

THE PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH

(By "Papyrus" in the Liverpool Catholic Times)

The words that head this article form the title of a most impressive book, which has just been published. Its author is Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, a member, as he remarks, of that very Society whose aim and folly he scathes, whose ignorance he deplores, and whose fate he foresees. Seldom has so bitter and so true an attack been made on the blindness and selfishness of those rich people who reap where they sowed, sowed not spin, and whose lives, for all are pleasant as the lilies of the field. We have here, in this book, no Anarchist or Socialist uttering threats. The speaker belongs to the very caste which he tries to waken by warning. "I know Society," he says, "I was born in it, and have lived in it all my life, both here and in the capitals of Europe."

Such a gentleman may claim our attention, then, when he tells us what he thinks is coming on in this world of modern movement for the class which he calls the idle rich. And surely it is with great significance that he adopts the words of Abraham Lincoln, and prints them on a page by themselves, where they stand as a solemn introduction to his own.

The habits of our whole species fall into three great classes—useful labor, useless labor and idleness. Of these, the first only is meritorious, and to it all the producer of labor rightfully belongs; but the two latter, while they exist, are heavy pensions upon the first, robbing it of a large portion of its just rights. The only remedy for this, so far as possible, is to drive useless labor and idleness out of existence.

Of these rich pensioners of labor, Mr. Martin has many things to say, and, considering his acquaintance with them and their doings, he may be allowed to give his testimony. It is as testimony that I take his words. But it is a testimony that will convince the reader of its truth and justice long before he lays down the book and records the verdict. Mr. Martin admits the worth of American Society, in spite of all its faults. He believes it is the cleanest, sanest and most normal society in the civilized world. He is a conservative, prefers evolution to revolution, and values deeply the traditions of the past.

But he ever sees Society breaking up, and a new order springing forth.

"It is simply true," he says, "that the Bible is no longer read, that the Constitution and laws are trampled upon by the rich and powerful, and are no longer held sacred by the poor and weak. Instead of Hawthorne we read Zola and Gorky; instead of Longfellow and Bryant, Ibsen and Shaw. Among how many perfectly respectable, sane, even religious, people is the name of Ustushtan not more familiar than Cardinal Newman? I do not know whether we are going, but I do know that we are going."

He sees America changing in his own lifetime from a land of many people with small riches to a land of a few people with great riches. And he lays down the inexorable truth that "Great riches must be derived from the labor of many." And he sees the past slipping into the future and watches the growth of wealth and poverty, he says:

"Sometimes, as I sit alone in my library reading and thinking about these matters, and reflecting upon the years that make up my brief lifetime, a sort of terror of tomorrow seizes me."

"I take it to be proven by the experience of the world that individual exploitation of the sources of wealth remains as the established basis of the industrial, commercial and social development of the world. Yet, I confess, the terrific sweep of industrialism across this land throughout the past century appeals to me as I study it from records written and unwritten. I cannot go down through the crowded tenement streets of our great cities without having it borne in upon me that we as a nation pay a fearful price in human blood and tears for our industrial triumphs."

"I cannot see the poverty, even the degradation of the wives and children of the wage-working class in many cities, and even in many rural districts, without being visited by the devastating thought that surely, if the principle of the thing be necessary and right, there must be fearful errors somewhere in the application of the principle. For the grim fact stands out beyond denial that the men who are the workers of the nation—the women and the children dependent upon them—are not today given the opportunities that are their proper birthright in free America; and that, struggle as they will, save as they may, they cannot obtain from our industrial hierarchy much more than a bare living wage. And, on the other hand, it is equally true that the wage of capital is high, the class of idle rich has grown out of all proportion, and that it has taken upon itself power and an arrogance unsurpassed in the industrial history of the world. Somewhere there is something wrong. I speak as a rich man. I speak as a representative of the class of which I write, and to which in particular I address myself."

"Talk of this kind from a wealthy American banker should send every Christian student of the problem of social reform to examine for himself. Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin's Powerful and suggestive book 'The Passing of the Idle Rich' is compelling thought and will, in most readers, compel action. It is the voice of a prophet, sure of his prophecy because a whole generation is working towards its fulfillment."

To Own Things. For some reason it has come over me very strongly how much discontent and unhappiness might be avoided if we could only try to control and lessen the craze for possession, the mania for owning things, the belief that the greatest happiness in life is in having many and costly possessions to call your own. In other and far finer words if we could only realize that "a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure them.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that your aim this healing, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was laboring with an itching of my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a box of Scott's Emulsion. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and in a week I was cured. Here is a letter from a patient who never had any skin disease since." Mrs. D. E. Wain, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Nothing was secured; nothing was secured."

And he is a banker who says this. Now mark his further testimony. The land is occupied. Industry reigns. And profits fall in America in the following ratio:

"In the census of 1900 it is shown clearly that the average employee in this country produces every year \$1,280 of wealth, after full allowance for the cost of the material he works and all possible running expenses that are paid by his employer. Out of this amount of wealth he gets \$427. The remainder, \$853, goes into the hands of other men—the capitalist or the exploiter of labor. That money, nearly two-thirds of the wealth produced by the men who labor with their hands and heads, goes to pay interest and dividends on the securities that represent the investment gathered by those who sold out in other days, or who capitalized their plants and settled down to draw their sustenance from the labor of other men."

"Hence the idle rich—I do not mean to say that by any means all of the dividends and interest are gathered by the idle rich. Such a condition as that cannot exist but abroad the history of a nation. It came about in Rome—and it led to the fall. It came about in France—and it led to the terror. Here, in America, it has gone far to be sure, and the tendency is still onward; but it has not yet quite reached a point where one may say: 'Tomorrow the harvest is ripe.'"

Neither has it here in England. But it is a matter of pressing importance. The whole question of dividends is melting into a ripeness which will demand attention on penalty of rottenness and revolutionary infection. Men must be compelled to look at the source, and the conditions of the source, of their wealth. Religion urges, self-interest advises. Not only the State has turned its attention thither, but the leaders of the people tell them of the comparison between wages. Such facts cannot be hidden, any more than a cancer can be concealed.

We may hate Socialism; we should strive to get out of it by abolishing the phenomena it feeds on. As we do it? Let this rich American banker give his witness; it is lengthy, but how true, how unflinchingly true.

"I do not desire to criticize wealth, for I am not a Socialist, and I entertain no Utopian dreams concerning the equal distribution of wealth among the people or the public control of all sources of wealth. I agree thoroughly with Mr. Carnegie, and with much older economists, in the opinion that any arbitrary distribution of wealth, or any arbitrary assignment of the sources of wealth, would be but temporary, and would be followed by another period of adjustment, which would end with the reapportionment of wealth and the reassignment of the sources of wealth into the hands best qualified by nature to hold them."

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Flying Machines. A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was Scott's Emulsion in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists.

BRONCHITIS

Was So Choked Up She Could Hardly Breathe.

Bronchitis is an acute inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the air tubes of the lungs, and should never be neglected, for if it is very often the disease becomes chronic, and then it is only a short step to consumption.

On the first sign of bronchitis Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be taken, and thus prevent it becoming chronic.

Mr. John D. MacDonald, College Grant, N.S., writes—"My little girl, seven years old, caught a bad cold which developed into bronchitis. She was so choked up she could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle, and with such good results that I got another which completely cured her. I cannot say too much in its praise, and would not be without it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Post—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates?

Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish it inserted?

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Glasgow are two huge dogs carved out of granite. An Englishman going by in a hack thought he would have some fun with the Scotch driver.

"How often, Jack, do they feed those two big dogs?" "Whenever they bark, sir," was the straight-faced reply.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Father (sternly)—Can you support my daughter in the manner she's been accustomed to?

Lover—Yes, sir, I'm sure I can.

Father—Well, I can't do it any longer; so take her, my boy.

Minard's Liniment cures distemper.

The Landlady—How do you like the chicken soup?

The Boarder—Oh—er—is this chicken soup?

The Landlady—Certainly. How do you like it?

The Boarder—Well—er—it's certainly very tender.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

The Lady—I thought you said you were looking for work.

The Hobo—Well, I am, mum, but I don't want to get it right now. I'm just after clues today.

A Sensible Merchant. Milburn's Stealing Headache Powder gives women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leaves no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25c and 50c.

Nurse (to boy who has been using bad words)—How dare you, Tommy? Don't let me hear you say that again?

Tommy—Well, Shakespeare says, it, nurse.

Nurse—Well, you are not to go out playing with him any more.

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SEVERAL DOCTORS COULD DO HER NO GOOD. THREE BOXES OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS COMPLETELY CURED HER.

"Miss Mary Lebeau, Edison, Sask., writes—"I was troubled with heart disease and nervousness for over two years, and was so bad at times I had to sit up at night. I was unable to breathe, and every little noise would make me shake and shiver. I tried several doctors, but they were unable to do me any good. A neighbor then advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. As soon as I began to take them I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used the third box I was completely cured. I would advise anybody suffering from heart disease and nervousness to try these pills. They will cure a bill in doctor's fees."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all heart and nerve troubles by their restorative influence on every organ and tissue of the body.

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