

prices and play square. I never knew ten to do it. The ones that keep the agreement lose out."

"Well, most of the men who wanted to farm wouldn't have the money anyway to buy the machinery. How would they get it?"

"They'd get it on tick," said Burns. "That is the way most business is done."

"Well, they'd have to pay interest, wouldn't they?" asked Wadsworth.

"Sure they would, but they could stand it if they were getting the full product of their labor, couldn't they?"

"Maybe they could, but that wouldn't be right, would it?"

"I guess you'd think it was right if you were on the other end of the deal," laughed Burns.

"That's another one of your ghosts, Will. I'll give you an illustration on that subject. Let us suppose a community of fishermen, who fish with hook and line. One morning one of them shows up with a seine he has made. He can catch as many fish with it in an hour as any one of the others can catch in ten with a hook and line. Suppose he makes a deal with one of them by which he lends him the seine on condition that he be paid half the catch for the use of it. He tells the fellow he makes the deal with, that when the seine wears out he'll make him another one. The other fellow is free to accept or reject the offer. Is there any oppression, anything wrong with the proposition?"

"Oh, I don't think that would be right," Wadsworth squirmed in his seat. "That seine really ought to belong to all of them."

"G-o-o-d night!" said Burns, getting up from his seat. "You think that over, Will, and you'll come to a different conclusion."

We all went home for dinner.

M. J. FOYER.



### THE TYRANT'S SONG.

Ernest Crosby, in "Swords and Plowshares."

'Tis not the man with match alight  
Behind the barricade,  
Nor he who stoops to dynamite,  
That makes us feel afraid.  
For halter-end and prison-cell  
Soon quench these brief alarms:  
But where are found the means to quell  
The man with folded arms?

We dread the man who folds his arms  
And tells the simple truth,  
Whose strong, impetuous protest charms  
The virgin ear of youth;  
Who scorns the vengeance that we wreak  
And smiles to meet his doom,  
Who on the scaffold still can speak,  
And preaches from the tomb.

We kill the man with dagger drawn—  
The man with loaded gun;

They never see the morning dawn  
Nor hail the rising sun;  
But who shall slay the immortal man  
Whom nothing mortal harms,  
Who never fought and never ran—  
The man with folded arms?

## BOOKS

### FLETCHERISM.

*Fletcherism; What it is.* By Horace Fletcher. Published by Ewart, Seymour & Co., London.

It is not given to many, whether by good or evil ways, to add a word to the English language. Horace Fletcher has made us turn his name into a verb, and the world, even if individuals have been slow in practice, has recognized the good of the doctrine by its adoption and application of the new word. We now "fletcherize" plans and policies and legislative bills as well as bread and potatoes.

Mr. Fletcher has published a number of books dealing more or less directly with the subject of Fletcherism. The present small volume of 150 pages has been issued as a sort of compendium. "The intention of the present volume," say the publishers in their introduction, "is that it shall stand as a compact statement of the Gospel of Fletcherism." Whether the book has been published in this country I do not know, but I presume any bookseller could easily procure it.

My first reading of this volume, after I had read three other of Mr. Fletcher's books, brought some disappointment. It seemed that the treatment should have been fuller, or else even more compact. On second reading, however, I am convinced that the work will serve very satisfactorily the purpose which the publishers proposed, and that we owe them thanks for giving us an opportunity to read in this handy volume the quintessence of this important subject. What the quintessence is, if one had to choose a single sentence, would seem to me to be contained in these words, namely, "that there is really Head Digestion, and that it is in the field of personal responsibility, in the mouth and in the brain, that good or bad digestion—right or mal-nutrition—are inaugurated." The book is worth reading if only for the purpose of enabling one to understand fully the meaning of this sentence. After all the reader will find nothing mysterious. "Any person," says the author, "who eats in a polite manner, is a Fletcherite."

J. H. DILLARD.



It is not necessary to lose faith in the Republic because one sees so many instances of government by the unfit. The drawbacks of democracy are gross and glaring, but there is always a remedy.—Michael Monahan in *The Phoenix*.