

"Sylvy!" he called softly. They all heard the call and understood its meaning, but with the exception of Sylvy affected not to notice.

She laid down her serviette and, with a look at her mother, arose and went out. Rachel made no effort to follow, but considerably occupied herself with those viands with which two shrewd coloured men continually heaped high her plate. Ruth, Jerry, and Aunt Letitia talked on in low earnest tones, discussing the significance of the I. W. W. movement and how far it was to be viewed as criminal and stamped out as such. All three were agreed that the actual plotters of crime were to be treated as criminals; but they were all agreed, again, that the plots were only symptoms of a disease to be sought out and treated at the roots.

"But how? How? What's the governmental remedy?" persisted Jerry.

"The problem of government doesn't seem anywhere near so simple as it sounded when those great forebears of ours gathered down at the State House here and signed the Declaration of Independence," suggested Ruth.

"They started with a false premise," declared Aunt Letitia. "All men are created free and equal," she intoned. "That isn't so. Victor Rollinson and Jacob Aurentsky are not equal. Even Victor and Jerry are not equal."

"No, Jerry is the greater man," opined Ruth archly. Jerry pinched a cheek.

"Minx!" he accused, but his expression of gravity was resumed as he went on with: "The problem isn't so simple, Ruth is right about that; but simple or complex, we've got to work it out. We've got to develop a government and an industrial system that is somehow touched by human hands; that can make the adjustments and adaptations, the equilibriums and shock absorptions, that are necessary in order to have the weight of life bear more evenly on all shoulders and