

statistical arrays and the flourish of trumpets, with which the rise of our manufactured product is always announced, do we hear so much as a whisper of care about the needs of the time marching so swiftly upon us? Instead of apprehension and diligent forethought for the future, the nation is engaged in policies of detail and opportunism.

If any man think this prophecy of danger fantastic, let him glance at Great Britain. That nation was not so extravagant as we, because it did not compel the instant exhaustion of its resources by a tariff prohibiting such imports, and because its surplus population could and did scatter over the globe. But it has concentrated effort upon the secondary form of industry — manufacturing; at the sacrifice of the primary — the tillage of the soil. Its iron supply is now nearly exhausted. It must import much of the crude material or close its furnaces and mills. Its coal is being drawn from the deeper levels. The added cost pinches the market and makes trade smaller both in volume and in profits.

The process of constriction has only begun. None are advertising it, only few understand it. But already there is the cry of want and suffering from every street in England. From a million to a million and a half of men are huddling together in her cities, uttering that most pathetic and most awful ultimatum, "Damn your charity, give us work." And this is only the beginning of that industrial readjustment which the unwise application of industry and the destruction