

osophical writers," that editorial proceeded to turn defeat into rout by bringing up Mr. John Moody and Mr. Thomas Gibson as a supporting column, and mental resistance was at an end. I was heart-broken. What was the use of striving for initiative and referendum, public ownership of public utilities, tariff revision downward? What would it avail us to stop speculation in food products, to secure the power of recall of corrupt or incompetent officials, to curb the waste of public funds? The mines would continue to pour forth their golden stream in increasing volume, and all our efforts would go for naught. Let anybody that can, monopolize anything or everything we need; it does not make any real difference. My soul travailed for my lost illusions.

But there came a reaction. Albeit amazed at my own temerity, I had the hardihood to decline to regard it as settled that "the essential factor in the increase of prices" is the increased production of gold. I realize that it may seem ludicrous for one situated as I am to oppose his opinions to those of men acknowledged to be experts on the subject, men whose daily life is concerned with questions of government and finance, while my own horizon is bounded by the four walls of a printing office; and yet, while admitting my failure to grasp the abstruse, I crave permission to present the obvious.

It is my purpose to examine how this question looks to the man in the street. Although I have already confessed my incapacity to grapple with the masters quoted above, I can speak for the man in the street because I am one of him.

Some years ago Mr. C. P. Huntington fixed railroad rates by making them "all the traffic will bear." Railroad corporations have not changed their methods since then. Transportation rates are an "essential factor" in increasing the prices of all things transported.

Tariff rates are admittedly too high in this country. Steel rails, watches, sewing machines, are exported at prices much lower than they are sold for at home. It would seem that the tariff is an "essential factor" in increasing the prices of many things.

The newspapers complain that a combination has fixed an extortionate price on white paper. If their contentions are well founded, that combination is an "essential factor" in increasing the price of paper.

Waste of forests that are being cut and the withholding of forest lands for speculative purposes are charges against human greed that are not denied. This may be an "essential factor" in raising the price of lumber.

A half dozen railroad corporations have a practical monopoly of the anthracite coal lands. Legislative investigations have plainly demonstrated what thrifty use they make of their opportunities.

Small doubt of what is the "essential factor" in the increase in the price of coal.

The Borden Company earned in net profits in 1909 \$2,617,029, and then raised the price of milk because they claimed there was no profit in the business. This might properly be considered the "essential factor" in the increase in the price of milk.

To further multiply instances will be to use space without adding to the weight of argument. Now add to these "essential factors" the increase in taxation caused by official corruption; the myriad devious burrowings into the public purse which Supreme Court Justice Howard estimates at 40 per cent of the amount collected; and then add to that again the increase in prices caused by the "unearned increment" in appreciated land values created by all and appropriated by a few; and I begin to doubt the infallibility of the wise men—senators, financiers, sociologists.

I think I will take up my grievance again. I feel my faith in the efficacy of the initiative and referendum, the power of recall, and, greatest of all, the single tax, reviving as I write. In the meantime my prayer shall be: O Lord, if Thou will deliver us from the evils that are so plainly discernible, we will bear with resignation the afflictions that may follow the discovery of any metals that Thy bounty has provided for our use!

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SOME REMARKS MADE BY OLD TOM HARDER

About the New Conquest of Egypt, and Other
Disconnected Subjects.

For The Public.

"Yes, I've got a little breathin' spell now between the oats and the corn plantin,' so might tell you some o' the things that come to me while I've been watchin' the disk tear up the ground an' fix it so the seed would have a fair chance of its life. Things come to you then that you can hardly keep to yourself, an' you feel like it would be a relief to talk to something, even if it's nothin' but a fence post or a jack rabbit. Sure, this is the most remarkable spring I ever saw, an' its nearly eighty of 'em that I can count since I came from out o' the nowhere to this revolving ball, where the man that cares about stopping has to make a bargain with somebody that got here before him, for a place to sleep and eat an' work.

"Yes, it looks like we'd a right smart chance to raise big crops this year, an' prices are high too. But prices are high because we hain't got much to sell, an' money's so plenty it's the cheapest thing in the market. Some of it's sound money, sure. But some of it is open to suspicion. It circulates of course, an' that's all the good of money. If we do raise a big crop an' want to exchange it for the

Englishman's money, the law-makers won't let us do it without fining us. The Payne-Aldrich combination believes in keepin' our crops an' our money to home so we can swap things with ourselves, mainly. Of course there's drawbacks to most things, an' the fellows that's on confidential terms with the Payne-Aldrich combine can send some sugar an' sewin' machines an' hardware an' steel rails over to Europe, an' sell 'em to the cheap labor over there 25 to 50 per cent cheaper than they do to us, an' then recoup themselves in the way of drawbacks an' other fancy frills that they find left in the law for those that know how to take advantage of 'em.

"But I was goin' to tell you about Tomkins. He gits a little time to rest between checkin' baggage an' sellin' tickets an' reportin' trains an' unloadin' freight an' tellin' the people that the Express is four hours late, so he listens to what is goin' over the wires while he's restin'. He came over here the other day just as I was drivin' the drill on the last round in that patch of oats, an' he was most as pleased an' excited as he would be if his uncle had died prematurely an' left him a farm.

"He went on to tell me that Roosevelt, havin' come up out of the rhinoceros country somewhat tired o' shootin' at things that can't shoot back, had taken the Egyptians by surprise an' captured the whole shootin' match. An' havin' captured 'em bag an' baggage he took the opportunity to lay down the law to 'em, an' tell 'em the way to go at it to git liberty—the kind o' liberty we serve up over here most o' the time; the kind o' liberty that we are servin' out to the Philippines an' Cuba an' Porto Rico. Seems to me that's the kind that Tom Reed labelled 'canned liberty.' But anyway, it seems from what Tomkins said about it that Roosevelt told 'em to be good an' they'd git all the liberty they was fit for, an' git it as fast as they was fit for it, an' as soon as the Englishmen thought they was fit for it, an' what on earth would anybody want any more liberty than that for? The Englishmen would keep a lot o' police troops there, an' see that the interest on those wicked old bonds was paid, an' preserve order even if they had to kill off everybody to do it. An' the Egyptians, why they could work an' earn money to pay the interest, and the expenses of the troops an' the other fellers that was there to see that the Egyptians had liberty—to work, and that nobody stole their earnings but the bondholders.

"No, I don't mean that Roosevelt told the Egyptians all this, but it came to me while I was listening to Tomkins, that some o' the Egyptians might be thinkin' along that line. It came to me as Tomkins was praisin' the Roosevelt philosophy, that some day perhaps the British might not be as strong as they are today. That some day another nation would take a notion that British civilization was not just the thing, an' that Britain ought to

be taught self-government at the point of the bayonet and the mouth of the cannon. How would Britons like the process? We might think of this ourselves when we are voting more warships an' sendin' more troops to the Philippines.

"What do I think o' Cannon? Why, he's been bankin' s~ much on lookin' like Lincoln that he's forgot entirely to be anything like him."

GEORGE V. WELLS.

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FRANKLIN PIERCE ON "KEEPING STILL."

A Letter from Franklin Pierce of New York to Henry Watterson, Editor of the Louisville Courier Journal.

I have read with interest your talk before the National Press club at Washington. So sturdy a fighter as you are will surely not take unkindly honest difference of opinion as to the true policies of the Democratic party. You say, "Keep still and profit by the enemies' mistakes." I say, go at the Republican party hell-bent on the question of protective tariffs, imperialism, ship subsidies, extravagant government and costly navy, corruption and all the other abuses which they have been imposing upon this American people. The Democratic party has been keeping still altogether too long. Free government can not exist without agitation, and the Democratic party ought to be a party of agitation. The alleged safe and sane part of this party naturally belongs to the Republican party, and there it will finally bring up. When the leaders of the Democratic party are quiet, notwithstanding hundreds of tariff-bred monopolies are selling their products to the American consumer for twice the price which they would exact if the tariff was removed; when these special interests sit at the hearth of the poor, charging them extra prices for coal, extorting from 50 to 250 per cent more for every thread of clothing which they wear than the natural price, and robbing them day and night, year in and year out, by enhanced prices for all the necessaries of life, and we Democrats sit around smiling as serenely as two summer mornings—when such a condition of affairs as this exists, I say, away, away with you, faithless ones. You are recreant to your trust and are recreant to the memory of the Democratic leaders of the past, and from the very heavens their voices condemn you.

Slavery was the curse of the South before the war, but our modern materialism, our tariff-made monopolies and the rule of corrupt special interests is laying much heavier burdens upon your people than did slavery in those days, and you Southern men have bowed your heads to this sin and seem to be returning to your old doctrines: that society exists for the benefit of the few instead of the many;