

a matter of fact. But don't be fooled any longer. Be chary of passing judgment until you have the facts.

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Police Anarchy.

The (Chicago) Daily Socialist (Soc.), March 30.—The those men and women who met in Union Square were absolutely within their legal rights. They were breaking no law, committing no violence. In so far as they were Socialists they were endeavoring to teach the workers the only way to secure relief without violence. There was one violent anarchistic speech made there. It was one which we venture to say will become historic. When a young sculptor pled for the right of free speech with Inspector Schmittberger, who had charge of the police, and pointed to the Constitution of the United States as guaranteeing that right, it was the supposed representative of the law who replied as he pointed to his upraised club: "This is bigger than the Constitution just now." Then and there the first anarchist bomb was thrown. These words announced that law was to be tossed aside and brute force was to rule. To the man who could not see beyond that upraised club, who did not realize the forces of which that policeman was but the puppet, and who could not comprehend that there is a way in which that club may be torn from the hands of those who would use it to crush law, the bomb seemed the logical answer.

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Free Speech.

The Chicago Evening Post (conserv. Rep.), Mar. 13.—Freedom of speech is a treasured inheritance of Americans, native sons as well as adopted. We boast of it in idle hours and assume to contemplate with something akin to contempt those supine fellow men who are content to dwell in countries where the measure of one's utterances is in the hands of king or ministers, army or police, to regulate. Ere we boast further we should know that among all the great cities there is none where freedom of speech is so unrestrained as in London. The capital of the British empire is the paradise of agitators. There everyone may exploit his pet enthusiasm, be it socialism, anarchy, woman's rights, or any other of the thousand and one theories that man has found to talk about. Trafalgar Square is a popular gathering place, but greater than it is the expanse of meadow in Hyde Park, where around the "Reformers' Tree" the red flag flutters and orators hold forth from early of a Sunday morning till dark. The authorities keep hands off, for the general belief is that these gatherings act as a safety valve to let off the pent-up emotions of the heterogeneous masses of the metropolises. And the penalty of this unlicensed talk? None apparently. No other capital of Europe is more free from "anarchistic outrages"; in none is royalty or government official so safe. Is this a coincidence or is it something of vastly deeper significance, something that deserves the study of other governments, including our own? For in America, despite our tradition and our Constitution, the measure of free speech is far smaller than it is in London and in other cities abroad. In fact, only in Spain and in Russia will we find more limitations thrown about those who protest against

the "established order." Speech is no longer absolutely free in this land of freedom.

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A Socialist View of Anarchy.

The (Chicago) Daily Socialist (Soc.), March 30.—The insane wretch who was taunted and tormented by anarchistic police brutality into throwing that bomb in New York did a greater service to the oppressors and exploiters of Labor than any of the open champions of capitalism have been able to accomplish in years. The ill-concealed gloating with which his act is heralded forth, with a wealth of lies, upon the pages of the organs of capitalism proves this point. It has been in the hope of provoking something of this kind that the police of Chicago and of New York have sought in every possible manner to aggravate the starving workers into violent resistance. In Chicago this effort failed and the forces of reaction were in full retreat. Then came this act in New York, which is to-day being exploited with almost open exultation by every enemy of labor. . . . Such acts have a very evident cause. It is not hard to discover the forces which produced that bomb. Here is a recipe which has been tried over and over again in all countries and among all races and has never failed to produce such outbreaks: Take a half-starved victim of capitalism, cut him off from the opportunity of producing the wealth for lack of which he is perishing, then beat him over the head with a policeman's club when he dares to protest against those who are profiting by his misery, and most important of all, keep him from learning that there is any peaceable way in which he can change these conditions, and you will produce a maniacal murderer making insane war upon society.

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Sound Principles of Taxation.

The (London) Nation (ind.), February 1.—True Liberal finance consists in what to the alarmed imaginations of Lord St. Aldwyn and his friends appears a predatory attack upon property. In reality, it is based upon a thoroughly sound distinction between two sorts of income and of property, that which is earned by the output of useful personal energy, skill, and foresight, and that which is not. Earned income, in the shape of wages, salaries, minimum interest or profit, is the only sort of property which is really "sacred," and its sanctity is vouched for by the fact that any attempt to appropriate it by taxation, or otherwise, impairs the incentive of the owner to apply his ability, his labor power, or his savings to the effective processes of production. This is why taxes upon tea and sugar are so injurious. They constitute an attack upon the standard of living of the workers through the purchasing power of the money-wage, and pro tanto diminish the efficiency of labor and production of national wealth. Herein consists the folly of those who urge that every worker should be made to bear some tax, in order that he may contribute his share to the upkeep of Government. Any tax whose incidence is upon a "living wage," or a living rate of profit, or upon any other income commercially necessary to evoke the best use of the skill, labor, or capital its recipient owns, is a truly injurious attack on property, and is, ipso facto, a bad tax. Conversely, the only sound and

safe tax is one which lies on incomes or property which are "unearned," in the sense that they evoke no useful productive energy.

**RELATED THINGS
CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT**

WATCHING THE CROWD.

For The Public.

I often journey through the town,
And watch the forms go up and down—
Go up and down.

Unsignaling they course past me,
Like stranger vessels on the sea—
The human sea.

Swept fiercely on in Self-Love's wrath,
They brush me hastily from the path—
I choke their path;
Or like a child's self-acting toy,
Their shifting thought I give employ—
Soulless employ.

But in these forms I look below
The surface life that frets them so—
That frets them so;
And buried deep in all I see
Imprisoned souls look out at me—
Yearn big toward me.

I hear these souls, unheeded, plead
Through forms that chase the phantom need—
The phantom need:
"Oh, Brother! We are one with you;
Our life must rise or fall in you—
In stranger you.

"With you we know the feast is spread,
With you is peace for weary head—
Tormented head.
One circle we—no gulfs divide;
What seems our difference is outside—
Yes, all outside."

So in the throng I ever wait
The falling of the prison gate—
That ancient gate;
When fettered souls at last set free,
Join in Love's merry liberty—
Her life-completing liberty.

JESSE S. DANCEY.

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A KICK IN HIGH FINANCE.

For The Public.

After indulging in no little amount of wrangling—for big men in the making of their deals wrangle not less than do lowly hucksters and housewives in their bargaining, though they sheathe their feelings with far better skill—the trolley nabob and the millionaire manufacturer of street cars came to an agreement touching a price for the contemplated new equipment of rolling stock.

The form of contract already bore one of the necessary signatures, and the nabob had begun to affix his autograph to the paper, when he suddenly paused and raised his pen. "Of course," said he, a little insistent note of caution and suspicion breaking through his well-trained sangfroid, a note often manifested when he was on the buyer side of a transaction, "of course, this price covers absolutely every detail?"

"Certainly," declared the manufacturer, with loud earnestness, adding, however, after a moment of hesitation, and in a voice softer and almost apologetic, "but the figure is so extremely, so absurdly low, that, to come out even, I fear I shall be compelled to make a small extra charge for the straps."

A scowl gathered on the nabob's face, and he laid down his pen and sat up very straight in his chair.

"Extra for the straps!" he exclaimed. "Why, sir, the charge would be preposterous. What do you think would become of me and my company, the 'Great Universal Traction Combine,' if we ventured to charge our patrons extra for the straps?"

G. T. E.

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**OPENING EDITORIAL OF THE FIRST
ISSUE OF THE PUBLIC.**

Published April 9, 1898.

No apologies are necessary for launching a paper like The Public. Though a wearisome superfluity of periodicals burdens the market, none satisfies the desire, widespread and strong, for a paper in which the news reports are not distorted by editorial bias nor discolored with impertinent opinions, but are simple, direct, compact, lucid and veracious; a paper which aims to be right rather than sensational; which is not padded; which clearly relates to their appropriate place in general history those events that have historical value; and which, in its editorial policy, unflinchingly puts public questions to the supreme test of obvious moral principles and stands by the result. For the paper which shall satisfy that desire, there is yet ample room. Whether The Public will do this or not, only experience can show; but it will make a faithful effort.

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Some one has noted the resemblance of most modern newspapers, in their news departments, to old-time gossips swapping scandal across the fence, and in their editorial departments to the gossips' husbands talking politics and "jawing" one another down at the tavern. Perhaps the resemblance is remote; but it is close enough to suggest to the imagination of an evolutionist the possibility of kinship.