
RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE EARTH-LORD AND THE POOR.

For The Public.

They beg in the highways and byways,
They beg in the marts of trade,
They beg on the steps of the temple—
These poor that your greed has made.

They shiver with cold and hunger;
Their faces are gaunt and pale;
And their pleading eyes are turned toward you,
As they whisper their sordid tale—

Their story of wrong and oppression,
Their story of sorrow and pain;
Fellow men who have given their lives
To swell your golden gain.

To-day as you drink at your dinner,
Know that every drop of your wine
Is blood of some brother crucified,
In your mill or factory or mine.

Men nailed to the cross of Mammon,
Men crowned with the thorns of greed;
What will you have to say to them
In the hour of your greatest need?

In that hour when you must answer
While they thunder at your gate—
Not as men, but as monsters you've made
By your cunning and greed and hate.

What will you say to the children,
The disinherited ones of earth,
Whose bodies are starved and broken
To add to your dollar worth?—

To the woman who barter her honor,
To the man who sells brawn and brain,
To keep body and soul together,
While you bear the brand of Cain?

Not a rood of earth can these claim of law,
Not a right but that you deny;
They must pay you for a chance to live,
And pay you for a place to die.

But the better time is coming,
Rejoice! 'Tis the hour of its birth,
When you can no longer crush them
Through your ownership of the earth.

R. E. CHADWICK.

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DEMOCRACY.

William Jennings Bryan at Lima, Peru.

Something has been said about my being a Democrat. Yes, that is the name that is applied to me in the United States, and yet, my friends, I recognize that the word is not a partisan word. We have a party in our country that calls itself

Democratic and yet I would not claim that our party monopolizes all the democracy that there is in the United States. I am glad to say that in our country democracy is so universal that no party can appropriate it, and it is becoming more and more the basis of government throughout the world. The heaven is at work everywhere. A struggle is going on between democracy and aristocracy. This struggle manifests itself in different ways in different countries, but it is everywhere manifesting itself. All over the world the idea of democracy is growing and the idea of aristocracy is dying, and in the growth of the ideals of democracy is the hope of the world. The world is making progress just in proportion as the people are made the basis of government and the beneficiaries of civilization.

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THE FORERUNNERS.*

For The Public.

In the Massachusetts industrial city an audience of the "best people," in calm assurance that their own house is in order, together with three-score of the speakers' own race, have gathered to hear and applaud the Russian revolutionary leaders, the venerable Tchaikovsky and his young colleague, Aladin.

The aspect and bearing of the elder, affectionately called "The Father of the Revolution," denote him a nobler apostle than graces the anointed Greek Succession,—a patriarch of the sacred priesthood of Humanity. His forehead is high and evenly domed, his eyes brim with altruistic consciousness and sorrow, and his mouth is calm and austere in the covert of his abundant gray beard.

At emphatic points in his address the lips and mid-region of his face seem to contract to a peak, and his head slashes forward with the quarry-rending stroke of an eagle. Sometimes his gesture is with one arm, as if pulling a heavy bell in long, tolling strokes, again as if violently tugging the rope of an alarm-gong, while he speaks of the "Mongolian" methods of the Russian autocracy, and the fathomless sufferings of his people. Sometimes again he flings both arms apart, as if tearing a thick curtain right and left from a detestable secret, and often the beat of his fist on the desk before him resounds through the room like the booming of a war-drum. He declares that his people can be governed only by an authority that

*Count Nicholas Tchaikovsky and Alexis Aladin visited the United States in 1907. They spoke in Worcester in February. On March 24 they addressed a great meeting in the Auditorium in Chicago, presided over by William J. Bryan (vol. ix, page 1233). These meetings are now recalled in connection with the recent trial at St. Petersburg, with Mme. Breshkovsky, of the venerable Tchaikovsky, on charges of revolutionary conspiracy. Count Tchaikovsky was acquitted, but Mme. Breshkovsky was condemned to Siberia (pp. 225, 301).

embodies sentiment and is based on faith, for the Russian proletariat is essentially idealistic and impulsive.

The younger herald, though not yet forty years old, was leader of the "Group of Toil" in the first Duma, and represented a million and a half peasants not bereft of the temper of those who led by a priest flagged and stopped a train, bearing elected members to the Parliament, and required them openly to take oath to stand for the people's interests, and one of whose favorite songs is called "The Whirlwind of Wrath."

This speaker's English is difficult to understand, with its accent like the clamping of flesh between harsh fetters, and calls for continual and wearying tension to glean the sense, but the power of his spirit leaps every barrier, as in his distraught land his girl and boy comrades pass all the cordons of the Bureaucracy's secret police.

His skin suggests the Cuban, and shines as if burnished on the forehead; the ears are prominent, and the eyes smolder as with embers dangerously heaped behind them from his experiences and the sights he has witnessed, easily flaring as he speaks into such a fury of emotional fire as to make his neighborhood seem a zone of peril. His mouth below the short thatch of brown mustache now is drawn inward between the partly-open teeth, with lips compressed by incensed feeling, and now is spread from the teeth with a smile on the brink of sarcasm, swiftly curving deep at the corners again with solemn grief of a whole people's "miscrere."

The gesture of his index-finger and arm extended straight before him, while the eyes narrow to glowing slits, has the pitiless conviction of a witness singling out a murderer from a throng. His voice spans a gamut from a reedy, tenor-high resonance, singularly metallic like strokes on a steel bar, down to a deep-throated leopard-challenge, while once when he tells of calling a Russian official who was misappropriating famine-funds, a "swindler" to his face, the word leaps and lashes like a fighting snake.

After finishing his English address, the young tribune speaks for a time, at the request of his countrymen present, in his own tongue, and at the first words his Russian auditors leap excitedly to their feet and shout their delight. The manifest relief to the orator to relax into his native speech, even with all its intricate bayonet-clash of staccato Muscovite consonants, mingled with the burning fuses of the sibilants, is as if after long toiling up flint-strewn slopes he had reached the level of one of his Simbirsk steppes, and leaping into a waiting sleigh, were whirled away over sunrise-gilded leagues of snow.

But it is known that spies of the Czar's government have been following these revolutionists through the American cities, reporting their activity and speeches, and it is a sinister realization that one of the swarthy enthusiasts who so ap-

plauded the younger agitator's Russ address, may well have been a mercenary of the Reaction, dissembling his feline watchfulness under this effusive display of sympathy.

If Tchaikovsky be Haggai the prophet to this generation of Russians, reminding them of what their forebears wrought for freedom two score years ago, as the Hebrew seer encouraged the builders of a new temple by recalling the glory of the former, his young comrade is their Hosea, in the flush and vigor of youth uncomplainingly bearing his lot of hatred and rejection by the rulers, and flinging passionate, broken cries across seas and lands in behalf of those he loves, and for whom he risks his life as lightly as a girl the loss of a flower that lay blood-crimson against her quick white breast.

ELIOT WHITE.

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THE MAKING OF THE BRUTE.

To Theodore Roosevelt.

Hail, blustering statesman, butcher of big game,
Less president than prince in pride of will,
Whose pastime is the princely sport, to kill,
Whose murderous feats unnumbered fools acclaim!
On all things big thy braggart thoughts are bent—
To strip the lordliest lion of his skin,
The bulkiest trophies of the chase to win—
Big bag, big story, big advertisement!
Roosevelt, for him whose callous heart is blind
To human kinship with the lower kind—
Seen but as "game" for man to persecute—
A line there is, that from some poet fell,
With inner meaning thou should'st ponder well:—
'Remember, He who made thee made the brute!

—Henry S. Salt.

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THE ALDRICH THAT IS.

A Keen and Just Analysis by Herbert Quick in the American Magazine for May.

I protest against Mr. Lefevre's estimate of Senator Aldrich in the March American Magazine. I have watched Aldrich in the Senate day after day, and I have studied him in Rhode Island, and I am firmly convinced that Mr. Lefevre has been led into an overestimate of the man, mentally and morally.

We see the work done and we are likely to think only of the tool, especially if it is the thing seen; but the power that wields the tool we are apt to overlook, especially if it is unseen. Aldrich stands on his emplacement in the Senate, protected against attack, guarded by every device which foresight can erect about a precious tool. He stands in need of no such ability as must be possessed by Senators who rely on their own powers for their places. Public opinion has very little to do with his Senatorship. He is returned by the owners of the borough, that is all. Once, I believe, he was financed into the Senate by a well-known trust,