

the plutocratic ranks of both parties, for the rank and file of Republicans as well as Democrats sincerely admire him—declare with much bitterness that he is the autocrat of the Democratic party; that he dominates it with more certainty and craftiness than Roosevelt does the Republican party, and that he is a selfish boss who has blighted the ambitions of scores of favorite State sons who are made of better Presidential timber than he is. This charge comes all the time exclusively from one source—the special privilege class or those who are subservient to it. Perhaps it is well that the charge is so openly being made, for it all the better affords the friends of the Great Commoner opportunity to expose the utter hypocrisy of it. The only power Mr. Bryan wields in this country is the power of his abiding convictions. He has not a single adherent who owes him any favor except the favor of confidence.

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The (Minneapolis) Irish Standard (Dem.), Mar. 28.—Bryan cannot be elected is the argument most forcibly urged against his nomination. We don't know whether he can be elected or not. We do know that he received in 1896 and 1900 more votes than were ever cast for any other Democrat before or since. In 1896 he received more than 100,000 more votes than Cleveland did in 1892 and in 1900 he received 2,000,000 more votes than Parker in 1904.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE CRY OF THE TOILER.

For The Public.

Just one sweet day, dear Lord, but only one—
To quit my ceaseless toil—to dream my work is done!
To waken with the birds, to heed the call of Spring;
To greet the morning sun; to try my fettered wing.
To let my Spirit soar; to lift my wan, pale face
Toward Thy tender sky; to rest for just the space
Of one brief day!

Just one sweet day! to lie upon the grass
And count the drifting clouds; to watch the shadows
pass

Across the mountain tops; to feel the twilight breeze
Succeed the noonday heat and stir the drooping
leaves.

To wander midst the aisles of dim, sequestered
wood;

To wade the purling brook, to seek the wild dove's
brood—

For one brief day!

Just one sweet day! one day of solitude
To dream, my Soul and I, that we belong to God!
To lean my tired head on Mother Earth's broad
breast,

And let kind Nature soothe my weary heart to rest.
Away, thou haunting Care! What have I to do with
thee?

To-morrow Toil may claim his own, to-day I will be
free!

This one brief day!

ANNA HOLLIDAY POWLESS.

DEFINITIONS OF WAR.

Wm. George Jordan in the Christian Science Sentinel
of January 4.

Argument by cannon, with death as referee.
Patriotism desecrated, not consecrated.

Living chess, played between nations, where all
the pieces may be sacrificed to save the king.

Assassination in uniform.

Administering capital punishment to our ene-
mies to convince them we are right.

The great red stain on civilization.

The nation granting free trade in all crimes for
the protection of its honor.

The blood sacrifice of a people on the altar of
statesmanship.

Murder trust run by two nations, without fear
of injunction.

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THE MESSAGE OF A SUICIDE'S PISTOL SHOT.*

For The Public.

Sodislov Krzulwenski walked up the Lake
Shore Drive the other day. The water rolled out
wide and grey in front of him; the row of hand-
some houses, set in well kept lawns, offered an in-
teresting study in Renaissance, Colonial, Moorish
and other varieties of architecture; but the Rus-
sian Pole was not interested in the surroundings.
He was hungry, which detracts from the beauty of
any landscape if you have not practiced philosophy
sufficiently; also he was decidedly despondent be-
cause several hundred men of his own walk of life
had been turned away from the city building the
day before, when they went there to apply for
work.

"Go away quietly," the police official had said
to them, "and then there will be no bloodshed."
And so they had gone away, and there was no vio-
lence; only quiet and orderly hunger on the part
of those who wanted work and did not have it.

Krzulwenski thought it over. Surely men and
women who lived in houses such as these, did not
know that there were human beings who herded
themselves together in miserable shacks and only
ate occasionally. Perhaps they sometimes read
about these things, but could not understand ex-
actly what they meant. Krzulwenski would show
them, so that hereafter poor men might be aided
when they asked for work.

And then there was the sound of a revolver
shot, and a policeman called an ambulance to take
this surplus workingman to the hospital: so that
there was bloodshed after all. But no riots, no
seditious speeches calling for special messages
from Washington; no charging of men on
"curveting steeds"; everything was done quite de-

*See the Chicago daily papers of April 10.

corously, and, indeed—except for the publicity of the affair,—exactly as it takes place every day.

Only—it is rather a pity from the standpoint of Krzulwenski—the ladies who lived in the palaces were either driving, taking siestas, or sitting in boxes at the matinee; so that the bit of real drama performed upon the street was only seen by maids and grooms,—most of whom, in all probability, already knew, either by observation or experience, what hunger meant.

L. D. HARDING.

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LABOR AND NEIGHBOR:

An Appeal to First Principles.

A Posthumous Work
By ERNEST CROSBY.

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CHAPTER XI. Part 3.*

Remedies—4. Justice, Freedom and Co-operation.

The spirit of co-operation is the power which must animate society in the future. Just as senseless letters grouped together form a word full of meaning, and as words, in their turn, grouped together, form sentences instinct with genius, so men co-operating one with another gain a force and significance infinitely surpassing the mere arithmetical sum-total of their individual values, for men in combination advance in geometrical progression. Co-operation takes many shapes, and in some of them it has already succeeded. Municipal waterworks are common and uniformly satisfactory. The trade union involves a kind of co-operation, and it may have a great future if it ever trains its members to the point of conducting industries on their own account. It will be a long time before that can be done, but unionism promises better for the democratization of industry than any political movement. Every member of a trade union is learning how to get on with his equals, how to yield his will to the common will, how to present his views to his fellows, and how to compromise with those who cannot be persuaded. If we are to make any approach to Utopia it must be along these lines, for its foundations must be laid in the character of the men who form society, and one of the chief values of the labor union is that it is a school for character. As soon as the members of a union become fully worthy of the confidence of each other, so that they will completely trust each other, there is no limit to the advance which they may make in the way of co-operation.

The trusts are conspicuous examples of successful co-operation. With all their faults they pre-

sent a remarkable spectacle of mutual faith. While they may prey upon the public, the trust promoters among themselves hold their word as if it were their bond. This is a great human achievement, and might have been impossible upon so vast a scale at an earlier stage of civilization. And it is time perhaps to put in a word for our business world. Its ideas come very near being proper ideals. The ideal, for instance, of exerting wide influence, of wielding power, is a noble ideal, where the power is one of character and service and not one of mere brute force. Our business in the world is to express ourselves, to make ourselves felt, to leave our mark on human affairs as deep as we can. In so far as a captain of industry is doing this he is doing well. The ideal of supplying the people with any one of the necessaries of life, such as oil, or sugar, or corn, is also a high ideal. It is one of the best forms of usefulness, and the man who does it has a right to claim a place beside the poet and the teacher; and, indeed, in some respects his function is more fundamental and important than theirs. This field of usefulness is one in which the highest qualities of humanity can well show themselves—in which we ought to look for the devotion of saints and heroes, and the self-sacrifice of martyrs. Why do we not find these in the business world?

It is because the business man puts the emphasis, not on service, but on gain. The clergyman, the professor, the editor, the soldier, thinks little of his salary. It is a mere incident. The business man thinks of little else, and the higher he gets in the world of finance the more his success is measured by the money he makes. There is no reason why a man's success in furnishing the world with kerosene oil should be measured in money, any more than another man's success in providing it with poetry or sermons. Milton got five pounds for his "Paradise Lost," and yet we think none the less of him. We measure his value by what he did, and not by what he got for it. It ought to be a proud thing for a man, other things being equal, to supply millions with sugar, but it is a matter of comparatively little importance how much he gets for it. When the ideal of service is merged in the ideal of seizing others' earnings, then that which might be a noble, unselfish devotion to the interests of the human race, becomes an inordinate desire to squeeze all that can be got out of it. The task of supplying the world with coal, gas, oil or transportation facilities is a grand work, but it becomes infamous when it is made the pretext of exacting tribute, and of reaping where others have sown.

Another indictment against the financiers who are responsible for the present state of the world, is that they have made it ugly, and are steadily making it uglier and uglier. A hundred years ago the world was less sanitary but far more beau-

*The series of articles of which this one is the last, are now in press in book form. For particulars see advertisement in another column.—Editors of The Public.