

ness. He is industrious, charitable in his own way and conscientious. . . . No doubt he believed he was stating accurately the purpose of the corporation; but it is equally certain that his expression was intrinsically false. No capitalists ever spent millions merely to "protect the freedom" of workers; no corporation would prefer that its entire investment be consumed rather than that "workmen should be deprived of the right to work for whom they please." Pretended regard for that "great principle" has been used in defense of every species of economic iniquity. . . . But back of all this advocacy of the worker's "right" and "freedom" lies the real inspiration—a belief in the supreme sanctity of property and a determination to maintain that principle in the teeth of an aroused social sense which would subordinate it to human welfare. By the "right" of the workman to work "for whom he pleases and how he pleases," the supporter of the system means the "right" of capital to dictate the terms and conditions of work and of the employe to accept those terms or starve. . . . The issue is not so clear-cut today, perhaps, as in the conflict over slavery, but it is fundamentally the same. There are, however, various views as to how the right may be established. Gifford Pinchot, we think, comes nearest to stating the whole truth when he says that the chief thing needed is to destroy the monopolistic control of natural resources; for to this evil can be traced much of the power of small groups to control the necessities of life and exact tribute from the people.



Where He Got It.

Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Times-Leader, April 9.—The big secret of the amazing wealth of Frederick Weyerhaeuser, once a penniless immigrant, lay in just one idea, which he once expressed thus: "Lands increase in value; money doesn't grow in your pocket." He lived frugally, saved his earnings and bought lands—lands with plenty of timber. He foresaw that every baby born in the United States during his lifetime would make every standing tree more valuable, because the trees were decreasing while the babies—heaven bless 'em!—were increasing. He backed that perception with every dollar he could save or borrow; and it made him immensely rich. He tried many lines of business activity before he stumbled upon the discovery of "unearned increment;" but they were not successful. It was not until he acquired control of large tracts of forest land and turned into merchandise the products of the Almighty that fortune began to smile upon him. Judged by the standards of his time, his great wealth was honestly obtained. He kept his agreements, paid his debts and worked as hard as any employe. But he was fortunate in living a little in advance of society's acceptance of the doctrine of Henry George.



"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

"Round."

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Willie; "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

RELATED THINGS

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PRAYER FOR A NATION.

By G. K. Chesterton.

O God of earth and altar
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether
The priest and prince and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.



TORY TOOLS.

From an Editorial in The (London) Nation
of March 28.

It is important that we should not deceive ourselves into considering this Tory tampering with the Army a merely wild, spasmodic action evolved by anger at the expected coercion of Ulster and by hatred of the Parliament Act. It has a deeper and more ominous significance. Until the last few years Tories had sedulously maintained the title and demeanor of a constitutional party. . . . When the Tory party was outvoted at the polls and a Radical Government came in, the real causes of conservatism had always enough support in the enemy's camp to stop or cripple any dangerous measures. The issues that divided the two parties were seldom vital to the interests of the workers, never touched the roots of property. Small serviceable concessions that cost little or nothing to the owning classes, and the glamor of the great Imperial show, stage-managed in the 'seventies by Disraeli, and provided with fresh spectacular effects through the two following decades, kept the people quiet. Half the workers could in ordinary times be relied upon to vote Conservative, and when they failed, the mere existence of the House of Lords served to strangle at their birth any dan-

gerous projects entertained by the radical wing of a Liberal party in the Commons. Under such circumstances, a Tory party and the propertied interests it exists to serve, could afford to be strictly constitutional. For the Constitution was their safe and obedient tool.

With the new century came a great change. . . . With the Liberal and Labor triumph of 1906 politics took on a novel aspect of reality. All their powers of influencing the electors—press, church, liquor, sport—had failed them. Socialism was in the air, and a growing Labor party in the House of Commons.

Then arose from the Liberal ranks the menacing figure of Mr. Lloyd George, an impassioned democrat, unchecked by those restraints and emollients which society had always relied upon for taming Radicals. The new policy which this man voiced seemed to them sheer confiscation, a taking from the rich to give to the poor, and his great budget drove them to their first reckless and unsuccessful defiance of the Constitution. The passionate resentment with which the country greeted this insolence, and their recognition that the Lords' veto—a weapon upon which they had always relied with confidence—was now wrested from their hands, have taught them two things. They have learnt, or those incapable of learning feel it in their bones, that the electorate has passed out of their control, and that the veto of the Lords has gone forever. They also recognize that for the future, politics will continually be occupied by economic issues of primary importance, involving large readjustments of industry and property, and that the Progressive party of the near future, whether it be Liberal or Labor, will no longer be impeded in their work by the weight of wealthy Whiggism which hitherto has crippled progress.

This new condition of affairs has altered their attitude towards the Constitution. It was only sacred so long as it would serve their interests. If it will no longer do this, they have no use for it. It is good only for the scrap-heap. In the Conservative there is nothing of the spirit of Burke, no sentimental reverence for the past, no regard for the broadening foundations of popular liberty upon which the Constitution has been erected. The Constitution has been a "hand" in their party game. As they played the Lords five years ago, some of them are now prepared to play the King, without even stopping to inquire whether the ace is out. We do not suggest that their conduct expresses a deliberate and considered policy, it is rather an instinctive falling back on the next line of defense. But no one at all familiar with the recent Tory talk in the looser atmosphere of club or smoke-room will regard this tampering with the army as wholly unpremeditated. It has long been the secret or avowed ingredient in their insolent declarations that they had the power to "down" the Government. Everyone knows the tenor of

this talk, "Why should we make or accept 'Concessions'? We don't need them. Your House of Commons may do what it likes. We won't have Home Rule on any lines, and we can stop it. Do you say you will make us obey the law? How? Remember the Army is ours. You may pay the piper, but we call the tune." You perhaps reply, as has been replied in the House of Commons, that two can play at that game, that when they want the Army to protect their property, it may not be available. They see no analogy, fear none. For an officer and a gentleman has surely rights that do not belong to common soldiers. . . .

Laws and Constitutions are not meant for supermen. So long as they can have the making and administering of the laws, well and good, they will be law-abiding citizens. But laws made by the common people and their representatives they will not obey, and they will not be made to obey. They are the rightful rulers of any country where they live, the fighting, sporting class, accustomed to command in war, in politics, in business, bred in dignity and leisure, and accustomed to have their way. Theirs is the kingdom, the power, and the glory. The spirit of the army is the condensation of this feeling, and it is, therefore, only natural that the Tory party should regard the Army as their property, their tool.



A FABLE.

By George Brandes.

Translated from the Danish by L. B. Schwartz.

And Jesus said to his disciples: "Let us descend upon earth. There is something wrong in Holy Russia. That mighty Empire should have been a Temple for all men, but instead they have turned it into a robber-den. There are too many hypocrites, too many sycophants, too many jailers and hangmen. Its schools have been closed, and its jails overfilled. 'Go then to this land, and teach ye God's word to the poor souls, that they may be freed.'"

But the Russian border was guarded. The disciples showed their passports, which Jesus had given them, but the gendarme answered curtly. "Not good. They must be visé by the Russian Consul."

Then did Peter take the passports, and came to the Consul.

"I can not visé the passports," said the Consul, as he looked at Peter. "You appear to be a Jew, and Jews are not permitted to enter the Holy Russian Empire. Are you a Jew?"

"That I am," said Peter.

"And the other eleven?" asked the Consul.

"They too are Jews."

"Then go hence. None of you can cross the border."

"I, too," said Peter, "am a kind of Border