

**RELATED THINGS
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PARKER NO. 2.

For The Public.

When you Democratic delegates shall gather in the town
Of Denver, and look westward on the Rockies' fringe
of down,
Men, remember it's as certain as that fringe of down
is snow,
And as certain as you're meeting on the plain that
lies below,
That should Minnesota Johnson be the man picked
out by you,
All our votes will in November make him Parker
No. 2.

If you hear the boodle jingling—bribery music of the
Street;
Or if men like Hill or Belmont wait upon you, look-
ing sweet;
Or if Guffey tries to work you or to boss you, then
look out!
And of Mr. Quinn and Roger C. have everlasting
doubt.
For, in case of nomination, they all know as well as
you
That Minnesota Johnson will be Parker No. 2.

Do not listen to the envoys of the gang called "safe
and sane,"
They will try to demonstrate to you that only they
have brain;
Even when they talk of Grover and extol him every
way,
Cut them short, and very gently lead them to your
door, and say:
"Sirs, in case of nomination, we know well and so
do you,
That your Minnesota Johnson will be Parker No. 2."

There is just one man to tie to, one that always has
been free;
And you know—that's why you're cheering—he is
William Jennings B.
He's the one that we have faith in; he's the one we
know is just;
He is not and won't be shackled by the shackles of a
Trust.
But, if Johnson should be chosen, this is what our
votes will do:
They will make him, and you know it, Alton Parker
No. 2.

G. T. E.

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WHO IS TO BLAME?

For The Public.

There was a crowd of men of all sorts standing
around the door of the bank as I came around the
corner on the way to the street car. Many of the
men were well dressed and some of them were

smoking cigars, and the price of one of the cigars
would furnish a wholesome lunch for an economi-
cal workingman. It is not that the men should be
censured for the smoking that the fact is men-
tioned, but for the contrast in their condition and
that of the being upon which their gaze was di-
rected.

The crowd encircled the door of the bank so
that the entrance was much obstructed. Every
eye was turned downward to some object that rest-
ed upon the steps of the entrance. A movement
of the wall of humanity that obstructed my view
disclosed, reclining upon the steps of the bank,
something that resembled the form of a man. It
was something that had originally been a man.
The reclining form was dressed in the cheapest
sort of clothing—clothing that a self respecting
workingman in secure possession of a job at ordi-
nary wages would reject. But all thought of the
clothing or of the standing of the person who wore
the clothing was driven from my mind by a
glimpse of the face of the man.

It was rough and unshaven, but under the
roughness was plainly visible the pallor of death,
and under the dirt and the repulsiveness of the
material form could be seen by those who would
look, the original beauty and purity of the soul
as it came to earth from the hands of the Creator,

The crowd closed again around the form of the
dying man. Among them were some who were not
well dressed, and these were nearest the man and
doing the little that could be done to ease the pains
of the passing soul.

The passing moments hurried on and the clang
of a bell announced the arrival of the ambulance
of the Health department, and soon careful at-
endants took the suffering form to the hospital
and the crowd dispersed. I could not follow the
form to the hospital, and following would have
done no good, for all that man can do for man
when the stage in existence is reached that the
material is hovering on the brink of the eternal,
was done by the agents of Charity.

But the face of the man haunted me, and the
question came, Why should Charity wait till the
man is at the point of death, before it steps in
with its kindly and beneficent aid? And then the
thought came that there is a constant cry in our
ears and a constant appeal to our sympathies for
more contributions to charitable institutions, and
that the resources of the tender-hearted are taxed
to the utmost to provide ways and means for the
rescue of those that are falling by the wayside.

Then it came to me with startling clearness that
somewhere in the economy of the Creator of the
universe and the Maker of men there must have
been some provision for the needs of the poor and
the sick and the unfortunate, so that they should
not be left to be cared for solely by the contribu-
tions of the tender-hearted, who are frequently the

least able to spare. And the saying of some one that the burden of caring for the desperately poor falls upon the shoulders of the poor, came to my mind, with the further thought that there might be some connection between the extremely rich and the hopeless poor. Can the one be the complement of the other?

Then there came to me a vision. I saw in my vision a little log cabin which stood at the edge of a small grove of beautiful trees; and lying to the south of the cabin was a field of corn flanked on either side by another of oats and wheat. In front of the cabin stood a woman holding a child in her arms, and the little child, too small to speak, was waving its little hands at a man who was coming up from the cornfield leading a horse. He had been following the plow all day clearing the weeds from the corn, and now he was being greeted by the welcome of his first born child. My vision cleared and as the man reached forward and took the child from the arms of the woman and placed it upon the back of the horse and led it to the little log barn, the face of the child was turned toward me, and I saw in it the face of the man in the ambulance of the Health department.

The vision faded, and as I passed along another came to take its place. The little cabin with its surrounding frame of green trees and growing crops was gone, and in its place there stood a huge factory with its hideous and sordid surroundings of tenement houses, and its clouds of smoke polluting the air. The darkness came on, and the filthy windows of the great buildings gave forth a dim light, and the whir of the revolving wheels and the din of the clattering machinery stopped not for the night. And I saw that the huge mill was filled with women and with little children who watched the endless movements of the circling wheels; and among the little children I saw white-faced men whose sole business was to see that the little ones did not fall asleep in the long watches of the night, and suffer death, or maiming worse than death, from the cruel claws of the power driven machines. The little ones were pale and lifeless. They were old before their time, for the wealth of the world was taking tribute of their helplessness, and blood and flesh and human souls were being coined into dollars, and the coiners were seemingly blind to the blood that stained the coinage. I looked at the weary little forms, and among them I seemed to see the face of the man in the ambulance of the Health department.

The vision faded, and I saw another. It was a luxuriously furnished office. It might have been a bank, or a broker's office. In it sat a well-dressed and prosperous-looking man, smoking a fat and prosperous-looking cigar. Another well-dressed man confronted him, and I heard him say to the man with the cigar, "You got that farm from Bob mighty cheap. What ever became of Bob?"

"Well, I don't know as it was so cheap after all. Of course the mills came here after I bought it, and the town was built up around it, and I laid it out into town lots, and sold most of them for big prices so that I made a tidy little spec' out of it. But then there was the risk I took. The mills might not have come, and the town might not have been built, you see."

"You were pretty sure the mills were coming, though," said the other man.

"Well, reasonably so. I had a contract with the company to put up the mills on some of my other property," said the man with the cigar.

"You must have made nearly a million out of the deal all round."

"No, hardly that much. Around three quarters of it. And Bob—oh, he took the price of his farm and went over on the bottoms and bought him another place. The floods came along the next spring, and Bob was drowned trying to save his cows. The widow and the little boy couldn't make a go of it there—floods every year you see; and so they came to town after the factory got to running, and she and the little boy went to work in the mill. Good thing for the poor folks, isn't it, to have a place where the women and the little children can get easy jobs? Mill didn't agree with the widow, and quick consumption took her. The boy got sleepy one night, and lost two fingers and his job too. I heard he went to Chicago. There's lots of jobs there most as good as these in the mill, but not so steady." A huge cloud of smoke rolled up from the fat cigar, and the vision faded.

And the answer to my query was written in the cloud of smoke. Three quarters of a million dollars' profit from one little farm, going from the people who were forced to use the farm into the pocket of the man who held the title. The value made by the energies of the whole people taken by the one. *There* was the provision made by the Creator of the Universe for the common needs of all. Why is it that all of us permit a few of us to absorb the fund designed by Providence for public purposes that will benefit all of us? Who is to blame?

GEORGE V. WELLS.

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THE CIVIC MISSION OF THE CHURCH

Paper Read by Henry George, Jr., Before the Congress of the Episcopal Church at Detroit, May 13, 1908.

The subject of "The Civic Mission of the Church," upon which I have been invited to read a paper before this Congress, does not leave room for discussion as to whether the Church has or has not a civic mission. The form of the text implies that it has, and the only question for consideration is as to the nature of that mission.

Now the word "civic" means city, citizen, citizenship, and the word "mission" means duty; so that "civic mission" carries the idea of the duty