

zollerns are the Lord's anointed, to do with Germany what they please.

RELATED THINGS

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A MARCHING SONG.

With us the fields and rivers,
 The grass that summer thrills,
 The haze where morning quivers,
 The peace at heart of hills,
 The sense that kindles nature, and the soul that fills.

With us all natural sights,
 All notes of natural scale;
 With us the starry lights;
 With us the nightingale;
 With us the heart and secret of the worldly tale.—

The strife of things and beauty,
 The fire and light adored,
 Truth and life-lightening duty,
 Love without crown or sword,
 That by his might and godhead makes man god and lord.

These have we, these are ours,
 These no priests give nor kings;
 The honey of all these flowers,
 The heart of all these springs;
 Ours, for where freedom lives not, there live no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
 Come, and be all souls fed;
 From field and street and prison;
 Come, for the feast is spread;
 Live, for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

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THE SUPER-BUSINESSMAN.

F. Eifer in Life.

He is master of the situation. In his presence artists, poets, philosophers and vagabonds alike feel cheap and ill at ease. He is a stupefying fact, an exalted commonplace by the grace of the almighty dollar and the sufferance of a free people. Although reactionary and intensely patriotic, he will at times show a certain liberality. For instance, he will not object when you or I call his country "our country" and his government "our government." Also, he will give his advice willingly and freely, and have the papers publish it—I need only mention kind old Mr. Rockefeller's advice to young men, "How to Get the Upper Hand in Life," further elucidated by a sudden jump in the price of oil.

The Super-Businessman does not possess a soul. If this universe be rational, if life be a preparatory school for something better to come, then my

pity goes out to him. He is a creature of this earth pure and simple. He fits too well into his environment. Not having a soul, he is not afraid to blaspheme by going to church on Sundays and calling himself a Christian. A more dignified position for him would be to believe with Nietzsche that there ought to be a reservation set apart for the elect "in the beyond good and evil."

But he is hopelessly bourgeois. He has affected our social life profoundly, and his mere presence at a gathering transforms the very atmosphere into a business atmosphere, which latter is not unlike the darkness that covered the Middle Ages. You may have your passion for truth and justice. In his presence all this must remain buried within you. He has cast a veil over the pageant in the skies and has blotted the beauty and mystery of earth and the heavens before your eyes and out of your consciousness. He does not walk the by-paths looking for flowers; no wild curiosity impels him to go out of his sphere. Fools are sounding the depths of the seas and climbing the mountain peaks; fools wander among the comets at will and singe their garments on the hottest star; fools sing Iliads, write books of wisdom, build systems of philosophy and suffer for the sake of unrecognized truth. Not knowing that clouds are gathering around him, he sits there serene, powerful, commonplace, soulless, symbolizing the irony in the scheme of things.

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OUR RESPONSIBILITY FOR DIVES AND LAZARUS.

From a Sermon Delivered by the Rev. Arthur Mercer
 at Springfield, Ill., July 26, As Reported by
 the Illinois State Register.

Dives and Lazarus—society and its victim! They are something more than persons, they are classes—the extremes of rich and poor side by side; the luxurious rich, clad in the purple of that plutocratic royalty which rules among us to-day, and the miserable poor perishing at their gate. The social contrast! In what age of the world has it been more startling and terrible than it is to-day?

We are living under a system which concentrates industrial power in the hands of a few; which enables a financial oligarchy to grow fat and sleek by sucking the life blood of a nation's toil. The private ownership of land, the basis of society and the sources of its wealth and of those public utilities on which modern life is dependent; the tariff, the "mother of trusts;" all these are items in that great system of privilege and pillage by means of which Dives produces Lazarus.

Lazarus is that section of the industrial poor population which gets to be the under dog in the fierce scramble for a living. There must be an

under dog in this system where the few appropriate the wealth of the many so that there is not enough to go around. They are the people on whom our industrial structure rests and are crushed by it. All the conditions of their lives are favorable to the development of criminal tendencies. Thousands of young girls are dedicated by poverty, from birth, to immoral living.

Such is Lazarus and his sores. The social ulcers! And Lazarus lies at our gate. Do not think that you or I, as citizens of a democracy, can escape giving an account for Lazarus some day. For God will ask you why it was that you were willing to be content and comfortable and raise no voice of protest against a system that produces Lazarus.

Dives is the money power, and you cannot well exaggerate what a power that is. He owns our legislatures and city councils and many of our newspapers. He owns for the most part our universities, for the endowments come from him. He owns most of the preachers, for he builds their churches and pays their salaries.

But these are not the roots of the power of Dives. They are simply its implements. For Dives is something more than a man or set of men. He is a spirit out of hell, holding his seat in the souls of men. In the heart of the great commercial body of the nation Dives stalks triumphant and secure. He is the organizing commercial selfishness and greed of the nation. For the interests of Dives are the piers of the arch upon which our financial values rest. And so the business man says, "These great corporations are no doubt unjust, but we dare not vote to deprive them of their privileges lest our own business should suffer." And the laboring man joins in: "Yes, the trusts are robbers, but you must not tamper with the tariff lest wages should go down." Moreover, Dives has taken the public into partnership with him, for he has sold us those certificates of robbery, his stocks and bonds, and we must not deprive him of his power to plunder the people lest the water should be squeezed out of our investments.

But if these are moral questions, questions of brotherhood and justice and the two great commandments, then they are questions for the church to consider, as the spiritual mother, responsible for the moral nurture of her children. It is just because the church has neglected to teach her children that they must apply their religious standards to these great questions, that we have widespread ignorance and apathy and selfishness concerning them that are threatening the destruction of the Republic to-day.

What is needed is an aroused and enlightened public conscience, which will insist that the laws governing the rights of property shall be so changed as to secure to every man the just compensation for the actual service he renders to so-

ciety, and no more. That all monopoly values created by the need and the demand of the community shall be appropriated for the uses of the community as a whole.

We cannot have a New Jerusalem based on the foundation of economic injustice that now prevails around us. The Christian church can never have any life in it, nor power, nor make any progress, as long as it is content to squat itself comfortably down amid conditions which breed poverty and misery for millions of our fellowmen, and raise no voice of protest. It is the great and pressing mission of the church to proclaim the truth of God against these evils, and it is a responsibility that it shall meet, or perish.

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TOM L. JOHNSON'S WEALTH.

Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, in the Cleveland Press.

I know of Mayor Johnson's pecuniary affairs only what is published in the newspapers, and of that I was interested only in his statement. I do not like even to seem to pry curiously into what is purely a private and personal concern of his.

I would rather, indeed, not discuss the matter at all, and yet there is a public significance in the subject which may save from indelicacy some reflections on it.

That Mayor Johnson's course has demanded of him many sacrifices, including the sacrifice of his personal fortune, is no surprise to his friends; doubtless it was no surprise to him; he must have counted the cost long ago, for he knows what the old cause of human Liberty demands; every one who has read history, every one who understands life, knows that.

Every one who goes into the contemporary phase of the world-old struggle against Privilege knows that it means misunderstanding, revilement, persecution, ridicule, abuse and all manner of hatred; that it means loss of money, of power, of position, of influence, of health, frequently of physical life.

Altgeld, Henry D. Lloyd, Henry George, Samuel M. Jones—these, to go no further back in history—all gave their lives to the cause. And besides them, there are numerous others as great as they, perhaps greater than they, who fill the heroic graves of the unknown dead.

To set oneself against Privilege means immense sacrifice; the lawyer who opposes Privilege must expect to lose his practice, the preacher who preaches against it must expect to lose his pulpit, the man of means who competes with it must expect to be broken, the poet, writer, orator, painter, sculptor, who use their art against it must expect to feel its crushing power.

It is today as it has been in all ages, as it will be ages hence. Slanting across the way of prog-