

of youth and the conditions of life here and now did not reach the standard established by the university and it was never adopted. Meanwhile we continue to begin our building in the air and the foundation is shaky.

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#### Trust Publicity

When President Roosevelt was governor of New York his message to the state legislature of 1900 contained observations and advice in regard to the trusts, advice that is remembered now and used as a basis for speculations on his future treatment of a question which seems to be settling itself. At that time—and in America last year belongs to antiquity—Governor Roosevelt recommended full publicity in regard to the finances and business methods of the trusts; publicity of a kind required from insurance companies and banks. The editor of the Review of Reviews says that "There is good reason to think that President Roosevelt has not changed his views upon these questions, and that he believes it would be better for the corporations themselves and for the country at large if the authority of the national government were so extended as to permit Congress to enact laws for the supervision or regulation of the great industrial companies. Most of these business amalgamations have been carrying on their affairs under a veil of mystery that the small stockholder is powerless to penetrate. A highly significant innovation was made, however, by the directors of the United States Steel Corporation when on October 1, it gave to its stockholders and to the general public a straightforward and intelligent statement of its gross earnings by months, its expenditures, its profits, and its disposition of the net gains."

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#### "Et Tu, Brutus!"

Of all the Tuesday elections in the United States the New York municipal election held the largest degree of interest for the largest number of people. Yet Mr. Bryan in last week's Commoner, said:

Next Tuesday's elections in Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania will be watched with interest and variously interpreted."

There is no mention here, or in any other part of the paper, so far as a somewhat cursory examination can discover, of the one election in which all decent people of this country are more interested than in any other. Mr. Shepard, willy-nilly the Tammany candidate, who was nominated by Tammany, which dictates the most disreputable crime-fostering city government in the world, voted for Mr. Bryan in 1900, although he did not vote for him in 1896. He explained his 1896 vote by saying that he considered the silver issue dead and imperialism the paramount issue.

There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Bryan's reconciliation with Tammany and his New York appearance under the auspices of the unspeakable Croker—an action which, to do him justice, was contrary to his best judgment—lost him votes in New York state and among the simple-minded folk who had idealized Mr. Bryan and credited him with an abstract, holy abhorrence of corruption and the corrupt which would forbid any alliance with the protector of the vice that stalks by night. This election in New York is consequently a subject about which it is much more comfortable for Mr. Bryan to keep silent. Considering that Mr. Shepard has borne a reputation above reproach and that his alliance with Tammany was the only way by which he could procure the mayoralty nomination, and considering also that Mr. Shepard was, if not an ardent supporter of Mr. Bryan's in the last presidential campaign, at least he was constant and, compared with the attitude of other prominent New York democrats, ardent, it seems to me that gratitude should have prompted Mr. Bryan to admit the importance of the New York election and the previous good character of Mr. Shepard. But as a matter of fact in the issue of The Com-

moner immediately preceding election. Mr. Bryan predicted that only the elections in Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Jersey, Ohio, and Pennsylvania would be watched with interest."

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#### "Union"

Among the sacred words in the land lying between the twenty-fifth and the forty-eighth parallels of latitude, bounded by the Atlantic ocean on the east and the Pacific ocean on the west, there is none more sacred than the word "Union." To Americans it means an invincible, eternal compatibility between and among all the states in the region of the new world indicated by the foregoing description. It is very certain that if the Southerners had succeeded in proving that they had a right to secede, there would have been no contest now about this country's right to conquer and rule the conquered. Or if there had been such discussion it would be restricted to the purely speculative regions where college professors, socialists, an occasional theologian, and the brainy but unadapted and unassimilated love to wander and disport themselves irresponsibly and without regard to things as they are. If the South had succeeded in establishing a separate republic, there is no way of determining how many republics the United States would be cut up into now. If the South had succeeded then, England, Germany and France would not now be inclined to retaliatory tariff measures on account of the growth in territory and in exporting capacity of the United States of America.

Germany, France and England do not regard Central America or the immense territory and multitudinous states of South America as rivals. In the anxious consultations between European manufacturers Central and South America are not mentioned. The people of the regions referred to are not homogeneous, they are polyglot in language, religion, notions and traditions of government and unstable in all unless it be language. They are easy to convert and still revert to schismatic beliefs whose virtue in South American eyes is that they are schismatic and a departure from the conventional. On the other hand the United States is homogeneous in language, religion and political ideas, and hence a formidable rival.

Every nation has specific and national sacred words. "Union" would not bring the flush of pride and determination to the cheek of a Turk or of a Bulgarian. "Union" means in the United States what it means in no other country. Thousands of men died willingly that "The Union might be maintained now and forever, one and inseparable."

What we fought and died for in 1860, we fought and died to destroy in 1776. Ancestors of the men who died in 1860 to preserve the "Union" were the rebels against the existing union with England in 1776. If the Revolutionary Americans had been unsuccessful what an inconceivably great and powerful nation England would be today. The English of George the Third's day could not understand our plea that taxation without representation was tyranny. Crossing the ocean on the Mayflower, Englishmen suffered a sea change. After organizing the colonial government within the restrictions authorized by England, taxation meant to the American English representation in the taxing body by a resident of the region taxed. This is not what taxation means to an Englishman even now. Politically ambitious Englishmen who wish to go to the House of Commons can stand for election in any borough. Residence in the borough which sends a man to the House is not compulsory, though in practice, a candidate is surer of election in the district where he is known and has interests. When the discussion between the King of England and the American colonies began the English claimed that the Americans were represented in the English government by the elder Pitt, Fox and Burke, friends of representa-

tive government and partisans of the colonies against the king in Parliament. The English and the colonists were talking about two kinds of representation. They thought their ideas identical but it is easily demonstrable now that the mother country and the Englishmen she sent here were unconsciously considering two phases of one idea. The history of an idea transmuted into a national emotion is contained in the word "Union" as Americans use it.

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#### Light Opera

Rest for the weary, music for the musically untrained, innocent relaxation for strained nerves, is provided by light opera. The crowds which left the Oliver on Monday night when Jerome Sykes played "Foxy Quiller" were laughing lightly and humming tunes from the opera. Light opera makes a woman wonder what she was nagging about a few hours before she heard it, and if the men have been planning unusually tricky maneuvers the melody of a musical frolic drives away the vapors and influences them to righteousness. One reason why children are so much better than grown up people is that children are merrier and abandon themselves to pure fun till they are sleepy. In the large crowd that strolled away from the theater the other evening there was not a conspirator or a thief or a murderer or an enemy to goodness. They might become criminals later, but for the moment laughter swept the cobwebs from their minds. They were as little children. The influence of this sort of entertainment upon a community is wholesome.

Mr. Jerome Sykes is a spontaneous comedian. His expression and movements recall Francis Wilson and Hopper. He is on good terms with himself and with his audience. He is the type of man that in real life has every other man for his friend, the sort of man whose name other men, intending to give a dinner, write down first. He is a good fellow, without coarseness. His humor is of the honest, surface, masculine sort, common as sunshine in Nebraska and as beneficent. The little Adolph Zink, the shrimp of a man, has the humor of his sex, which is nearly always so obvious that a runner at full speed can get an exhaustive view of it. He is comical, and his German brogue does not hamper his enunciation. He was the only one on the stage who enunciated distinctly. The sailor lover might have had his mouth full of marbles or he might have said his lines in Spanish. There was not a conscientious man or woman in the audience who would swear that he spoke English. Foxy Quiller is a burlesque upon the detectives who pose as intellects and never catch a thief or discover his swag. Mr. Sykes' easy assumption of the detective's omniscience was funny and very like his model. The chorus was tuneful and well trained.

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#### "The Portion of Labor"

Miss Mary E. Wilkins' story, "The Portion of Labor," which has just been concluded in Harper's Magazine is one of the notable novels of the year. Alas, it is a problem novel, and problem novels and artistry do not work smoothly together. Where two ride the same horse, one must ride behind and in the problem novel the problem has the place of honor. But since there is no well-known author who does not occupy himself with some phase of the sociological question, it is apparent that those who have a taste for romance, pure and undefiled, will have to get used to the mixture, which is the only thing on the market. Historians like Prescott and MacCaulay, who possessed the literary sense and a romantic style, were constantly subject to the temptation to be interesting at the expense of history. The man who aims at two targets almost always misses both. A man who endeavors to inculcate a sociological truth or a great moral lesson within the pages of a novel occasionally accomplishes his real

aim, which was to write a book that the people would read and then think and talk about the sociological question suggested by it, rather than about the imaginary hero and heroine and the vicissitudes which preceded their finally happy marriage. The author of such a book is satisfied though the book she has written is not a novel nor a treatise on sociology or religion. In the pauses where the action halts and the old-time novelist used to say, "John smiled and looked out of the window where the distant mountains were bathed in a purple glow and the cascades hurrying to the plains looked like diamond pendants strung on a bronze-neck," etc., the contemporary writer inserts some of his burning ideas about reform and the novel reader reads them and begins to have ideas of his own about reforming the world by the time he has finished the book.

But where an author, a real author with the instinct and training of an artist, desires to write a novel and incidentally to teach something sociological or morally good for the system he keeps his whole mind on writing a good story about real people and in this endeavor, if he have the technical skill and inspiration he is sure to succeed. In the meantime and because of the singleness of his object he has taught a moral lesson unobtrusively. For truth is beauty and beauty truth, and the greatest and most lasting beauty is of the spirit.

Miss Wilkins has for the most part subjugated the current almost unconquerable impulse to have one's say about the problem of labor and capital. The representative of capital in "The Portion of Labor" is a young man in love with the representative of labor, a young woman. She is brilliant, imaginative and a strong partisan of labor. Her lover is manager of a shoe factory where she works. After the death of his uncle, the owner of the business and factory, the young man inherits the business and almost immediately lowers the wages of the employees for the reason that during a temporary depression of business the factory has ceased to make money. This unsocial snub from capital to labor induces Ellen, the representative of labor, to refuse to talk with her young man on any subject except one—that in which the employees of his factory are equally interested. He soon restores the scale and repeats his assurances of affection and the last chapter presents a view of their restoration to happiness. At the end everyone of the characters gets an author's slice of happiness and prosperity.

I find myself not much interested in the heroine and the hero, although the former is a very nice girl: delicate, high-minded, brave and conceited. She is an only child and a constant object of adoration, ever since her birth, but she takes herself too seriously, like so many women, and before the end of the story she is somewhat of a bore. Her father and her mother, and her grandmother, Mrs. Zelotes, and Granville Joy, her hopeless lover, live, move and breathe. Mrs. Zelotes, the severe old lady, believes in the sacredness of the blood which she inherited from her family and exalts the purity and true value of the blood which she transmitted to her son, the father of Ellen.

As a student of heredity, Miss Wilkins is always subtle and the resemblance of her grandchildren to a grandparent is interesting. The generations and the spirit of the times, which most people over fifty cease to inhale, work a change in descendants which grandmothers do not approve. The latter ascribe the different habits to innate depravity or to improper training rather than to the changes which time makes in the conduct of all men and children. There are places in the story where Miss Wilkins had the inspiration of Shakspeare, she is so human. Ellen is a conventionalized book character, at times. Just as there are wallpaper and carpet figures, which we would recognize if we saw them elsewhere than on a carpet or on the