

the weal in natural instruments of production under capitalism are essentially hostile, no matter how cordial the personal relationships, or even how completely these hostile weals may be merged in the same proprietary titles or in the same individual owners. What either weal gains, the other must lose, regardless of its personal distribution.

Farmer Doe, for example, has a weal in the capitalization of his farm site, another in the capitalization of his farm improvements and machinery and stock, and a third in the condition of himself as a laborer. Doe's weal as a laborer is precisely that of old Joshua, his hired man, who hasn't a dollar in the world except his monthly wages. Doe's weal in his machinery and stock is of the same kind, for he has either made it or bought it with what he did make; it is in the nature of wages, or would be if he hadn't a cinch in other ways. But his weal in the capitalization of his farm site is precisely the same as old man Sampson's weal in those valuable building lots from which he gets ground rents—a "rake-off" weal.

In those circumstances the economic conflict is between weals or interests which ramify personal classes, instead of being, as under feudalism, a conflict between personal classes. To be sure, slavery gives us the only perfect exemplification of hostile class interests in the personal sense—master class, slave class, and the nondescript masterless class. Under feudalism, ramifying interests as distinguished from class interests creep in slightly, and under capitalism survivals of distinct class interests are observable; but characteristically, feudalism involves a conflict of personal classes, whereas capitalism involves a conflict of impersonal interests.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

EMMA GOLDMAN IN OMAHA.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 16.—Emma Goldman came to Omaha to speak in a cosy little theater located in a commercial college building and leased to a liberal-minded man of the name of Alfred Tomson. Tomson's lease with the owners stipulates that they reserve the right to veto his contracts; but he had not "gone against the game" before, so he leased the place for a week. The Chief of Police, who, for years and until within the past two years, had been blind to the presence of numerous crooks, and who could not catch Pat Crowe, though he had been in the city scores of times and finally surrendered himself, went to the easily-frightened proprietors of the theater and gave them to understand that any hall rented to Emma Goldman was likely to cause the owner trouble. Miss Goldman was thereupon obliged to go to the Labor Temple, located in a

poor part of town and anything but inviting. But the joke on the proprietor of the Lyric Theater is, that the very persons whose good opinion he had hoped to secure, flocked down to the Labor Temple in their automobiles to hear this "queen of anarchy." Moreover, they seem to have been pleased.

At the first lecture, several detectives in citizens' clothes, were judiciously using note books for dangerous statements, yet they did not succeed in reaching the point of action, chiefly because several members of the police commission as well as Mayor Dahman, advised moderation. Really the only incandiarism preached was by the Chief and his lieutenants before Miss Goldman's arrival.

And now Omaha people are wondering what it is about this peaceable little woman that so frightens the police and the yellow sheets.

L. J. QUINBY.

INCIDENTAL SUGGESTIONS

FROM A CANDIDATE WHO LOST.

Hymer, Kans., November 6.—Was not the acceptance of feudalism phenomenal? We are a sort of "variety show." We fill the house; we obtain applause and arouse enthusiasm; but the owner of the theater—he gets the real fact, the cash.

How more thoroughly does one love a good, sound God-built horse one has been beaten on! To understand—that is to love, I think; and to have ridden the losing horse without spurs right down to a finish, is to know the splendor of the horse, his courage and his great power.

The horse which beat us was spurred and whipped. The course on which we ran our horse, the Pure Democracy, was impeded by ignorance and fear, which obstacles can only be overcome by false methods in riding—spurs and whips, threats and misstatements.

Say, but I love our horse, bless his old heart! You can burn all the whips and spurs, and he will run out his course.

I never knew what hatred meant until November 3. November 2 I saw the writing on the wall. November 3 I saw men lock up the brains I had touched, and vote the cowardice which is as old as the world. I knew, as in scornful silence I watched, the desire, as old as their cowardice, to kill these things which impede the Messiah's return. The earth seemed too small to contain us both!

Oh, I've got over it now, the poor devils! As I ride my beautiful defeated horse I know the reward for having thrown away spurs and whips, and learned to really co-operate. Lord, but I know my God-made horse will win some day. And the poor Hymer lads that cast eighteen votes for Taft and fear, will never have this supreme joy. I love my horse indeed, for only when mounted upon him can I really leave the dirt. God grant I stay on him longer, and do not get down to fight my fellows over their love of dirt.

Oh, I am quite normal, thanks. If folks will edit The Public, why, I guess they've got to put up with having confused volumes of its fruit chucked at