

# THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

A New Year's Story.

BY EVA BEST.

Down on my luck? Well, I should say so. Draw closer to the fire and let me tell you how that luck changed. No, it's not a very long story—have this great, easy chair, old boy, and I'll spin you a yarn that won't put you to sleep in spite of the warmth and comfort around you. Pretty well fixed? Well, yes—plenty of bric-a-brac, now, ha! ha! Not much like my quarters five years ago to-day—but that's just where my story begins.

Down on my luck. I look back in a sort of wonder at that time when I was a telegraph operator, young and poor and out of employment. Not that I wasn't head and shoulders with the cleverest of the lot—but as I have said, I was out of employment and—down on my luck.

There hadn't been so cold a winter as the one of which I speak, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The wind cut like a sword, the cold penetrated the very marrow of one's bones; the sun cast a sort of yellow glare that looked bright enough to make a fellow feel that he ought to be warm, while this deceptive brightness by its real character chilled one to the heart. By night the stars hung in steely glitter in a wide expanse as soft as velvet and as cold as—

I give it up, old fellow, there's no expression at command that can convey to you just how cold it seemed to me to be. Perhaps it was because I was down on my luck just then, and wore a top-coat of rather light weight for the season, because my feet were clad in thin-soled shoes and my hands gloveless. Be that as it may, I think I have sufficiently impressed upon your mind the fact that it was not at all sultry on that particular New Year's day, that saw me alight from a west-bound train in a far western state. I had some good credentials from the office that had removed me to make place for a poor relation—and from others—to be sure, but the position I sought to occupy seemed already well supplied at each and every point where I had made an application. The east was filled to the brim with good operators—I would go west, I decided, and seek my fortune in the old Dick Whittington style.

In every considerable town along the route, therefore, I had halted and sought employment. In none had I, as yet, found a place; and discouraged, cold, hungry and forlorn, I entered a second-class tavern in the little town of Fortham—some twenty miles west of my last night's stopping place.

I had a very little money left now—one bill and a few silver coins being the extent of my means—and I felt that, unless something soon came to change my luck, I should start out and walk until benumbed through the snow that lay like a winding sheet across the wide prairie land. It's an easy death; and I did not think the Heavenly Father, who seemed so far away and indifferent to the silent cry of His most wretched children, would in justice, punish me for the suicidal act.

It was quite dark when I reached the inn. The stars glittered like diamonds in the cloudless expanse and noises sounded clear and shrill in the cold air. The street lamps flickered in dull, yellowish gleams here and there along the main street of the little town, and the one big lamp that tried to force its feeble rays through dusty panes of glass over the door of the cheap hostelry made the darkness outside seem even the more gloomy.

I entered. Here there was warmth and light, at least, and that pleasant bustling confusion consequent upon the preparing of the evening meal, while savory smells of delectable compounds came with delightful persistence to my famishing senses.

I ate supper with the rest—Heaven only knew if it was or was not to be my last meal—paid for a night's lodging, and found I had not enough money left to allow me to go on to another town should my search here prove a failure. Pretty black outlook, eh?

At my inquiry I was directed to the only telegraph office in the place, and my teeth chattering the more now that I had in some degree become rather accustomed to the warmth of the tavern atmosphere and felt the contrast of the out-door air all the more keenly, I walked briskly along the street towards the little gaudily painted depot lying upon the northern boundary of the town.

I need not linger over my disappointment. There was nothing there for me; and, although the operator in charge was civil and really kind and polite, I saw that he thought I had a good thing and meant to keep it, and I, for all of him, might whistle down the wind. How I envied him his cosy nook by the great, red-hot, cannon stove, I leave you, old boy, to conjecture.

With a fire like that, good money placed regularly in my pocket—I fear my idea of Heaven about those days would have tallied with just such a description.

Half an hour later I was back at the tavern. The cold had increased, if such a thing were possible, while I had lingered within the telegraph office at the depot, but that, again, might have seemed to have been so by contrast. Taking a candle, my host piloted me to the room allotted me on the second floor back, and, five minutes later, chilled in the very fibers of my material being, I crept in between sheets so white, so cold, that I shuddered to look at them.

Long I lay there awaiting the warmth that came in no great hurry to my shivering hulk, and when at last I began to faintly acknowledge to myself that breathing under the bed-clothing was, after all, a pretty good sort of heating "apparatus," I heard something of which I have never since thought without a most uncanny sensation overpowering me.

Distinctly, clearly, delicately, several tiny little knocks sounded on the head-board of the bed on which I lay. By this time the whole house was a-bed and there was that intense stillness of a bitter cold night—a stillness that could almost be felt brooding over all things. My quick ear caught the sounds, and, like all well-trained experienced operators, I began to amuse myself by making letters of the tiny ticks.

I remember smiling to myself—for as yet the noises meant nothing to me but the cracking of the wood of the bed on which I lay shaking and shivering, though beginning at last to recognize a sense of lagging warmth about to overtake me—I remember smiling to myself, I say, when I managed to spell out A, T, A, L, which I knew meant nothing at all.

All was still after this, and I was just allowing the smile to fade and my features to take upon themselves their wonted look of soberness, when I heard again the ticking upon the head-board of my bed. Lazily I

listened and spelled away at what seemed amusingly like the sounds to which my trained ears were most accustomed. A, T, A, L—there it was again—but this time it was followed by other sounds unheard before.

Slowly I began to clearly comprehend that these were veritable words I was spelling out! Slowly the conviction seized upon me that it was a bona fide message I was receiving from where, from what, heaven above only knew!

With every other sense swallowed up in the sense of hearing, and this last strained to its utmost tension, I spelled again the whole of that four-times-repeated message. What were the words? I'm coming to them. "Long bridge down. Wire Georgetown. Delay fatal. Saul Natal."

Sounds like poetry, doesn't it? But I wasn't thinking about poetry then, my boy, as I lay with that conscious, intelligent Presence ticking out that message to me. At first—for all it made me "creep" at its most uncanny style of deliverance—I rebelled. What—get out of bed at this uncanny hour of the night—jump into clothes that were only too likely to be by this time frozen fast to the chair upon which I had flung them—dress myself and go down that long, white street through the stinging air to the telegraph office at the depot?

And for what? To be laughed at? "Saul Natal," indeed—my brain must be turning with the cold—sounds like a highly improbable name, doesn't it? Pooh! I'm deluded.

Then it began again—six times in all was that same message repeated; and at the end of the half-a-dozenth time I was out of bed, into my harness, and half way to the depot before I had fully realized my whereabouts. As I ran I beat my hands and shivered, and shook like an ague patient. A gibbous moon was riding now across the blue-black sea of Heaven and a ghostly light illumined the earth. In a short time I was admitted into the brightly-lighted little office, and, sinking upon a chair kindly set out for me, I gasped:

"I beg—your pardon—for this midnight invasion; but I was obliged to send a message—at once—to Georgetown!"

"To Georgetown?" politely repeated my brother operator—though, to tell you the truth, my boy, no one would have called us "brother" brothers at that particular time!

"Send it yourself!" he asked, trying to strangle a yawn at his birth.

"If—if—you please!" I gasped. He gave me a word or two of instruction, and turning to the instrument I laid my hands upon it. In a short time I had tingled out the mysterious message, and turning to see how my new friend was taking what he might well deem a rather unusual mode of proceeding, I found him with closed eyes sound asleep in his chair in a cosy corner between stove and partition wall.

I let him sleep. In a few seconds—at least so it seemed to me—a reply came from Georgetown, the purport of it being that an engine had been sent down ahead of the train just made up there to see if the report I had wired were true.

The next quarter of an hour was anything but an agreeable one to me I can assure you, even although during that period I found myself *thawing* more than I had been able to thaw for several days past.

I told myself, candidly, that I was an egregious ass to have ever believed that the pure fancies of my evidently softening brain were ought to be relied upon; that did delay the train-dispatcher by such a bug-a-boo story for naught I should, and rightly, too, be considered a proper subject for a lunatic asylum; that there probably never had been, nor ever would be a "Saul Natal;" and that take it all in all I was worse than a senseless fool—a brainless idiot!

And here to interrupt my not by any means pleasurable musings my new friend awoke with a start and came towards me. I took the chair he had just left. It was a "Polly-wants-a-corner" played by two—and those two strapping young fellows just then in altogether different frames of mind.

"Cold night," said the youthful Lacone, leaning back in his chair.

"It is," I answered him truthfully; adding, "may I ask you a question or two, sir?"

"Certainly. Ask what questions you please."

"Is—is—and my voice trembled—"is there a long bridge between here and Georgetown?"

"No."

The mercury of my already crumbling conceit went down at once out of sight.

"No, my friend, you've been misinformed" (I should think I had). "There is no sort of bridge at all between this station and Georgetown, but some three miles beyond it is the longest bridge in the state."

"Ah!" I gasped—"You see that was all I could do, old fellow!"

"Unsafe, too, I'm afraid—though the road doesn't want it generally known, I should say. Wants to prop it up in some sort of fashion to save expenses of an out-and-out new one. Mighty bad policy, I say!"

"And do you—have you ever—did you know"—you see I was too excited by that time, my boy, to put a question—the answer to which would mean much to me—point blank—"was there ever—to your knowledge—a person around here by the name of—"Saul Natal?"

"Natal? Why, that's my name, man!"

At this I jumped from my chair as if hurled from a catapult. "But Saul Natal?" I cried.

"The very same. Letters of introduction from friends of mine or nothing of that sort? Would be pleased to receive them."

"No—no—I managed to say, anything of that sort. But if you are Saul Natal, you say you are—"

"I certainly have that honor."

"Then why did you play me that joke on the head-board of my bed?"

"Joke—on—the—head—board—of—your—bed?" With this he backed briskly toward the great iron poker beside the stove, and, grasping it, kept his eyes the while firmly fixed upon my own. I read his thought and didn't blame him in the least. Yet I was bound to air this mysterious matter further.

"Yes, sir," quoth I, "on the head-board of my bed—and not an hour ago."

"Where?"

"At the Golden Gulch Tavern."

"What, if you will be so kind, was the purport of this alleged message?" his eyes still fixed upon my face.

"It said, 'Long Bridge down. Wire Georgetown. Delay fatal. Saul Natal.'"

"I say, my man, you are dreaming or else you were—excuse me, but did you have the ool cheek to come down here and telegraph

that outlandish fool of a message from my office?"

"Ool cheek? I was cool all over! You can't think I got out of bed at this time of night—and that night the coldest ever known—and come down here for the love of the thing, can you, my very dear sir?" I ask ironically.

"And you accuse me, Solomon Nat?"

"What?" I shrieked.

"I asked," and he took a firmer hold of the poker and began edging around behind the stove, "if you had the consummate brass to wire the name of Solomon Natal—"

"Hold, sir, I said Saul Natal—S, A, U, L!" And as I spelled the name the poker, with a loud metallic ring, dropped to the floor, while my auditor, white-faced and wide-eyed, fell heavily upon the chair nearest at hand.

"Saul Natal," he gasped; "are you sure, man?"

"I heard it ticked out six several and distinct times—hark!" The answer to my message was clicking away. Too spell-bound, either of us, to move, we listened to the repeated call for this office. "Answer it, Nat!" breathed young Nat hoarsely, at last. Whereupon I sent back information that I was ready to receive a message from Georgetown. Then it came.

Clicketty—click—click—clicketty—clicketty—click—and we knew that bridge had fallen, and that men and women and children were saved from a fate indescribably horrible!

"Do you hear, sir," I cried, almost beside myself with joy—"do you hear that? Now will you deny that—but what is it, man?"

"Saul Natal—my father—did that?"

"What matters who did it," I replied cheerfully, "so that the thing was done—"

"But he has been dead seven years!"

It was my turn to feel my senses reel. With a smothered cry of astonishment I fell into a chair—gasping. In the same gasp followed the call for the office again.

This time Solomon Natal responded; and when the clicking ceased he handed me a long white strip of paper, the dented surface of which told a thing to me as unexpected as to have been led to believe that the silver stars of Heaven would fall from their places in the sky and turn themselves into coin!

The passengers of the Q. Z. X. Road, to which was attached a private car containing the president of the said road, his family and several other officials out on a holiday jaunt, had made up a purse by which they hoped to signify in some small measure their gratitude to "Saul Natal," who had sent the message that saved them from a fate horrible to contemplate. "Special engine," the message ran, "left round house 2:03 with package."

As my new friend turned to speak to me the whistle of an approaching engine smote our ears. Like a burning eye her headlights bore down upon the little station, and in a few seconds more Solomon Natal was called out of his office to be greeted with cheers from engineer and trusty messenger—cheers that went echoing up into the vaulted dome above, while the celestial planets, like eyes of angels, looked down upon the scene.

Another whistle, and we—Solomon Natal and I were alone.

"Forgive me for receiving it," he said softly; "I knew they would never under-

stand it. Here, man, take your gift from me—my father—may God bless you!"

I had a pretty hard time trying to make young "Sol"—as I have ever since called him—understand that he would be obliged to receive half of this generous present.

And, at last, when I left town, he, though never quite satisfied in his questioning mind as to the justice of the procedure, left with me; and we are partners now—have been ever since we invested that gratitude money in our present lucrative business.

Do I really think it was Sol's father who sent my mysterious message? Old fellow, I don't know.

## The Russian Army.

According to the *Neue Militaerische Blatter* of Berlin, the Russian army on a war footing numbers 2,579,000 men. That is the force that she could mobilize on the commencement of hostilities. Germany can put into the field about 2,800,000, including the 477,000 men of the *Ersatz reserve* and this total puts her army numerically behind that of France by about 300,000 men. The forces of the triple alliance are as follows: Austria-Hungary, 1,115,000; Italy, 1,090,000; Germany, 2,900,000. Grand total, 5,140,000. Russia's 2,579,000 men and France's 3,226,000 from a total of 5,805,000, or, in round numbers, 600,000 more than the triple alliance. The similarity of these figures to those published recently from French sources leads to the conclusion that they are substantially correct. One shudders to think of the human slaughter and wholesale horrors which would ensue were a general European war to break out. And this feeling is intensified by the thought of the destructive weapons which modern science has invented, and with which the armies of Europe are now generally supplied. As to how long the war would continue should one break out, military prophets are somewhat divided. Count Von Moltke is of the opinion that years would elapse before peace would be again restored, while others say that the war must necessarily be short and that the fate of the campaign must be practically decided on the Meuse before the Italians could possibly cross the Alps. It is safe to say that nobody can decide the matter in advance. We must wait for the results, which let us pray, may be long delayed.

That the substance is more than the form, and that a usage which has lost its adaptation to the time and people who observe it, should be cast away, is a truth which mankind are slow to learn. It seems, however, that the American Jews have awakened to this important fact, and though the change involves the doing away of a custom hoary with age, are moving in the direction of altering their ritual so as to render their services more intelligible to the English-speaking worshippers. A despatch from Cincinnati states that "the committee appointed at the Central Rabbinical Conference at Cleveland last July to formulate a ritual to be used by all the Jewish synagogues in the United States met here, and has agreed upon the following plan:—The Sabbath and holiday prayers will be so recast as to be in accordance with the modern conception of Judaism, so that while retaining the striking and typical sentences in the Hebrew, the greater part of the service will be in English. Special forms of prayer will also be added for special occasions, such as marriages, funerals, confirmations, pass-over celebrations, etc."

## THE HATCHING OF SALMON.

Its History and Success in British Columbia.

BY JAMES B. CARPENTER.

A few years ago, few people outside of the American continent, knew much about this fast developing province of British Columbia and few cared a straw where its geographical situation lay; certainly some stories of immense finds of auriferous metal—in *insitu*—had shot out upon the world, causing a rush of immigrants to pick up the golden eggs, but most people treated those reports as similar inspirations to the Arabian Nights Tales and the exciting flash faded and died to the general world, as the news of fabulous finds of the precious metals ceased to speed forth on their mission of allurements and partial delusion.

But new industries have sprung up on the smouldering ashes of that almost forgotten incident, the Cariboo craze, and one of the most important is that of salmon packing in tins with brilliant wrappers, which are exported, and appreciated as a reliable commodity, especially in countries less favored in taking them, excepting by the few, the common people being debarred from this luxury by the monopoly of the land and rivers by the aristocracy, and the stringent laws enacted by the governments. Since confederation with the Dominion in 1871, and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, further impetus has been rendered the Province; and one of the most striking effects of the latter construction is the rearing on that Peninsula, bounded by Burrard Inlet, on the north, and False Creek on the south—of a giant young shipping port, named after the adventurous voyageur—Vancouver. Twelve miles south of this city we emerge upon the older and more staid city of New Westminster.

As Liverpool, Eng., has been said to have been built with the blood of slaves; so may we infer that New Westminster has been built with the "blood" of salmon. About five miles above the latter city, on the south bank of the broad, placid, flowing Fraser River, is situated the subject of the present sketch.

Sailing by one of the odd-looking stern-wheel steamboats which ply up river, we soon are aware of a fringe of scrub on the right bank, infringing on the river, broken by a space containing a delapidated jumble of buildings abutting on a wharf, seeming as if they had been in disuse for some time. A ferry boat lays alongside which might easily be mistaken at a distance for a scow with a cabin erection on it, and in strong contrast to what might be expected in a boat plying to the opposite growing and delightfully situated city.

Leaving the old Royal City—as New Westminster is termed, from having been christened by her British Majesty behind, we approach a wide sweep in the river, forming a bend in the north bank, and as we sweep into it, we observe a number of saw-mills of large extent, and on the opposite side, the terminus of the new Southern railway—named after the king of Great Britain—Liverpool. A large vessel lays alongside the dock discharging cargo, portentous of its future greatness, when dredging, and other suitable means are devised of allowing, not one but a fleet of vessels to enter, carrying away the output of fish and fruit canneries and greater industry still—lumber.

A beautiful vista opens as we sweep through the bend, an island or two in the distance, behind which lazily looms up in a tall column the smoke of another puffing creature of the water—breaks and beautifies the breadth of the river, the banks on either side timber clad to the water's edge, sweeping away into mountains.

Immediately, a flag waved vigorously from an opening on the south bank attracts the wheelman's attention, and shortly the boats nose is directed at it, and run well on to the bank.

"The Hatchery, Cap?" "Yes. Right up the skid road."

A trolly stands at the end of the road, from which the (Sinhalese) Indian crew of the steamer were fast taking a quantity of boxes, filled with trays perforated at the bottom, and having partitions in the centre by which they are handled when in use.

We are not long in having the information that they are used for conveying the ova—termed also eggs—and spawn from the spawning grounds at Harrison River further up country, where the salmon enter the creek for the purpose of depositing their ova, in season, so thickly and pertinaciously that one can walk across on their backs dryshod. One of the returning boxes we hastily observe to be filled with white cloths, which are used wet about the trays when in use, while another is filled with damp moss, used on the top of the trays when the required quantity has been placed in each box.

We are fortunate, a quantity of ova has arrived, and we shall form a better idea of the process of hatching them. Ascending the skid-way closed in on each side with thick undergrowth of ferns, wild black-berry and shrubs, up from which struggle alder, beech, fir, hemlock, and the blackened trunk—silhouette—against the sky, of immense cedar trees.

Crossing in our path, the track of the afore-mentioned new railroad, we soon arrive at our destination.

Passing the building used as the hatchery we ascend to higher ground, where has been constructed a dam, at the base of a steep bank, down which the water coursed freely before being arrested in its course to aid the propagation of the majestic silvery member of the finny tribe, which forms one of the principal sources of revenue to the Province.

From this stand a long flume is observed, supported on trestles, by which means the supply of water is conveyed to two outside tanks. Other connections we notice through which the water is introduced to the inside tank. This latter at the rear of the building runs along its length, and into it pours a constant supply of water, from those used as receivers outside.

The inside tank is perforated along its whole length, at convenient distance, opposite to which are placed at right angles, narrow, shallow troughs, each of them receiving the outflow of two holes. At the front of the building sufficient space is left to allow of walking about, while between every five is left, laterally, breadth sufficient to allow of attending the ova, as well as regulating the water supply.

Each of those troughs has a constant supply of water pouring into them, while outlets keep an overflow from taking place, a constant stream falling into waste tanks placed at the extremity of each

five, through which the water escapes to the flumes underneath the building.

On the ova arriving the trays are immediately deposited in the troughs, and now we observe a number of men untraying and placing it into wire baskets which are made to fit the breadth and height of the troughs, minus a small space belted on either side, to allow a free course of water underneath.

Each tray on arriving is supposed to contain four thousand ova, and four of these trays are gently tipped up, allowing the contents to glide into a basket.

This receptacle is about eighteen inches long by twelve inches broad, and consequently convenient to handle, during the process of picking.

This picking of the dead ova must be a tedious work, and throughout the hatching period is unceasing.

Which state of the weather is most conducive to the health of the ova, we ask one of the men.

"Well, I guess the cold frosty weather is the best; water is clear then, no mud to kill the eggs. You see," he continued, "up to Harrison River the fish go up the creeks to spawn, and where mud gets through the sand to where the eggs are laid, it strangles them."

"Oh, so that is one reason for securing fish at such trouble—to perpetuate in greater quantity its offspring in the provincial waters."

"Yes, we send the fish to different points of the province, and let them off after hatching is over. You see those white eggs among the red ones, and them with the spots, they are no use either, they are beginning to go bad. Well, those are what we pick with those tongs," displaying a grooved bifurcated instrument, which he holds towards one of the white specks which are very conspicuous among the beautiful pink of the healthy ova; and one after another they disappear in the groove, the pressure of the water, while dipping the tongs slightly open, being sufficient to force that already in upward until the groove is full.

A thermometer stands in the water to register the temperature, and another in the open air is also read night and morning, the results being recorded in a journal. The information was also accorded us, that at the creek, from which the ova is received, a pen is formed by pointed boards being driven into its bed, stones being placed along the bottom to keep the fish from undermining them.

When they (the fish) enter this pen or enclosure they are raised by scoop nets, and handed to a man who strips them partly, when they are thrown into a smaller pen, from which they are again taken to be further stripped, after which they are cast to the upper side of the trap.

The female ova is placed on trays, the male milk being placed upon them after which they are carefully boxed, a cotton wrapper being carefully folded about each tray, and a layer of wet moss on top.

A boat conveys them from the spawning grounds down the Harrison River to a point on the Fraser River, named Chilliwack and from thence they are transferred by steamboat to the Hatchery.

"How long now does it take to complete the hatching process?"

"Well, the books upstairs show all that," he replies, and we ascend to the upper part of the building, where we find accommodation for the men attached to the building, as well as a vast hall for storage purposes.

A visitor's book is placed before us in which is recorded the comments of parties who have inspected the building, and among complimentary and facetious notes the following is noticeable, "Officials polite and good-looking."

A journal recording the state of the weather, water and employment of the men is also placed before us, and the official, pointing out the dates with his bifurcated instrument of capture, makes us aware that it takes about three months to hatch the ova.

Sockeye and quinnat are the two descriptive headings of the fish from which the ova are taken, and usually over five million fish are hatched and distributed from this point alone.

There are thirteen hatcheries maintained in Canada, and good results in fourth year fishing since their inception, are said to be due to them.

It is usually allowed that every fourth year counts bad in fishing returns, while this, the fourth from a previous exceptional run, was very good.

There are growlers among the fishermen still as to this system, some of them asserting to an artificial weakness in the fish so hatched; but no doubt can remain in the mind of one who has inspected the process and studied the run of salmon during the proverbial bad fourth year without observing good results from it.

Emin Pashia is not proving a very satisfactory agent. Many of his schemes are so impracticable, while his disobedience is so persistent that the German Government is said to have ordered his recall. This news gives quiet amusement in England where a fear was entertained last year, who was believed to be a capable officer, should gain important advantages for Germany in Central Africa.

The cable announces that a conference to consider the expediency of establishing a regular service of steamers between Vancouver and Australian ports, was the other day held in London between Sir Charles Tupper and the Australian Agents-General, and that Canada's ideas will be submitted to the Australian Governments. It is expected that if the desired arrangement is agreed to, the Hartington syndicate at Barrow-in-Furness will take steps to provide a fast service between England and Canada as well as on the Pacific. The fear is expressed, however, that the difficulty of arranging the details with the different Australian Colonies will delay the practical launching of the scheme.

The student of the social movement on this continent will find food for reflection in the fact that at the recent election in the State of New York for Judge of the Court of Appeals, the Socialist-Labor candidate polled a vote of 13,704, and that every county in the state, save one, and that a small one in the far interior, with no large cities or railroad centers, cast a socialist vote. Certainly the 13,704 bears a small proportion to the 927,243 who bears a small proportion to the 3,300,000 who gave the successful candidate, but when it is considered that the Prohibition party, after all its efforts and its long prominence in State and national elections cast for their candidate some 33,000 votes only, the significance of the Socialist vote, which is their first attempt in a state contest, will easily be seen. Socialism is a factor that the future politician is bound to reckon with.