born little just because we're here to grow.
 What is sin? Why, sin's not growing; all that stops the growth within,
 Plagues the eternal impulse upward, stunts the spirit—that is sin.
 Who are sinners? All are sinners; but this is no hopeless plaint,
 For there never was a sinner who was not likewise a saint.
 What's the devil? A convenient but supposititious elf
 Each man builds to throw his sins on when he won't "own up" himself.
 And where is hell? And where is heaven? In some vague distance dim?
 No, they are here and now in you—in me, in her, in him.
 When is the judgment day to dawn? Its true date who can say?
 Look in your calendar and see what day it is to-day!
 Today is always Judgment Day; and Conscience throned within
 Brings up before its judgment-seat each soul to face his sin.
 We march to judgment, each along an unaccompanied way—
 Stand up, man, and accuse yourself and meet your Judgment Day.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the open sky,
 The sphere of crystal silence surcharged with deity.
 The winds blow from a thousand ways and waft their balms abroad,
 The winds blow toward a million goals—but all winds blow from God.
 The stars the old Chaldeans saw still weave their maze on high,
 And write a thousand thousand years their Bible on the sky.
 The midnight earth sends incense up sweet with the breath of prayer—
 Go out beneath the naked night and get religion there.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the blooming tree,
 Beside the hill-encircling brooks that loiter to the sea,
 Beside all twilight waters, beneath all noon-day shades,
 Beneath the dark cathedral pines and through the tangled glades;
 Wherever the old urge of life provokes the dumb, dead sod
 To tell its thought in violets, the soul takes hold on God.
 Go smell the growing clover and scent the blooming pear,
 Go forth to seek religion—and find it anywhere.

What is the church? The church is man when his awed soul goes out
 In reverence to the mystery that swathes him all about.
 When any living man in awe gropes Godward in his search,
 Then, in that hour, that living man becomes the living church;
 Then, though in wilderness or waste, his soul is swept along
 Down naves of prayer, through aisles of praise, up altar-stairs of song.
 And where man fronts the mystery with spirit bowed in prayer,
 There is the universal church—the church of God is there.

Where are the prophets of the soul? Where dwells the sacred clan?
 Ah, they live in fields and cities, yea, wherever dwells a man.
 Whether he prays in cloistered cell or delves the hill-side clod,
 Wherever beats the heart of man, there dwells a priest of God.
 Who are the apostolic line? The men who hear a voice
 Well from the soul within the soul that cries aloud "Rejoice!"
 Who listen to themselves and hear this world-old voice divine—
 These are the lineage of seers, the apostolic line.
 And what is faith? The anchored trust that at the core of things
 Health, goodness, animating strength flow from exhaustless springs;
 That no star rolls unguided down the rings of endless maze,