

patience and untiring effort on the part of those who see the truth clearly enough to make them work for its progress will be needed. Happy are the men and women who are conscious that they are keeping step in the great march of Evolution—that they are intergral parts of the Universe—that while they are brothers or sisters to the worm, they are also akin to the stars. Tho' the clouds be heavy and dark, here and there we see a rift through which the light of full liberty is breaking—and when the Monopolist, the Landlord—the Captain of industry and all the varied forms of Thievery shall have accomplished their educational mission, and mankind has learned the lessons and mystery of poverty and pain, they will be ready and able to rebuild the Democracy that once made this favored land the hope of the world.

In that blessed time, in spirit, I stand and take the hand of the Thief in mine and say—Good-bye, old friend, your day is over, you were always interesting, you had such a taking way with you, and now you are taking yourself away, I am sorry and yet glad—Farewell—and I see him fading—fading—until he is lost to sight in the advancing glory of the new day of Justice—*Love*—and unbroken *Peace*.

PROGRESS AND POLITICS.

(For the Review.)

By FRANK C. WELLS.

If the last quarter has been marked by no triumphs for enlightened democracy, in any quarter of the globe, it has by no means been wanting in interesting happenings. To begin at home, there seems a chance at last that New York City, may find out who it elected Mayor two years ago. The Legislature passed the recount bill that Governor Hughes indorsed, and unless fresh interference from the courts should prevent, the ballots will be recanvassed. Mr. Hearst as Mayor might, or might not "make good" but if he was elected democracy can "make good" only by seating him. The persistent fight against a recount waged by the *de facto* Mayor has been most discreditable to him. If the recount shall show that his opponent was elected Mr. McClellan will leave office a disgraced man. If it shall establish his own right to the place he will retain it a disgraced and an absurd one. In either case his career will be at an end. He himself signed his political death warrant when, receding from his first declaration that he would take no office that was not his by right, he threw every possible obstacle in the way of Mr. Hearst's efforts for a recanvass of the vote. In this stand Mr. McClellan has had the approval, open or thinly disguised, of the plutocratic press. Who can doubt the nature of the influence back of it?

This recount bill was perhaps the most noteworthy act of the State Legislature that after an abnormally long session dissolved in a wretched tangle over the reapportionment that the unconstitutional gerrymander of the preceding Legislature had made necessary. Not the least of the advantages of the proportional system of representation is that it would render nugatory the partisan redistricting by which in every state the dominant faction seeks always to intrench itself; but such really democratic solutions of political problems make no headway in New York State. They commend themselves as little to the Gradys, McCarrens and Olivers who disgrace the minority party by their leadership, as they do the Raineses and Wadsworths of the party in power.

The Governor succeeded in getting his public utilities bill made a law, and we shall see what of public benefit it will bring. The enormous powers it places

in the hands of the Governor may be safe with a Hughes, but could an Odell or a Hill be trusted to use them for the general good? The concentration of authority so strongly advocated in some quarters as a cure for the weaknesses of a democracy is, like most counter-irritants, a dangerous remedy. A measure also advocated by the Governor, and much in line with real democracy, was that for direct primary nominations which was killed in the dying hours of the session.

IN THE NATIONAL FIELD.

In national affairs the chief interest has centered in the absorbing game of presidential candidates. The ponderous Taft, with the backing of his chief, leaped first into the Republican field. The astute Knox has followed. Governor Hughes's friends are pushing him toward the arena, while the genial Fairbanks and, it may be, the wily Foraker and the ambitious Cortelyou pursue a still hunt for unattached delegates. The attitude of the plutocratic press—Republican and so called Democratic—toward all these candidates is instructive. None of them seemed displeasing to it, though some reserve is yet maintained toward Hughes, who, despite his veto of the two-cent railway fare bill, gives evidence of streaks of radicalism all the more to be dreaded for being genuine. The radicalism of Mr. Taft the former issuer of labor injunctions and the present exponent of benevolent imperialism, does not seem to affright our captains of industry, and even should some modern Antony come forward at the Republican Lupercal to tender the crown again to Roosevelt, and the latter prove unequal to the role of a refusing Caesar, the chances are that Wall Street would manage to bear up. This culminating Rooseveltian achievement is by no means the most unlikely outcome, for many of the President's admirers are already shouting that no one else can beat Bryan, and Bryan has as yet no serious opponent for the Democratic nomination. It cannot be supposed for a moment that another "conservative" candidate of the Parker stripe will be stood up as a victim of the electoral avalanche, and among the progressive Democrats who is there so fit and so deserving to lead as the twice-defeated candidate who, though merely the Editor of a weekly journal of insignificant appearance in a small Western city, has, as much by his energy, his steadfastness and his unselfishness as by his platform ability and his political acumen, impressed himself on the rank and file of his party as its only possible leader?

But the election is a long way off and prophecy is a risky pursuit. If our make-believe prosperity, based so largely on speculation and gambling, should disappear in a wreck of railroads and a crash of banks, or if the extraordinary criminal trial at Idaho on which the eyes of the nation are now centred should lead to new lines of political cleavage in which intense class feeling should play its part, the outcome may be one as yet entirely un conjectured. After all, important to real democracy as the Presidency is, the House of Representatives is even more so, and it is a matter for regret that in the excitement of selecting the nation's head so little attention is paid to securing enlightened Congressmen.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

Europe just now presents politically a various scene. Great Britain has passed an academic parliamentary resolution that the power of the Lords should be curbed, but has proved its traditional and inexplicable attachment to its hereditary owners by defeating overwhelmingly a democratic resolution for their abolishment as an upper chamber. Ireland has contemptuously rejected the Government's milk-and-water home rule bill, and the futility of half-way measures to please anybody thus receives what should have been a needless demonstration. France has had to meet an extraordinary rebellion due, appar-

ently, to wide spread belief in the vine-growing south that prosperity can be manufactured by regulative law for the million as well as for the few. Austria has adopted a manhood suffrage law, and as a result of this great stride in the path of democracy sees her racial quarrels already waxing less bitter and a new political alignment not based on race distinctions taking form. Portugal is protesting against an autocratic administration and a pleasure-seeking King, and the latent republicanism of the Latin peoples of Europe is now being voiced in that sleepy corner of the continent. The Russian Czar has shown the value of an autocrat's oath by again dissolving the Douma and restricting still further the political suffrage of the distracted people; but no Mirabeau has arisen to dominate the tottering throne, nor a Danton to give it the last unsetting impulse. Tolstoy preaches in vain, and the terrorists above and below train their artillery on each other, heedless of the non-combatants in the way. Meanwhile, under the farcical auspices of the same Russian Czar, the peace conference pursues its deliberations at The Hague. The delegates to this great meeting and those they represent, like most of the delegates to the little meeting at Lake Mohawk in the United States, seem bent chiefly on showing that they are not fanatics or visionaries—not they—and that an abstract belief in the beauties of peace is quite compatible with a concrete appreciation of the advantages of war. Everything must have its beginning, however, and perhaps from the formal and meagre proceedings of The Hague congress something worth while will eventually "burst full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time."

EDITORIAL FROM THE JOHNSTOWN (PA.) DEMOCRAT.

Perhaps it will be prudent to wait for a confirmation of the amazing story of Harry Orchard before accepting it in all its revolting details. It is an unparalleled confession of crime. Nothing like it was ever told on the American continent before. It may be true. Orchard may have committed all the atrocities he declares he is guilty of. He may indeed have been the hired assassin of a great labor organization which sought with the gun and dynamite the extirpation of its enemies. But something more than the unsupported words of Harry Orchard will be needed to convince the sober judgement of the country that what he so calmly, so smoothly and so unconcernedly relates is true.

Orchard makes no concealment of the fact that while he was professedly serving as the hired murderer of the Western Federation of Miners he was at the same time playing into the hands of the other side. He admits that he betrayed those whose money he alleges he had in his pocket and in whose power he must have been if he were indeed guilty of the frightful crimes which he declares he shared in committing. His story appears to lack consistency. Not even a pervert as low as Orchard represents himself to be is likely to be as ready as he says he was to run his neck into a halter as he must have known he was doing if he were concerned in even half the diabolism for which he claims a sort of credit. He talks too much like one who is boasting. He seems rather to glory in the appalling record that he has partly detailed in court. Every word he says may be true. But there are a good many chances that he is lying.

However, conceding the substantial truth of his story, it but confirms the view which has often been put forward by people who have no sympathy with violence of any sort, that the condition which prevailed in the western mining states was one of war. It was a condition, not of public but of private war. It was a war between the Mine Owners' association and the Western Federation of Miners; and the latter, whether with good reason or without it, asserted and apparently believed that all the powers of the state were arrayed, not