

said that working women are the only victims of it; the wife and mother, forced to skimp and save and suffer the pinch of it, is also to be considered. Once the women of the United States are roused to the belief that the ballot is their means of escape from oppressive economic conditions, the suffrage question will become the most acute one of the hour. Mrs. Belmont and her co-laborers are doing much to bring them to that belief. The spectacle of a daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan taking up a collection among her wealthy friends for the benefit of striking working girls is enough to make sociological students and political wiseacres sit up and take notice.

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Did Business, or Did Political Parties Speak First?

Puck (New York), Dec. 8.—The Sugar Trust gave to both parties. By both parties it was studiously let alone. The weighers, appraisers, and other small fry of the Customs service who engineered the larceny could not have kept the game going, year in and year out, if there had not been a deliberate and persistent closing of eyes higher up. If we would mount to the very summit of moral responsibility we must find out who spoke first. Did the Republican Party—and the Democratic—offer immunity to the Sugar Trust in exchange for financial support, or did the Sugar Trust offer financial support to the Republican Party—and the Democratic—in exchange for immunity?

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The Soul of the Commission Plan of Municipal Government.

Chicago Examiner (Hearst), Dec. 20.—A word of warning to friends of the commission plan in and out of the Legislature. The initiative, referendum and recall are the life and soul of the plan. Leave them out and there will be little more than a change of official names. The old malign influences will continue to rule. With these provisions in the law the Illinois cities and towns will be taking the best step to prevent that chief vice of municipal government—grafting! The men who have for years flourished by selling and buying legislation at Springfield will not tamely permit a bill to pass with these features in it. Such a bill would give the people control of their own affairs and, of course, would deprive political bosses and their corporation employers of a lucrative business. Every strategy that hoodling legislators and lobbyists can invent will be employed against a genuine commission plan. And, when these strategists find that the demand for the law is too strong for bludgeon tactics, they will naturally resort to their favorite scheme—a "joker" that will leave the law an empty hull!

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Association in equality is the law of progress. Association frees mental power for expenditure in improvement, and equality, or justice, or freedom—for the terms here signify the same thing, the recognition of the moral law—prevents the dissipation of this power in fruitless struggles. Here is the law of progress, which will explain all diversities, all advances, all halts, and retrogressions.—Henry George in "Progress and Poverty."

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

WANTED—A CREED.

"An Siodhbra" in "The Irish Nation" of Dublin.

Give me a creed which brings Jehovah nearer
The complex facts of life;
Give me a creed which makes my brother dearer
And adds not strife to strife.

A creed which o'er the soul can hold dominion
And issue in content;
Whose confidence is not a vague opinion,
Nor faith a dead assent.

A sign which o'er the waste of speculation
Will show the surer way;
A light which in the night of desolation
Will light me unto day.

Synods and schools that hedge the way to Heaven
With thorns for tender feet;
Canons and paper creeds for truth have given—
The bitter for the sweet!

Are these the gospel and the prophet's vision,
The light from Heaven above?
Is this th' unfolding of his blessed mission,
Who told us, "Thou shalt love"?

Are these the answer to the mute appealing
That rises vague within—
An infant's hand into its father's stealing
In terror of its sin?

Or are these words to speak the sweet awaking
Of Hope amid the dust,
When hearts in bitter pain, repentant breaking,
Can only sob, "I trust"?

No, till words voice the sorrow of the ocean
That sobs all night abroad,
Words can not bound the duty or devotion
Of souls that thirst for God.

Tell me not how the Fathers stride before me
In orthodoxy shod;
But let me feel the spirit brooding o'er me
Of Glory and of God.

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THE IRON WORKER.

For The Public.

I meet the young apprentice iron-molder returning from his day's work at the foundry.

"I'm all in!" he says with a sigh; he has just finished helping with a ten-ton casting, he explains, and when the men knocked the cope off the flask, the hot dust flew up in their faces.

Under the lad's cap his curly hair is matted along his forehead with perspiration, and his eyes are weary with the glare of the hot metal.

His lean cheeks are depressed below the bones with toil all too taxing for his unrobust physique.

A tobacco tag is thrust into a buttonhole of his coat, though his milky-clean teeth bear out his assurance that he never uses the leaf.

His black shirt is buttoned snugly to his slim neck, without a tie, and he carries a battered tin lunch box.

He shows me his pay envelope, and tells the scale of increase in wages he is to receive during the remaining eighteen months' of his apprenticeship.

Most of his money he puts into the bank, he says; not all the others do it, "but then," he adds, "they probably didn't have the right sort of bringing up."

He likes to go to a band concert now and then; thinks the "association" to which he belongs has more advantages than the Molders' Union.

Says an old molder told him the average life of a worker in his trade after he gets into the thick of it is only sixteen years, largely because of his abrupt transitions from the foundry heat to the outside air.

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As far as ease of mind is concerned it were better not to know, or knowing, to think as little as may be, how dear is the life-cost of the iron shapes.

Everywhere the eye falls on these sealed caskets of human vitality,—furnace fittings, radiators, stoves, typewriter and sewing machine frames, and the castings without which the railroad train could not travel, the book and newspaper be printed, or the factory operate.

Mute witnesses all these of the blood and tissue, the vigor and prime years of young men, that were lavishly mingled with the candescent metal as it seethed into their molds.

But ah, not to be sealed forever! For though the cold receptacles be broken again and fused into other shapes, never can be melted or with hammers smitten from their keeping the deposit of life, more sacred than the tokens in the temple-ark of old.

As surely as no atom of matter or pulse of force is lost from the vigilant whole of things, shall some resurrection call release from under the altar of industry at last all the strength and joy that still must feed its priceless sacrifice.

Then to each life that gave itself in labor shall be restored, unto the last job, perchance with increment unguessed, all that it yielded to that guardianship.

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As I walked on after the meeting with the pale apprentice, another countenance limned itself beside his in imagination.

This, too, was weary, the eyes were sunken, and the youthful cheeks hollowed before their time.

But this was the face of dissipation and the

bane of unearned wealth; the brand of indulgence and abuse glowed phosphorescent on the features, and signed the body's very gait and poise.

Instead of the fluxing metal from roaring furnace and fierce crucible, it was the hot surge of evil passion that had seared these eyes.

What shock of contrast then overwhelmed all superficial likeness, and revealed on noble heights the burdened look and form of toil, its honor and spiritual health!

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The day shall show which warder of young vigor was more trustworthy, rose-meshed, idle luxury, fed plump and luring on exploited drudgery.

Or the grim metal masses from the flaming foundry, that as with clangorous gates and bars protect the treasure of the immolated craftsmen, and bid the wastrel clans depart in shame.

ELIOT WHITE.

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ZELAYA SPEAKS HIS MIND.

Wardon Alfan Curtis in Chicago Daily News of December 23.

"Yes, my friend," said the eminent Nicaraguan, "I am glad to tell you 'ow it all 'appen, to 'ave my explanation reach the ears of the American pippie, a just pippie—just w'at, I don't know, but just somesing.

"I read your papers w'en they are not too shocking and improve myself and inform myself on your public affairs. Caramba! It seem there was one big villain in your country. In the papers I read 'ow bad 'e is and there is picture of 'im and such a bum looker, as you say in classic English. A man w'at look like 'im as portrayed in them cartoon in those papers could not be a good man. Mucho malo maldito and generally bad cuss. Those was certainly bad picture. I read 'ow 'e oppress you, 'ow 'e take away liberties, is the foe of the noble and good. I say, 'Ow unfortunate! Ain't it too bad and the limit!"

"One night, a brigade of my army—any'ow, I call it brigade, because it consist of sixteen brikadier-generals, three corporals and a private, very distinguish man, that private—make a capture and they telephone me very excite: 'W'at you think? We got 'im, that great so tyrant that oppress the noble pippie of America. Must be 'e 'ave machinations against us, also. W'at we do?"

"I think aw'ile. 'Ow would the Americans be best pleased? I think of quite a number of ways, but they seem inadequate. I say, 'Let them decide for themselves.' So I cable Mr. Cummins of Iowa and 'e reply, 'Boil in oil. P. S.—Not Standard oil. Some nontrust oil.' I cable Mr. LaFolletay of Wisconsin and he reply, 'Ang 'im. If Nicaragua 'ave abolish capital punishment like Wisconsin, change the laws.' But I 'ave change the laws so often that I don't know w'at they are. No-