

that the Chinese, in spite of their ancient classics and fine codes, are a people without any active principle of morality.

This does not mean that they steal or murder in any unusual degree, or that they work injustice; for in the green villages of the interior much happiness, prosperity and good social order are said to exist. But mankind cannot live on the harvests of the past, it needs renewal of life day by day on pain of moral and spiritual starvation.

The deepest source of Chinese stagnation is that the people, as a people, are spiritually dead; they need awakening to a new and real moral life, which means emancipation from the dead hand of the past.

Whether the young emperor fully perceives this it would be hard to say, but obviously the reactionary party saw it; and they saw that what appear to be external, and even trifling reforms, like that regarding calligraphy, are really based on a conception of life wholly different from that of China.

When it is remembered, moreover, that upon the Chinese ancestor-worship rests the whole fabric, not only of social life, but of the Chinese state, it will be seen at once that the reactionaries beheld before them a complete revolution for which, they may have honestly thought, China was not ready. For in China, as in the pre-Christian world of antiquity, the religious system and the state are indissoluble. In the state alone the individual finds his whole moral life, such as it is, while in the world of Christianity the emancipation of the spirit from the absolute domain of secular order has been achieved for all.

If the emperor of China dimly perceives this great gulf which separates his nation from the western world, he becomes an even more pathetic figure; for while, on that assumption, his imagination has overleaped the bounds of his environment, he cannot be expected to work out in his mind any idea of a safe bridge over that wide gulf. He stands, in fact, as the poet says, "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." Harder lot has fallen to few among the sons of men.—The London Spectator.

MONKEYS AND MEN.

Go to the monkey, thou voter! Consider his ways and be wise.

Do the monkeys pay ground rent to the descendants of the first old ape who discovered the valley where the monkeys live?

Do they hire the trees from the chimpanzee who first found the forest?

Do they buy the coconuts from the

great-great-grandchildren of the gorilla who invented a way to crack them?

Do they allow two or three monkeys to form a corporation and obtain control of all the paths that lead through the woods?

Do they permit some smart young monkey, with superior business ability, to claim all the springs of water in the forest as his own, because of some alleged bargain made by his ancestors 500 years ago?

Do they allow a small gang of monkey lawyers to so tangle up their conceptions of ownership that a few will obtain possession of everything?

Do they appoint a few monkeys to govern them and then allow those appointed monkeys to rob the tribe and mismanage all its affairs?

Do they build up a monkey city and then hand over the land, and the paths, and the trees, and the spring, and the fruits to a few monkeys who sat on a log and chattered while all the work was going on?

No, my friend, monkeys have a wiser system of municipal government than that.

Although Kipling speaks of them in his jungle book as "the people who have no law," yet they have laws enough to prevent the private ownership of public franchises.

If Prof. Garner, who claims to have learned 40 words of the monkey language, were to escort some reflective chimpanzee around one of our cities, the professor would find it rather difficult to explain some of the manners and customs of a civilized nation.

The chimpanzee would be amazed to see a \$500,000 house, with 40 rooms, contain only a millionaire and his wife and ten servants, while a \$10,000 tenement, with 20 rooms, contained 40 people and no servants.

He would be still further astounded to see the warehouse district, where an abundance of everything was stored, close to the slum district, where the people lacked the barest necessities of life.

He would be shocked to see an entire street railway system, with hundreds of miles of tracks, thousands of cars and employes, and carrying millions of passengers every year, absolutely owned and controlled by three or four men who never built a car or drove a spike.

But when the professor would explain to him that nine-tenths of the people in the city were quite content to endure such evils, and, in fact, grew angry with anyone who proposed to remove them, the chimpanzee would say: "Take me

back to the forest, and may the Good Spirit deliver us from civilization!"—The Coming Nation.

ON WITH THE FIGHT!

The result of the late election in California shows the tremendous power of corporate influences in the politics of our state. Never before were those influences so boldly, openly and notoriously used. There was no concealment about it, and it was perfectly understood by every intelligent man.

It was just such a fight as I have long wished for, believing that the people, if given the opportunity, would strongly support the principle of equal rights and rebuke the persistent and corrupt interference of corporate monopolies in our politics. So strongly was I fixed in this opinion that I refused to enter upon any discussion of collateral questions, even when falsely assailed personally by the agents and other representatives of the common enemy, lest such collateral discussion should obscure the main issue. Those who shared this opinion with me were all mistaken as to the extent of the public sentiment which we represented. A majority of the people believe in the expediency of continuing unchecked and unlimited the present monopoly dominion over our industrial and commercial systems and even over our political institutions.

It is idle to talk about "contributing causes," however much they may have affected the result, because no such incidental causes could have operated effectively if the people had properly appreciated the importance of the main issue.

All this is disappointing, but it must not discourage us. More than 100,000 of our people have shown right spirit and right judgment. Let them go on recruiting the ranks of truth from the hosts of error, and soon they will constitute a mighty majority, against which corruption and bigotry and folly will bribe and lie and rail in vain, and which will stand immovably for more radical and more enduring reforms than those for which we stood in the last campaign.

Let us remember that the new democracy is very young, although its principles are very old. Let us remember that it has been an organized force for only two years and that in the ranks of its nominal supporters have been thousands of Tories who dread its principles and who hope that by repeated reverses the party may be driven back to opportunism, to that long maintained compromise with monopoly under which the privileged interests will

contribute to the campaign funds of both parties and be satisfied with the success of either. These men did not vote our ticket. They remained with us nominally for the mere purpose of occupying a position of advantage in the hour of expected reaction. That hour, in my opinion, will never come.

In the fight for principle, victories and defeats are but incidents. After the first defeat, in 1896, we advanced instead of retreating and we shall do so again. As the reactionists leave us we may expect the real friends of liberty and justice—the real disciples of Abraham Lincoln—to come to us from the other side. Movements such as ours never go backward and they never fail of ultimate success.

Let us go on, undismayed by the power of corruption, and undaunted by defeat and we shall live to see "to-day's little vict'ry of Error, foiled by to-morrow's great triumph of Right."—James G. Maguire, in the San Francisco Star.

AN IMPEACHMENT OF MODERN ITALY.

An extract from an article with the above title, by "Ouida," published in *The Review of Reviews* for November.

"Il fallait vraiment avoir du talent pour faire mourir de faim un peuple qui se contente d'un morceau de pain noir!" ("It really takes talent to starve a people who can satisfy themselves with a morsel of black bread!") a charming woman said with great sarcasm to me the other day. . . . The epigram is one as true as it is shrewd. It has required the most ingenious tyranny, the most oppressive and grinding taxation, the most unrelieved succession of years of barren and useless, callous and chafing government to rouse the populace.

But the recent violent manifestations of hostility to the constitution must not be too exclusively ascribed to hunger. As a matter of fact, in some places there was no question of hunger at all, or even of poverty.

Nothing can be more culpable or more unwise than to tax plain foods at an enormous rate; but in the ever-increasing irritation of Italy there are many other reasons at work than those connected with either food or famine. The causes of rebellion lie deeper than the roots of the corn, and although "a full belly makes a civil tongue," many persons who have never been hungry are as dissatisfied, if not as violent, as those who never know what it is to have hunger fully appeased. The foreign observer of course sees the raging mobs demanding bread, and does not see the more educated classes who are patient and apparently qui-

escent. But the latter are not the less indignant because breeding and education, fear of the uncertainty of any change and long habitual submission to authority keep them mute. The small gentry are almost entirely throughout the peninsula ruined through taxation and the forced sale of their lands by the fiscal authorities.

Not a day passes that there is not some territorial property forcibly sold, and sold for probably a tithe of its real value, at some local tribunal, because the local or imperial imposts have not been met. The government and the municipalities are devouring locusts stripping bare every bough on the family tree. A small house or a single farm will be seized because a few francs are owing to the fiscal authorities; the fees of lawyers and notaries and the costs of the court soon count up to and exceed its worth. It is lost forever to its owners.

There is now a project to restore some of the smallest of these places to those from whom they were taken; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to do so will be impossible, since the poor defrauded owners are in exile or utterly beggared or dead.

It is so extremely easy to reduce poverty to misery; it is so extremely difficult to raise misery to comfort—so difficult, indeed, that the latter is never attempted. A poor wretch, living by carting sand, who is forced by the state to pay income tax and a further tax for keeping his famished old ass, may be pardoned if rash imprecations on authority escape him as he drags pence from his pocket to pay in addition a gate duty for his donkey's bundle of tares.

The owner of a reed-thatched hut in the Veneto, or of a stone cabin in the Puglia, or of a wattle hut in the Maremma marshes, may be pardoned if he curses all the powers above him when the stamped paper, headed by the royal name, summons him to meet some fine for some infringed-by-law or some imperial impost, and when he does not, because he cannot, pay, receives more stamped paper and finds himself deprived of his little home, which is worth scarcely more than a phragmite's nest in the bulrushes, yet is his all, as its nest is to the phragmite.

Such cases are of daily occurrence throughout the peninsula and in the islands of Sicily and Sardinia. The statistics of the forced sales of small homes and holdings in the latter island are appalling to read.

Such a system cannot end in anything except universal ruin; yet to ex-

pose and struggle against it is treated as a treason and a crime! How can a people be expected to esteem and honor "institutions" which they only know and feel as the usurer who beggars them?

It is not possible to continue year after year to ruin and render homeless tens of thousands of harmless persons without creating in those persons the raw material from which the petroleum fires of a commune are lighted. It is not possible to harass and bleed tens of thousands of families which merely ask to be allowed to earn their bread in peace, without changing those quiet and peaceful people into angry agitators and restless sufferers from a regime which has beggared them. In tens of thousands of cases the head of the household is carried off to prison because he cannot pay some fine for some imaginary crime, some contravention of some paltry rule, some hasty word considered insult to authority; the sentence, the law, the prison expenses eat up the small economies of those who belong to him; when he comes out he finds want, abject want, awaiting him on the threshold.

Narrow is the line which divides the "just enough" from the "never enough," and over this line, into the bottomless pit which lies beyond it, the people are pushed by the brutality of the police and the wicked folly of the ruling classes.

In the *Revue de Paris* of June M. Mabileau does not appear to understand that those who pay but a franc or two of direct taxation, or who, by chance, or favor, or extremity of poverty, pay no imperial tax at all, suffer none the less from the taxation weighing on all supplies and necessities, from the gate tax which is levied on all who have even a bundle of grass for sale, and from the communal fines which injure the poor far more cruelly than any imperial tax. Take, for instance, an ambulatory seller of oranges or of any other portable article in the cities; although he is licensed to sell, he must not sell standing still or offer for sale more than a moment in one place. As a matter of course his sales are hurried and spoiled, and the fines which he incurs devour all his small profits. Take, again, the tax on salt and on matches. Both these are necessities to the very poor; the enormous tax placed upon them makes them dear to every one; many cannot afford salt at all, and its scarcity is considered to cause the prevalence of that terrible skin disease, the pellagra. All along the sea-coasts of the peninsula and of the islands, if anyone takes some sea water