

jured and the moans of the maimed in the hospitals.

He wrote against war, the pitting of brother against brother with firearms in their hands to shoot each other down at the command of selfish, brutalized rulers, and this is the teaching, according to Theodore Roosevelt, which is fit only for feeble and fantastic folk.

This attack upon the dying Tolstoy is truly Rooseveltian, both in ego and object.

Over the shoulder of this blameless and consecrated saint, whose sands of life are running fast, the ex-president strikes as one mightily miffed, at the candidate of the democracy in the last national election.

Tolstoy saw in Bryan the man of peace and for that, when votes for his self-appointed successor were threatened, Roosevelt quickly takes advantage of an associate editorship to lunge with that familiar ferocity of his at one whose religion is to turn the other cheek, who will not strike back, and who is now too feeble to do so were he less of a Christian. Roosevelt, hailed everywhere as a righteous man, repays Tolstoy for preaching peace and love among men, as one who "has in him certain dreadful qualities of the moral pervert."

Theodore Roosevelt has here, with his propensity when armed with a shot gun, seemingly gone hunting for big game with his reckless pen.

The czars, the grand duke of the beauracracy and the great-bellied aristocrats will hail and cheer their Bwana Tumbo. Every puny despot of every decaying monarchy will receive with ecstasy this verbal flogging of the modern Elijah at Yasnaya Polyana. But there will be no sign of assent from the peasants or the persecuted Jews of Russia, or those "feeble and fantastic folk" here who are weary of the doctrine of force and favoritism. It was to these that Tolstoy appealed, the great brotherhood for which he has lived and written as one whose code of life was based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity.

The Outlook today stands sponsor for this outrageous depreciation of Count Tolstoy by its associate editor.

It was the Outlook, however, which published a truer estimate of him by way of Edward A. Steiner's "Tolstoy the Man," for Steiner in his preface says:

"Tolstoy's philosophy is not clear to others. . . . He has a message for the world which he intends shall drive out a civilization based upon barbarism and cruelty; a philosophy of life which, as he sees it, is fundamentally opposed to the laws of nature, and a religion which has reduced God to the level of a Russian monarch, degraded the Saviour into a magician and the Bible into a fetish. He means to bring to a culture which shall be free from barbarism, a philosophy of life which shall be in harmony with the teachings of Jesus, and a religion which shall answer to the promptings of the soul."

Somewhat at variance, isn't it, this appreciation with the slander the Outlook prints now.

But let us go on and see what else Steiner finds in the man:

"He discovered in the Sermon on the Mount five laws which have become his rule for faith and conduct, and which he believes will bring the kingdom of God into men's hearts, and place happiness upon the earth. The five laws he summarizes thus: 'Live at peace with all men and do not regard any one as your inferior. Do not make the beauty of the body an occasion for lust.' 'Every man should have only one wife and every woman only one husband, and they should not be divorced for any reason.' 'Do not revenge yourself and do not punish because you think yourself insulted or hurt. Suffer all wrong, and do not repay evil with evil; for you are children of one Father.' 'Never break the peace in the name of patriotism.'"

These are the rules which guided the life of a man whose writings we are told are dangerous, and yet they are from the Sermon on the Mount.

And they are rules which inspired the peasant life and the deathless literary work of Leo Tolstoy in the interest of all men, "for all ye are my brethren."

An aged official of the government, a veteran of the civil war, who was borne into the court room upon a cot to protect his good name from some serious accusation of President Roosevelt's, was acquitted by the tribunal only to be made the subject of a fresh attack by Roosevelt, who declared that his escape from conviction was purely technical.

The veteran addressed a protest against this indignity from his sickbed that anyone with less self-sufficiency than Theodore Roosevelt would remember to his dying day. The aged official's

letter contained this pathetic line: "I am about to go soon, sir, to meet a higher and more just Judge than you."

Leo Tolstoy does not fight with carnal weapons. We doubt if he would reply to the great Lion Killer's cruel thrusts, if he were permitted to know how the ex-president of a nation for which he has cherished the fondest hopes, had treated him.

Certainly he would not be disturbed, for he has been berated by the high and mighty too often for that.

There is only one accuser that he has listened to attentively, and to whose searching reproofs he has assented. That accuser is his own soul.

Will the Great Hunter, with all of his prowess, be brave enough to admit as much?—Detroit Times.

"THE GUILTY RETAILER"

That excellent democratic newspaper, the Johnstown Democrat, comments with much interest on the republican discovery, recently promulgated by Senators Aldrich, Hale, Scott, Smoot and others in the senate, that high prices are not the result of tariff extortion, but are directly chargeable to "the guilty retailer." The Democrat says:

"The proof that it is the unprotected retailer who is growing rich through high prices extorted from the consumer on articles bought dirt cheap from the protected manufacturer is found in the fact that he lives in a palace, that he spends his winters at Palm Beach and his summers at Newport, that he keeps a variety of automobiles and a stable full of fine horses, that his daughters are at Vassar and his sons at Yale or Harvard, that he owns a steam yacht and travels in a private car and that he gathers honors and fame as the founder of libraries and universities and as the giver of church organs and prizes for heroes. Let anyone look about him. Let him see for himself how true this is. Do we find the retailer in the bankruptcy court? Not at all. It is the protected manufacturer who is heading straight for the poor house. It is he who is selling pitchers at 90 cents a dozen which the cormorant retailer unloads upon the honest consumer at 40 cents each. Undoubtedly congress should investigate this shocking business. This country can not afford to have her glass trust, her pottery trust, her lead trust, her lumber trust, her chemical trust, her steel trust, her paper trust, her textile trust and all the other benevolent organizations for the cheapening of commodities brought into undeserved disrepute."

With what looks, we must confess, like malicious glee, the Democrat discusses Senator Hale's argument that the policy of protection has no relation to the high prices now prevailing in this country. It contrasts this new stand taken by the high tariff forces with their old claim that the high prices for farm products and the high wages of American labor are directly and solely due to the beneficent policy of protection. Our contemporary should bear in mind, however, that circumstances alter cases. When the republican party is talking to the producer, the farmer and the laboring man, then it claims that high tariffs make high prices and high prices make high wages. But when it is talking to the consumer, just now very much in evidence, it asserts that high tariff has nothing to do with high prices and that the retail merchant is the guilty party. And so it is the retailer who just now is catching fits, and being held up by great republican statesmen as the heartless exploiter of the public.

The Democrat reaches this comforting conclusion:

"All this should bring immense comfort to the burdened consumer. It is now possible for him to walk right down to the corner grocery or to the department store and have it out with the man who has been robbing him. No longer need he cherish unholy feelings toward the much-maligned manufacturer. The latter is indeed an angel of light. He toils unselfishly to produce things more cheaply under a protective tariff wall and is defeated in his benevolent purpose to serve the people only by a voracious retailer who holds up the gentle consumer who skins him alive. The more we think of this the more amazing it seems that until now the true culprit was not suspected, even by the manufacturer."

When the pillaged consumer walks down to the corner grocer, to have it out with him, he may be surprised to find that fiend incarnate working in his shirt sleeves, his wife behind

the counter selling prunes and weighing out cheese, and his son driving the delivery wagon. But he should not allow himself to be deceived by appearances. This is only a trick of the wily plutocrat to cover up his infamous prosperity. Really he is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. If you don't believe it, ask the leaders of "the business man's party."—Omaha World-Herald.

ESTABLISHING DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPERS

Mr. H. C. Branch, president of the Democratic State Editorial Association, 537 Temple Court building, Denver, Colo., writes The Commoner giving an outline of the work done by the fifty-four democratic papers of Colorado last fall under the leadership of the Democratic State Editorial Association. During the campaign the democratic papers were increased from fifty-four to seventy-two, and the circulation of the papers was largely increased. The state committee worked in harmony with the editorial association and as a result a large amount of literature was circulated through the newspapers at a less cost than it could have been circulated in any other way. Editors interested in the propagation of democratic truth ought to put themselves in communication with Mr. Branch and profit by his experience.

A FAMILIAR WARNING

Democratic newspapers and democratic orators have regularly given the people a warning which recently appeared in an editorial printed in the Lincoln (Neb.) News, a republican paper. The editorial is entitled "A Suggestion" and was as follows:

"After pondering deeply over the matter, we have come to the conclusion that if the consumer desires to have any part or consideration in tariff making, he must choose a different period of the year in which tariff bills shall be moulded. Last year we had a lively campaign, at the conclusion of which we selected several hundred gentlemen to represent us in congress and elected legislatures which chose some thirty senators during the winter. Last year—say about August and September—would have been the proper time to call congress in session and pass a tariff bill. The consumer was the big man at that time. The various candidates were so sure that his interests should be considered above all others that they frankly told him so and assured him that what he needed was a reduction in the tariff so that the cost of living might be lessened. Since then they have gone down to Washington, have talked with the manufacturer, the producer, found him to be a very convincing sort of a gentleman and have allowed him to write the schedules. Distance and time has permitted the vision of the consumer to become shadowy, and in some cases he is treated as a purely mythical personage. It is quite evident that he is to receive little consideration at the hands of either branch. The only way open to the consumer, as we view it, is for him to demand that tariff-making be confined entirely to the campaign season when he is somebody."

BAKIN' DAY

Have you any smiles today?

Send me up a peck—
Kind that reaches all the way
Round behind your neck.

Send a dozen boxes of
Best assorted cheer;
Also twenty quarts of love—
Must be warm and clear.

Happy thoughts and pleasant words—
Mix 'em good and strong—
Kind to make you think of birds
Burstin' into song.

'Leven bars of kindness
Free from flaw and chill;
And two dozen packages
Of the best good-will.

Send me all the charity
You can rightly spare,
And a box of sympathy—
Pizeness to care!

This is bakin' day, and I
Have a sort of plan
For to make a tasty pie
For my fellow man.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Success
Magazine.