

Simply to address yourself to the will of the tenement house dweller is superficial; you must change the atmosphere that he breathes.

A year or two ago a large manufacturing company in Cleveland decided to provide for their men a warm luncheon every noon. Four saloons had squatted around their works, and got their living off the company's men. I was told, pretty soon after the experiment was tried, that within a few weeks three of those saloons went out of business. Meeting a gentleman from Cleveland not long ago who was conversant with the facts, I referred to the statement and asked if it was true. He said: "Yes, three went out of business in a few weeks, and the fourth followed soon after."

The problem of nutrition and the problem of ventilation are back of the problem of intemperance. Do you who are Christian clergymen sustain relations to the problem of intemperance? Then you sustain relations to the problems of nutrition and of ventilation; for to imagine that you can deal with effects without touching causes is quackery.—Josiah Strong, D. D., in the Outlook, July 16, 1904.

A PROPHECY BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Under the title of "Prophecy Fulfilled," the Indianapolis Sentinel, of September 10, 1901, published the following prophecy, which it stated was enunciated in an address delivered by Henry Ward Beecher in St. Louis "more than a score of years" previously. The Sentinel said that it was "interesting reading in the light of present conditions." We need hardly add that the conditions of 1904 see the prophecy still more fearfully fulfilled.

I must, however, make haste to say that among the dangers of the times is one which has developed out of the accumulation of enormous and consolidated wealth. If I stand in the city of New York and look southward I see a railroad, the Pennsylvania Central, that runs across the continent with all its connections. Its leases and branches represent a capital of some hundreds of millions of dollars. If I turn my eyes to the north I see the Erie, where many hundreds of millions lie. If still further to the north, I see the great New York Central, that represents hundreds of millions of dollars. These three roads represent thousands of millions of consolidated capital. Now, suppose in an emergency the railroad interest demands more legal privileges; suppose there was some great national question which demanded

that the president of the United States should be a man and the senate should be composed of men playing into the hands of the great national railroads' consolidated capitalists, what power is there on the continent that could for a moment resist them? It is not a great many years since it would seem atrocious to have suggested that thought. But legislatures have been bought and sold, until we think no more about it than of selling so many sheep and cattle. Does anybody suppose that if it were a national interest that these vast corporations were seeking to subvert there is any legislation on this continent that could not be crushed or bought out by this despot, compared with which even slavery itself were a small danger? One of the greatest humiliations as a nation that is so justly proud of so many things is that which has fallen upon our congress. When we see the slimy track of the monster we may justly ask: What are we coming to? There has got to be a public sentiment created on this subject or we will be swept away by a common ruin.

I tell you that the shadow that is already cast upon the land is prodigious. I do not believe in the sociologist, in the international, nor the communist; but when I see what the rich men as classes are doing with our legislatures, what laws they have passed, what disregard there is to great common interests, I fear that the time will come when the workingmen will rise up and say that they have no appeal to the courts; no appeal to the legislatures; that they are bought and sold by consolidated capital, and when the time comes, unless it brings reformation, it will bring revolution. If any such time does come, I do not hesitate to say I will stand by the common people, and against the consolidated capital of the land.

THE BETTER ELEMENT.

The first speaker gave an outline of the first view he had of Minnehaha falls when he was up there trapping skunks in the early thirties. He said at the wind-up: "What we want is more public spirit."

The next speaker gave a graphic description of the moving days of '62, when everybody was talking about the war, and steamboats came up the river and the people stood around in shoals and yelled because they thought steamboats were hot stuff in those days.

His closing sentence was: "What we want is more public spirit."

The third speaker told about how he was brought out to the wilds by his parents when he was only 34 years old, and had grown up with the country. He gave a graphic description of the prairie schooners of the early days, and also a few lines about the details of construction of the early stage coaches. He also dwelt upon the vitally important subject of the early history of the Hudson Bay company, and gave a few side lights on Old Betz and the gin-seng question.

His peroration was remarkable for its simplicity and originality. He said: "What we need is more public spirit."

Then the young man whose father had bought him an interest in the firm tore off a few choice bits.

He wore a vest that was parted on the side and the glow of health was in his cheeks and he had a dramatic delivery. He said he appreciated the honor of speaking to such a bunch of Highbinders, and it reminded him of some of the days they used to have at dear old Yalevard around the festive board. Then he gave a graphic account of his dear old college days, which were now, alas, but a memory, told how he nearly made the team, and wound up by saying: "What we need is more public spirit."

He sat down, and a man arose who had tried to promote several deals for the public weal, which had fallen through, and he shook his finger at the assembled citizens and said: "We are a lot of incompetent imbeciles and know-nothings, and we are full of prunes, and no good, and lazy, and what we want is more public spirit."

Then the chairman said we will now hear from Mr. Pinchkin, and I was almost too surprised to speak, but finally found my tongue, which was climbing through the roof of my mouth, and I said: "Gentlemen, I am quaking with fear at putting my poor opinions before such a distinguished and wise multitude, but as your chairman asks it, I don't mind telling you that I agree with the sentiment which I think has been heretofore expressed, that what we want is more public spirit. That is, we want it if we want it, but if we don't want it, we don't want it. I would suspect from the speeches I have heard that what the individuals assembled at this banquet want more than anything else is somebody to listen to them talk about themselves, or about other people whom there is a chance to roast. It is the easiest thing in the world to relate one's own history, and tell how one has made money; it is also easy to prove that a bad egg