

ought to be made of universal application at once. That it should be applied even in a small degree, however, is something gained.

JOHN TURNER ON "SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

John Turner, the English trade unionist and anarchist, gave a lecture in Cooper Union, New York, March 24, 1904, on "Signs of the Times." Mr. Turner, it will be remembered, was arrested last October by Federal officers while delivering a lecture on "Trade Unionism and the General Strike," and Secretary Cortelyou ordered him to be deported for "disbelieving" in government. The Circuit Court having dismissed a writ of habeas corpus, he appealed, and was detained on Ellis Island, in a 9x6-foot cage in the basement for nineteen weeks. Then the Supreme Court ordered his release on bail pending a decision on his appeal, which will be argued before the Supreme Court April 4th by Clarence S. Darrow and Edgar L. Masters.

Affidavits submitted to the court with the application for bail showed Mr. Turner to be highly respected by his fellow unionists in Britain, that he had never been molested by the English police or excluded from continental countries, that his family was deprived of support by his imprisonment, and that the food allowed him was so insufficient that sympathizers were compelled to send him money in order that he should have enough to eat.

Portions of Mr. Turner's Cooper Union address follow.

The claim that the tendencies of the times are all towards greater individuality will to many probably sound strange. We are so in the habit of hearing that the individual is being absorbed by society—that there is less and less opportunity for the development of individuals—that the economic situation crushes out all desire for personal liberty and initiative, that one is almost inclined to believe it. But while the position of vast masses of the population of all civilized countries is still deplorable, and intelligent interest in life and its activities is almost a blank, yet there is undoubtedly a strong current of self-assertion running through every phase of human activity.

Never before in history was the average individual as independent as now. The last half century has seen a complete break-up of old ideas in every direction, and each person has been left free to accept or reject the new. The common conception of the universe, and man's place in nature, has been entirely revolutionized by the theory of evolution. It is quite impossible that the old checks upon conduct can continue. Everywhere men and women with free ideas are reducing their thoughts into practice and slowly modifying social life. Many things that half a century since would

have shocked all the conventions, are now accepted as a matter of course.

In the realm of art and literature, this spirit has naturally found expression. Old traditions have been abandoned, new schools and styles adopted; in fact every artist is now expected to express himself along new lines to obtain recognition. And especially in literature does this hold good. Conservative as are the English as a people, it does one good to compare the relative boldness of writers of to-day with the insipid stuff poured forth in the early Victorian era. Only the genius and sympathy of Dickens makes his subjects readable at the present time. Compare the deeper and broader views of life from such men as Meredith, Hardy, Grant, Allen, or George Bernard Shaw with the puny ideas of the period named. One cannot help feeling that progress has been made, and that a stronger note is being struck.

Perhaps, however, it is the growing independence of women, particularly here in America, that stands out as something accomplished of the character making for stronger individuality. The larger half of humanity has begun to assert itself. And to all lovers of liberty what an encouragement it is. For while women were willing to remain slaves, there was little hope for the men. Just reflect what advances have been made in the matter of women's enfranchisement, the holding of property by married women, facility for divorce, as proof of how far society has advanced on this question during the last half century. And when one knows that these are but the first feeble and timid steps it is indeed encouraging to those who feel that the old family traditions—with the woman and children absolutely subordinate to the man—were the very nursery of slavery in social life.

And as always happens this new spirit has found expression in the modern drama. Ibsen, Sudermann, and in a milder manner as becomes the people for whom he writes, G. B. Shaw, have expounded the feelings of women for a free, full, individual life. We are only on the threshold of this new development, but we may rest assured there will be no going back. There may be considerable suffering caused in its working out—that is inevitable with every new departure—but freedom once tested can never be resigned. The woman of the future will assert herself more and more, and men will learn to respect her strength.

Speaking of women reminds one that

even children to-day are expected to have some individuality. It is not so long since children were considered to be entirely without social rights of any kind. The parents, especially the father, were supposed to be their sole arbiters. The cruelties inflicted were supposed to have divine sanction. Absolute subjection to parents in everything was considered the correct thing in the home, and cruel punishments at school were believed to be both right and necessary. To-day, cruelty to children has become so repugnant to the social conscience that the law has reflected the change of idea and now retaliates by punishing parents for excessive cruelty. In some cases it will even take the children from their care altogether. Teachers are now hardly considered competent for the profession if they cannot bring out the best in the child without corporal punishment. And so each child is now enabled to develop more and more its own individuality. With women and children living a larger and freer life the race is bound to be benefited. After all, men and women are only children grown big, and it will be very difficult to enslave the children of the future, brought up in the atmosphere of freedom.

There has been one field of human activity—a horrible, a fearful one—where all questions of individuality were supposed to be abandoned, like hope on entering the gates of the inferno. It is the military profession—the art of war! Even here, where discipline in the past has crushed out all individuality, where organization and initiative came from above, where to obey was the only virtue, yes, even here individuality is becoming a necessity. Overwhelming numbers and wealth can of course still win victories, but the recent Boer war taught the proud English ruling class that a number of relatively free men, with little or no military training, but possessed of great initiative and individuality, could hold in check a vastly superior horde of hired and disciplined soldiers who dared not act without orders. And already the government, quick to learn the lesson, is trying to solve the problem of how to preserve discipline, and grant a larger measure of individuality and initiative to the private soldier at the same time. Anyway, the soldier of the future will have to be thought of as an individual; the general and his staff will no longer be the whole show. So we see individuality asserting itself in the most unsuspected quarters. And soldiers with initiative are a double-

edged weapon in the hands of the ruling classes.

Anarchism sees in the signs of the times—in the steady growth of individuality in every direction, and in every phase of life—every indication of the triumph of its ideas. But it also recognizes that in the case of the workpeople, this personal liberty can only be secured as they recognize their common interests, and can prove themselves capable of conducting industrial undertakings as well or better than they are managed to-day. This they are steadily showing they can do. In spite of opposition of the employer and the government, labor organizations grow apace. The continued growth of individuality in association, of a fraternal basis to organization in place of authority, leads directly to anarchy.

NOW.

For The Public.

Our children's children hear it
From their fathers' fathers' lips;
In the schoolroom, in the poolroom,
Each the cursed poison sips.
Linked with antique, honeyed phrases,
Bitter 'neath their sugar'd coat,
Bind the slimy lie upon them
Till it fit the youngest throat.
In the hands of press and teacher,
Book and precept, creed and fashion,
Children of the world but wax are—
Fluent wax all stain'd with passion.
Rouse ye, then, O Hosts of Evil!
Would ye raise your hell to earth;
For the Kingdom of the Devil
Takes away the right of birth;
Robs the unborn of his freedom;
Builds the prison, then the babe;
Moulds the palpitating jelly
In the matrix of the grave.

Now, while minds are young—unguarded—
Ere they learn the shams of life,
Tell them love of country bids them
Wallow deep in blood and strife.
Paint the snowy bars of Glory
With the gory brush of power;
With the wool of great traditions
Card the shoddy of the hour.
Poison all the children's readers
With the "patriotic" taint,
Till they think the only future
Is the future of red paint.
"War is hell," but never mind it,
'Tis the strenuous life we'll court,
Till each paper print its carnage
In the column of its sport.
"Let us then be up and doing,"—
After seven all's veneer, —
If we but corrupt the infant
Hell shall triumph, never fear.
Haste ye, then, O Powers of Evil!
Catch the children ere they see!
Shake on ev'ry opening eye!
Some few scales of leprosy,
Lest in this, our strenuous present,
Some weak scholar, some poor fool,
Sees athwart our lurid pages
Shadow of the Golden Rule.

God of the wolf-pack on the 'change—
Our God of gods to-day—
"Commercialism" is thy name,
And naught shall say thee nay;

And naught shall be thou mayst not take,
Of freedom, life, or foreign land;
Before thee are no other gods,
O thou god of yellow sand!
Is there aught that's said against thee?
Find the culprit; cut his wind;
Anarchist he must be surely,
Else he'd dare not speak his mind.
Stricter make the laws against him—
Speed the evil we've begun!—
Till our millions crowd the limit,
Like the Mayor of Paterson.
Narrow brow'd, unpainted savage
Is the man who fears reply,
Pinched in brain, in greed plethoric,
All his methods of the sty.
Yet we need this cheap stuff, sirrahs,
For the officers and claqueurs;
So they fool the simple people,
Pennypackers or pork packers
Are to us all of one color.
When we would enslave a nation
We must pick the men who'll do it,
Irrespective quite of station.
Chock the press, then, hired lackeys,
And each Turner, turn him back
To the land where speech has freedom,
And opinion fears no rack!
There be men still left among us
Who with safety can't be heard;
Prate of guarding our officials
While we stifle ev'ry word.
Let Great Britain bid her people
Have a say, if she desire;
In *this* country only Mammon
Wears the appellation: "Sire!"

In *this* country but a handful—
Some sixteen or so—must rule,
Bleed the people, steal their birthright,
Poison press and church and school.
In *this* country rosy goggles
Must be put upon the masses
Till, as daft as richer noodles,
They'd accentuate the classes.
And should any man of vision,
Any "blatant pessimist,"
Dare to ask for aught that's better,
Or in hardness insist,
Brand him straight as an "alarmist,"
"Sore dyspeptic," "chronic kicker,"
"Cankered failure," "unbeliever!"
Man of Christ, not of the Ticker,
What have we to do with such one?
One who dares to think and *tell*
Has no place in proposition
That has purposes so fell.

Ideals fall and sell at auction;
Highest bidder takes the lot.
"They all do it," says the merchant;
"Great success must stop at naught.
There is oil for roughened places—
Standard Oil to ease the smart—
Libraries and church donations,
Buying back a saintly heart.
Lack of wealth 'tis makes the fellow,
Be he dolt or be he sage;
Blue blood gives the place to yellow
In this plutocratic age!"
Pray ye, then, good fallen angels,
That we still may keep the helm
Till Statecraft break upon the rocks
And trait'rous waves o'erwhelm.

God of the nether evangel,
We kiss thy glittering cup;
We spew its venom on the air;
Speak, Lord! is the charm wound up?
MELVIN L. SEVERY.
ArKington Heights, Mass.

"Let me know when we get to Mars."
"We passed Mars ten planets ago,
ma'am."—*Life*.

One of the stock jokes of the very funny man used to be the "Band-box and Budget Woman on Her Travels." Now, listen to this from an authority—the station-master of the Northwestern railway in Chicago: "A woman can travel in more comfort for less money and with fewer questions than a man." Isn't that restful?—San Francisco Star.

"That Mr. Galley must be very poor."
"Why?"

"I asked him how he made his money, and he said he earned it."—New Yorker.

Passive disregard of a neighbor's rights precedes active encroachment on them.—Diary Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange, of New York.

"What do they mean by the word 'civilized?'" asked the simple barbarian. "To be civilized," answered the chief, "is to own up once for all that you're whipped."—Washington Star.

Mr. Chic—My automobile nerves didn't cut any dash at all at the sanatorium.

Mrs. Chic—Why not?

Mr. Chic—Oh, the doctors were all wildly enthusiastic over a man who has flying-machine nerves.—Puck.

BOOKS

THE STANDARD SECOND READER.

Very admirable from a literary and an artistic point of view is the second of the series of school readers (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company) presented by the publishers of the Standard Dictionary. The first lesson, on the flag, is not a favorable specimen of the prevailing tone of the little book, and here and there elsewhere is a touch of the formalism and pedantry which were once considered proper in the preparation of text books. Much more effective as a lesson in patriotism is the condensation from Henry Watterson's oration on Lincoln, which is not at all beyond the understanding of young children, and gives more of essential truth than the usual bald primer-biography. The selecting, condensing and simplifying of good literature for the use of children is the most successful feature of this book. The field covered is large and varied, including Greek myths and tales from Shakespeare, contemporary lyrics and simple classics.

Selected passages from the Scriptures are paraphrased in blank verse by Edwin Markham, with a footnote appended expressing approval of Roman Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew divines. It does seem a somewhat unnecessary conces-