

labor, standing for the care, the intelligence, the vital energies of many generations, while your investment is only of to-day, incidental, transitory, irresponsible. Finally, I have the advantage over you, for in the event of the failure of our joint enterprise, I have only to pour out my capital, my bottled-up labor, and holding it forth in the market-place, can say to one man, 'Come,' and he will come; and to another, 'Go,' and he will go; and to my servant, 'Do this,' and he will do it. In a word, you wait supported by resolution and want; I wait supported by resolution and plenty."

And then, with all human passions stirred up, the conflict goes on with the same ultimate record of disaster. But worse, if possible, than the oppressor is the professional agitator, the man who, without sympathy for the toiling people, makes merchandise of their sentiments and of their needs by stirring up unnecessary and unfruitful opposition between these allied interests. The agitator is related to the workingman about as indirectly as the visiting strangers to the hodja in the Oriental story.

A stranger presented the hodja a hare, and, having been warmly thanked and sumptuously fed, departed. By and by, he came again; but, a long time having intervened, he was not recognized. "Why, I am the man who brought you the hare," cried the stranger. "Ah, indeed," said the hodja, "come in." Afterward a large company of men presented themselves, and, in answer to the official's puzzled look, exclaimed: "Why, we are the neighbors of the man who brought you the hare." "Oh," said the hodja, "come in." But after these were departed, sumptuously fed by the good man, a great multitude appeared. "And who are you?" cried the hodja. "Why, we are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who brought you the hare." "Hu-u-u-m!" said the hodja. "Come in!" But instead of the plentiful feast they anticipated, their host set before them goblets of

clear cold water. "This man is a miser," cried the multitude of guests, "to provide such entertainment as this." "Nay, gentlemen," said the hodja, "you are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who brought the hare, and this feast is the broth of the broth of the hare."

The agitator is too often only the neighbor of the neighbor of the workingman; and following his leadership into conflicts wherein all the odds and probabilities are against them, the knights of labor have only the broth of the broth of the money-feast.

There remains a policy which is at once more beneficent and more Christ-like. The law of cooperation, so well exemplified in all other departments of life, has never been fully applied nor thoroughly tested in the industrial world, although cooperative industries have existed in an isolated way for many years and in all the industrial centers of the earth. Let us put the plan concretely by an imaginary case, into which all the essential features of the philosophy can be crowded.

Deacon Greatheart has \$50,000, which he desires to invest in a paying business; and when the enterprise is well under way he discovers that many of the fifty employees are discontented. In his keen discernment of motives and sensibilities, he realizes also that their dissatisfaction comes not from the meager wages alone, but from the melancholy stagnant sameness of them—from the fact that the heart is never lifted above the dead level of life by the exaltation of hope or the joy of an unexpected fortune. And so he calls the fifty knights of labor around him and makes a speech something like this:

"Fellow men and brothers, I am not only a capitalist but a Christian, and I desire to be more the last than the first. The \$50,000 invested in this enterprise represents not only ownership but stewardship, and I must render account to God for every turn this fortune makes in the little round